

The Spiritual Eclectic.

Published by
AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

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

Main Office:
14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND, FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860.

NUMBER 7.

A Select Tale.

A WONDER STORY.

BY ROBERT H. SINGLETON.

CHAPTER I.

Several years ago there resided in my family a young lady in whom, from her singular history and somewhat peculiar personal characteristics, I became deeply interested. Mesmerism and its kindred themes, which relate to the strange and inexplicable relation between soul and body, had not then excited the attention and remark which have since been bestowed upon them, and at the time of the occurrence of the facts which I am about to narrate, their rationale and philosophy was an impenetrable mystery; and I own, that although I have since read many books, and a multitude of highly interesting newspaper and magazine articles, including both stories and scientific dissertations, I have never found anything calculated to shed any clear or satisfactory light upon the subject. But to return to my story.

Therese St. Clair was a distant relative of my wife, upon her father's side, and was of French birth and descent. Her family was a somewhat noted one, of Red Republican tendencies, and early in life she had been bereft of her father by the axe of the public executioner. Her mother, a delicate, weak-minded woman, and four children, all younger than herself, were thus left with no other support than the slender earnings of a girl of fifteen. In four years the exertions of Therese were almost incredible. The family had heretofore resided at the chateau, a few leagues out of Paris, but their property being confiscated, they were obliged to leave the old home, and with a Frenchman's instinct turned their steps toward Paris, as the refuge of the oppressed and the fountain of all earthly good.

It was a mild September evening, that on which the little family were to leave the only home they had ever known, for the untried scenes, the labor, the penury, the possible starvation of the great city. The mother and the little ones were weeping within, and Therese, unable to maintain the composure which she felt was necessary to their circumstances, while surrounded by their lamentations, wandered out into the handsome but neglected grounds which surrounded the chateau. With a heavy heart and tearful eyes, she walked down the old avenue lined with tall Lombardy poplars, and entering a little garden house which had been for years her favorite haunt, gave herself up to gloomy and despondent thoughts.

Therese, young as she was, had trouble of her own, which she could share with no one. Since babyhood Paul St. Armand had been her cherished play-fellow and dearest friend; formerly their families had been friendly, but of late political differences had widely severed them, and within the last year it was only by stealth that any intercourse had been maintained between the two young people. But persecution had done its work in cementing their affection, and for several months they had been secretly betrothed.

No one looking in Therese's face could for an instant doubt the truthfulness of her affection; indeed, there was in her pale aspect and spiritual expression something which assured one that her vows of love were not lightly taken, and would not be lightly held. On that day she was, naturally enough, pensive and melancholy, yet over it all brooded a high, pure trust, an earnest faith which had its birth in no outward circumstances, but which was nourished and fed by the pure and elevated spirituality of her soul.

She had taken leave of Paul the previous evening, and as he placed his liberty if not his life in jeopardy by every visit, it was scarcely reasonable to expect that he would return for a last farewell. In her secret soul, however, Therese was little surprised when, as she seated herself in the arbor, the vines were tremulously put aside and the voice of her lover murmured—

"Therese, my own love, I could not let you go without another word. Do not be startled, darling, I am perfectly safe, and we have yet a few moments before the hour on which you set out."

"I knew you would come," said Therese, "I felt it inwardly, Paul; and yet, my dear love, I fear it is very unsafe. You must not risk so much for me."

"What is too much risk for your sweet sake,

my own Therese? I would gladly give life, liberty, everything, could I but hope it might avail anything toward your happiness. And for the dear delight of onlast embrace, I would willingly run some hazard; but do not fear, little trembler, I am safe. Will you not promise me, my own love, to write to me when you reach Paris? I could not let you go while you remained obdurate upon this point, and I forewarn you if you do not write, I will risk all and go to you. Life is nothing without you, Therese, and I will not surrender all hope."

"Paul," she replied, impassionately, yet with a pure, spiritual light beaming from her eyes, which gave her the look of one inspired, "I dare not promise that. I know, I cannot tell you how, but suffice it that I know, we shall meet again. I cannot tell how or where; I know not how many years may intervene, but sometime, while happiness and union are still possible to us, we shall meet; we shall be blest with all the joys our wildest fancy pictures. We must leave it all in the hands of Him who overrules all things, and He will provide. Now, my darling, can you not trust Him, will you not promise me that you will neither write to me nor seek me—till you have a summons; yes," she repeated, thoughtfully, "till you have a summons?"

It was long before Paul could yield the required promise, but at length, overcome by her earnest persuasions, and partly satisfied by her assurances that when the right time arrived, he would certainly hear from her, he acquiesced. But a few moments more remained till he was obliged to leave her, and then putting down all her own strong yearning emotion, she calmly bade him adieu.

He passed quickly from her view, and as the last glimpse of his figure was lost amid the trees, she sighed and murmured—
"It will be; but alas! alas! how long to wait!"

These emotions Therese could never explain, but she always insisted that while there brooded over her spirit the infinite pain of parting, and an indescribable sense of coming trial and bereavement, a sense of distance and separation which was quite foreign to the feelings with which she regarded her short journey to Paris, yet through it all she was comforted by a strong assurance that somewhere at some unexpected time, they should meet and be united.

Two days more found Therese and her little family safe in Paris, but houseless and homeless and friendless, with but a few francs in their purse. But Therese, slender and spiritual as she was, had yet a strong heart, or rather she had such firm reliance upon an invisible guide, that she could not falter. She secured a humble lodging, and by her own energy and her honest face, gained employment which brought her in a slender income, which was, however, sufficient to keep them from starvation.

But her trials had but just commenced; her mother, always delicate, and now despairing, became ill, and it required Therese's utmost endeavors to take care of the sick woman, and still by her labor supply the wants of the family. She was proud, and would neither ask nor receive alms, but night after night she sat up till the gray dawn streaked the east, working with her needle; at last the mother died; and sad as had been the daughter's lot before, her responsibilities were still increased, as they know best who are most familiar with the trials which beset helpless innocence in a great city.

A year passed, and Therese, thin and pale as a shadow, still wrought nobly to support her charge. The elder children were just beginning to be able to assist her a little, when a terrible epidemic visited that quarter of the city in which they resided, and bore off all her young brothers and sisters, leaving her perfectly lonely and desolate. Herself severely attacked by the insidious disease, she hoped to die, but her fate was not yet accomplished, and she recovered to find herself alone, penniless, and reduced to the very verge of despair.

Then, if ever, she regretted the vow by which she had bound Paul to abstain from all attempts to communicate with her. Often, often in her weary days and sleepless nights, did she long but for one tone of his voice, one glance of his eye, one kind and tender word, such as, could he have been there, he would have lavished upon her without stint; one line from him assuring her of his health and constancy, would have been dearer than mines of gold; but alas! she dared not seek it—

Should it come to his father's ears that he returned any affection for the daughter of a traitor, he would be forever ruined.

At last, when reduced to the very verge of starvation, and so broken in spirit that she longed for death, in a most wonderful and unexpected manner her situation became known to her friends in America, and she was immediately provided with the means for emigrating thither, and cordially invited to find a home in the West.

There was a strange conflict in her young heart. With an almost incredible strength of attachment, she was frantic at first to remain in her own land; to die in the country of her birth, and within ten leagues of Paul, seemed far preferable to living in a strange country, whose air he had never breathed.—Circumstances, however, and the persuasions of her friends at last decided her, and bowing beneath her weight of sorrow and affliction, she consented to emigrate.

Her assent once yielded, she grew calmer. "It was wrong of me," she said, "to despair. I have a promise which will not fail. I shall see my Paul; I shall meet him never, never to be parted. Europe or America are the same to the Power whose word is pledged."

Thus without informing her lover, but with implicit faith that all would yet be well, she left her own country to go far over the seas to a land in which she would be a stranger.

I shall never forget the appearance of Therese when she first entered my family. She was of medium height, slight and pale, with dark hollows about her great, black eyes, but with a complexion as pure and tintless as a snow-drift. Her hair was thick, intensely black, and very long, giving a shadowy duski-ness to her face, out of which the strange, spiritual light of her full, clear eyes beamed like stars in twilight skies. She was never beautiful, but her experiences had left an impress upon her countenance which thrilled you with a strange and terrible import. In manner she was always grave and a little pensive, although there was nothing cold, or gloomy, or repelling in her sadness. If there was company, she was unusually grave and silent; but when alone with my own family, and especially when playing with my children, she was always pleasant and often cheerful.

She had been with us three years, in which time there had been little change in her aspect or demeanour, when one day, sitting at dinner, an incident occurred which startled us all by its strangeness. There were two or three guests at table, Frenchmen, of a particularly lively disposition, and we were indulging in a merry social chat, in which Therese took a more than usually cheerful part. One of the guests was relating a lively anecdote, in the midst of which Therese's eyes were observed to become fixed, her face grew rigid, and at length, with a shriek and the exclamation "Paul!" she fainted entirely and fell upon the floor.

We all sprang forward to raise her, and the guest who had been speaking, and who had been for many months greatly enamored of Therese, lifted her in his arms, and dashing a glass of water in her face, besought her, in the most agonized tones, to revive. It was a long time before she could be restored to consciousness, and even when she was able to open her eyes and converse in monosyllables, she seemed like one in a trance.

All our inquiries were fruitless in drawing from her the cause of her sorrow, and it was not until alone with my wife, in her own private apartment, that she disclosed the truth.

"I was, as you know," she said, "engrossed in the recital of M. d' Alembert, and was thinking of nothing less than Paul, when suddenly, in the midst of the room, I saw the figure of Paul as clearly and distinctly as one sees the sun at midday. From the first I knew it was not he, but only his figure, because I could see distinctly through it the sideboard and the glasses upon it. But yet it was Paul, dressed in a singular half-military dress, with a belt and a sword; but his face was unchanged, only that he had grown older, and wore a beard. These things I seemed only to see by a side glance; my eyes were riveted upon his eyes, and the expression of them confounds me even now. There was a strange, wild joy in their depths, a something that was almost heavenly, and yet of the earth; and over it all an earnest wishfulness which I could not translate. What, my dear madam, could it mean? Can it be possible that Paul

is dead, and that our meeting is soon to be accomplished in another world?"

My wife tried to comfort her; but while Therese could hardly be said to yield to despair, no ordinary assurances seemed to have any power over her.

"It was not my imagination," she said, "it was real—as much a fact as my own existence. It was not a mere optical illusion; it was Paul, for I felt his presence. It was the answer to the promise given me long ago; it was his summons to me; but I believe he is dead, and that soon I shall go to him."

It was so strange an occurrence that I noted the exact date of it in a private memorandum-book—not that I really believed that anything would come of it, for I am naturally skeptical; but such things, after all, impress a man with awe, and make him feel secretly if not avowedly, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

Weeks and months passed and Therese, though always cheerful and pleasant, slowly pined away. A soft and tender melancholy seemed to possess her, and though she never complained, or seemed to yield to aught more of gloominess than a gentle pensiveness which gave to her ethereal nature its crowning fascination, yet day by day she grew thinner, paler, more spiritual in aspect, until, as Monsieur d' Alembert said, the soul seemed glowing through and transmuting the whole body, till presently she would be all soul.

In October she took her last walks into the country, supported upon the arm of Monsieur, accepting always in the gentlest manner his kind and delicate attention, yet always with such perfect purity and reserve that he felt, as he afterwards expressed it, as if he had been in attendance upon an angel.

November came, and its cold blasts confined her altogether to her own room; and as the winter came on, her life seemed ebbing away as the twilight ebbs from the duski-ness of night. Some morning we knew we should wake and find that the rosy beam had departed forever, leaving only the cold, gray hue of death.

CHAPTER II.

And now we must ask the reader's permission to return to sunny France. Two months after Paul had attained his majority, he was left an orphan, and sole possessor of a large fortune. His first act was to go directly to Paris and institute a vigorous search for Therese; it was fruitless, and he began to despair. "Surely," he said, "the Fates cannot frown upon my pious undertaking. The vow which I made, is it not fulfilled?—since what summons could I expect but a providential one, and has not that come in the way of the removal of all obstacles to our union?" Still it seemed that the Fates did frown, for his utmost endeavors failed most signally.

Meanwhile, through his own talents and his family influence, Paul was rising slowly but surely at court. In all the distinctions which he sought, however, he had but one end in view, and that was to gain an eminence from which he could safely demand of his sovereign the revocation of the edict by which the St. Clair estates had been confiscated, and a settlement of the personal property upon Therese, if she were still living. The devotion with which he wrought was worthy of a speedier reward than it attained; but new obstacles seemed daily arising in his pathway, until at last a project of his sovereign seemed to threaten the utter extinction of all his hopes.

Resident at the court was a young orphan,—very beautiful and an heiress,—Norma de l'Orme. She was a favorite with the monarch, and having conceived a great admiration for the young Comte St. Armand, expressed it in the hearing of His Majesty in such a manner as to inspire the latter with the notion of marrying this very eligible young couple. Accordingly the desire was expressed to Paul.—Such a desire, so expressed, amounted to a positive command, a disregard of which would be followed by disgrace at court, pecuniary ruin, and, worse than all, the overthrow of all his projects in regard to the restoration of Therese's property.

It was a sore dilemma, and after many sleepless nights spent in deliberation, Paul saw but one way out of it. A regiment was fitting out for Algiers; he would feign a thirst for military glory, and join it. If it were necessary, he would engage himself to Mademoiselle Norma before leaving, trusting to his good fortune to find some way of escape before the

day of his espousal should arrive. It would exile him from his native land, and make it impossible for Therese to communicate with him if she desired to do so, and would besides necessitate a delay in his own plans; but even that was preferable to marrying another.

Difficulties arose in the way of even this purpose; but they were all finally overcome, and he left France with an officer's commission, and without being formally betrothed to Mademoiselle Norma. He was absent two years, and, fortunately for him, Mademoiselle's constancy proved unable to withstand the test of this long separation, and he returned to find her betrothed to another. Thus far, he thanked Fortune most heartily; but, alas! he returned with broken health and a shattered constitution, though covered with glory. For another year he struggled manfully to obtain the justice for his beloved, which he sought at the hands of his sovereign.

A long illness succeeded to his return; but he pursued his plans through the whole of it, by means of his lawyer, and it was during his convalescence that, returning from a short ride, he found, awaiting him in his room, his trusty notary, who put into his hands the papers which secured to him the realization of his hopes.

Weak already from his unwonted exercise, he but glanced at the deeds until a deathly faintness came over him, and he swooned away. For two hours he lay in that death-like stupor, and all the exertions of the physicians were unavailing to restore him. At length, just as they were despairing of his life, he opened his eyes.

From this time he was a changed man; his recovery was rapid and certain, and he was more cheerful than he had been for many months. His perpetual gayety was the theme of many jests, and even the prince insisted that he must be in love, so spring-like and perpetual was the bloom of his countenance.

But Paul kept his own counsel, and only strove to become rid of his army engagements and to obtain permission to travel.

Summer waned and the autumn came before he was able to effect these objects, but late in November he set sail for America.—Once on board the vessel, the reaction of his strong excitement set in, and his heart became the seat of the gloomiest forebodings. Hour after hour during the long, silent days, and through the dreary watches of the night, he paced the deck of the steamer, his gaze fixed afar upon the ocean or the clouds, his heart filled with the boundless yearning and unrest which the ocean always inspires, and seeking with vain and impotent eagerness to penetrate time and space, unravel the mystery, and solve the great problem of his life. Storms arose, and counter winds prevailed, and every untoward fate seemed to beset his pathway, yet still the good ship held her course, onward, straight onward over the rolling billows, and Paul was one morning awakened with the welcome cry of "Land," and rushing hastily upon the deck, espied the low blue hills of America.

"America! Therese!" he murmured, almost audibly, and then overcome by a torrent of emotion, of conflicting hope and fear, he sank upon a seat and buried his face in his hands.

It was a dreary, December night. A fearful storm prevailed,—but the closed shutters and heavy hangings of Therese's room, shut out much of its fury; only the soft, low sighing of the wind was heard, fitting requiem for the gentle spirit which seemed just pluming its wings for its upward flight. We were gathered silently about the bedside, the physician, Monsieur d' Alembert, my wife and I. Therese had just sunk into a peaceful slumber, then suddenly her eyes opened, and a light that was almost celestial shone from their clear depths.

"It is coming, it is coming," she exclaimed; "the joyous meeting for which I have lived, for which I can so gladly die."

Her breathing seemed uneasy, and Monsieur d' Alembert, who stood nearest the head of the bed, raised her partially in his arms. She looked upward and around her eagerly.

"He is near, he is coming, my Paul," she said; "oh my heart, it will burst with the joyful pain. Why cannot my eyes behold him whom my soul feels to be so near?"

"She is raving," said the physician. "It is a gentle delirium."

But just at that moment the door swung silently open, and a slight figure with a wan and haggard face appeared. Her eye was first to note his entrance, and with one wild cry

and heard him call her name frantically, and then a sudden mist came before my eyes, and I grew unconscious. When I awoke, the vision still remained a part of my consciousness, and I was able to recall its minutest details. I had recognized the face of Monsieur, whom I once saw in Paris, and learning from his friend that he was in America, I at once surmised that if the vision had a meaning, and I had a strong interior conviction of its truth, it must be an intimation that Therese was in America, and acquainted with M. D'Alembert.

Upon this supposition, I at once determined upon the course to be pursued. For many weeks I was gay, almost hilarious in spirit, and then as the intense joy of having found my Therese grew calmer, there came a sudden reaction.

"What if I should not find my betrothed true to her early vows? Years had elapsed,—might she not have forgotten her boy-lover? The circumstances of the vision confirmed this doubt, and the horrors I endured during that long and perilous voyage I can never describe to mortal man."

"But they are past now," murmured his wife; "our happiness has been dearly bought. Is it worth the price?"

The smile in which their gaze blended, was an eloquent answer.

"And now, Therese, for your story of marvels," said St. Armand, when they had discussed his narrative for a few moments.

"I promised you that it should match yours," she replied, "which it does exactly.—Your vision, my dear Paul, was no vision, but a verity. I did see you, I did fall in a swoon, and all the circumstances were precisely as you stated them."

St. Armand was amazed, especially, as upon comparing dates and allowing for the difference of time, the two events were found to have happened simultaneously.

"After all," he said, playfully, "I do not lose my epaulettes, for your story is not another, only the counterpart to the same one."

Therese objected to this decision, but the witnesses declared it a draw, and the affair was settled by a glass of wine.

As I said at the beginning, I have no theory to offer. I merely state the facts and leave the rest to the philosophers, convinced that they will find it a difficult matter satisfactorily to expound.

For the rest, the young couple and his lady returned to France, where they still reside, blessed in their social and domestic relations, and already the happy parents of a numerous family of children.—*True Lag.*

"The friend who supported her," I said, "is but a friend as true as steel to her, and who will rejoice with all the energy of a true and noble heart, in the kind Providence which restores her to the arms of her lover. The customs of this country are different from those of France; here no true friend need be excluded from the chamber of the dying."

"Dying!" he exclaimed, "is my Therese then dying?"

"An hour ago I thought her so," I replied; "but I will leave you and ascertain if she is better. I believe with the blessing of God she may recover."

He besought me to hasten, for every moment of suspense was a life-time of agony. I returned to the sick-chamber and found Therese just recovering. Her eyes had a steadier and more natural light than they had worn for many weeks, and as she saw me she smiled, and said—

"Tell him to come in; you need not try to deceive me. I know he is here,—I am ready for the meeting."

We all left the room as Paul entered, and no eye but the Omniscient ever beheld the reunion of those devoted hearts. When my wife entered, an hour later, her head rested upon his shoulder, and she was sleeping.

A week later, Therese, restored to almost the health and quite the animation of her girlhood, sat in a crimson velvet arm-chair by the parlor fire. St. Armand reclined upon a low seat at her feet. They had been three days married, and during that time I do not think he had been absent from her half an hour,—while the family,—including Monsieur D'Alembert, who had given away the bride, and been the first to offer his earnest congratulations,—were ranged in a pleasant semi-circle about the fire.

"By the way," I remarked, "St. Armand, you have never told us how you obtained the clue to Therese's hiding-place. There was so much confusion at the time of her departure, in regard to the pestilence, that I almost wonder how you traced her."

He grew grave in an instant. "I will tell you some other time," he replied. "It is a long story."

"But," said Therese, with a smile, guessing the cause of his embarrassment, "we are all interested and want to hear it now. I am sure there can be no better time."

He still hesitated, and finally declared with a laugh, that the story was so marvellous, that if he were to tell it, we would none of us believe it.

Therese, whose animation was delightful to behold, replied, gaily—

"I will lay you a wager, Paul,—my wedding ring against your epaulettes,—that however marvellous your story may be, I can match it, with a tale for the truthfulness of which every one present can vouch."

"A fair challenge," said D'Alembert, "and one which no true knight will hesitate to accept," and St. Armand, with a smile which yet savored of gravity, proceeded with his narrative.

It was substantially what the reader knows already, until he reached the point at which the notary handed him the papers, securing to Therese her patrimony.

"At that instant I naturally thought of Therese," he said, "and then came over my soul such a strong and overwhelming desire to see her, as language cannot describe. Its very intensity deprived me of speech or utterance, and paralyzed all my bodily forces. I fell to the floor in a death-like stupor; and at that instant I beheld with my spiritual sense,—my bodily eyes being closed,—a room in this house. A table was spread, and every person now present except myself, was sitting around it, Therese opposite me. You, Monsieur D'Alembert, were recounting a story, and Therese's face was aglow with animation as she listened. Presently, however, my eye attracted hers, and she seemed to see me. At a rate, she uttered my name and fell forward in a swoon. I saw Monsieur D'Alembert raise her,

the rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But when he came up some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright, and blue, and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing through the young leaves, all a-glittering with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancies and the interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and lived without; and how would he wonder that he could have regretted to leave the silence and the dreary darkness of his abode! So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where spring growths are, and where is summer, and not that miserable travesty which we call summer here, how shall we wonder that we have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!

Beat on, then, O heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed, their lustre faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest; but when I behold thee, O God, I shall be satisfied!

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]
GOD IS OUR STRENGTH.
BY LIZZIE FLY.
How often our sympathies are deeply wrought upon when some calamity befalls a delicate, sensitive nature, and it seems a mystery to us that providence should thus overwhelm one so utterly unprepared to withstand the blasts of adversity. Cradled in the lap of luxury, the pet of doting friends, they learn to look to no higher source for comfort and strength, when by one fell swoop every object of trust is removed, leaving them prostrate indeed.

Such was Kate Weymouth, the only child of her father's second marriage, and his especial pet as well as the idol of her over fond mother.

With the children of her father's first marriage she was no great favorite, and as they had all left home while she was quite small, she knew but little about them, but she was well content to be the adored of her own home and a general favorite in the neighborhood, and to her credit be it said, she was as worthy of such devotion as any bit of humanity ever was. Her father's indulgence she repaid by caressing and frolicking with him in the most gleeful manner, while her mother's anxious care and sympathy elicited from her that undivided confidence so few girls bestow on a mother, and the approval of her parents was her standard of right, holding herself responsible to no higher authority. But Kate's warm heart had a wealth of love too rich to be lavished on her doting old parents, and she early decided to bestow its surplus upon young Alfred Steel as the most worthy as well as agreeable of her numerous suitors, and though poured out in no stinted measure, it was amply reciprocated by him.

Alfred Steel was a young man of irreproachable character and habits, and though of limited fortune, was such a favorite with her parents it was more a matter of form than any doubt of their approval, that Kate referred him to them, when he asked her to become his wife.

The only objection they offered was that they should die of loneliness were Kate to leave them, a difficulty, however, that was obviated by Alfred consenting to transfer his business to the village where Mr. Weymouth dwelt, and taking up his residence in their family, so that instead of losing their daughter, they gained a son.

Kate had now a new subject to rule, one equally as ready as her parents to yield to her absolute sway, indeed each seemed vieing with the other which should do her greatest homage by consulting her will, even whims, at all times, and with such a charming grace did she govern her realm, that she was one of the most beloved little tyrants in the world. Thus time passed on and Kate was the mother of two children who promised well to emulate their mother in enslaving their father and grandfathers. Little Nellie was such a winning child and withal so sprightly that it took Mr. and Mrs. Weymouth most of their time to wait upon and entertain her while the baby was resigned to the nurse, and his father when at liberty from business, and Kate was as gay and free from care as at sixteen, though I am sure there was never a more affectionate mother than Kate Steel, and the very subservience she won from her family made them only the more essential to her existence.

One sunny May morning Kate kissed little Nellie and the baby, and with sundry charges to her parents and the nurse to take good care of them, she mounted her pony and with Alfred by her side on his grey charger, set out for a short ride. They had not proceeded above half a mile when they met four men partially intoxicated, who inquired if he had any one in the store as they were intending to trade some. He had left Mr. Weymouth to superintend the store with only a small boy for assistant, and Mrs. Weymouth had gone there also to divert little Nellie's attention while her parents were leaving the house.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]
THOUGHT.
BY LORENZO D. GROSVENOR,
Of Shaker Village, South Grotton, Mass.
From whence arose the eternal spring
Whence reason first was brought?
Who first discerned that wondrous thing,
The actual power of thought?
Who then prepared the golden bowl
By which the draught we raise,
Which thus imbues the human soul
With love, and joy, and praise?
That thought was first a POWER DIVINE
The universe will tell;
But what is thought? Can we define,
Who love its power so well?
We know we think—and that is joy,
A proof Divine that love
First gave the gift we thus employ,
By which we soar above.
Amidst a universe of suns
That swiftly roll and roll,
Our thought more swift than lightning runs,
And yet by OUR CONTROL!
Away, away, on fleeting wing
Ten thousand worlds we span,
Encompass realms, where millions sing,—
But who, but what is man!
Return! adventurous thought, return
From the abyss profound!
Thine own, internal self, discern
With life immortal crowned;
Say, what is this mysterious thing
Which prompts the solemn sigh,
But proof itself, that God is King,
And that we never die?
That man's inheritance of joy
Is not a transient breath;
Nor human thought a worthless toy
In either life or death?
A million lamps which light the sky
No better prove this thing,
That God is God—than you and I;
Intrinsic proof we bring.
—Arcana.

The Other Life.
Henry Ward Beecher illustrates very beautifully the conflict of the Christian's heart between natural attachment to the present life and inward spiritual yearnings for the life to come:

If a child had been born and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! His parents might tell him of its life, and light, and beauty, and its sounds of joy; they might heap up the sand into mounds, and try to show him by pointing to stalactites, how grass, and flowers, and trees grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true knowledge of the unknown land. And yet, though he longed to behold it, when the day came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals, and

Fearing the men might be troublesome and frighten the old people, Alfred proposed that Kate should call on a friend who lived but a few rods beyond, while he returned to wait on his customers, and would soon be with her again, to which she assented.

He reached the store just as the boy was weighing out a quantity of powder for one of the customers and Mr. Weymouth was supplying another with cigars. Alfred went immediately to the powder cask and was just in the act of brushing away some grains that were scattered about when one of the men rushed up to him with a lighted cigar from which Alfred saw a spark fall on the scattered grains and ignite. He put his foot over the aperture in the cask, hoping thereby to prevent its communicating with the contents of the cask, but he was too late, and before he could utter a word of warning to others or escape himself, the entire building was a heap of blazing ruins, and the human beings within, oh heavens! where were they? Some lying prostrate and mangled among the rubbish, others rushing wildly about the street, their hair and the remnants of clothes that still clung to them in flames, and some pressed to the earth by the timbers that lay scattered in all directions, were loudly calling for help.

Bernard, the mountain gambler, and leader of the crew of inebriates who had done the mischief, all of them belonging to a band of counterfeiters of which he was chief, escaped unhurt, while his comrades were all so burned and injured as to survive but a few days, and it was terrible to hear their howls of pain mingled with oaths and imprecations on their misfortunes. Mr. and Mrs. Weymouth were found dead beneath a beam with the little Nellie between them with a single dark stain across her sweet face which told where the fearful element had been, but she was still alive.

Alfred was alive also, but so burned and filled with powder that his flesh was perfectly black.

Such was the home to which Kate Steel was summoned by the neighbors who were assembled to aid the physician in dressing the wounded and suffering, and when that was accomplished, in attending to the proper disposal of the dead.

It was wonderful then to see poor Kate who had hitherto been all dependence and timid as a child, instead of weeping over the couch of her husband and child, bewailing only her own misery, with her own hands administering relief and anticipating every want as others had ever done for her. The wants of the living were such that no time was left her to lament for the dead, and thus for days she seemed sustained by the stimulus of constant excitement, but when her husband's reason began to waver, a sense of her true loneliness began to dawn upon her. Little Nellie died, and neither father, mother or husband were there to support or even sympathize with her. She dared not tell him of her new bereavement lest it should add to his distress, and when he anxiously inquired "how is Nellie?" she was obliged to suppress her sobs and manage in quite a calm voice to say, "she is better, dear." There is no heart so callous that it would not have been touched to see her standing over him, crushing down all audible manifestations of grief, and with almost superhuman efforts control her voice to say, "Do you know me, Alfred? Can you see me, dear? Do you think you will ever recover?" At first he would sometimes answer that he thought he might, but as the grim messenger came nearer and he began to recognize its presence, he would say, "No, Katie, but you must live for Nellie and the baby."

Oh yes, the baby. True, she had no right to forget or neglect that when it was all that remained to her of home and happiness, and its tiny existence assumed a new importance in her eyes as its claims were thus enforced on her. When her husband was released from his sufferings and garnered with her other earthly treasures, from the ashes of those buried hopes arose a "tree of life," planted in the earth but soaring up into celestial regions, bearing along the tender sapling by its side.

When her neighbors looked to see Mrs. Steel sink beneath her burden of grief and misfortune, they were surprised to see her come forth from this furnace of affliction, like the holy children of old, strengthened and purified by the very trials through which she had passed, and her son, through her well directed solicitude for his improvement, bids fair to be a more perfect man than he probably would have been, had fortune never frowned on his family.

THE PRETTY ANNE BOLEYN.—Dr. Bayley says, in his *Life of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester*, that after that prelate had been beheaded, the executioner put it into a bag, in order to set it upon London Bridge that night. The Lady Anne Boleyn, who was the chief cause of this holy man's death, had a certain desire to see the head before it was set up. Whereupon it being brought to her, she beheld it a space, and last contemptuously said these or the like words: "Is this the head that has so often exclaimed against me? I trust it shall never do any more harm."

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]
MAYFLOWERS.
BY VINN W. OSGOOD.
The maples are softly unfolding
Their beautiful o'jmsion tips,
And here on the banks of the "Burnie,"
Violets open their lips.
And o'er me a spell-like enchantment,
This morning of beauty weaves;
But of beautiful things, most lovely
Are mayflowers under the leaves.
The sweet children of Spring so hidden
You search for them long in vain,
But patience, and lo! what a trophy
Of fragrance and bloom you gain.
And a story of human glory
The beautiful gems unfold,—
Of sweet souls under humility,
Gleaming like burnished gold,—
Of the purest of human blossoms,
Low down by perennial springs,
That unsought and unheeded send fragrance
Abroad on the zephyr's wings.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]
LIFE.
To me there is a deep significance in this little word, a gloriously beautiful, though once hidden meaning, revealed by degrees to my spirit, ever seeking, yes, yearning to know its realities. From my earliest years I seemed to exist too much in the ideal or imaginary, the world of thought and fancies, yet never fed, never satisfied. My ideal griefs and sorrows chastened not my spirit nor purified it from its dross, nor did my imaginary joys leave within my soul any lasting impression of happiness. From my imaginary tables, laden with luxuries, I arose weak and hungry. From my imaginary gardens filled with fruits and flowers, I came forth unsatisfied, unrefreshed. I roamed from one apartment to another within my airy castle of magnificence and grandeur still feeling that I "had not where to lay my head." I sighed for realities. Those bright day-dreams were not to me all of life, for still, and amid all these, there seemed to echo in my soul-deeps, the mystery of existence, the words which Deity Himself spoke through His laws to me, when I came into being, "MORTAL, LIVE." To live, O still half revealed fact! To live, O glorious reality! To live, to live, come within thy secret chamber, O spirit mine, and seek to know, to catch some higher glimpse of life, yes, life eternally unfolding into higher and more glorious realities,—a life of wisdom obtained by constantly investigating objects which are being presented by our senses to our reasoning faculties, as we ascend the rugged steeps or roam o'er flowery plains, through dense forests or deep ravines, not of an imaginary world, but our real tangible earth. A life of truth, not that alone which is conveyed to the soul and rests on faith, nor that which only comes when we are sleeping, entranced by spirit power, but that also which is based upon knowledge obtained by demonstration of the fact to our normal faculties. A life of love, not that alone which falls like gentle showers upon us from above, but that love which will be a "well-spring of life" unto each faculty of mind, that they, being unfolded, may present the flowers and fruits of high and holy aims and kindly acts. So would I live that life might daily present higher and more glorious realities, for realities are of immortal existence. Their form like mine may change only to become more divine, by virtue of the law of progress, which is the result of action, and action is the vital principle of life.
Mrs. L. T. B. KING.

Retaliation.—A nobleman, resident at a castle in Italy, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast; however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot so large that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should instantly be paid him. "One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whipcord on the bargain." The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, but the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence." After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold," exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share." "What, are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman; name him, and he shall be sent for instantly. "You need not go very far for him," said the fisherman, "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in, until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot." "Oh, oh," said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly; he shall receive the stipulated moiety with the strictest justice. This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.—*Collon.*

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]
THE FRIEND WHO SUPPORTED HER.
The friend who supported her, I said, "is but a friend as true as steel to her, and who will rejoice with all the energy of a true and noble heart, in the kind Providence which restores her to the arms of her lover. The customs of this country are different from those of France; here no true friend need be excluded from the chamber of the dying."

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Correspondence.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] PRE-EXISTENCE.

A late editorial in the Eclectic seems to invite articles on this strangely neglected subject, and I am only too glad of an opportunity to present to the reader a brief statement of the revelations given to me on the past and forgotten life of man.

If the spirits are to be believed, the earth was once hell, and will be heaven. At that low estate, all the life on this planet originated.

"You will not believe it, but I saw A multitude of things that were not in The catalogue of plants or animals.

Those who are disposed to sneer at theories, will please notice that we must have a theory on this subject, or avoid thought, as the world does about the future life.

Already men and women have asserted that we came from the animals; but they have not given us the connecting links between the better specimens of humanity and the animals;

"Nature breeds Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things; Abominable, unutterable, and worse Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived—Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire."

Why does nature breed things perverse?—That they may mend. God had to make wickedness, that righteousness might be possible.

be?) they must come up through the milder races of animals, to the Bushman, the Hottentot, the Indian, the Asiatic, and the European races of men.

The ancients called forgetfulness, Lethe, a fabled stream of which those who drink forget their sorrows, and death is it.

"But give the wintry weight of all my years, Spent in the simpler events of life, To the unfound, untasted waters borne From high Olympian snows to that strange realm,

Many persons would be willing to believe in pre-existence if their sentimentality could be satisfied by supposing that they were angels, imprisoned in the body for some slight celestial misdemeanor, and destined to soar into their native skies, as soon as the fetters were loosed.

A true self-esteem will give us complacency on any plane on which we may be placed.—Discontent is a mark of moral disease.

do not have to ask the doctor how we shall breathe. The angels would laugh and say they would like very well to be a worm and be trodden on, to see how it would feel.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Aututopian.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Oh, thou who wouldst desert Thy duty in the dirt, Or cut existence curt;

Who, recreant to thy trust, Wouldst leave, in rank disgust, Thy tools to rot and rust—

I call, — 'tis meet I should, — That aim a "doubtful good," Which slights our Brotherhood.

What if the world seems dull, Thy love of life all null, Canst thou its laws annul?

Couldst thou gain Heaven, its light Wouldst daze thy sinful sight, And show thy woeful plight,—

Would show, to thy chagrin, The chains, each cuff and pin, That bind thee in thy sin.

The clouds that veil thy stars, Do but reveal the spars Within thy prison bars,—

The spars that shine and glow In duty's path, below, And light us in our woe.

'Tis well to work and wait, Nor flutter at the gate Of this our Prison, fate.

The source of peace is trust, Fast anchored in the MUST One Supreme, and just.

LEOLETT.

Mt. Thaumal, April, 1860.

Fanny Fern in one of her latest newspaper contributions relieves her mind on the subject of "Good Old Fashioned Religion" thus: /Real devotion may stroll to church with a gilt-edged, gilt-clasped, velvet prayer-book,

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

"Lord if thou had'st been here, my brother had not died."

There outspoke the sorrowing heart that mourned the sundering of earthly ties, and looked to nothing higher than the transitory intercourse that characterizes mortality.

The bereaved sisters, though contemporary with the "author and finisher of our faith," whose mission it was "to bring life and immortality to light through the gospel," and who, they sincerely believed, had power to "raise the dead," yet neither Martha who was "cumbered about much serving," not even Mary who "sat at Jesus' feet," had a conception of anything better than "a resurrection of death unto death,"—a literal revival of the life that now is,

The raising of Lazarus, whether a mere restoration of suspended animation, or a literal resurrection from the dead, is of very little consequence to the seeker after proofs of the immortality of the soul, for it was the perishable body alone that was raised, and no evidence remains that he was a better or a wiser man thereafter.

Let us not despise, or too hastily condemn these literal constructions, for great truths require these husks of seeming error, until the fruit mature, when from a law of nature they will shrivel and fall away.

LEAH LEE.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Who is Rich? and Who is Poor?

BY LEAH LEE.

Stephen owns wild lands by townships, Banks, cities, villages, And if you will but believe him, Nearly all the world is his.

He has princesses for daughters, And their mother is a queen, And they're all the fairest creatures, Mortal eye hath ever seen.

He has business of importance, Occupying brain and hand, And his agents and associates, Are the noblest of the land.

Yet nor bond, nor deed, has Stephen, Of the wealth he calls his own: Note, or scrip, his claim to warrant, To forest, manse, or town:

And by daily toil his children, Procure the staff of life, And infirm all prematurely, 'N his haggard, care-worn wife:

All his dealings with the magnates, But to secure a home, Where danger nor discomfort, To himself nor friends may come:

For in common, worldly parlance, Though so rich, he thinks, is he, He is called a crazy pauper,— Pensioner of charity!

But the rightful, lawful owners, Of the wealth that Stephen claims, Fret and pine if falls some effort, Short of its ambitious aims:

And reject with impious grumbings, Blessings thronging at their door! Say, ye wise; which is the sanest? Who is rich? and who is poor?

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., May 3, 1860.

Editor of Spiritual Eclectic:

Dear Sir—I read in your valuable and widely circulated paper, of May 5th, of the dedication of the Harmonial Institute in Boston, devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Psychology, Electricity, Spiritualism, Marriage, Temperance, Health, Anti-Slavery and the Rights of Women, all of which I can heartily say amen to; but it made me think of an exhortation I heard the other evening from a good Methodist brother.

Let us take a glance at this mammoth evil, from the days of Cain to the present time, between man and his brother. See the rivers of blood, the millions on millions of precious, useful lives, which have been sacrificed to this great Moloch god of war!

But some will say,—Brother, what are you going to do? Why, I will tell you. War is either a curse or a blessing—it is either right or it is wrong, and the impending crisis must come, and you and I must do it: make it unpopular, and it will die a natural death, the same as the stake, the guillotine, and number our other evils with which the human family have been afflicted.

Not only so, but we have the promise of a good time coming, when the swords shall be beaten into plow shares and spears into pruning hooks, and the nations of the earth learn war no more.

Dr. Hall an Anti-Muscle-Man.

The practical Doctor seems to think that "Tom Hyer" should be ranked lower. He discoursed on the subject as follows, in his Journal of Health:—

"Small men, fragile men, men of little muscular vigor, may have good bodily health, and among these are found a vast excess in numbers of the opposite class, and in all ages and countries, who are the brightest of the world's bright stars. As a very general rule, it holds good—the bigger the man the bigger fool he is.

Spread of Celibacy.

This is getting to be an alarming fact to the political economist, and, in an article on the subject, "Once a Week" thus remarks:—"The probabilities of marriage of a maiden at twenty are slightly superior to those of a bachelor, and incomparably greater than those of a widow of the same age; but with the lapse of years these ratios change; the probabilities of marriage at thirty-five being for a bachelor, one to twenty-seven; for a spinster, one to thirty-five; and for a widow, one to five—the attractions of the widow standing to those of the spinster in the surprising relation of five to one—or, perchance, that number mystically representing her comparative readiness to matrimony.

Spiritual Eclectic.

Terms, \$2.00 Per Year.

STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

PRINTED BY B. THURSTON, PORTLAND.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860.

HINTS TOWARDS A NEW CHRISTOLOGY.

No. 3.

The preceding reference to the "Consolations" of Boethius will illustrate the demand, not only of religion and philosophy, but of philanthropy even, for the recognition of a principle of harmony and order in human society, similar to that which regulates the movements of the heavenly bodies, and gauges all the operations of nature. Perhaps the whole realm of antiquity does not afford a better answer to this demand, than that contained in Paul's speech at Athens; in which the doctrine of the Universal Providence of God, of a divine element in history, forms a bold contrast to the mythology of the Greeks, or to the shadowy forms of Fate evoked by the Grecian philosophy.

In the extracts from D'Aubigne, the fact of a Divine Providence in the affairs of mankind is assumed as the true stand-point, from which to contemplate all human events; though the author himself can hardly be said to have systematically applied this principle. He takes the idea rather in a religious, or theological sense, than in a purely scientific one. Dr. G. Miller, however, in the work alluded to, arrives at a definite conception of the dramatic character of history; of a regular divine plan, according to which the actions of men and of nations are made to refer continually to some one grand result previously conceived in the mind of the Deity. This is, therefore, a seeming approximation to a positive science of history. We here discover a determinate system of order, unity, and harmony in the development of the race, fully answering to the definition of Dr. Carle Hase, in his "Life of Jesus." "Universal history," he says, "is an organic whole, resulting from the concurrence of Divine Providence and human freedom, and by means of which the infinite life of humanity is manifested."

The term *organic*, as used by Dr. Hase, expresses the highest conception, perhaps, respecting the philosophic idea of history. The divine and human elements here do not mingle or concur with each other, in any arbitrary mechanical mode, but dynamically;—they sustain a vital, *organic* relation to each other. This is, also, the stand-point of Prof. Stallo, to whom we have previously referred; and to whose language we again call the reader's especial attention, as it is mainly from the view of history which he presents, that we take our departure toward a New Christology.

We would not disguise the fact, already incidentally noted, that the subject of a God, a Divine Providence, in human affairs, is one upon which there have been different, and even diametrically opposite, views entertained; views that have been wrought up into elaborate systems, exerting a powerful and wide influence among men. The term Atheism, Pantheism, Perfectibility, Rationalism, Positivism, and, as much as any, perhaps, the "Development theory," will serve to indicate those principal systems, which more or less conflict with the doctrine of an intelligent, personal Divinity, controlling the acts; the destinies of men and nations. Considered as simply *methods* of investigation, Rationalism, Positivism, &c., doubtless embody much important truth; but taken as exclusive stand-points, from which to contemplate the historic development of mankind,—in a word, viewed as *systems*,—we consider it an important mission of Spiritualism to afford a practical refutation of them. For, as we have more than once observed, the simple fact of spirit-intercourse demonstrates the existence of constant, positive super-mundane agencies in human history. We look to Spiritualism, indeed, when it shall have been systematically applied, both for a scientific explanation and proof of an intelligent Providence in all man's affairs. We return, then, to Prof. Stallo's definition of history, as the broad basis of our theory of Christology.

The divine and human elements in history are absolutely inseparable. They have their being in and through each other. In fact, in the ultimate analysis, the finite, human, has no existence of itself, but only, as it is the infinite, the divine. We refer here to the thorough contradictions arising from the separation of the finite from the infinite as shown in the questions from Mr. Stallo; and we may have occasion, perhaps, to refer to them again in the course of these remarks. It is sufficient for our purpose now, if the reader will carefully note the following from the great French eclectic, M. Cousin:

"The God of consciousness," he observes in Henry's version of his "Psychology," "is not an abstract God, a solitary monarch exiled beyond the limits of creation on the desert throne of a silent eternity, and of an absolute existence which resembles even the negation

of existence. He is a God at once true and real, * * * being absolute cause, one and many, eternity and time; space and number, essence and life, indivisibility and totality, principle, end, and centre, at the summit of Being and at its lowest degree, *infinite and finite together*; triple, in a word, that is to say, at the same time *God, nature, and humanity*. In fact, if *God be not everything, he is nothing*."

If Cousin would seem, at times to verge upon Pantheism, as some have felt, it is certain that no man has labored more to avoid such a tendency; and none probably would deny him the title of a Christian Philosopher.—There is, certainly, no more Pantheistic tendency in the preceding extract, than there are skeptical elements in the Hamiltonian system, especially as developed in "The Limits of Religious Thought;" a work now prominently before the public, and by Sir William's most eminent disciple, H. L. Mansel. Nor does the doctrine of M. Cousin, above expressed, really involve more, than the well known Pauline formula,—"God, ALL IN ALL."

We now have, abstracted from any particular personality, that which we have all along sought,—the *Christ-principle*, or Divine-humanity. It is the Divinity constantly identifying himself in and with Humanity. There is a perpetual and complete incarnation of the Deity in the universal man. As Fichte held, according to Heggenbach, in his "History of Doctrines,"—"The eternal word becomes at all times flesh, in the same manner in which it became flesh in Christ, and manifests itself to every man, who has a full and clear perception of humanity with God." This, perhaps, is no more than to say,—"*Ye are the temple of the living God*;" and the "*Spirit of God dwelleth in you*."

The Christ-principle, then, is absolutely inherent in the being of entire humanity; the essential unity of God and man continually reveals itself in the world's history,—in every individual expression as well,—as the very first condition and principle of all human development. But this Christ-principle is *simply a principle*, as here contemplated. It is wholly subjective. It remains, therefore, to trace the mode of its development, as an objective reality, in religion, in the church, and in the *living* Christ.

SKEPTICISM MUST YIELD.

A few years ago, when the phenomena of Spiritualism began to attract attention in England, a physician of some note in London,—a Member of the Royal College of Physicians, and editor of a Scientific Journal,—entered the list against the "delusion." Though less denunciatory and virulent than our Harvard Professor of Greek, he was scarcely less positive that the alleged physical manifestations do never occur. His reason was that they were contrary to "the immutable laws which the unchanging God has impressed once and forever on creation." From the serene heights of a purblind materialistic philosophy he looked down, to use his own language, with "pitying scorn" upon "*these sickly Spiritualistic dreamers, drunk with the wine of folly and credulity*."

This skepticism continued unabated up to a few weeks since, when the learned gentleman received a visit at his own house from Mr. Squire, the American medium, now in England. Assisted by some trusty friends, the Doctor spent two evenings in the most searching investigation of the remarkable phenomena that take place in the presence of Mr. Squire. The result is, that he comes out in the London *Spiritual Magazine* with a statement of "facts," affirming the reality of phenomena, the possibility of, which he had so strenuously denied before. These phenomena consisted of rappings, moving of tables, writing without human hand, ringing of bells, playing an accordeon, lifting and breaking a large heavy table, etc., etc., all performed by some invisible intelligent agency. The Doctor concludes his narrative with these forcible and significant words:

"The writer of the above narrative solemnly re-asserts the truth of every incident detailed, all of which occurred in his own house and presence, and in that of his friend X. He can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of (so called) Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of an apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any legerdemain or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing any one, by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record, rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet, he cannot doubt the ultimate recognition of facts, of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced."

This indicates what would be the fate of our Harvard Professor, and in fact all other skeptics, could they but witness the real phenomena of this character, as we have repeatedly done, under favorable circumstances. How far it is their own fault that they have not witnessed convincing demonstrations, we

will not attempt to say,—though we are quite certain, from what we have observed of the nature of the subtle agencies employed in producing these manifestations, that the unteachableness, prejudice and superciliousness usually manifested by these gentlemen, are not the most favorable states of mind for investigators of such phenomena.

This "Member of the Royal College of Physicians" (whom we take to be Dr. Dunglison, editor of the *Zoist*, though his name is withheld for prudential reasons) did not, however, become convinced that these phenomena were the work of disembodied human spirits. He seems inclined rather to attribute them to the "spirit of Python,"—the same that was active in the Oracle of Delphi, and the pythia of antiquity—which, in plain English, we suppose, means "the Devil." Very well;—it only requires time and farther investigation to correct this mistake, now that the Dr. has got out of the slough of mere denial. "The truth is mighty, and will prevail." A. E. N.

DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

Nothing in nature strikes us with more wonder and admiration than demand and supply. They embrace, include all things.—There is necessity for every faculty and emotion. The vast net-work of thought, in all its ramifications, can barely supply public and private wants. Partially met, they stretch on, gather force, and put forth new, gigantic, unheard of claims. Still, the response comes sooner or later. It lies in embryo in some head. It is in its seed. Time, circumstances develop it a little, it becomes an emotion, then a thought, then a cloudy, uncertain act. A little more friction, experience, favorable conditions, and some clear minds grasp the point, and a new era dawns. There is a birth at which human nature rejoices. The travail over, she welcomes the idea which is to enlighten every brain, and add richness to our varied store. It had its focus, but all preceding events tended to the culmination. It does not belong to him whose lot it was to bring it forth. It is to be appropriated by all mankind. We can use only so much. We can hide nothing—mine and thine are simply figures of speech. We are to have what is useful to our advancement—the remainder is for those less mature. We are to cast aside this spirit of selfishness.—We are neither to waste nor hoard. We are to use and scatter. Millions of rills run from each individual. He is the centre of a little world—every vibration and act tells upon those within his magnetism. There is no secret in him; his whole being is reflected and stands recorded in the example of others, of those even who do not know his name. Man is nothing, yet everything; material, yet invisible; weak, yet stronger than animal or natural forces. He is single, dual, many-sided.—In the dark, by slow stages, he is working out his destiny. There is no haste in nature;—hurry is not in her vocabulary; so with human development. It is slow, though sure. We do march forward, our career is upward. At first we cling to the soil, we fear to trust our pinions, we flit from bush to bush, then climb a tree, scale a mountain, and soar beyond mortal ken. All this we do instinctively. We are impelled onward, ever farther on. But when the subtle laws of our being are understood, when our relation to nature and each other is solved, we shall have new springs of action presented, we shall stand erect, and strive more and more to help achieve the great ends of Providence. As we advance, the way will open, and glories equal to our appreciation will unfold before us.—The harvest is not yet. We are to gather according to our planting. Simple, earnest, interior lives will accomplish the most. The springs lie deeply hidden in their nature, but they are vital, and bring forth live deeds.—The more we can realize this power, the more we shall be guided by its impulses. Nothing will be "common or unclean." The simplest process will be a key, and lead to great results, which, in turn, will bring forth others. We shall be clothed with humility, glad to serve in this great, human hive, no matter whether as queen-bee or porter, if so be that we do something. A drone is not respectable; he is a cumberer; he clogs the wheels of society; he must be cleared from the common highway. Put him among the brambles, in the waste places; toss him from post to post. Better still, galvanize him, make him over, breathe into him the breath of life, make him feel that he is a real atom, a fragment—worth something to himself, much to all others. He can turn a wheel, appropriate some stream, and make greenness where was only arid soil. Frictionize him, and coax, aye, compel a few sparks to flash from him. He will be surprised—think at first it is only phosphorus—

but after a while he will see it is a steady, self-emanating light. He will begin to take courage, his self-respect will strengthen, expand, grow. He will ask for some sphere—some special form of work—some tiny skill which he can master. He will not stop here. Once rouse the mortal, and it steadily claims the immortal. A brook may tax his oars at first, but an ocean and a leviathan will not be too much at last. Let us cheer each other on, enter the broad

path, and say,—there is room for each, we need not jostle. We will all do according to our light, and if we see beyond our expectations, why, touch our taper by the new fire, and bound on to wider career. If our neighbor's lamp is dim, pour in of our oil, and so, reaching back with one hand and forward with the other, continue our toilsome but joyful ascent. We shall lose nothing, for what we communicate is meted back, and we shall behold and exclaim,—my measure is more than full. I am unworthy such treasures as are revealed to me. Help me, Father, to be worthy their gift and thy love. X.

The Boston Investigator, again.

It will perhaps result in no good to exchange words with our neighbor of the Investigator. We wish to say to him, however, that he is utterly mistaken in supposing our remarks were dictated by ill-nature. We have none but the kindest feelings toward those who differ from us in opinion,—nor do we think we are the least inclined to bigotry. In regard to Joseph Barker,—we judged from his leave-taking letters in the Investigator, that he was somewhat inclined to a belief in Spiritualism,—that he considered the phenomena genuine, and of course we deemed him nearly converted. But the Investigator seems to indicate that he is not, and that he still holds on the "dim and perilous way" of infidelity. Sorry for it, brother, if that be the case. In regard to the precise number of infidels who have become converted to Spiritualism, we can, of course, give no statistical statement, but we have reason to believe that the number is quite large. We had some conversation with an active Spiritualist, a short time since, who told us that he was once an infidel of the Investigator school, but was now a Bible Spiritualist. We have always understood that Judge Edmonds, Prof. Hare, the elder Owen, as well as Robert Dale, and others "too numerous to mention," were non-believers in the Bible and man's inherent immortality. They were all converted by spiritual manifestations; and it is quite reasonable to infer that thousands of less conspicuous persons have followed in their wake, in this respect. In regard to infidels in the city of Boston, we have no means of knowing about them, being but little acquainted here. Mr. Seaver should know better than ourselves. We shall avoid all examples of ill manners, by whomsoever set, and accuse no one of lying unless we are pretty sure they do falsify. If we should happen to make a misstatement of the kind, we shall promptly retract, as in the case of the Portland Advertiser, and therefore be a light to our benighted brother of the Investigator.

We are still satisfied with our light-house illustration of the Investigator. We, of course, do not question the sincerity of the Investigator's views of man and his destiny; but if it be a lighthouse at all, it must be in the sense by us named. For, to what port,—to what destination would it light us? Why, simply, to oblivion! If the voyage of Humanity, with its immense hopes and aspirations, is to so shortly come to this "lame and impotent conclusion," what matters it that we have light-houses at all? If the Investigator be a light-house,—a "savior,"—it can be so only to save men from their own wretched unbelief. It can but serve to illustrate its own barren and comfortless grounds. If man is but the creature of a short and troubled day,—if his religious aspirations are all illusory, what does it import that we have any lights at all, brother Seaver? Answer us fairly and squarely, neighbor. You will say, probably, that you would disburse men's minds of these religious notions, which lead him to hope for, and believe in, immortality. You will say, perhaps, that these religious hopes and faiths are begotten of superstition,—of false imaginings,—and are, therefore, morally injurious. But we tell you, brother Investigator, that these things are *natural* to man. It is impossible to dispossess man of his religious reachings. His immortal spirit, through some of its natural, inhering faculties, goes forward to its immortal home, and gets earnest-glimpses of its glorious destiny. This cannot be helped, and to try to "light," or save him from this, would be like essaying to "save" a starving man from the food that would relieve his wretched condition!

The much-vaunted reason of man is not all there is to him. His religious hopes and aspirations are as valid as his reason,—the latter, when rightly understood, must be in perfect agreement with the former. Man's faculties must harmonize.

To talk about the evil doings of Spiritualists is a trick of the common enemy, and has nothing to do with the alleged facts of Spiritualism. Are they facts, and of such a kind as they purport to be? are the questions to settle. Frailty is not confined to Spiritualism, as some would have us suppose. All classes of people share the common infirmities.

If Lord Bacon had so fine an opinion of Atheism, he still was not an Atheist. A Book, which he doubtless greatly revered, hath it, "A fool saith in his heart there is no God." Philosophers, properly so called, cannot be Atheists, because Atheism precludes all necessity for Philosophy.

In regard to Mr. Seaver, personally, we have no reason to regard him otherwise than

as a gentleman. We have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, and therefore, beg to disclaim all intention of having made "a personal attack" upon him. An old warrior, like Bro. Seaver, should not be sensitive about these little pen-tits.

"Spiritual Things must be Spiritually Discerned."

To how many are the most deeply significant things of life an utter nothingness? Why is this? Because the Spiritual faculties which underlie their natural ones, are as yet unsealed. It is, however, a most hopeful reflection that the seeds of a divine consciousness are within every man. To elucidate this truth and furnish a suitable pendant to some remarks we made last week on the emanant evidence of the existence and nature of God, and Immortality, we subjoin the following profound remarks of a celebrated writer:

"A system, the first principle of which is to render the mind intuitive of the spiritual in man, (i. e. of that which lies *on the other side* of our natural consciousness,) must needs have a great obscurity for those who have never disciplined and strengthened this ulterior consciousness. It must, in truth, be a land of darkness, a perfect *Ante-Goshen*, for men to whom the noblest treasures of their being are reported only through the imperfect translation of lifeless and sightless notions; perhaps, in great part, through words which are but the shadows of notions; even as the notional understanding itself is but the shadowy abstraction of living and actual truth. On the immediate, which dwells in every man, and on the original intuition, or absolute affirmation, of it, (which is likewise in every man, but does not in every man rise into consciousness,) all certainty of our knowledge depends, and thus becomes intelligible to no man by the ministry of mere words from without. The medium by which spirits understand each other, is not the surrounding air; but the freedom which they possess in common, as the common ethereal element of their being; the tremulous reciprocations of which propagate themselves even to the inmost of the soul.—Where the spirit of a man is not filled with the consciousness of freedom, (were it only from its restlessness, as of one still struggling in bondage), all spiritual intercourse is interrupted, not only with others, but even with himself. No wonder, then, that he remains incomprehensible to himself as well as to others. No wonder, that in the fearful desert of all consciousness, he wears himself out with empty words, to which no friendly echo answers, either from his own heart or the heart of a fellow being; or bewilders himself in the pursuit of notional phantoms, the mere refractions from unseen and distant truths, through the distorting medium of his own unenlightened and stagnant understanding! To remain unintelligible to such a mind, exclaims Schelling, on a like occasion, is honor and a good name before God and man."

Enough in my Father's Store-House, and yet I perish with Hunger and Cold.

So think many forlorn ones, as day after day their little stock diminishes, and work, if obtained at all, is only partially remunerated. Sad indeed is the lot of those, at such times, whose utmost efforts barely supply bread; reduce the payments to one-half or one-third the usual rates, and how hard it presses upon thousands of homes. Those thus situated look abroad upon God's earth, and see how rich its harvests, every tree dropping fruit, and every field full of plenty. I will arise and eat, say they. But that cannot be; a fence separates their dwellings from those who have enough and to spare. They have no right on that side. As charity, the neighbor may give them of his abundance, but that comes hard to the independent mind. I'll none of that, says the meditator. I have health and faculties. Give me honest employment, and an equivalent for my services, and I too can enjoy of what Heaven so profusely furnishes.—A day's labor should at least yield a day's food—should do more; but to toil from dawn till eve and suffer hunger, is too much for human endurance. We cannot control our circumstances, only mitigate them. We cannot regulate the affairs of the world, but we can exert an influence, and do much ourselves to secure comparative fairness in our dealings.—In hard times, why will the rich take advantage of the necessitous? Why treble their gains at the expense of their needy brethren? A blessing does not come to such. Their wealth is filthy lucre. Not so that of the upright man. He walks erect, and seeing others trip, steps forward to lift them up and bind their wounds. He does not dole out his pennies, but he says, come, my friends, I have prospered, let me put you on the track, and show you the way to a sustenance, at least.—We are all brethren, and from whatever cause you have faltered, it is not for me to force you to descend lower. Give me your hand, and I, who am erring too, will lend you that aid which the members of the same family owe each other. I cannot save you from the consequences of mistakes, wrong principles, extravagance, and the like; but I can say, correct the future by the past, make justice and truth your corner stone, lay aside habits which only lead to moral death, start anew, with fresh courage and warm sympathy; life will pour into the tide of your being, you can rise, and I will lift you upon my shoulders.—Look about. See how golden the sun which lights the whole of the earth. Feel the blessed rain which waters its entire surface.—Learn by them two facts: that God is the universal Father, and all men his common children. The sluggard will lose the morning

glory, the idler will come short at the end of the day, the inebriate will cloud his vision, the dishonest will stain his soul, the corrupt will blench the tablet of his character, the spendthrift will pierce a hole in his purse which nothing can stop up. The yellow grains will all sift therefrom. We are not to be made virtuous, good, and successful, to order. This cannot be done by proxy. No one can eat, drink, or sleep for us. We must put forth our own efforts, pray our own live prayer, use the gifts bestowed, humble or otherwise, work while it is day, lest the night overtake us and find our task unfinished.—Rouse up, brother, sister, friend, few perish by the way that use their utmost endeavor.—Untoward circumstances may obstruct your path, briar and thorn it to laceration.—Never mind, leave the bleeding flesh in the thicket, and press the spirit through. Do your mite manfully, and all mankind will be enriched. Troubles may come, but some winged angel will flutter at your threshold, and drop oil and balm. Sickness may visit you, but some invisible circle will hold its reunions over your couch, and extract the bitter drop. Every sense may be closed and motion stopped, still the soul, living, budding, glowing, will hold its place and light up the tabernacle of clay. Fear not, all these things shall come to pass to the faithful, but expect not to reap if you sow not; think not to pour from your urn if you take no measures to fill and refill. Help yourself, and all nature will second your efforts; defraud yourself, and no man can make it good economy. The tiniest insect soars aloft. Its size does not impede its progress. So with man; he, too, can lift his pinions and advance, surely, if slowly, toward the promised land. Keep your own fire burning, gather fuel here and there, anywhere, everywhere, but the vital spark must be within, a vestal for you to tend, the essence of your being, the you, not me, not another. Guard this holy flame, set a sentinel at the portal, and ills will roll away like vapor, and leave the sky clear, and deep, and blue, or flecked with golden orbs, and rain-bows ever new. X.

[Reported for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Miss Emma J. Hardinge, at Mechanics Hall, Portland.

On the afternoon and evening of May 13th, Miss Emma J. Hardinge addressed the Spiritual Association of Portland, upon the subject of Religion.

Religion is calculated to walk hand in hand with Science; but it has been chained down by the narrow bonds of dogmatism, and instead of enlightening man has kept him in the grossest darkness. God is no more present to-day than he was two thousand years ago, and the mysteries of to-day are no greater than the myths which enshrouded the Holy Ghost. Religion has been made a rod of fear, awakening the basest passions of slavish servitude. Does aught exist through revelation to advance or improve mankind? There must be revelation from above man or within him which it is for him to search out and investigate. Were a labor-saving machine recommended to you, would you accept it upon the simple praise of another? Would you not first test its powers yourself? God's works invite investigation, while revelations must come second-hand at best, modified by the forms of speech and the times in which they are given. And can they always apply to the ever changing ages? To be perfect it must be constant, and at best more human than divine. There is no such thing as a personal God, says the transcendentalist—but what can we conceive of which has not form? Somewhere in time and space there must exist a God-head, an Alpha and Omega, around which our hearts and hopes and devotions cluster, and this is God. Take a little child and set him in your midst, and within him are clustered all the possibilities of the God-head. Here arises the question, what is spirit? Not many centuries ago sages admitted of but two elements, solids and fluids; but later investigations discovered another, gas; and the last century has gained another, electricity—may not another be added called spirit? Canst thou, O man, by searching find out God, which is as high as heaven and as deep as hell? We ask of Nature to define this God who has measured the waters in his hand. In order to make our own lives more perfect we desire to learn the attributes of this being. Speak, O Nature, with thy myriad flowing tongues, with thy fiery eyes and thine heaving, swelling ocean bosom.

We propose to give, not a telescopic but a microscopic view of Him to whom we look for daily bread, by whom we live and move and perform our life's pilgrimage.

There is within the human form a four chambered vessel called the heart, from which the arterial blood flows clear and red on one side, and returns through the veins to the other, laden with impurities gathered from all parts of the system. This venous blood is cleansed and again returned to the arteries by respiration. All things are immortal, and the breath of atmosphere which purified the blood is not lost but comes forth laden with impurities, and here is another work of the great Architect. The action which sends it forth does not permit the poison exhalation to linger upon the lips, but by divine provision it is

made heavier than the air and sinks below the atmosphere. This same carbonic acid gas goes to nourish the vegetable kingdom, and thus the breath of man is made the life of the flowers. From decaying vegetation arises another poison, hydrogen, forming the miasma, yet it is not permitted to carry out its work of death, but being lighter than air rises above the region of respiration, and by electricity is united with oxygen and collected in clouds which again descend to refresh and beautify the earth; and thus the mighty ocean, the teeming rivers are fed from the human breath. And now, O man, stand before the gospel of a little respiration, and ask if he doeth all things well? Ask if there be not gospels unnumbered in a wisdom which could invent and sustain such a scheme? If you seek for a doctrine of immortality—to know what shall become of you when this material form is broken up—think of the little breath. The forms of matter are constantly changing.—There is no individuality except in spirit, and there individuality is perfect. Burn a little fiber of hair and it arises in smoke, crumbles in ashes, but is not destroyed: it will come back to you in some form, perhaps in the lamp of your own existence. No particle is lost, though it may be forgotten, its impression is there upon the spirit. Ask of the old person, of whose youthful form not one atom remains, what portion of his spirit he has lost, and his memory goes back into the recesses of the past and returns with the assurance that not a particle is gone. All spirit goes to prove the indestructibility of thought, and these longings for immortality are its strongest proof.

Man cannot live alone; though he may bury himself in the deepest solitude his thoughts will soar beyond his surroundings, and that thought will touch and influence somebody; and if you thus influence how must you be influenced. Bestow your affection upon any object, and how it will love you in return.—The flowers love the breezes and the gentle dews that nourish them. Try, O harsh man, the smiling face, the gentle word, and how will the laggard countenance of the poor brighten under its genial influence, for there is not a good act done, a kind word said, but it falls upon the waters of life and becomes the bread of eternity. Know thyself, O man, and thy knowledge is power. And to do this you must learn the nice relations of spirit and matter, and the laws which govern your own organism. You teach your children a dead language when you teach them particular forms of prayer and fail to transmit to them the laws of their own being. There is no part of nature which may not present a gospel to man. There is not an art which is not founded on science and that science is Religion.

Evening Lecture.

NATURE! why does man walk among thy wondrous revelations like one stumbling in the dark? yet atheists go forth and return with the sad cry—no God, nothing but matter, and no future but the to-morrow of matter. Why does man with this gospel of Nature before him, bow down to wood and stone and cry—"give us this day our daily bread?" These things are lower than man; they feed his intellect but leave his spirit untouched.—They lack the key to unlock Nature. There is something in human spirit more than asks for daily bread. When religionists exclude Nature as one source of revelation, they take the proof of revelation itself, withholding from the millions their scanty share of daily bread. Self culture is the most prominent means to aspire to that which is divine, and inspiration is as essential to man's soul as bread is to his material organism, varying of course to suit his varied capacities. The breaker of the cloud and the man of science are both inspired according to their receptivity. But all the wisdom of to-day will be insufficient to the unfoldments of to-morrow, and such is the office of revelation to keep the mind stored with new and divine truths as fast as it is able to receive them, and inspiration depends upon the power to comprehend these glorious revelations. While the ancients claimed to be students of Nature, they also claimed that these thoughts came from a world without themselves. The phenomena of physical manifestations have been practiced in all nations and all ages, and man instead of truly progressing seems to have a strange tendency toward fatality. Spirits have presented themselves with all the peculiar characteristics of their time and country, but the church said there shall be no more light, and hence the persecution and epithet of witchcraft; and had the spirits been subject to these same powers, there would have been no more light to this day. Not a single page of religious poetry but teems with the thought that angels sing around the beds of little children. Revelation is to be found in clairvoyance and mesmerism, showing that there is something more in man than material matter, but the last, best stage of revelation is Spiritualism, proving that its revelations are ever adapted to the age. We hear them speaking in familiar words, by moving material things, and however undignified it may seem, it comes home to the best of us. Man has come to measure his religion by the standard of respectability and popularity and the dimes and cents to be coined out of that respectability. There are

in Nature great achievements to be wrought out by effort to which revelation only points the way. Men witness feats with electricity and mesmerism, but when you tell them that disembodied mind is performing the same they shrink back and exclaim it is all psychology. Ask them, are all men liars who sit in the spiritual circle? Oh no, they are deceived.—While the thunders crash above you, ye look in the face of your Maker and ask him to stay the wild fury of the storm when it is that which is purifying the atmosphere to sustain life. So the moral lightnings that crash about you are fitting the world for greater truths which its present moral atmosphere infected with skepticism could not sustain, as the Jews in their benighted age were unable to bear more than the doctrine of rewards and punishments. When mind outside of matter can manifest itself intelligently, then is the great question answered—"If a man die, shall he live again?" There is no jar in Nature, all is harmony and this age is the best because science has reached its highest attainments since the world began. The spirits teach you of the humble things of daily life, to make your lives pure, but because they do not come in the precise manner you have marked out, you turn in disgust and refuse your daily bread.—It is not only the grand manifestations but the use that you make of these little raps that shall reveal to you the broader, higher light. We cry to thee, O Father, for daily bread.—The light is shining in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. Yet it is dawning—the light is slowly dawning, and once more, O Father, we thank thee for daily bread.

The Sailor's Love.

BY LIZZIE FLY.

Canst tell me, thou sailor in stainless blue,
Just home o'er the crested wave,
Does my lover toil with his merry crew,
Or sleep in an ocean grave?
Does he struggle still with the calm and storm,
Or do sea-weeds creep round his manly form?

In vain I question, thou canst not tell
Of his weal or woe to me,
But my lover's fate I know full well,
For my own heart follows the sea.
And its home shall be on the billows dark,
'Till my love comes home in his beautiful barque.

When the skies are fair, and a gentle breeze
Plays over our little bay,
My heart is toiling on raging seas
With my lover far away;
And goes aloft with that fearless one,
And sings when the storm and his task are done.

It sings when the breakers wild and dark
Dash madly up on the lea,
For my love then sails in his beautiful barque
On the waves of a summer sea.
Then it sinks in my breast with a quiet beat,
And I know that my lover's dreams are sweet.

I need not ask of his fate to hear—
I know it is all my own,—
He may live or die on the billows drear,
But he cannot live alone;
And should he sink in the wave below,
My heart would drown in its flood of woe.

Going to Heaven.

When and how shall we enter Heaven?— Shall it be when a life of pride, folly, and indolence is reluctantly yielded up, or rather, when we are forcibly removed from such a state of existence, that a band of pure and bright-winged seraphs shall make their appearance, and in their gentle and loving embrace bear us aloft to realms of joy, and peace, and splendor, of which human language is too poor and weak to render any conception, and there being arrayed in gorgeous apparel, enter in to partake and enjoy forever? From what law of our past lives may we draw our conclusions? When we assume positions and relations on our earth life for which we are unfitted, by nature or education, we fail; and not only that, but suffer mortification at that failure. When we enter social circles far above us in point of refinement, however rich may be our apparel put on for the occasion, we feel awkward and ill at ease, and long for our easy, homespun, working-day garments and associations again. If the future holds in store for us that famous "land of pure delight," to which our journey of life inevitably tends, why not, in these hours, and days, and years of leisure be preparing ourselves for the journey, for a true and just appreciation and full enjoyment of its glories? How this is to be done may readily be determined by seeking and ascertaining what constitutes the true happiness or heaven of the spirit. Then in the daily practice of those virtues the veil of immortality shall become thin and transparent to us, so that we may not only see, but imitate the lives of the angels, and when our journey is ended, and we reach the pearly gates, instead of any borrowed garments we may enter in, clothed in the garb of our own righteousness, ample, and full, and flowing, woven and broided by years of happy, useful toil. Then we shall have no need to stand with folded hands, in amazement, saying, what shall we do? The apprenticeship will have been served, and we have only to resume the labors of that higher life for which our past efforts have prepared us.

The Spiritualists in Owego, N. Y., have engaged rooms in which they meet regularly twice a week. There are several efficient mediums for speaking, test, and personifications.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

As our friend, "Verb. Sat. Sap.," has such fine ideas about editing a paper, we should like to have him take charge of the Eclectic a few weeks. We are quite desirous of following the best models. "Verb." must be "one of 'em," or he would not give advice with such assurance in this matter. We are constrained to pay great deference to his better judgment. The only thing that leads us to mistrust his ability to set us right in the editorial management of this paper, is, that his remarks imply contempt for Jean Paul, Goethe, Coleridge,—literary people that the better portion of the reading world have seemed to hold in high regard. But we suppose "Sap." has outgrown those mental infants; and if he concludes to edit the paper a short time, it will have to dispense with their feeble thoughts. One thing we ought to insist upon, if our friend comes to take us under his direction—and that is, that he shall translate his Latin. He's a little too learned for us. It must be confessed, however, that he's a great poet. But friend, if you'll take the second look, and count the columns, you will observe we have about as much "original" matter as papers in general. And further more, you really ought to consider that readers are not all alike. It may be that our scissoring are to many quite as acceptable as our communications,—always excepting such unmistakeably brilliant ones as yours. If you don't come in person to show us the right way, we hope to often receive your written advice.

Bro. Olark of the Spiritual Clarion thinks we scissor "awfully,"—that is to say, scissor too much. Our thought in relation to the Clarion has been that a good, sharp, judicious pair of scissors would lend quite an additional charm to its columns.

The spiritual mediums in Boston, and vicinity, have recently formed an association for mutual aid, improvement, and protection.

When is a plant like a hog? When it begins to root. And when is it like a soldier?—When it begins to shoot. And when is it like an editor? When it begins to blow.—Provincetown Banner.

We feared he was going to say when it gets seedy; but we are glad he did not, as some one might have taken offence.

It has been carefully estimated that there is fuel enough in nature's great coal-yards, to last the world 10,000 years.

Ring the bell and order Bridget to replenish the fires. No need of freezing in our day, gentlemen.

An Edinburgh firm which had to supply wines for a banquet to the 78th regiment, corrects the error of a paper which announced that they would supply the "wines."

Only a slight mistake—women and wine go together in the list of good cheer.

A lady was buried in Philadelphia not long since, in a coffin having eight handles of solid gold, and the heads of all the screws were of the same metal. Rather a waste of material. Strange that people are so prone to make a handle of their wealth.

An old man said—"For a long period I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scripture until at last I came to the conclusion that reading the Bible was like eating fish. When I find a difficulty, I lay it aside and call it a bone. Why should I choke on the bone, when there is so much nutritious meat?"

Let those take heed who stop and pick upon the bones while their souls are starving for the meat which is so plentifully spread out before them.

Passed to the Spirit-Life.

At South Boston, May 11th, Eddie S., son of Sidney S. and Lydia Russell, aged 9 years.— This was the last of four children, all of whom have been transplanted early to the gardens of the spirit-land. Inheriting infirm constitutions, unable to cope with the vicissitudes of earth-life, these buds have been removed to blossom and ripen their fruits in a more genial climate. The parents find consolation in the sentiment of the following lines (accommodated from Pierpont's "Death of a Child"):

We know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
Our hands that marble felt;
O'er him in prayer we knelt;
Yet our hearts whisper that—he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form we used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked,—he is not there.

He lives! nor far away
Is he, though freed from clay;
He hovers still, unseen, yet ever near;
In dreams we see him oft,
And hear his accents soft,
Whispering, "seek not the grave! I am not there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
Help us, shine on afflicted ones, to bear;
And often, while we stay
From that bright world away,
May't be our joy to know that—he is here!

How they do keep it up in Paris! What a dissipated set of owls are the ladies and gentlemen in society there! The last quadrille at the Empress's ball commenced after five o'clock in the morning! It was the last bombastic by daylight! What time did breakfast come along? Wicked, wicked Paris—they probably didn't "retire" until the next night.

Special Notices.

In looking over our books, we find some over two hundred names, whose term of subscription has expired some months since.—Bills will be sent to them, but if they have receipts for the paper for a longer time than our books indicate, they will please inform us of the fact. We take the books as we find them, and have no other guides than these, till we get everything rectified. As we have started anew, and desire to get out, not a beautiful paper, but one bearing the stamp of intellectual merit, we have to request that our friends will promptly remit, for now is the time when we need their assistance.

Miss Emma J. Hardinge will lecture before the Spiritual Association of Portland, at Mechanics' Hall, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, May 20.

A friend of ours writing from Hannibal, Missouri, says, much interest is felt there on the subject of Spiritualism and progression, and desires us to state for the benefit of all interested, that if lecturers who are visiting St. Louis by appointment, will place Hannibal upon their route books, as a point for two or more weeks' engagement, they will find good audiences and warm hearted friends.

We have this week received the Westminster and Edinburgh Reviews. Persons wishing to procure literature of a high and valuable order, cannot do better than to take Blackwood's Magazine, and any, or all of the four Reviews published in connection. Indeed, their merit is so thoroughly appreciated by those acquainted with these publications, that no words of ours are necessary to recommend them to favor; and to those readers not familiar with the works, nothing short of a careful perusal would give them an adequate idea of their value. For terms see advertisement on last page.

CHARLESTOWN, May 14, 1860.

Mrs. Clough addressed us yesterday on the character and benefits of Spiritualism. She spoke with great energy, recognizing the inspiration of Scripture, as our guide, urged practical piety as the great end of our probation.

Mr. Crowell of Boston will speak next Sabbath.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Competition.

Six little urchins all in a row,
Lushing themselves like mad steeds, as they go,
Rattling their trucks like a train of steam cars,
Little heels spurning the earth like winged Mars,
Each shouting aloud in frolicsome glee,
That never a one can run faster than he;
And if one shows a symptom of taking the lead,
Another will trip him to slacken his speed.
Dear little urchins, such is life's race,
Striving and jostling for preference and place;
If one seems more like than another to lead,
Then let him at once to his laurels take heed.
O when will this truth to men's brains get access,
One's fame suffers not by another's success?
LEAH LEE.

Fanaticism.

It is by no means strange, in a fast progressive age like ours, that some quite fair minds, should, in plenitude of their self-esteem and philosophical fanaticism, run off the track.

I am acquainted with one of the above stamp, who is so happy, that it would seem wrong, if possible, to disturb his dream. The individual is a fine, capable printer and proof reader, has a business faculty, and is concerned in a widely circulated weekly sheet. He believes that the veritable Benjamin Franklin is with him, and in him, as a guiding power. Thus he fancies himself great on electricity—that he is a battery and can perform all the electrical office of one. That he can by contact impart an intellectual current to another, enabling him or her to understand mysteries, answer questions which neither understood. He declared such to be the case to me, and mentioned Mr. Mansfield as an instance, and Mrs. Count as another, where he had displayed his power. The thought cannot find a lodgment in his brain, that lead cannot induce any current whatever, galvanic or mental!

He thinks four or five poets have also transmigrated to him, and reside in his brain; whereby he is bald from the light and heat created, as "thoughts and words fire and burn!"

Cases not dissimilar are to be met with in country as well as in city, admonishing us not to let go of reason and revelation.

C. R.

GIVE US THE FACTS.—We say to our friends throughout the West, and especially in our own State, to send us such tests, and other facts as may be elicited by their investigations of Spiritual phenomena. The public mind is now considerably awakened on this subject; and it only needs the promulgation of such home facts as may be within our reach, to fully arouse the great heart of Iowa and the West to the investigation of this all-important subject! Let each one send us such facts as come within his knowledge; and thus help to keep the "Tide" of Spiritual Truth "Rising," till it shall overflow all the land with its purifying waters.—Rising Star.

Children's Department.

Organs of Sense and Organs of Spirit. All the organs of sense are framed for a corresponding world of sense, and we have it. All the organs of spirit are framed for a corresponding world of spirit...

The following beautiful extracts are from "Good News of God," a book recently written by Rev. Charles Kingsley, an Englishman of lofty genius.

EARTHY MELODY TYPICAL.—All melody and all harmony upon earth, whether in the song of birds, the whisper of the wind, the concurrence of voices, or the sounds of those cunning instruments which man has learned to create...

GOODNESS.—Did it ever strike you, that goodness is not merely a beautiful thing, but the beautiful thing—by far the most beautiful thing in the world; and that badness is not merely an ugly thing, but the ugliest thing in the world?

THE GREAT MAN.—Would he not be somewhat like this pattern?—A man who was aware that he had vast power, and yet used that power not for himself, but for others; not for ambition, but for doing good?

BEATIFIC VISION.—It is but a faint notion, no doubt, that the best man can have of God's goodness, so dull has sin made our hearts and brains; but let us comfort ourselves with this thought—that the more we learn to love what is good, the more we accustom ourselves to think of good people and good things...

MUSIC.—There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough;

but music is even more wonderful. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits—to the very core and root of our souls.

THE BLESSED DEAD.—They rest from their labors. All their struggles, disappointments, failures, backslidings, which made them unhappy here, because they could not perfectly do the will of God, are past and over forever.

LIFE IN HEAVEN.—Form your own notions as you will about angels, and saints in heaven, for every one must have some notions about them, and try to picture to himself what the souls of those whom he has loved and lost are doing in the other world; but bear this in mind, that if the saints in heaven live the everlasting life, they must be living a life of usefulness, of love, and of good works.

VAINGLORY.—Party spirit, pride, the wish to show the world how pious we are, the wish to make ourselves out better and more reverent than our neighbors, too often creep into our prayers and our worship, and turn our feasts of charity into feasts of uncharitableness, vanity, ambition.

INTERCOURSE WITH SUPERIOR PERSONS.—In a lecture on "Manners" by Emerson, he says:—

"It is the great event of life to find, and know, and love a superior person; to find a character that prefigures heaven and the saints of earth. Such an one is left alone, as the gods are. In all the superior persons I have met, I notice directness, simplicity, truth spoken more truly, as if everything like obstruction and malformation had been trained away."

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Longings of a Lunatic.

The hateful noises of the street, Its pageant, pomp and glare, But make my pulses wildly beat, And drive me to despair!

Heart sick and dizzy in the whirl, And whirl of city life, I long for some sweet oasis Whereon to rest from strife.

Heart sick and weary of the world, I long once more to stroll Beside the little brook that purled Its love-soag to my soul.

I have not heard for many a year The peaceful peep and trill Of frogs, in concert far and near, When all around is still.

Oh, had I wings as fleet and strong As eagle's, I would sail Far from the city's thoughtless throng, And woes that there prevail.

I long to hear my mother's voice,— Ah! reason still were mine, Had I been guided in life's choice, Dear guardian, by thine.

LEOLETT. Mt. Thaumal, Mass., May, 1860.

[Compiled for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Scrap of Biography from the Lives of Great Authors.

GUIZOT.

M. Guizot is a signal example of the force of great talents to win exalted station, under a particular system of society. He was born at Nismes, in 1787; was a journalist in the time of Napoleon, and was wholly devoted to literature till 1816. He is Prime Minister of France. His great rival, M. Thiers, has pursued the same course. In England it is otherwise. The man of letters seldom wins wealth, never power. The only class permitted to intrude upon the monopoly of hereditary politicians is the class of the lawyers. It may be a question, whether the technical practice of the courts, and the habit of advocacy which makes a lawyer successful in proportion to his power of identifying himself with narrow individual policies, are the best preparations for dealing with the great interests of humanity, and legislating for the most complicated condition of society that ever existed on the earth. Be this as it may, the man of letters is invariably regarded here as an impracticable man. The largest acquaintance with the

past,—the readiest power of observing the present,—the widest benevolence,—the most inflexible integrity,—are no passports to worldly honor or greatness. It is better, we believe, that it should be so. There are enough second-rate intellects in the world to carry on the great game of expediency.

SPENSER.

The inscription on his monument designates Edmund Spenser as "the prince of poets." Few have had a better claim to so eminent a title. Mr. Craik, in his excellent little work, "Spenser and his Poetry," has truly said,— "Our only poets before Shakespeare who have given to the language anything that in its kind has not been surpassed, and in some sort superseded, are Chaucer and Spenser, Chaucer in his Canterbury Tales, Spenser in his Fairy Queen." Very little is known accurately of Spenser's life, beyond the facts that he was admitted as a sizer of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1569; in 1580 became Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Grey of Wilton, and for his services was rewarded by a large grant of land in the county of Cork; in 1598 was driven from Ireland by a savage outbreak, in which his house was burned, with one of his children; and that he died in January, 1599, "for lack of bread," as Ben Jonson records. Three books of "The Fairy Queen" were published in 1590; and three others in 1591. The "Two Cantos of Mutability" appeared after his death.

COURIER.

Paul Louis Courier, who was born in 1774, served in the French army in Italy, in 1798-9. He was a scholar, and a man of taste; and his letters are full of indignation at the rapacity of the French conquerors. After the peace of Amiens he published several translations from the Greek. On the renewal of the war he served again in Italy; and held the rank of a chief of squadron in the Austrian campaign of 1809. He gave in his resignation in 1809, for his independent spirit made him obnoxious to the creatures of Napoleon. His literary reputation is chiefly built upon the political tracts which he wrote after the restoration of the Bourbons, which, in their caustic humor, are almost unequalled, and have been compared with the celebrated "Letter Provencales" of Pascal.

HERSCHEL.

Sir John Herschel, the author of a "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," (forming a volume of Lardner's Cyclopaedia), stands at the head of the men of science of our own times. This is not the place to enlarge upon his eminent merits as a philosopher; but he claims especial regard from us, and from our readers, as being amongst the ablest and most generous of advocates for the Diffusion of Knowledge. We cannot forbear the pleasure of quoting a beautiful passage from an "Address to the Subscribers to the Windsor and Eton Public Library," delivered by him in 1833,—a period when many eminent men believed, or affected to believe, that the people might be over-instructed. We give this as a fit introduction to a course of general reading, not selected for a class,—not diluted or mangled in the belief that the great body of readers have depraved intellectual appetites and weak digestions,—but taken from the best and highest works in all literature,—gems from the rich treasury of instruction and amusement which the master-minds of the world, and especially of our own nation, have heaped up for an exhaustless and imperishable store:—

"If I were to pray for a taste which should me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger popularity of religious principles,—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history,—with the wisest, the wittyest,—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations,—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good-breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other."

WHENEVER I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—Cullen.

Drops and Draughts from the Fountain of Truth.

HAUTEUR and reserve, like ice, though translucent and smooth, are cold, and as often conceal as cause an "aching heart."

THOSE who fawn and fondle will also backbite and betray.

OF SILENCE wouldst thou glean the golden fruit? Gird up thy loins for duty absolute, Speak slowly to the end, and then be mute.

METHOD in any situation placed is a better economist than haste; 'Tis much like packing books into a case So as to leave no intervening space.

REFORMERS should understand that moral no more than physical sores and swellings should be probed or unduly irritated in the height and heat of turgescence.

THE work that makes us good, makes us also mediums of good.

I NEVER knew a man to win A victory o'er himself and sin, All single-handed, But his boon comrades would become, "All of a sudden," tart or glum, Or tempt him with a sugar-plum, To be uncandid.

FLATTERERS are not so easily flattered; the very epithet presupposes too much knowledge of the human heart to be liable to deception or vulnerable to ridicule.

NEITHER high prosperity nor extreme poverty is favorable to wisdom or prolific of great achievements. Oats grown on poor land want stalk, on rich land, want head.

LEOLETT.

Mt. Thaumal, Mass.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Trust in God.

"O! my soul, why art thou cast down, And why art thou disquieted within me?" Is not God thy refuge and strong tower, Unto which thou mayst flee In each soul trying hour? What tho' storms assail, and tempests roar, And surging billows beat Against thy bark, so frail and weak, A power unseen shall quell the storm, And bid the angry tempest cease. Yes, as of old, that Power Divine Can control the raging elements, And whisper to the inner soul, "Peace, be still."

Then calmly wait and trust in God, Though stormy is thy path below, And grief thy heart o'erflow; Though every comfort be withdrawn, And Hope, that anchor to the soul, Seem faint and weak, Yet nerve thy soul to bear Life's changes, which all must know Who travel long earth's weary way. Yea, look beyond these changing scenes To that land where immortal beauty reigns, And love in one pure stream forever flows, Where angelic lyres unceasingly roll, Delighting the care-worn spirit, And causing it new life to inherit View that spotless company arrayed In robes so white and pure, Made thus by sufferings. Then, though thy soul be faint and weak, Oppressed with grief and woe, And thou art troubled with thy inward foes, Yet hope in God, For thou shalt yet praise Him, Who is thy strong tower And refuge in each trying hour.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

A Vision.

I sat upon a mossy bank covered with the first green verdure of spring, beneath the sweet-budding branches o'erhanging my reclining, while low-voiced breathings came to me from the upper regions. Angel eyes looked lovingly in to my own; angel arms folded themselves tenderly about me, and I was borne up and away far through the clear ether, past white and golden-tinted cloudlets, that seemed to hide from my view the bright, fairy-like home of some happy spirits free, until in the distance rose clearly to view the towering fanes and lofty spires of a large city. I saw not the forms of the bright beings that supported me. I only felt their gentle presence as they bore me along, till we came to a dark and miserable street, when I became lost to all save the contemplation of the pitiable object that met my view. It was the person of a very aged and very wretched woman, gazing with a wild despair up to the lowering sky, upon which was written to her, Injustice, Cruelty, and Oppression both from God and man.

The comforts of life even had been denied her; the coldness of earthly selfishness had over surrounded her till its chillness had frozen up every avenue to innocent love, and so congealed the deep-flowing fountains of her nature as to mould about her an icy barrier impervious to every ray of divinity that might reach her amid her foul surroundings.

As I gazed, she threw her arms wildly up to the black clouds above her, as if their dark embrace might soothe her agony, and in tones of the most piteous despairing, cried out, "Oh God! if thou art, have mercy." Suddenly I saw another scene. Upon a luxurious divan, in a magnificently furnished parlor, reclined a young and lovely being, upon whose snowy brow scarce twenty summers seemed to have left their impress. I gazed, and was about to exclaim, Oh, happiness! when the fair

brows contracted, the sweet lips became firmly compressed, and the white hands were clasped with a frenzied grasp, and she, too, cried, "Oh, God, mercy! be merciful to thy child!" Amid all that richness, with every comfort and luxury of life, with fond, doting parents, and numerous friends, who ever seemed o'erjoyed at her presence, what could then have wrung her tender heart? Ah, too surely the things of earth satisfy not, and are but vanity. Again, and my eyes were beholding another, and that a tall and noble form, a full type of manly perfection.

A glorious combination of earthly happiness, or so I thought as he first appeared to me, for his position had been whispered me by my angel attendants. Wealth, Station, Home and Friends,—but again was I doomed to disappointment. A dark cloud flitted across his noble brow, and his whole form seemed suddenly convulsed with agony. His earthly possessions satisfied not, and he would have given All for Peace. Then came a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked child, bounding lightly along, with all the careless innocence of childhood. Here, I thought, is no unhappiness, no sorrow, but even as I thought, the bounding steps were stayed, the light flowing ringlets were flung wearily back with one little hand, as if a burden to the lovely brow they shaded; and a sigh escaped the rosy, quivering lips, while a tear stole slowly forth from the loving blue eyes, that were raised with an earnest longing toward the smiling sky above her, and I heard the gentle word "Mother."

My kind attendants then bore me on to a green and blooming bower, where reclining amid its delights were numberless children of spirit, life and happiness. Soon one lovely little form came toward me, and presented me with a most beautiful rose, and smilingly said, "True beauty fades not," and, sweetly bowing her departure, was immediately followed by another, who held out to me a pure white lily, saying "Purity is bliss." Then came another with a tiny violet, and clearly whispered, "Be humble and happy," and while she glided gently away, still another little form came forward, bearing a sparkling gem of wondrous worth, upon which was seen Wisdom. Still holding the treasure, she gazed for a moment upon the flowers which I had received, then advanced still nearer, and in sweetest tones said, "Let me place this upon thy brow, and with the sentiments of these—pointing to the flowers I held—thou art happy." And bidding me a sweet adieu with a loving wave of their little hands, they were gone.

MISS L. WATTS.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Pigs and Rats.

From all that has been said and written upon the subject of eating pork, judging also from our own impressions upon the subject, we are convinced that in the same degree as the human race advances higher and higher, we shall not only grow entirely out of use with the much prized bacon, but it will gradually die out. As long, however, as the taste for it remains with us, so long shall we probably have pigs upon the earth.

Methodists they correspond to the sensual passions in man, for as lust begetteth sin, sin causeth disease, most frequently in the shape of scrofulous humors, the substance which feeds them having been proven by the scientific medical men of our age to consist of the same particles and be analogous to the composites which are found in the fat of the pig. Just so the rat seems to correspond to the selfish, fighting propensities in man.

Looking all over Europe, we find the greatest number and the most fierce of their race are to be found among those nations which are known to be the least emancipated and the most war-loving on the map of civilization.— And a fair representative they certainly are of the elements which cause and enjoy war between nations, of the instinct which will fight as quick as it sees its own attacked, and hesitates not to swallow up, as it were, or destroy its own brother if he should stand in the way of gain and selfish gratification. We may, therefore, well make up our minds to the fact, that as long as we see and hear of wars, filling rivers with blood and human hearts with woe, as long as the tear of the oppressed and weaker man fills the treasury of the rich and powerful, as long as the present cut-throat system of trade and competition exists, as long shall we have rats among us. Let purity, and peace, and brotherly love reign supreme on the earth, and happiness unalloyed by disease, nor harrassed by anxiety and fear, shall fill the hearts of its inhabitants.

L. P.

A PRETTY FANCY.—When day begins to go up to heaven at night, it does not spread a pair of wings and fly aloft like a bird, but it just climbs softly up on a ladder. It sets its red sandals on the shrub you have watered these three days, lest it should perish with thirst: then it steps on the tree we sit under, and thence to the ridge of the roof; from the ridge to the chimney; and from the chimney to the tall elm; and from the elm to the tall church spire, and then to the threshold of heaven, and thus you can see it go as though it walked up red roses.—Taylor.

Miscellaneous.

Terms of The Spiritual Eclectic.

A friend of ours, recently from Philadelphia, informs us that there is an old gentleman living there, who seems to have lost all knowledge of worldly interests, does not know his own wife, nor children, nor house—cannot remember the name of the street he lives on, nor his own name; but never forgets to return thanks at meals, and to daily ask the blessing of God to rest upon himself and family. How true the language of inspiration:—"They shall still bring forth fruit, in old age they shall be fat and flourishing."—Rising Sun.

CONJUGAL TENDERNES.—A Belgian journal gives an example of a husband who is ready to do justice to his wife under the most trying circumstances. The wife being accused of poisoning, and on the point of being convicted, begged that the husband's testimony might be admitted in her favor. This request was granted, and the man declared that the best proof of her innocence was the fact that he was alive, "for," said he, "I am sure that if my wife had possessed the least disposition to poison any one, she would have begun with me, whom she has hated cordially for ten years."

At Rockford, Ill., as we learn from the Standard, the Spiritualists have organized a Sunday School, as a means of instruction for the young. The plan adopted is at once novel, attractive, and will, we trust, prove suggestive to many friends of a Spiritual religion in other places. The school is under the special attendance of Mr. H. P. Kimball, who directs children to bring flowers, shells, insects—anything which interests them, and which they would like to understand, and from these texts he gives short, simple lessons in natural history, botany, etc. As spring advances, it is intended that the teachers shall accompany the children into the woods, and out on the prairies, for the purpose of examining and comparing different kinds of flowers, and natural objects. If wisely conducted, such a school may, and should, supplant not only the common Sunday Schools, but the common day school also.

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it. Push pleasure beyond its proper limit, and it becomes pain. All excess is vicious, and all vice defeats happiness. So it goes. Madame de Montlieu understood this case, when she said, "Une faut pas fatiguer le bonheur." Don't worry your happiness to death. Take it quietly and thankfully, as it comes. It will last the longer for being let alone.—Boston Post.

EASTERN SAGACITY.—The Sultan of Wadia Gauch, pretending to fly, had marched round in the rear of the Florian army, and interposed between them and their country. They believed, however, that he was utterly routed, and loudly expressed their joy. One vizier remained silent, and on being asked by his master why he did not share in the general joy, replied that he did not believe in the easy victory, and offered to prove that the enemy's army was even then marching towards them.

"How wilt thou do this?" said the Sultan. "Bring me a she camel," replied the vizier, "with a man who knows how to milk." The camel was brought and well washed, and the milk was drawn into a clean bowl and placed, with a man to guard it, on the top of the Sultan's tent. Next morning the vizier caused the bowl to be brought to him, and found the milk quite black. So he went to the Sultan and said:—

"Master, they are coming down upon us, and have marched all night."

"How dost thou know that?"

"Look at this blackened milk."

"In what way has it become black?"

"The dust raised by the feet of the horses has been carried by the wind."

Some laughed at this explanation, but others believed it, and looked out anxiously toward the west. In a short time the manes of the hostile cavalry were seen shaking in the western horizon. Then followed the battle in which the Florian Sultan was slain.

SPRITUAL HEALTH.—Our spiritual health depends not alone or mainly on our circumstances, but upon the spirit and state of our souls. There is no lawful situation on earth in which a true Christian has not been enabled to preserve the tone of spiritual feeling uninjured, and to keep himself in the love of God. In the cottage of the poor, and in Caesar's household, amid the regions of want, and seductions of affluence, in lonely retirement, and in the busy exchange; in the flush of health and amid the languors of disease, in the ardor of youth and under the chill of old age; in times of declension, God's Enochs have still walked with God, and had their conversation in heaven. Not that every situation is equally favorable to the life and power of religion in the soul; we know full well that there are positions in life in which it is very hard for a man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but what we do say is this, that there are no circumstances so unfavorable but that they may be overcome, and by the power of divine grace turned into good.—Rising Star.

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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.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. - CONTINUED.

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Prince of Wales. The Prince of Wales is to be invited to visit some of the fine old estates on James River, where his Lordship was so hospitably entertained two or three years ago.

CAPTURE OF A HUGE SHARK. Our correspondent at Westport Point, writes us of the capture of a shark, of a singular species, in a trap, by a party of fishermen at that place, one day last week.

A successful rebellion against a Paris fashion, duly promulgated, is one of the events of the age, says the Springfield Republican, apropos to the repudiation by the N. Y. and Boston milliners of "coal-scuttle bonnets."

A short time ago a married lady, of South Memphis, Tenn., returning home from a party late one night, observed a burglar in her bedroom, and procuring a revolver from the drawer of a bureau, fired at him.

KEEN SATIRE OF A RURALIST. At a ball one evening, a plain country gentleman had engaged a pretty coquette for the next dance, but a gallant captain coming along, persuaded the lady to abandon her previous engagement in favor of himself.

An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner: "Faith, it's not two hours since that fish was walking round his real estate, with his hands in his pockets, never dreaming what a pretty invitation he'd have to join you gentlemen at dinner."

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A young lady (of the age of six-and-thirty) declared, the other day, in strictest confidence to her maid-servant, that she would sooner dye than let a single gray hair show itself.

Mrs. Brown says that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

Mrs. Livingstone, wife of the traveler, has just returned to England from Africa, bringing with her a little daughter born somewhere in Zambesi, about 800 miles from the coast, and where Dr. Livingstone is passing the season.

The statue of Henry Clay was inaugurated, with imposing ceremonies, and in the presence of an immense crowd, at Richmond, Va., recently. This statue is said to be a beautiful work of art.

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.

An Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in that state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to again.

WHEN ITALY IS FREE.—The foreign correspondence of the Boston Transcript contains the following anecdote of the Emperor Napoleon:

At the close of a late soiree musicale, given at the Tuileries, his Majesty, engaged in conversation with the artists, asked Tamberlik when he intended to visit Italy.

Jones had been out to a champagne party, and returned home at a late hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four.

A young girl in Newport was at a Methodist meeting one evening, when the minister talked to her in such a threatening manner that she went home and became rabidly insane.

HUMOR AND MUSIC.—When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless, it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can.

The Love of Money. What myriads of souls it has ruined! I recollect a terrible case, not many years ago, of a mother murdering her own first-born for his purse.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire.

DESPISE nothing because it seems weak.—The flies and locusts have done more hurt than ever the bears and lions did.

RELIEVE misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water, the harder he is when he is taken out.

"I presume you won't charge anything for just remembering me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

PROSPERITY is no just scale; adversity is the only true balance to weigh friends.

PRODIGALS are born of misers, and butterflies are born of grubs.

WHAT wind should a hungry sailor wish for?—One that blows fowl and chops about.

A breeder of fowls says one of his cochins, when eating corn, takes one peck at a time.

If you wish to avoid drowning—keep your head above water.

SOME bachelors join the army because they like war, and some married men because they like peace.

If you fall into misfortune, disengage yourself as well as you can. Creep through the bushes that have the fewest briars.

TEACH your children to help themselves—but not to what doesn't belong to them.

THE lady who took everybody's eye must have a lot of them.

THE philosopher Frazer says that "though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

THERE is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

A pleasant and cheerful mind sometimes grows upon an old and worn out body, like mistletoe upon a dead tree.

ODD—that rivers should be so full just where they empty themselves.

A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catharine, advised his friends against taking dupli-Kates.

POMPEY said he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

He who goes through a land and scatters roses, may be tracked next day by their withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it and scatters rose-seeds, a hundred years after leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for his monument, and as a heritage for his sons and daughters.

In Ohio they have a lady drummer, who has received a diploma for skill. Her name is Minerva Patterson, a daughter of a wealthy farmer of Jersey, Licking county.

The Love of Money. What myriads of souls it has ruined! I recollect a terrible case, not many years ago, of a mother murdering her own first-born for his purse. He was discharged from the army, together with another, and they went home in company to the village. As they approached it, they talked about the surprise which it would be to their relatives, and they concluded to try whether or not they would know them, by introducing themselves as strangers—travellers who would be glad of a night's lodging, and pay handsomely for it.