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# An Original Story.

[Written for the Spiritual Edectic.]

### TRACING COINCIDENCES.

BY VINE W. OSGOOD.

"It is dreary, this deep snow, and the wind whirling it so mercilessly about—this bitter, stinging cold, and I alone with my sick boy," thought Mrs. Addison, as she turned with an involuntary shudder away from the window, where she stood contemplating the gloom without. Silently her tears fell as she approached the cot where the pale boy lay as if asleep. But he opened his eyes as she came to his side, and he understood the cause of her emotion, for he hastily brushed away the bright drops that dimmed his own eyes, as he responded to her unexpressed anxiety.

"Don't cry mother! don't cry!" said he, as the tears fell over his white forehead. "It is beautiful to die; and you know I have no fear, only the sorrow of leaving you. But, mother, I shall not die. The angels have told me beautiful things in my dreams, and I am sure I shall get well again. Only this afternoon, I saw a beautiful girl, and she held in her hand a basket of fine fruit, most temptingly arranged in the green leaves. She wore snowy blossoms in her hair, and all around the basket hung the same fair white flowers. She floated towards me, and held the basket in her fair white hands. I ate of the rare, juicy fruit, and sprang upon my feet, my cheeks rosy with the flush of health-rosy as they never were before. Then the fairy smiled upon me, and floated away. Don't cry, mother, I know the angels will take care of me;" and his fine eyes gleamed with the prophetic thought. But the poor mother turned away sadly, as she sighed:

"My sweet boy, you were hungry, that made you dream of the tempting fruit. But . I am sometimes forced to believe that the angels do talk to him in his sleep, so beautiful is his speech." She did not open her lips, but her unturned eyes seemed to say,

"Father, thou canst not take my last earthly good!"

No sound broke the stillness, but from her full heart floated up the pleading prayer .-The angels comprehended the expressive si-

"Now, mother, hold my hand, and I will sleep. I am happier when my hand is clasped in yours."

The mother seated kerself by the bedside and took the wasted hand in hers, and she almost shuddered as she marked the blue veins threading the clear white skin. She did not comprehend that the life-giving current was, even then, flowing through her own hands into the suffering form of her heart's last idol. One by one the children God had given her had dropped into the grave—last of all, her husband. Then, in addition to sorrow and loneliness, came sickness to herself, and, in its rear, gaunt poverty looked weirdly and remorselessly upon her.

"Mother, the scholars said to-day that Philip Addison is very sick. They don't think he will live. Isn't it too bad for him to die up there, in that old, cold house? I hurried home as fast as I could, to see if I shouldn't send him my new blankets; my room is so snug and warm I am sure I don't need them. And, mother, won't you send him a basket of good things, such as you fix up for aunt Milly? You know Philip saved my bird, when the cat caught it, and he has hauled me to school most all winter, on his sled, too;" and Bessie Lynn, the rosy-cheeked pleader, lifted her eyes, in which the tears shone like rain drops in the hearts of violets, to her mother's face.

"It is too cold, and too far, for either of us to go, Bessie; but we will send John. You may get the blankets."

Away flew Bessie, to fold up the blankets. while her mother proceeded to fill the basket with a cup of jelly, a bottle of cordial, together with other dainties which she thought might tempt the appetite of the sick boy; rightly judging that exposure and privation had reduced him to his present weak state.-John soon sped away on his errand of mercy, followed by the affectionate interest of Mrs. Lynn and blue-eyed Bessie.

"There! there! mother," Philip joyously them," as Mrs. Addison held the nicely filled basket up to his view. "I knew the angels would send them!" Oh, the holy faith of childhood!

John did not leave until he had obeyed the oft-repeated injunction of his little mistress," to prepare an adequate supply of wood, and see Philip fast asleep in the warm blankets.

As the winter wore away, and the spring kissed the earth into emerald beauty, Philip regained his health, and was once more in the fields with the wild flowers which he said 'sprang up in the footsteps of angels."

One day he sat beneath the bower of alders that he had twined and interlaced of the lithe branches, listening to the music of the little stream that ran softly and clearly almost at his feet; as he sank down upon the soft mass, a drowsy, lulling sensation passed over him, excluding every outward object from his view, and there floated before his inner vision landscapes of the most glorious beauty. Lakes of silvery brightness were gleaming in the sun, bordered with snowy lilies that seemed waking in the breeze only to emit the sweetest, life-giving fragrance.-Upon the buoyant waters floated beautiful barks, filled with beings more radiant and beautiful than any earthly conception. Their arms were folded around each other, lovingly and gracefully. Each heart seemed filled with the fulness of life. There seemed no strife other than to render to each other the kindest deeds, and the most perfect happiness.

There were mountains blue and beautiful, whose gleaming crests seemed composed of precious stones. All around them floated heavenly aromas, which seemed to surround him and bear him aloft into their sweet, exhilarating midst. Other mountains were clothed with lofty verdure, and from the tree tops there issued the most soul-inspiring strains of music, as the bright plumaged birds sprang gaily from branch to branch. His soul was filled with joy at the sight of such happiness every where manifest. Every thing was praising God for the joy of living. The spirits of the flowers floated around in life and beauty. Even those he had been wont to consider insignificant became important, as each spirit experienced its own significance and principle of life.

Then the desire seized him to paint—to reproduce upon canvas this divine life-to purify the hearts of the world with glimpses of the immortal. His mother's voice recalled him, and as he rubbed his still unclosed eyes, a voice whispered in his ear:

"Heed thy father's instructions!"

"I did not know I was going to sleep," said he, as he rose from his mossy seat and answered his mother's call.

"But whence come these new desires?" he engerly questioned, as the thought of becoming a great artist for the first time filled

"O, glorious Art!" he cried aloud, in his enthusiasm, "I consecrate myself to thee: in thy name I baptize myself;" and he scooped from the sparkling stream a handful of water, and lifting his hat he reverently sprinkled it over his high, white forehead and brown curls, while his eyes glistened with the light of high resolve and lofty enthusiasm.

This became the controlling desire of his life. He thought of many about him who were servile and degraded, and he longed to pour into their sin-stained souls the pure light that was flooding his own. It seemed to his boyish hopefulness that one little touch of the potent wand of purity would reinstate them in their lost likeness of God. He had yet to learn the discouragement, and then the lofty patience of trying until seventy times seven.

In his imagination there rose home and happiness for his foil-worn months. But from this high pinnacle of anticipation he dropped down to his present condition, and his heart almost sunk at the vision of the unmasked. weary length of way that stretched between him and his goal. He thought until his brain grew weary, and then he slept, and sweet voices whispered in his ear,

"Press on! thou shalt win the day and wear the laurel. Thine is a glorious mission!" So he took heart, and although he had many trials, every struggle only served to strengthen and expand his spirit, as different exercises in a gymnasium bring out and into play all the muscles of the body.

Philip's love of books and his remarkable precocity, together with his perfect artlessness, won the friendship of all who knew him; and he was always ready to repay them by exclaimed, "I told you the angels would send acts of kindness, with which his heart was always filled. He remembered little Bessie's kindness to him with the liveliest gratitude, and he often carried her little bouquets of flowers, arranged with such delicacy of per- | words. "We have all an aroma of influence | man who should tell you I had spoken an un- | interninable. Even so," she added, as Taking

ception, all the shades blending so perfectly, that they formed most harmonious pictures. It was a like act of gratefulness that opened his way to Rome. He came one day with his offering of wild flowers, arranged with such exuberance of fancy that they attracted the attention of an artist who was sketching some of the fine views in the neighborhood. He inquired whose work it was, and Mrs. Lynn re-

"Philip Addison brought them to Bessie. And here is just the help you need: I wonder I did not think of Philip when you inquired for a guide. He knows the most accessible paths to all the good views for miles around. Philip is just the one for you."

So Philip was engaged for one day, and then another, as his quick intelligence and ready, though unobtrusive sympathy rendered him necessary to his master, until his constant attendance became a matter of course.

The summer passed, and the autumn winds rendered further out-of-door sketching uncomfortable. The painter was preparing to return to his winter quarters in the city, and Philip's heart was swelling at the thought of separation, when his friend proposed that he should go with him to be his errand boy, and in his leisure hours he would give him instruction in his favorite art. For a moment Philip's eyes glistened with surprise and pleasure. and then, as suddenly, filled with tears, as he turned away, to hide his emotion.

"I cannot go," he faltered, "I cannot leave mother all alone. She has no one in the world but me. I cannot go!"

"Mother! Mother!" exclaimed Bessie Lynn, clapping her hands, "can't Mrs. Addison stay here?" And Mrs. Lynn bethought her that she had long desired to visit relatives in a distant city, and Mrs. Addison would be a suitable person to oversee the household during her absence. So it was decided that Philip should accompany his friend, and his mother become an inmate of Mrs. Lynn's home. Philip's eyes danced again, in the midst of tears, as they called down silent benedictions upon sweet Bessie for her suggestions. She seemed to be his good genius.

Philip went to the city, and he made-rapid progress in his chosen profession, for the harmony of coloring was in his soul, and he had only to acquire a knowledge of its mechanical application. No less rapid was his advancement in the love of his patron, for when the spring came round again, Philip was on his way to Rome with him.

It is not our especial province to trace him in all his trials and heart aches; we are more interested in his sunshine than in his shadows. One great grief we will mention, the death of his mother, because it had a great bearing upon the formation of his spiritual as well as moral character. Philip could not grieve that mother, whose spirit eyes, he felt, were always upon his soul. So he strove to put every thought of evil far away from him.

Years passed away, and the boy-painter, the poet-artist, had won a proud name, not only as a painter, but as a high-souled human being. The proudest dreams of his boyhood were realized; (and here we wonder if a fixed belief in destiny does not assist in attracting to one the elements wherewith to attain it), for he painted not only external nature, but the voiceful life-principles seemed delineated there. It was common for his fellow laborers to say that the hardest subjects were easy to Philip; for he had only to close his eyes and the most intricate designs would float before him in all the accuracy of detailthat no matter how much in oblivion he retired to rest, he was sure to invoke order from chaos, in his dreams,

True it was, that assistance came to Philip in this way, that when he retired at fault as to the development of his subject, it would become clear to him in his sleep, and he often arose and labored under this inspiration with a felicity and rapidity of execution that was a

marvel to his friends. It was interesting to witness his influence upon his associates. It was not from any assumption of superiority, that, whenever he approached them, their conversation took, as if instinctively, a less boisterous turn. This was not from any mock sentiment of deference, nor from a feeling of restraint. It was real respect—such an influence as we sometimes feel in the presence of a pure and beautiful object—an influence at once elevating and subduing. Philip's was a great life because it was a true life, and this power over his friends was happily exerted by his own

which, however insensibly to ourselves, is ever operative for good or evil, as the case may be. Because it is silent and unseen, it is none the less subtle and effective."

But of late he had been silent and restive; his brushes were lying idle, his canvas untouched. What could be the matter with the indefatigable worker? What could have happened to so weigh down the buoyant spirits of sunny-hearted Philip Addison? These were questions which his companions unavailingly asked of each other. None knew, and with rare delicacy they forbore to question him, although he was aware of their observance of his changed course.

It was in a mood like this, apparently listless and unthinking, that he seated himself at his easel and a picture grew beneath his hands—the picture of a face of the most exquisite loveliness, but it was a beauty akin to death, except that a soul looked out of the beautiful, dreamy blue eyes.

"What a strange fancy!" said his friend, who stepped into his studio just as he had put the finishing touches to the spectral face.-"What a strange fancy! You have only to commence as a portrait painter to win another name, and lame equalled only by the first."

"Truth to tell, Malvern," answered Philip, "it is not a fancy. A semblance of that face has been flitting before me, constantly, for the last three or four days. It has turned those imploring eyes upon me from every corner, as if soliciting life at my hands. Let me turn my attention to what I will, those same supplicating eyes meet my gaze. I have tried in vain to escape it. It will not leave me, but only looks more mournfully at me. And with it comes a memory, which I cannot define, of some one whom I have seen before. So you have the secret of my depression, upon which you have speculated so much for the past few days."

"You are in love, Addison; you have all the symptoms; this seeing faces in the dark and at all corners is a never failing sign. You are not very dangerously affected yet, however, not so much so but a trip to the hills would be efficacious as a remedy, and would be altogether a delightful antidote. What say to the trip, and ridding yourself of this languishing beauty?"

"I would not have given you my confidence if I had supposed you would make it a subject of badinage. I am not so given to vagaries that I need to be ridiculed because a phenomenon hangs about me, which neither you nor I can explain."

"Forgive me, Addison," exclaimed Malvern earnestly, "I did not intend to wound your feelings; I had not supposed you were so serious upon the subject."

"For days before my mother died, I was conscious of a like class of impressions. I knew she was suffering, and 'to be possessed of that knowledge and not have the power of reaching her, was equivalent to dying myself. It was natural that I should be thus affected by my mother, for it seemed that we had but one soul between us. But now I have no relatives and no particular friends in the world, and I cannot conceive what soul is hovering about and clinging to me in its hour of dissolution. Then, this resemblance to some one I have seen before, haunts me. What wonder. that it saddens me, it is all so strange! I see no way in which to solve the mystery. All these vague presentiments which run questioning and echoing through my mind must have an origin somewhere in truth. I am like one lost, with lights gleaming in every direction, yet not one pointing to a safe method of exit from the entanglements. I feel sure something will occur to change the quiet of my life; whether for good or evil I know not. I shall not long remain at Rome, Malvern: I am convinced that something will call me away from here."

"A night's rest will restore you to your wonted happiness, Addison. You are overworked, and sleep and rest will relieve your wearied brain. Good bye, my dear fellow, till morning, when I hope to find you as jovial as the merriest amongst us."

"Your last assertion is no more truthful than your first. Malvern, I am not over-worked. On the contrary I have not labored at all for some days. And do you suppose my mind is so weak that it cannot bear a little extra physical exertion without becoming frenzied? Must one always have the evidence of sight or touch before they can believe? Were I to tell you anything else you would believe me. Nay, more, you would be the enemy of any

truth. But because I have revealed something different from the every day line of life, you have recourse to the most trivial arguments to annul the veracity of what I assert."

Malvern left him, but not to sleep as he supposed, for his mind was too much disturbed to allow him to avail himself of the gentle god's ministrations. He sat down at his window absorbed in thought; but the outer beauty gradually attracted his attention. With an artistic love of nature, he could not refrain from rendering homage to the stilly grandeur of the night; so he wove quaint fancies of the moonlight, that lay like a mist of Silver over all the earth, and launched them in imaginary barks, and watched to see them float out in life and beauty upon the perennial waves He was startled from his reverie by a noise close by his side calling,

"Philip! Philip! stop for me!

"Bessie!" he exclaimed almost breathlessly. as he sprung to his feet, "How came you in

There was no one there—nothing but that dim vision of a face, looking so pale and spectral in the moonlight. But the "haunting resemblance" was explained. It was not sweet Bessie Lynn's child-face, but Bessie, a woman, sick, perhaps dying, that had floated before him for so long a time. He did not recognize the face, but there was no mistaking the soft voice calling, just as it did when they were children going up the hill to school, "Philip! Philip! stop for me!"

While one mystery was solved, another greater awaited solution. Could Bessie, his kind little schoolmate, be dead? There was a clearing away of the obscurations of years, and he was conscious of a tenderness, of a boylove for his little playmate; he was a boy again hauling Bessie on his sled to school. There was a vast difference between then and now.—Philip Addison is a man now, honored and beloved. But what chance and change had made of Bessie Lynn, he could only conjecture. Perhaps the angels had claimed her, and she came, guided by his mother, to visit her old schoolmate.

He made a resolve, that night, to visit his early home; he had long been desirous of doing so; there was a mystery to unravel now, and he would go, were it only to stand by the graves of his loved ones. So we will meet him next in the land of his birth, passing over the tedium of voyaging.

"I will walk to the village, you may leave my baggage at the hotel," said Philip to the driver as he took his way across the fields to the bower of alder bushes, where he had received his first impulse to become a painter. "How little change these long years have made," he mused as he entered the path. "I wonder what lover of the beautiful frequents my old haunts and keeps my bower so clean and free from undergrowth." His curiosity became surprise when he stood by his mother's grave and marked the carefully pruned rose bushes and pretty annuals growing there. Some one had cared very kindly for his mother's resting place. Who could it be?

"Bessie, will you walk down the stream with me?" Bessie tied on her white sun-bon net, and the two took their way silently to ward the little brook.

"It is a long way-down this stream, Bessie," said Philip. "Does your heart falter and your feet grow weary at the prospect?"

Bessie had loved him from a child, and now that the treasure was within her grasp, she was too simple to pretend surprise or misunderstanding of the true significance of his words, so she laid her pretty white hand on his arm, and replied,

"My heart falters only with gladness, Philipand my feet halt only to receive this new life. impetus."

So they walked quietly down the little brook, and the two currents of life flowed and blended into one. Bessie Lynn was more than beautiful then, for she walked the blessed land of fruition, and its radiant sunshine enveloped her in its folds. Subdued and humble in the midst of this great joy, her heart became a prayer upon which she bore this consecrated love, this new existence that was being incorporated into her own, up to God.

"Do you know, Philip," said Bessie, as they seated themselves within the leafy bower, "that I have come to believe that there are material forms so harmonious that they are only nicely adjusted garments in which the soul finds ample room, and not a hindrance to its perception and development. Characteristics souls can clasp hands over a distance hower

clasped the fair hand resting in his own more fully served,—at times even licking up whole

"I supptimes Anor that our spirits met So Love, the fire of life, is the artificer of and conversed active hape in spire, during that all human graces; to deep caves beneath the severe illness of mine, for I had half dreamy recollection of being with you beneath different skies than these, and in the studio of a painter. Mother said I talked constantly in my delirium of being with you. Once when I funted, and they thought I was dying, she said I called aloud, "Philip! Philip! stop for me." When I revived I was conscious, and the thought that I had seen you, hung about me for days. It was so real that I could hardly persuade myself that it was only seeming.

"Perliaps it was not all fancy," said Philip. "But come, Bessie, the sun is setting, let us go to the house, I have some drawings that I want to show you." A few moments later, and they were seated in the parlors at Lynn house, the family gathered round Philip to his portfolio.

"Why, Philip!" exclaimed Mrs. Lynn, "here's a picture of our Bessie. It looks precisely as she did when she was sick. For days her eyes had just that imploring expression. I should think she sat to you for her portrait, it is so much like her."

"She did," quietly responded Philip. They were married, Philip and Bessie, and

where could an artist go, but to Rome, on a bridal tour?

"Bessie," said Philip, not long after they had arrived at their destined place. "I have promised to call on my old friend Malvern, at his rooms to-night; accompany me and you will have an opportunity of seeing the studio of a painter; besides I have a great curiosity to have you go." So they strolled out into the beautiful moonlight. At first Bessie wandered on carelessly, but as they neared their friend's habitation, she gazed around with surprise, as if some familiar scene had dawned upon her view in that far, strange land.

Philip watched her looks of amazement closely as they entered the studio. He did not attempt to assist her out of her dilemma; he was busy tracing coincidences.

"It is like a dream, a long forgotten dream," said Bessie, "where can I have seen this bit of earth and sky, and this sweet glimmer of waves in the distance, and over all the full moon hanging its silvery world, where can I have seen it? She placed her hand over her eyes as if to aid memory by an inward retrospect. She sat for a moment, then, while a visible tremor run through her form she ex-

"Philip! Philip! stop for me. I have it! I have it!" she added, springing to her feet. "Philip, why didn't you tell me? In that long delirium I was in Rome. But these rooms---''

"Were mine," said Philip anticipating her, "Malvern took them when I left Rome."

"Ah," said Malvern, who was a spectator of the eclaircissement, "this, then, is the lady of your waking dreams—the original of the painting? I remember asserting that you were in love at the time, Addison, but you denied it."

"Coming events cast their shadows before, and your assertion was only another form for prediction, which has since been very happily verified," said Addison as he carried Bessie's white hand tenderly to his lips.

"There are some very strange coincidences in life-very strange coincidences in life! mused Malvern as he walked thoughtfully

### Venus and Vulcan.

The classic myth which makes Venus the wife of Vulcan, is not without a subtle significance. She was the goddess of Love, he the god of Fire. She was the most beautiful and charming of celestial intelligences; he was a grimy blacksmith, working at his forces in caverns beneath the ocean. Her form was the perfection of symmetry; he was hideous and lame. At first sight, one is shocked by this seemingly unnatural union. But a deeper glance reveals a beautiful truth hidden in the heart of the ancient fable.

Fire is to the world what love is to humanity. Vulcan is the god of natural fire; Venus is the deity of that fire which burns in natural hearts and lives.

Vulcan was said to be lame; that is, he could not go without a stick. So fire must have a stick, or something else to support it, or it is the lamest of the elements.

Vulcan was a mighty artisan; and burning mountains were the chimneys of his forges. The god himself has perished with the mythology that gave him being; but those mysterious furnaces and smoke funnels still remain, shaking the earth with their heat, blowing off ashes and slag in terrible blasts, and reminding us of the ancient myth by their volcanic or Vulcanic appellation.

Fire also remains the friendliest and yet the most fatal of elements. It is itself a god; the great artisan, forger of iron, builder and propeller of engines.-It falls in mild benignant showers of sunlight, or drops in lightning from the clouds. It warms our hearts. our hearths, illumines our dwellings, and cooks our food the most useful of servants. Or. when given too much liberty, it breaks its chains and rising terrible in its power, devones the house in which it has so long faithcities with its flaming tongues.

sea of passion, blowing the furnaces of the soul's energy; forging the weapons of truth. the armor of virtue, the scales of justice, the cup of happiness; also, alas, turning its hand to many harmful things,—the chalice of jealousy, the dagger of revenge; -for this fire, too, is an evil fire, when perverted from its divine uses. It showers down upon us in sunshine of beneficence from some great and wise soul; or it drops like lightning from the clouds of a stormy and dark passion. It is the glowing essence of religion, or the hot, baleful smoke of superstition; now the flame of the sacrificial altar ascending in incense to heaven, and now the fire that fires the heretic at the stake. It warms the domestic hearth, it lights the chamber of bliss, it makes comfort in this examine the drawings as he passed them from | house of the body; and also, perverted to vice, it consumes the house, leaving behind it nothing but ruins and moral blackness.

> How much it behooves us then to keep this strange pair—the Vulcan and Venus of the world-in subjection; using them for happiness and virtue; and beware ever how we pervert these central sources of power, these flery fountains of energy, from their sacred uses, or suffer them to burst forth with devastating conflagrations in our houses and our hearts.

### [Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

The following lines are feigned by the spirit to be written more than a thousand years hence. They seem to refer to the decline of art and literature on the Atlantic side of the continent. I offer it to you as a spiritual production. It is supposed that rhyme will then be nearly out of date. I hope reason will not also have become obsolete.

MEDIUM.

Why tempt the muse on Ardy's shore? For all are gone from gray and dim, And moss-grown memories of the past. They linger by the rills that rise From Artskill's summit, following up The lightning's summons to the skies. For flashing from the air of night The aurora says: a little longer We will be with you. With the wind, Our courser, champing clouds like foam, We fly to the west. The Oregon Circled with light, invites us there. Where the sea is bending to us, We raise an altar to the light That flashes from the western sky, For sunset is perpetual there; It is permanent; it is cast In light and fleecy statuary That flashes from the quarry like The ancient glory of the great And Phidian worshippers of the west, Who came from Italy in soul, And bodied with us. Longer yet The light shall flash from Parnim's wave: For great and round the world is lying-Glory will not always be the grave.

#### THE BRIDE OF THE WRECK. A SPIRITUAL STORY.

I was a lonely sort of a bachelor, and had never yet known what young men style "the passion." I had enough, as my old mate yonder can tell you. I broke his head twice, and his arm once, in fits of it; but he has always seemed to love me all the better, and he clings to me now very much as two pieces of the same chip cling together, when drifting at sea. We are the sole survivors of a thousand wrecks, and of the company that sailed with us two years ago, no other one is left affoat. I had been a sailor from my boyhood, and when I was twenty five, I may safely say no man was more fit to command a vessel among the marines of England. , And at this time my uncle died and left me his fortune. I had never seen him, and hardly knew of his existence; but I had now speaking evidence of the fact that he had existed, and equally good proof

that he existed no longer.

I was very young and strong in limb, and I think stout in heart, and I was possessed of the rental of some thousands per annum.-What bar was there to my enjoyment of the goods of life? No bar indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of means of enjoyment. I was a sailor in every sense. My education was tolerable, and I had some books, but my tastes were nautical, and I pined on shore. You will easily understand, then, why I built a yacht and spent much of my time on her .-She was a fine craft, suited to my taste in every respect, und I remember with a sigh, now, the happy days I have spent in the "Foam." I used to read considerable in my cabin, and occasionally, indeed, weekly, invited parties of gentlemen to cruise with me. But the foot of a lady had never been on the deck of my boat, and I began to have an old bachelor's pride in the fact. Yet, I confess to you a secret longing for some sort of affection different from any I had heretofore known, and a restlessness when men talked of beautiful women in my presence.

One summer I was at the old hall in which my uncle died, and was entirely alone. Towards sunset I was surprised, while looking over my books, by the entrance of a gentleman hastily announced, and giving indications of no little excitement.

"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremonious entrance. My horses have run away with my carriage, and dashed it to pieces near your

the liberty to ask your permission to bring him to your residence."

and my own carriage dispatched to the park

Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of fortune, residing about forty miles from me; and his father, an invalid, fifty years or more of age, was on his way, in company with his son, to his son's house, there to die and be buried .--They were strangers to me, but I made them welcome to my house as if it were their own, and insisted on their using it.

Miss Sinclair was the first woman who had crossed my door stone since I had been possessor of the hall. And well might she have been loved by a better man than I. She was very small and very beautiful,—of the size of Venus, which all men worship as the perfection of womanly beauty, but having a soft blue eye, strangely shaded by jet black brows, her face presented the contrast of purity of whiteness in the complexion set off by raven hair; and yet that hair hanging in clustering curls, unbound by comb or fillets, and the whole face lit up with an expression of gentle trust and complete confidence either in all around her, or else in her own indomitable determination. For Mary Sinclair had a mind of her own, and a far seeing one, too. She was nineteen then.

Her father died in my house, and I attended the solemn procession that bore his remains over hill and valley to the old church in which his ancestors were laid. Once after that I called on the family, and then avoided them. I cannot tell you what was the cause of the aversion I had to entering that house, or approaching the influence of that matchless girl. I believe that I feared the magic of her beauty, and was impressed with my own unworthiness to love or be beloved by her. I knew her associates were of the noble, the educated, the refined, and that I was none of those .-What, then, could I expect but misery, if I yielded to the charms of that exquisite beauty, or graces which I knew were in her soul?

A year passed, and I was a very boy in my continued thoughts of her; I persuaded myself a thousand times that I did not love her, and a thousand times determined to prove it by entering her presence. At length I threw myself into the vortex of London society, and was lost in the whirlpool.

One evening, at a crowded assembly, I was standing near a window in a recess, talking with a lady, when I felt a strange thrill. I cannot describe it to you, but its effect was visible to my companion, who instantly said, "You are unwell, Mr. Stewart, are you not? Your face became suddenly flushed, and your hand trembled so as to shake the curtain."

It was inexplicable to myself; but I was startled at the announcement of Mr. and Miss Sinclair. I turned, and saw she was entering on her brother's arm, more beautiful than ever. How I escaped I did not know, but I

Thrice afterwards I was warned of her presence in this mysterious way, till I believed that there was some mysterious link between us two, of unknown, but powerful character. I have since learned to believe the communion of spirit with spirit, sometimes without material intervention.

I heard of her frequently as engaged to a Mr. Waller, a man whom I knew well, and was ready to do honor as worthy of her love. When at length I saw, as I supposed, very satisfactory evidence of the that rumor followed me in letters, and yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary Sinclair, until months after I awoke to the sense of what a fool I had been. Convinced of this, I went aboard my yacht about midsummer, and for four weeks never set my foot on shore.

One sultry day, when pitch was frying on the deck, in the hot sun, we rolled heavily in the Bay of Biscay, and I passed the afternoon under a sail on the larboard quarter deck .-Toward evening, I fancied a storm was brewing, and having made all ready for it, smoked on the taffrail till midnight, and then turned in. Will you believe me, I felt that strange thrill through my veins, as I lay in my hammock, and awoke with it fifteen seconds before the watch on deck called suddenly to the man at the wheel, "Port-port your helm! a

sail on the lee bow! steady! so!" I was on the deck in an instant, and saw that a stiff breeze was blowing, and a small schooner, showing no lights, had crossed our forefoot within pistol shot, and was now bearing up to the northwest. The sky was cloudy and dark, but the breeze was very steady, and I went below again, and after endeavoring vainly to account for the emotion I had felt, in any reasonable way, I at length fell asleep, and the rocking of my vessel, as she flew before the wind, gave just motion enough to my hammock to lull me into a sound slumber.-But I dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair. I dreamed of her, but it was in unpleasant dreams. I saw her standing on the deck of the "Foam," and as I would advance towards her the form of Waller would interpose,-I would fancy, at times, that my arms were around her, and her form was resting against my side, and her head lay on my shoulder; and then by the strange mutations of dreams,

my sister is watching over him. I have taken | her, and I was chained to a post, looking at them; and she would kiss him, and again the kiss would be burning on my lips. The morn-Of course my consent was instantly given, i ing found me wide awake, reasoning myself out of my fancies. By noon I had enough to do. The ocean was roused. A tempest was out on the sea, and the Foam went before it.

> Night came down gloomily. The very blackness of darkness was on the water as we flew before the terrible blast. I was on deck, lashed to the wheel, by which I stood, with a knife within reach to cut the lashing if necessary. We had but a rag of sail on her, and yet she moved more like a bird than a boat, from wave to wave. Again and again a blue wave went over us, but she came up like a duck, and shook off the water and dashed on. Now she staggered as a blow was on her bow, that might have staved a man-of-war, but she kept gallantly on; and now she rolled heavily and slowly, but never abated the swift flight towards shore. It was midnight when the wind was highest. The howling of the cordage was demoniacal. Now a scream; now a shrick; now a wail, and a laugh of mocking madness. On, on we flew.

I looked up, and turned quite around the horizon, but could see no sky, no cloud,-all was blackness. At that moment I felt again that strange thrill, and at the instant fancied a blackness ahead; and the next, with a crash and plunge, the "Foam" was gone! Down went my gallant boat, and with her, another vessel, unseen in the black night. The wheel to which I had been lashed, had broken loose, and gone over with me before she sank. It was heavy, and I cut it away, and it went down in the deep sea above my boat. And seeing a spar I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot through me as I recognized the delicate figure of a woman. I drew her to me, and lashed her to the spar by my side, and so, in the black night, we two floated away over the stormy ocean.

My companion was senseless,-for aught I knew, dead. A thousand emotions passed through my mind in the next five minutes .--Who was my companion on the slight spar? What was the vessel I had sunk? Was I with the body of only a human being, or was there a spark of life left? and how could I fan it to a flame? Would it not be better to let her sink than to float off with me, thus alone to starve or to die of thirst and agony?

I chafed her hands, her forehead, her shoulders. In the dense darkness I could not see a feature of her face, nor tell if she were old or young, - scarcely white or black. The silence on the sea was fearful. So long as I had been on the deck of my boat, the wind whistling through the ropes and around the spars, had made a continual sound; but now I heard nothing but the occasional sparkling of the spray, the dash of a foam cap or the heavy sound of the wind pressing on my ears.

At length she moved her hand feebly in mine. How my heart leaped at that slight evidence that I was not alone in the wild ocean. I redoubled my exertions. I passed one of her arms over my neck to keep it out of the water, while I chafed the other hand with both of mine. I felt the clasp of that arm tightened, I bowed my head towards hers. She drew me close to her, laid her cheek against mine. I let it rest there,-it might warm hers, and so help to give her life. Then she nestled close to my bosom and answered, "Thank you." Why did my brain so wildly throb in my head at the whispered sentence? She knew not where she was-that was clear. Her mind was wandering. At that instant. the end of the spar struck some heavy object and we were dashed by a huge wave over it, and to my joy were left on a floating deck. I cut the lashing from the spar, and fastened my companion and myself to the part of the new raft or wreck, I knew not which, and all that time that arm was round my neck, and rigid as if in death.

Now came the low wild wail that precedes the breaking up of the storm. The air seemed filled with viewless spirits, mournful singing and sighing. I never thought of her as anything else than a human being. It was that humanity, that dear likeness of life, that endeared her to me. I wound my arms around her, and drew her close to my heart, and bowed my head over, and in the wildness of the moment I pressed my lips to hers in a long passionate kiss of intense love and agony .--She gave it back, murmuring some name of endearment, wound both arms round my neck, and laying her head on my shoulder with her forehead pressed against my cheek, fell into a calm slumber. That kiss burns on my lips this hour. Half a century of the cold kisses of the world have not sufficed to chill its influence. It thrills me now as then! It was madness with idle worship of the form God gave in the image of himself which in that hour I adored as ever God! I feel the unearthly joy again to day, as I remember the clasp of those unknown arms, and the soft pressure of that forehead. I knew not, I cared not, if she were old and haggard, or young

I only knew and rejoiced with joy untold, that she was human, mortal, of my own kin, by the great Father of our race.

It was a night of thought, and emotions, and phantasms, that never can be described. park gate. My father was badly injured, and it was not I, but Waller, that was holding Morning dawned gravely, the first faint gleam the incident rested.

of light showed me a driving cloud above my head,-it was welcomed with a shudder. I hated light. I wanted to float over that heavenly ocean with that form clinging to me, and my arms around it, and my lips ever and anon pressed to the passionless lips of the heavy sheeper. I asked no light. It was an intruder on my domain, and would drive her from my embrace. I was mad.

But as I saw the face of my companion gradually revealed in the dawning light; as my eyes began to make out, one by one, the features, and at length the terrible truth came slowly burning into my brain, I moaned aloud in my agony, "God of heavens, she is dead!" And it was Mary Sinclair.

But she was not dead.

We floated all day long on the sea, and at midnight of the next night I hailed a ship and they took us off. Every man from the Foam and the other vessel was saved with one exception. The other vessel was the Fairy, a schooner yacht, belonging to a friend of Miss Sinclair, with whom she and her brother, and a party of ladies and gentlemen, had started but three days previously for a week's cruise. I need not tell you how I explained that strange thrill, as the schooner crossed our bow the night before the collision, and which I felt again at the moment of the crash, nor what interpretation I gave to the wild tumult of emotions all that long dreary night.

I married Mary Sinclair, and I buried her thirty years afterward; and I sometimes have the same evidence of her presence now, that I used to have when she lived on the same earth with me.—Herald of Progress.

How to KEEP MEN AT HOME.-There would be fewer wretched marriages, fewer dissipated, degraded men, if women were taught to feel the angel duty which devolves on them, to keep the wandering steps of those who are tempted so much more than they, in the paths of virtue and peace-to make them feel that in the busy world is noise and confusion—that at home there is order and repose-that their "eyes look brighter" when they come—that the smile of welcome is ever ready to receive them, the books are ever ready to be laid aside to minister to the husband's pleasure; they would find amusement then at home, nor strive to seek it elsewhere. And not alone to the higher classes of society should this be taught-it should be a lesson instilled into the minds of all-high and low, rich and poor. Fewer heart-broken wives, weeping and scolding, would stand waiting at the doors of public houses, to lead the unsteady steps of their drunken husbands home, if that home had offered a room as cheerful, a fire as bright, a welcome as ready and cordial as at the tap-room they frequent Duty has seldom so strong a hold on a man as woman; they cannot and will not for duty's sake, remain in a dull, tedious, or ill-managed, quarrelsome, home, but leave it to find elsewhere the comfort and amusement which fails them there; and when riot and revelry have done their work, the wives and sisters, who have done so little to make them otherwise, are pitied for their bad husbands and brothers.

It being one of the chief delights of the Hon. Daniel Webster to annually visit the granite hills of his native State to rusticate a few days, he usually favored Conway with his presence, where resided the famous Billy Abbot, both small of his stature and old of his age. From his humorous wit and wonderful knowledge of every little incident that made this or that place particularly charming and interesting to the historian and the antiquarian, which he was fond of imparting, he so ingrafted himself into the good favors of the great expounder of the constitution, that he always gave him a seat in his carriage when he rode out to view the beauties of nature. Billy's associates feeling envious on account of the honor conferred upon him by this distinguished man, one day, after Webster's departure, sarcastically asked Billy, in the crowded bar-room, what he and his friend Webster found to talk about in the country? Billy replied, "We usually talk about horticulture and agriculture, and the different breeds of cattle and horses, and upon these subjects I derive from him a great deal of information; and upon such topics I find him a little more than my match-but the moment "-said he enthusiastically, with a gesture, and a tone becoming the orator himself-"but the moment he alludes to the constitution, I can floor him in a minute!" which was received with great applause, and the Banquo of Envy never again affronted Daniel's rustic fayorite.—Ossipee

Mr. Baron Bramwell, one of the English Judges, is an eccentric. His lordship was at the opera in London one evening with his daughter. A gentleman sitting behind him annoyed him by loud talking, whereupon the judge turned about and exclaimed "Be quiet, sir." shortly repeating, "Hold your tongue, your ruffian!" When the learned Judge went into the lobby, later in the evening, the "ruflian" followed him and demanded an apology. His lordship had never heard the word; upon this, the other struck him on the face with a glove, to which the Judge retorted with a blow from the shoulder, and there

## Correspondence.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] "A Want Felt."

EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC, -Dear Sir :- In your issue of this week I noted an article with the above caption, which, from the initials at foot, I judge comes from the pen of Mr. Newton. I do not delay to number myself among those whose response you will receive, and I trust their number may be legion.

There are, certainly, some minds scattered over the country, who have travelled the journey of Spiritualism beyond and past the "whacking Moses" point, and are able to recognize that Moses was, in all probability, quite as good and self-sacrificing a Spiritualist as themselves; and are therefore willing to recognize that he, in his day, may have done at least as great a good as any of us shall be able to do in ours.

I trust that I belong to the "growing class, who are not content to feed on the husks of phenomena and barren theory,—who begin to hunger for a more imperishable bread, and to thirst for living waters,-and who yearn for an atmosphere of kindly affection."

It is a matter of surprise among my Dodworth's Hall acquaintances here, that from Sunday to Sunday, I persist in attending, more or less, at the different denominational churches, instead of being constant at "Dodworth's." But my reply is to the effect, that I seek a spiritual food that is truly spiritual, and am oftentimes better able to supply it in the church than out, although the demand is not fully met, anywhere.

But to return to the subject of your article. One who undertakes the editing of a journal, and especially of a "Spiritual Eclectic," stands before the world in the character of a caterer in spiritual food, if such term may be used .-The article referred to is an admirable dish, and I come to testify of its artistic qualities, and "ask for more."

It has been written by an advanced intellect, on the subject of "The Science of History," that "the progress of any event in which men are actors, takes place in three stages. The first is the great epoch of Desire; the second is the great epoch of Reasoning; wherein are discovered the ways and means by which the object necessary, in order to the gratification of desire, may be obtained; and the last is the great epoch of Execution, or Realization."

In "a want felt," we have the manifestation of Desire, and now we have appetite for the " second course," or epoch. You say, truthfully, "Sincere and devout minds, who are yearning for a worthier and diviner life, will feel its desirableness, and will not rest until something of the kind is realized, in a manner corresponding with the broad and catholic genius of the awakening."

I am one of the "any number of persons, however small, who really feel the want" of this worthier, diviner life. What are the steps to be taken to bring it about?

New York, May 18, 1860.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

MR. EDITOR :--Reading in your paper, May 19th, a piece written by Dr. Robbins, to Judge Edmonds, I must say, I was surprised. I almost believe he is in the condition he represents some others to be in: his head where his feet ought to be: for, after condemning mediums ad libitum, he goes on to tell what superior manifestations he has received through himself; implying, at least, that he is refined, cultivated, and virtuous, and, of course, one of heaven's especial favorites. I mistake: he is so exalted he does not require any assistance from superior beings, but can do all these things ascribed to a superior intelligence him-

He seems to aim his weapons, particularly, towards healing mediums. I believe he is a Dr., is he not? That accounts for his viru-

He does not believe the refined and cultivated would influence the low and uncultivated. He would have us believe, that they were so nice, they would leave all the dirty work for God, Jesus, and the holy angels to do. He says, "Would any benefit accrue to the untaught, if highly cultivated ones did appear?" Pray, tell us, Doctor, how the "low and uncultivated" are to be raised from that condition, unless the "refined and cultivated" stoop down, and raise them up, or are permitted to come in contact with each other, so the strong can impart strength to the weak. Do you not remember the record in that volume of ancient Spiritualism, that God has chosen the base, foolish, and weak, to bring to naught the "cultivated," wise, and strong! Have not the greatest spirit manifestations, in all ages, been given through "low and uncultivated" instruments? And how very seldom by the cultivated and refined!

If we would be like God, we must let our sun of charity shine on the evil, as well as the good. What if there be impostors and deceivers? Let us not chafe, ourselves, for they are needful for the development of truth; as needful, perhaps, as the leaven for the

But, again, why did not Jesus condemn the

woman brought to him? Did he approve of the sin? No. But he saw that those "refined and cultivated" people that condemned her were equally guilty, although they were so respectable that they looked upon her with abhorrence.

If there is any time that clairvoyance is a blessing, it is when we can see through all the dross, and see the real good in others, and, by this faculty, judge correctly in regard to allhowever fair their exterior.

Some of the finest gold is mixed with the grossest dirt, and it is the angels' work to separate the gold from the dross, although we may be afraid to soil our aristocratic fingers by helping them. We may choose, rather, to attend to our own refinement and cultivation, and to the pluming of our own feathers, while the angels are laboring for us and them.

I have faith in one thing: that is, the more holy and really exalted we become, the more charity we shall have for others. Objects become distorted by the lens through which we

I think the reason Dr. Childs is not better understood, is because it is difficult to rise to that plane of charity on which he stands.

Dr. Robbins may take offence, because I have been so impertinent as to speak, when he put his question to Judge Edmonds. All the apology that I can offer, is that "the fire burned, and I spake."

Yours for truth and love,

E. W. S.

[ Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] Clouds.

BY LEAH LEE. A cloud came up the horizon. And told of living light: But the astonished world drew back, In terror and affright.

It crept through forest, glade, and glen, In shadows gaunt and grim, And darkened nature's smiling face. Like filaments of sin.

Men asked why should an impious cloud, Pretend to talk of light, When it but served to shut it out, From their expectant sight.

Yet wisdom wrought that sombre pall, That darkened all the air: Nor yet in malice or revenge, Was it suspended there.

Fashioned of earth, like all of earth, It soon dissolved and fell; But light remains, its presence oft, In darkling clouds to tell.

Bless'd those who still in clouds discern, The light of life divine, For though they sit it darkness, yet True light in them doth shine.

> [Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] Marriage-Divorce.

To the Editor of the Eclectic:

DEAR SIR :-- As the pages of the Eclectic seem ever open to give all sides of a question a fair hearing, I will give expression to a few thoughts on marriage and divorce. This subject has been lately discussed in the columns of the N. Y. Tribune by the able pens of Mr. Greely and Mr. Owen, and I feel that I have nought to add to their reasonings and arguments. I shall only try to give you the intuitive judgment with which a woman's heart views the subject.

Leaving religious precepts entirely out of the question, and viewing the subject simply from a purely moral and philosophical standpoint, it strikes me forcibly that the proposed remedy of breaking asunder the relation between husband and wife, even after a fair trial should have been made, and the solemn conviction established that an entire uncongeniality of temperament exists, even then I think that the remedy is worse than the disease.

Suppose the moral right was established and legitimately carried out, that the wrongly mated could try again with other parties whom they believe as firmly to be strongly affinitized to, as they thought themselves to be to their first partners before marriage was consummated, would it tend to make marriage a more serious, important consideration to the young of both sexes, whose inmost nature teaches them to regard marriage as the consummation of all earthly happiness? Would not rather still more thoughtless and giddy marriages take place than at the present day? Would the fruit of marriage, love's sacred offspring, be more welcome to the discontented parents, who, perhaps, before its birth even, are contemplating to break up the old and perpetrate a new union? Far from it.

Being a woman myself, my sympathies are deep and true for the sufferings of the unhappily married of my own sex, who, I am fully convinced, are generally the most suffering party. At the same time I constantly know that those among them who most deserve to be happy, and who are naturally organized and gifted to enjoy the highest, purest happiness on earth, are those whose inherent, divine nature does not permit them to break the marriage vow of their heart, whose sense of duty is so keen as to fill their hearts with the most exquisite and consuming pain and anguish should they in a hasty moment forsake the field of their self-assumed duties to seek their own happiness, whilst a heavenly peace and spiritual power pervades their being when fulfilling their sacred duties, even under the most heart-rending circumstances. To live; to suf-

fer, yes, to die for others is the highest glory of the true and noble woman!

Suppose her husband's heart refused or was incapable to give her the tenderness which she craves, suppose on him the wealth of her affections found no vent, what course would it be of the highest importance to her children that she should pursue, what would be the command of a parent's duty? That she should turn away from the heartless father, and accept the love of another man, a stranger to her children? Would she not rather look on high, and become the bride of Jesus, tenderly nursing within her bosom his holy precepts, firmly assimilating his heavenly resignation, changing the deep fountain of her love into a living stream of love to her Father? Henceforth her highest happiness would be, not to love and live only for one, but to do the will of the Father, and abound in love and kind works to all His child-

And what shall we say of her who consents to marry the man whose first wife and children are still among the living? I fear that I have not much patience, nor enough charity for her weakness. I think that she degrades the name of woman, the symbolic name for purity and love, and that as her nature is void of the heavenly, intuitive law, which shows to the true woman her path of duty, she needs our external law which shall call her infamous and guilty in the eyes of all classes of civilized society, when she consents by marrying another's husband, to lacerate and wring in deadly pain the heart of the forsaken wife and moth-

But if there should be no children to form the clasp which unites the volume of the parents' lives, and either party should suffer from the tyranny and selfishness of the other, our laws should be so constructed that woman should be master of her own property; her estate should be at her own disposal, leaving her as independent of her husband as he is of her, thus giving them freedom to separate if they choose, and turn their love's channel after suffering humanity, though they should not be free to marry again. It is not all of life to live and be happy while it lasts; in all our relations we must own and acknowledge the duties which we owe to the future generations .-We must break up this icy crust of egotism which desires to hover over and cherish most the consideration of its own immediate happiness. Once freed from its cold fetters, and we are open to holy influences from above and to the inflow of the highest love.

I feel that I have by no means done justice to this, to all our hearts the dearest subject, but these few thoughts may serve to call out the thoughts of others, and prove that those are much mistaken who suspect all Christian

Spiritualists are Free-lovers. Yours for truth and purity,

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

The Lord's Prayer. In all poems, essays, or other written composition, was there ever anything so concisely comprehensive as that which is usually termed the Lord's Prayer? Each sentence seems a volume in itself, and almost every word a homily.

"Our Father." What a unity of interest and bond of brotherhood is expressed in these words. Not your father, nor my father, -not the friend of the noble and the rich, nor the patron of the lowly and poor,-not some regal potentate, to whom his subjects bow in servile homage, and worship afar off, but "our Father," our gracious protector and sustainer, and the loving and revered head of the whole family of man.

"Who art in heaven." Not a wanderer in foreign realms, not only that " wast, and is to come," but now, and forever, at home in his kingdom of happiness, ever ready to listen to the petitions of his children, to soothe and alleviate their woes, and willing to explain, if we will but listen to the "still, small voice," how that "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Hallowed be thy name." Yes, ever holy and consecrate be that precious name, "which is above all other names." "Our Father." which from unhallowed lips conveys no true sense of his character and attributes, but, like the fair and beautiful apples of Sodom, when taken into the mouth of the blasphemer, becomes ashes upon his tongue.

"May thy kingdom come," and putting to rout all carnal powers, "turning and overturning" all earthly forms of government, "till it shall come, whose right it is to reign,' when "there shall be no more wars, nor ru\_ mors of wars," for all God's people "shall be of one heart and one mind."

"Thy will be done," which is good towards all the children of his creation. Not merely to every one that saith, "Lord, Lord," but to every one whose "meat it is to do his will," on the earth, as it is always done "in heaven."

"Give us day by day our daily bread."-How very few, even of devout Christians. repeat this portion of the sacred document in good faith. From whom come the croakings, and complaints, the repinings at poverty and fears of coming want, that make earth almost a pandemonium? Not from those who humbly ask and receive, "day by day their daily welcome to some, who regard this as the peri- years old."

bread," cheerfully gathering up every morning fresh manna as it falls from heaven, but from those who are continually enlarging their borders by adding acre to acre, "pulling down barns and building greater," for place wherewithal to bestow the treasures that "take to themselves wings and fly away."

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive those who trespass against us." Here, again, where is the mortal that can understandingly and concientiously stand, or even kneel before his Maker, and ask this at his liands? I have sometimes thought if it were possible for the truthful and dignified "Son of God, and Savior of the world," to indulge in irony, that this clause was indited in sarcasm. Who, that was not the most consummate egotist, would dare to ask this of him to whom all acts that clothe our secret motives, are transparent as the crystal that admits the sunlight to our dwellings?

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." He who had such sharp experience on this point, who had been so sorely tried and tempted, who had fought against such mighty odds that nothing but his holy life and purity of heart, backed by the almighty power that upheld him, lest even he, "in whom was no guile," should chance at at any time to "dash his foot against a stone." he who knew how weak and frail was man, and how hard it was for him to withstand temptation, dictated this sentence in loving wisdom, for almighty power alone can "deliver us from evil" when we are enthralled in its meshes.

"Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory." "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and "we are the workmanship of his hands," "made in his image," and endowed with the one gift that raises man above all his other productions, the God-like attribute of reason, in which is set up that especial kingdom which "cometh not by observation," not bounded by geographical lines, or designated by legal landmarks, for if we have any lot or share in the matter, "the kingdom of God is within us." He has all power in heaven and earth, " in him we live, and move, and have our being," and "without him was nothing made that is made." His should be the "glory," indeed, it is, for all things conspire to glorify his name, "even the wrath of man is made to praise Him."

"Forever." "The high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity," "who was, and is, and is to come." "who is the same, yesterday, today, and forever," ever mindful of his children, ever caring for their wants and ministering to their necessities, ever ready with his precious words of encouragement in adversity, caution in prosperity, and warning in times of temptation, who "loveth us as a tender mother loveth her child," who will never forsake his offspring, but is, and will be, "forever and ever," "Our Father."

LEAH LEE.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] The Mountain Top and the Coming Man.

Spiritualism has produced much that is interesting, in the manner in which its subjects have been led to develop and acquire that strength which is so much needed to sustain them through the various and oft-times severe trials which they are occasionally called upon to undergo.

Such as have been led to the "mountain top," and have been invested with the idea that the coming Man was incarnated within themselves, will be interested in reviewing with us some of the shapes and forms in which the idea of a new incarnation comes, or is brought to the surface of the mind. It may serve to carry some close thinkers into a series of investigations, which will result in the elucidation of scientific truths not before reached by the hu-

At the present time there are a large number of "Christs" scattered over the country, and one of whom holds the position of a shepherd, waiting for his flock to call for his services; an inverse order from what existed in past time, when the shepherd called his scattered flock. Among this number are some mediumistic persons who have reached the conclusion that they are the God-human, selected and prepared by Jesus of Nazareth, for his spirit to speak and labor through on the occasion of this, his second advent upon the earth.

Others have been led to consider, that, as we have had a Christ who was male, so must we have a second Christ who shall be female. Some of these regard themselves as the gifted, Divine Light of the new era, through whom their long down-trodden sex is to reach their ultimate position, in fulfillment of the prophe cy "The last shall become first."-

There are also queen bees who wait a swarming season, when they shall be called upon to exercise the motherly functions for which they have been so mystically and mysteriously qualified. Another believes that it is hers or his to be and to create the bridge which civilization shall pass over, in order to reach a higher or "combined" order. Again, there are media through whom "Peter" is to become once more embodied; and here we have the "rock" upon which the new Church is to be built, Matt. xvi: 18, "last shall become first."

Even the Wandering Jew himself is not un-

od when his wanderings are ended, and that it is his to gather together the scattered ones of Israel. Again, we find among the daughters of this generation those who regard themselves as "the Bride, the Lamb's wife."

Others ignore that the "Logos" or Word has ever yet been fully incarnated; they affect to consider that the Jesus who is a foundation in history, was a very accomplished reformer. but that in this 19th century comes the Man who fulfills in himself the prophecy of Redeemer and Savior-King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Another one regards the founder of Christianity as a simple messenger sent before to proclaim the coming of the Man-child who only now appears; but such encounters the difficulty that he cannot even find for followers enough to make up a triune of apostles.

Some find in themselves the eighth angel, and in Jesus the seventh. With others a formal consecration takes place, wherein assurance is given that the consecrated one contains within himself the glory and power which is to lead the nations to the light of the new

A person of easy credulity comes to the conclusion that he is the material and only God; and that his will is to turn the sword into the ploughshare, and to establish peace on earth, good will towards man.

Symbols are presented to many, the study of which results in placing its subject " on the mountain top."

The parents of spirit babes come to regard themselves as father and mother to every living potentate, whether spiritual or material.

A valuable work might be wrought out from a collection of all the different addresses, signs, wonders, and symbols, which have been presented to the several travelers who have passed over this alchemic road to knowledge.-Some of these we should like to present here. if our limits for space permitted, but we doubt not that more or less of them are within reach of all our readers, if they will exert themselves a little to seek them out.

That so large and diverse an assemblage are being carried to the mountain top, is a phenomenon which indicates an interesting and not unimportant constitution of the human mind, the science of which is well worthy the investigations of the "savans" of the present age; for while this result has been developing in an outward and tangible manner among the Spiritualists, there has, at the same time, been progressing and developing a parallell work interiorly among the theologic sects; so that, within the visible church of to-day, are to be found many "heads" who cannot divine whence they have drawn the inspiration which is teaching them their own greatness. We say, "their own greatness," for in these words lie a partial explanation of the whole matter.

Every intellectually constituted or human mind contains within itself germs of the Infinite. It is the general awakening of the present period which is beginning to convince man that holds within himself undeveloped powers, whose character and nature far transcend anything which past generations have been able to consider within the range of pos-

The grandest argument of this day in favor of revealed religion and of the Divine Humanity of Jesus the Christ, is to be found in the fact that as fast as the light of the new morning dawns upon the universal human mind, just so rapidly do we awake to these truths. through our own inner relations; and the day star of knowledge sheds its illuminating rays upon the hitherto dark night of faith.

The ladder of Spiritualism—its lowest round. the spirit-band of John King; its highest, the Christ of ages—has assisted the progress of a large concourse of pilgrim travellers, who may now become the first fruits of the living tree.

In ourselves, each and all may experience and find "the coming man;" the humility, patience, endurance, good will, charity and love of Him, who, fifty-six generations since, paid the penalty of that mysterious symbol whose banner has led forward and onward the march of civilization.

The first fruits of Christianity are accomplished, and the ultimate of civilization is reached. Through it, the divine attribute of individualized affection has been developed in the human soul.

The music of the spheres again vibrates o'er the harp-strings of humanity. The angel host speaks with the voice and power of the Spirit, and proclaims to earth the period of universal incarnation.

The morning of the second era of Christianity sheds upon us the rays of its early light. and brightens the path of the new dispensation of universal affection.

ANECDOTE OF METHUSELAH'S DISREGARD OF LIFE.—It is written in a quaint old Jewish manuscript, now in the British Museum, that the oldest of mankind, Methuselah, did not live as long as he might have done. The writer says that God promised him in a dream that if he would rise up and build him house, his life should be prolonged five hundred years. But he replied that it was source ly worth while to build a house for so short period, and he died before he was a thous

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#### HINTS TOWARDS A NEW CHRIST-OLOGY. No. 4.

We have already a tolerably distinct view of the Christ-principle, considered as a latent fact in the being of universal man. Its development into activity, into objective reality, takes place through the religious, or so called, "God-consciousness." The three principal stages of this development are, first, religion in its positive, restricted sense; secondly, the church; and, lastly, the living, personal Christ, who is the vital head of the church. These several stages of the progress of the Christ-principle in humanity, as thus indicated, we propose to take now into special consideration, each in the order just named. We come, then, to a brief analysis of the idea of religion.

Previous to Spinoza, we find but few attempts at a strictly philosophical conception of the religious element. He regards religion, according to J. D. Morell, as "the conscious absorption of the phenomenal in the absolute, by nure intellectual love." Subsequently, De Wette, as Morell states, "viewed religion as that deep consciousness of the Eternal in everything around us, which manifests itself in the form of inspiration, devotion, rapture," &c. Schelling considered the religious element as "an immediate intuition of the union of the finite with the infinite,-God becoming conscious in history." Hegel supposes it "to consist in the process by which we think ourselves up, logically and conscientiously, into the region of the Universal." Schleiermacher says, "The one, and all, of religion is, \* \* to regard our life and being as a life and being in God."

One readily sees, from the above, the particular direction, which every speculative mind takes, in attempting to grasp the philosophic idea of religion. The fully developed religious consciousness is one and the same with a consciousness of our absolute union with God. The Christ-principle, as we have conceived, is the Divinity identifying himself in and with humanity. This is immanent in every man's being. Now, not a mere mental perception of this fact, as a philosophical truth, but a complete consciousness of the soul's unity with God, is that which we term religion, in its highest phase of individual development. To attain this consciousness is the aim of all religious struggle. The ancient devotees and sages, as well as the disciple of Mary's son, strove only to this end. "But best of all," says the writer in the Vishnu Purana, " is the identification of soul with the Supreme Spirit." So the "Holy One" says, in the Bhagavad Gita, that he whose soul is united, by means of devotion, to the Supreme Being, enjoys imperishable happiness." Porphyrius, speaking of Plotimus, observes, that "union with God was the object of all his philosophy and his cogitations."

Nor do the best Christian writers of our age seem to entertain widely different views. F. Von Schlegel held, as stated by Morell, that Christianity "shall bring back all the scattered elements of man's consciousness into one focus, and make humanity itself Divine." "According to Schleiermacher," observes Morell, again, "religion is a deep emotion of the mind, arising from the absorption of the man,-the individual man,-in the Infinite." Not unlike this, also, is the language of Dr. Neander, that "the fact of God's becoming man is in order to the humanization of the Divine, and the deification of the human." Among the Orthodox writers of New England, Prof. Torrey of Burlington, Vt., holds this language: "The very purpose of religion is to bring the finite and the Infinite together." Rev. G. E. Dwinell of Salem, Mass., also declares, that "It is the very object of religion itself to bridge over the separation between God and man."

The reader must pardon these frequent references to standard authorities, upon points so important to our theory; upon positions, which to many minds, might appear extraordinary and preposterous.

It will be seen that religion, in the sense of its highest attainment by the individual, has ever been conceived, with more or less distinctness, as an awakened consciousness of the soul's identity with the Divine Being. It is the Universal coming fully to himself again in the Individual. But it should not be forgotten here, that this union of man with God on the highest point of religious development, never could become a conscious reality,-nor could there thence be a religion, - if the Christ-principle, the Divinity in man, and even as man, was not clearly immanent in the being of all men. The Hindu sage seemed to realize this logical necessity five centuries before the Christian Era.

"Union of self," says the Vishus Purana, with the Supreme Spirit is said to be the great end of all; but this is false; for one substance cannot become substantially another."

There can be no union consciously between God and man, if they are not substantially one. So, Prof. Wilson, appending a note to the above passage, says:—

"It is here argued, that it is absurd to talk of effecting a union between the soul of man and the Supreme soul; for if they are distinct essentially, they cannot combine; if they are already one and the same, it is nonsense to talk of effecting their union. The great seed of life, or truth, is, not to effect the union of two things or two parts of one thing, but to know that all is unity."

To develop consciously in the soul the knowledge, the *fact* of its essential identity with God, is the purpose of religion; the consciousness of this fact is, indeed, the religious consciousness.

At this point of our investigation of the idea of religion, we should glance briefly at its asthetic element, which has been hitherto but vaguely conceived by the majority of writers. Why is it that art, as music, poetry, painting, architecture, &c., in the emotions which it excites, so blends with, and aids the cultivation of the religious emotions? It is because religion is a feeling as well as a bare intellectual phenomenon. Feeling, in fact, is said to be the organ of the Divine. Now, then, æsthetics is the science of feeling. The true, the good, and the beautiful, according to M. Cousin, constitute the primary revelations of Deity. Truth is appropriate to the intellect; the good refers to the will; while the beautiful appertains to the feelings or sensibility.-In so far as religion is grounded in feeling, therefore, it is purely æsthetic; and here we discover the precise point of connection between religion and art. The highest phase of art is tragedy; and it is here that religion and art form their most intimate alliance. For. the very essence of tragedy is the conflict between individual freedom and the Universal Providence or Divine Will. In the Grecian tragedy, this Divine Providence is conceived as a frigid, inexorable Fate. Now, this conflict between individual freedom and Universal Providence, appears in religion as the opposition of man's will and the will of God; and this, theologically, is what is termed sin. The very essence of tragedy, then, appears also, negatively, at least, in all religious endeavor. It is the heart's struggle, rebellion against the ways and decrees of Providence; its refusal to be reconciled to life's frequent and sad trials, afflictions, disappointments, and bereavements. It is the opposite of Christ's profound resignation, as expressed in those words at Gethsemane.—" Not my will, but thine be done."

"The limits of all definition and argument," observes F. Von Schlegel, "are irrevocably determined by two opposing principles,—the eternal impulse of the struggling soul within, and the unchangeable decrees of nature from without. Inclination vacillates doubtfully between the voice of freedom and the decrees of fate." Again,—"To solve the enigma of Destiny and Freedom of Will, \* \* \* \* would be to unravel the most complicated thread in the tangled web of human life."

Aug. Wm. Schlegel says,—"Inward liberty and external necessity are the two poles of the tragic world. It is only by contrast with its opposite, that each of these ideas is brought into full manifestation."

We thus see what the essence of tragedy is, and perceive how thoroughly the tragic element is interwoven into the life of man. Human life, indeed, especially in its non-religious stage, is but a struggle, a conflict between the individual and the Universal. This conflict originates in man's separation of himself from the Deity; in the loss of the consciousness of the soul's unity with the Universal. "God is not without, but within us," says Porphyrius, "not in a place but in the spirit. God is present to all, save to those who do not perceive him; but men fly from him, and go forth out of him, or rather out of themselves."

Thence it is, by separating himself mentally and actively from God, that man originates in his own being a continued opposition between the Divine and human. The tragic,-the nonreligious,-phase of life, here takes its rise.-Theologically, it is the rebellion of man's will against the Divine will; and is what we style sin. But to reconcile this antithesis between the human and Divine, this conflict between individual freedom and the will of Providence; -in a word, between the two poles of the tragic world in man, to find the indifference point, the point of the soul's unity, harmony, and rest is the grand aim of all religious effort: and this end is fully attained, only where the absolute identity of the Divine and human becomes consciously realized; only where the soul wakes to its own infinite and divine nature, and perceives in herself the One and All. There is, thence, no more opposition, no more tragedy, for all is unity and harmony. This is the religious consciousness fully realized; all else is but religious endeavor to attain this.

Human life, then, in its non-religious phase, or in the sphere of effort to attain the religious consciousness, is essentially tragic. All history, as we have seen, partakes of the dramatic character. It is exhibited in its highest intensity, in that last act of the drama of Jesus' life, which Origen has well characterized "a Divine Tragedy"! But it is when the soul, through strong confidence and faith, grasps the reality of her oneness with God, and with all

things, that struggle, conflict, tragedy ceases, and rest, eternal tranquillity, supervenes.

To resume now these several points, we may regard religion, in its highest phase of development, as the soul's conscious identity with God. "I and my Father are one," said Christ. But in the inferior stages of religious progress, it appears as this conflict between man and Deity, seeking its reconciliation; this problem of freedom and necessity, seeking its solution.

#### REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

We have no faith in the patent school of reformers, nor in the hot-bed methods of reform. Into all reformed states we must gradually and naturally grow. Many appear to be expecting something different from this. They are anticipating that salvation of every name and nature, is to be worked out with very little trouble to the saved patient. This, they suppose, is to be wrought out by supernatural means,-by the intervention of benevolent spirits, who, by some hocus pocus process, entirely unknown to any revealed law, will take away all the painful consequences of wrong doing, and still leave the old relish for iniquity intact. It is pretty much so in relation to physical maladies. Many are expecting that their bodily infirmities will be cured by these same potent invisible healing agencies, without being subjected to the trouble of becoming temperate in their physical habits. In one word, too many of us want a scheme of redemption that will separate sin and its concomitant results, and leave us still the privilege to sin. As yet, we have been able to discover none but the old, healthful, and thorough style of salvation,-and that is, from self-efforts and through the co-operating Spirit of God and his truth, to be saved from sin. It seems to us impossible,-and we have learned this from experience,-to separate sin from its consequences. You may sugar it over as much as you will,apply all sorts of anodynes,-and still it is, in its last results, the same painful thing. It being an intruder in the being of man,-a something foreign to his nature,-it disturbs his economy, and must be extirpated, by slow processes, perhaps, from within him. This is the whole secret of salvation. Self-denial is one of the foremost conditions through which this salvation,-or reform,-or at one-ment,-is to be achieved. No machinery,-no "organization,"-no cunning devices,-will do this "one thing needful" for us; we must feel the poisoning and disorderly character of sin, or whatsoever is foreign to uprightness, and in the simplicity and honesty of truth, go steadily and earnestly to work to rid ourselves of it.

It is a sure thing that we can do this work for ourselves,—God and Good Angels helping us,—better than others can do it for us. In striving to help and redeem ourselves, we shall grow stronger and stronger every day and every hour.

As for the noisy, disorderly, "slam-bang," and denunciatory band of men who claim to be "reformers," while at the same time they are full of all uncharitableness and intolerance, we have no faith in them as reformers, and cannot have any, until they become harmonized by the power of that truth whose name they have so constantly profaned., "Love unfeigned" only will save us from our sins, and only enable us to effectually assist to save others from their sins. Notwithstanding all the "progress" we have made, either spiritual or intellectual, to "this complexion must we come at last." No machinery nor proxy movements will preclude the necessity of selfdenial,-of determined warfare on the part of our higher spiritual powers, against our lower bestial ones.

### Explanatory.

It may be well to state, at the present stage of affairs, that we, the active agent of this august Association, have been for the past five weeks one single and defenceless woman, measuring not over five feet six in our highest heeled shoes, and weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds in our crinoline. We tell our age to intimate friends, but it is sufficient for all present purposes here to say, that we were born and reared among the hills of Maine, have never been beyond the limits of the United States, nor an extensive traveler therein. We have written incog., and out of cog for the Eclectic, as some of our rhymes will testify. We do not understand the dead languages, and consequently are not responsible for the mutilated Greek and murdered Latin of some of our correspondents. We have a long nose, which is our strongest claim to intellect, and if in the recent press of engagements we have protruded it into other people's business, we would withdraw it as quickly as possible and emphatically assert that it was an oversight. Or, in other words, if the article in last week's paper entitled "Fanaticism," was aimed at Mr. Newton, (as a friend intimates to us that he supposed it was) or any other gifted and worthy man whom we respect and esteem as highly as we do the loquacious C. R., will that individual understand that we did not perceive its bearing, and do not endorse the sentiment; and hereafter we wish our friends would seek other means of venting their spleen and spite on each other, than through our paper. In-

deed, we despise the character of a sheet

which will lend its columns to such low purposes. Furthermore, if we have scissored extensively, we have been pressed more than impressed to do so. Scissors will work faster than the pen, at least such is our experience, and if the persevering devil who has made his appearance so often at our abode, pursues every object in life as untiringly as he has us for copy, he will not fall far short of his ambitious aim to become "a first rate printer."-This cry for copy is more pressing than the demand for daily bread, and far more difficult to meet. The copy drawer is the best illustration of the bottomless pit that has come within the limits of our observation, where the devils devour all that falls into its capacious maw, which is ever yawning for more; yet aid and comfort has come to us from many kind and genial sources, and we would invoke blessings on the aspiring typographers and spirits of the press. But the principle object of this article was to exonerate the worthy Association of any outre arrangement or expression that may have appeared in these columns within the past few weeks, and now that a respected member of the Association returns to resume his station, we are only too happy to vacate the chair editorial, and saytake a seat, sir; and we confidently trust that his refined taste and good management will in future make ample amends for our past misdemeanors.

#### An Appeal to the Good.

Who know divine truth and determine to keep it,
Keep that which in honesty is not their own;
They sow not "the seed of the kingdom," nor reap it,
But leave the "creation in bondage to groan."
Remember, my brother, remember the story

Of him to whom only one talent was lent;
The great and wise Giver—the God of all glory—
Makes prompt inquisition for all he hath sent.
Who have the "true light," and that light dare to

cover,
Are actually robbing God's children below,
While "fervent in spirit," we ever discover,
What "roses and lilies in Paradise grow."
"Go then, work to-day in my vineyard,"—no other—
Give place to the flower, the clive, the vine.
To love God and Christ, and still hate your brother,
Such lovers the "angels in heaven" decline.

#### IMMORTALITY.

The question, "Are all men immortal?" has of late come up for reconsideration among Spiritualists. Some new ideas and many old ones have been stated and reiterated, with much force and effect. The prevailing belief in man's inherent immortality has been boldly challenged from sources whence it was little expected,—the genuineness of spirit-manifestations, which have been supposed to prove it beyond question, has been denied, even by Spiritualists themselves,—and many minds have been thrown into a state of doubt and perplexity, where they had fondly imagined that all was firmly and forever settled.

We have a suggestion or two to offer, which perhaps may not be out of place in the present stage of the discussion.

And first, is there not a distinction to be made between a future life and immortality?—That is, may not a personal conscious existence continue for a time in the spirit-state, and yet not be immortal or endless? It seems to be generally taken for granted that if man lives at all after the death of the body, he will live forever; and that if he is not absolutely immortal he will wholly and forever die with the body. But is this certain?

We readily grant the presumption to be seemingly in favor of this belief. If man is formed to survive the wonderful transition of physical death, it seems fairly probable that he will survive all future vicissitudes which may occur to him,-provided there is nothing in his constitution to indicate a different result. But this presumption is not proof. Hence those who confidently affirm that "immortality is demonstrated by spirit-manifestations" seem to us a little too fast. In fact, man can never have external demonstration of his own endless personal existence only till when he shall have existed endlessly. These manifestations, even if all genuine, at best only prove a future or spirit-life. Whether that life will continue without end in all cases, is still an open question.

On the other hand, those who deny the universal inherent immortality of mankind, and in order to maintain their theory find themselves obliged also to deny a future life to children, (and hence to repudiate a large portion of the most convincing spirit-manifestations, for no other reason than that they conflict with this dreary theory), are quite too fast also. For aught that has yet been proved, children, and adults too, may live consciously for years or ages in the spirit-state, and manifest themselves therefrom,—and even suppose themselves inheritors of immortality,—and yet may sometime come to an extinction of individual consciousness.

This leads to the inquiry, What is immortality? and in what part of man's complex constitution does it inhere? On these questions, much vagueness and confusion of idea seems to prevail. With some, immortality means mere continuity or endlessness of conscious existence, without reference to quality. But this falls far short of a true conception. Immortality is indestructibility, deathlessness, incorruptibility, incapability of disorganization or of disintegration. It does not apply

to man's physical body, all admit. Neither can it apply to his spirit-body,-since the elements of which this is composed are continually changing. Nor can it apply to his mind, or intellect,-for this is susceptible of modification and continual change,-of growth and decadence. Nor can it inhere in his selfish or personal affections, -in his ambition, or pride, or avarice, or lusts of any description,-for these are all corruptible, and must sooner or later exhaust themselves. Neither can it inhere in the lower or natural plane of consciousness. Most people are conscious mainly on the senuous or natural plane, that is, of external things ;-having little, if any, realization of internal realities. As the more interior planes of consciousness open, the life retreats inward, and they cease gradually to notice or enjoy what had once strongly interested them. Thus the outer consciousness dies as the inner is quickened. Hence immortality cannot be predicated of our external

Where, then, shall we locate it? Certainly not in any of these ephemeral, surface-elements of human nature. If anywhere, it must inhere in something more substantial, enduring, interior,—something which partakes of the Divine, and therefore ever MUST BE.—Whence is this derived? and do all possess it?

These inquiries will be pursued in another article.

A. E. N.

## Rejoice and be glad for the Ransom of another Spirit.

Why art thou cast down, oh, my soul?—We are material and spiritual. When the former has done its work, the office of the second especially begins. By gift, and prayer, and baptism, we make a sacrament for the new-born child. How we build castles and hopes for its future! How we guard the young life, and watch the smallest progress towards childhood! This period come, we stretch again towards youth, and strive to open royal roads to learning and renown.—We court science and skill to instruct our loved ones in all that will help to develop a healthy maturity.

We cease not here. We enter the lists of strength, and with grateful pride see industry rewarded, and green laurels woven for our idols. They run their round of human avocations. They drink of fame, wealth, interior and exterior. They add to the stores of the race, and in time, help to swell the ranks of human kind. They pass on from stage to stage, and finally arrive at a green old age .-They are mellow and fair-of richest hue .-What next shall we ask? Do we wish a drivelling decay, a staggering foot, palsied hand, and imbecile head? Shall we desire a period when an insect is an incubus, and care a heavy load? Shall we pray that those whose march has been a triumph, may wear away, thread after thread, till the frame finally relax? Not so. The most selfish could not solicit such a process as this.

Suppose, in this state, one thus situated should be forgotten, uncalled for, and a century should elapse, and still the prisoner remain bound. What would be the natural action of the human heart? Should we not all pray, in deepest sympathy, that the one thus shackled might be released? Should we not even rebel, and almost censure Providence for leaving so pitiful a wreck to cumber the ground?

Alas, it is too true; and yet when, in God's own, best time, he calls his children home, we bow our heads in the dust, and mourn in bitterness of spirit, and say, was ever sorrow like unto ours?

Cut the healthy flesh, and it will bleed freely, but heal again quickly. So with us; we are all alive with tender emotions, and when they are trodden upon or wrenched, we are stung with sadness; but the healthy soul soon raises its head, and sees the wisdom, beauty, and kindness, even, of the bereavement. We come out of the tomb, we shut the door, and raise our hearts aloft. We follow the disenthralled spirit, and see it enter its new abode, made welcome by loving, angel-hands. How neatly it adjusts itself to its new condition! how joyful the meeting between tried friends! how young these redeemed ones seem! how endless the course upon which they have entered! how each goes to his place! how well fitted to the new career! how ripe in judgment! how tireless in action! how clear in vision! Then it is that their turn comes to bless. They cast their cares behind, and, in newness of spirit, enter upon a fresh work. Do they forget the fettered ones below? Do they cease to regard their interests? Do they refuse their aid? Nay, nay. They know them as never before. They fold their wings, and light down amongst them. They descend the ladder made so memorable of old, and pour down encouragement, wisdom, and love. They are not a long way off. We can put out our hand and touch them, open our ear and hear their voices, aye, all but receive the persume of their flowery homes. Oh, sorrowing ones, is this a loss? Rather call it a great gain. Absent in solid substance, but present in spiritreality. Bring crosses, wreaths, pressed flowers, bouquets in countless forms; bring music,

such a home as the angels of God have prepared for their guest. "Make way" for the traveler, open the gates, and sing a pæan of praise. In this sense, there is no death. It is only a passage from a lower to an upper room-from decay to life everlasting. The faculties are not lost, only quickened. The affections are not dead, only purified. We are more than ourselves, a full identity of being, scope for every power, opportunity for every effort, adaptation for every variety.

If we have rejoiced over the birth of the body, how much more should we be uplifted at that of the immaterial—the indestructible. Pain, fire, water, cannot affect this invisible asbestus. It rises unscathed from down, flame, or ocean.

What so real as this part of our nature? To the spiritual eye it is not intangible; its communion is easy and perfect. Now, we are holden in part. We do not discern the hidden glories. It is but for a season. The good and true are to unfold here, partially, it may be, but enough to attest to many truths. We have long sown to the flesh and reaped corruption; let us now sow to the spirit, and He who waters and gives the increase will not disappoint us, but yield us fruit according to our faithfulness. Try it, one and all, and so combine the two stratas of our being, that each shall help the other, and the lesser finally give place to the superior. Now, we have only a porter's lodge. We are hemmed in by circumstances, dwarfed and pinioned. The dawn of a brighter day will arise; help it, ye mortals, and you, bright visitors of the celestial home, touch us with the magic wand, and give us a foregleam for the healing of our wounds. Come to all, in every state, and woo celestial plants into the arid wastes of hearts and homes. Bring us cooling draughts from the rivers of life, and that elixir which maketh all things new.

### Gala-Day on the Common.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week ( May 23d) we took a stroll on the Common. This "Paradise on Earth" is Boston's Play Ground -and a magnificent place it is! A blessing on the dear soul or souls, that gave this green and airy spot to be sacred from touch of selfishness! High up must they be in the eternal spheres, looking down with large love-lit eyes upon this lovely field, consecrated by them to health and gleesome recreation! Boston has no place within its multifarious precincts so redeeming as this "Common"this place of wholesomest worship. We will not except its churches. In the latter places, to be sure, should largely redeeming influences generate; but they lack to much in oxygen to be truly wholesome for either spirit or body. The fresh breezes of heaven should flow into them and vitalize the human bodies therein assembled, to co-operate with the influxes of divine and sacred breath (the Holy Ghost) which enters into them to redeem and expand the immortal spirits which those bodies enshrine. But let us not disparage the churches of Boston by "Odious Comparisons." Let them have all the credit to them due. We will pursue our walk on the now verdant Common. The "green carpet" is now fairly spread and thoroughly cleansed by the late rains. The elms are putting forth rapidly, and are vying in gorgeousness of dress with the ladies, and dandies that saunter so gloriously beneath them. Oh, what magnificent creatures they are to be sure! The children, including any amount of rough boys, who are indulging in a great variety of ground and lofty tumbling, are out in full force because it is Wednesday. What a medley of humanity is here exhibited! Here are people from the country, innocent of the sinful ways of cities, who are enjoying themselves finely in "seeing the sights." Here, too, are bloated loafers sporting their filthy cigars and mustachesand here too, (speak it not loudly in Gath !--) are their feminine counterparts, whose depraved faces and manners are not to be mistaken. But we will not demur, for the beauty and outward peace of the scene may be the means of awakening them to something of a better life. God grant that they may. But what is the mighty pother down yonder-and what bevy of men are those astride of horses, and arrayed in the crimson hues of Babylon? The "Lancers" some one says, and this is training day, then? Let us take a little nearer look of this gay troop. Their dress is gaudy, and in the light of true wisdom this parade looks trivial. And then unless we look at them in the most ludicrous light, they suggest war, human slaughter, and deepest misery. Bah! we'll none of them. We will not spend our time in gazing at such a childish spectacle. The children enjoy the colors, the music, and the pomp and circumstance of glorious "fal de rol!" Yet some of them, we perceive, prefer the more natural lofty tumbling to gazing at the "children of a larger growth" who are

Let us step down, for a moment, to the Frog Pond. This is devoted mainly to waterspaniels, and to miniature navigation. Here's where the Boston boy gets his initial idea of commerce and the wealth it brings. The Frog Pond generally presents a busy scene, and its refreshing face is always graetful to us. We were once a water-duck, but are now so only in memory. We do not think we should | elements of all power. When you know the | have thoughts,

training.

dare trust ourselves in the Frog Pond now, though when a boy we could nearly accomplish a mile at one trial of our fins. But we have grown old and timid—the glory of our days has departed.

But business calls to the Sanctum, and we will go, though not without 'casting "longing, lingering. looks behind." But before we vacate entirely, we must pat-ronize this meagre apple-stand. We can have "two for three cints,"-although we are fully aware that it is, in the present low state of our treasury, an extravagant investment. The bargain is not a great one, but it will confer some benefit upon poor Patrick. So here goes, and we make our exit munching the ancient fruitthe species of that was in a degree "mediumistic" in "bringing death into the world and all our woe!"

#### [Reported for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

#### Miss Emma J. Hardinge, at Mechanics' Hall, Portland, May 20, 1860.

There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. The structure of man is divided into three elements, the body, the life and the mind. Every particle of matter which you consider contains motion, and you seek in vain for rest. Men seek for perpetual motion when it is before them in every object in nature. This principle is very slow in minerals, yet it goes on, and the mighty, towering mountains had once an infancy, but life is throbbing within them, and the time shall come when they shall crumble and decay, and take new and more perfect forms. The old, primeval cedars of Lebanon are almost as slow of growth as the eternal rocks, but it is the same principle that animates the flowers of a day. What is this life? It is not that which thinks, for plants neither think nor speak .--No, your life is independent of your thought.

Experiments in mesmerism prove that the spirit may be far away from the form where the life principles are at work. Life, as a substance, is electricity, magnetism, galvanism, and the galvanic battery is capable of producing upon the human body, deserted by the spirit, all that principle of life called motion, lacking, of course, that intelligent grace which the spirit dictates. But another condition of life is now to be considered. What is this state of influence in which we receive impressions, and act upon them involuntarily?-It is best illustrated to you by the daguerreotype art, familiar to you all, in which the light fixes the pictures upon the plates, as varied, perhaps, as the plates of the human mind. You stand upon the sea shore, and think that rolling billows present a scene of monotony, but no two waves are precisely alike, neither is one plate the exact duplicate of another, and no two minds are precisely the same. The appearance of the picture depends upon the shadow which falls upon the

plate, and the solution in which it is dipped. The developing solution of the mind's plate is its surroundings; thus the images or principles which are cast upon the youthful mind, and the influences under which they are permitted to develop and come to the light, form the picture or character of all future life. It upon the children, and your spirits are the daguerreotype plates transmitted to you by your parents, and not only this, but you are fashioning after them the plates of your children's minds. And remember, O fathers, that these images are light or deep in proportion to the receptivity of that plate; and oh, let the solution and the images be pure, for at the very moment that the plate is exposed to the light they become fixed forever. These electric currents are flowing out from you all, and you cannot avoid their influence. Define, if you can, the instincts of your own nature by which you are attracted or repelled, when you look in the face of an honest man, homely though it be, and feel your heart going out in sympathy toward him; and on the other hand, when you look in the smooth face of the hypocrite, and a feeling within cries warning. The age of materialism is passing away, and the promise of the Father is being realized, when nothing can be hid, and that which is spoken in the closet shall be proclaimed upon the house-top. Not only are the sins of your fathers visited upon you, but yours shall that you form pictures which it shall be pleasant to gaze upon at the great judgment day of spirit, for there is nothing hid that shall not be revealed. Oh, could you but see the myriads of sad-eyed spirits seeking and toiling to accomplish the unfulfilled mission of earth-life, you would see the necessity of doubling your diligence. But the densest darkness flees before the light of one little lamp, and one spark of true and living fire shall be sufficient to enlighten the whole. The triumph of one pure motive shall be stronger on the soul than all the dark shadows which man has cast there. And such is progression. You talk of eternal progression; do you know what you mean?

From two elements, hydrogen and oxygen, we have water, which, when crystalized, forms the substance of the mighty Alps, and the boundless hills, and vales, and unexplored regions of the Arctics. Learn the substance and elements of life, and you have the

nature and power of the ocean, you know how much you may venture upon its waves. Why don't you master the threads of your own being, and weave a better woof? There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body, but think not that we have begun to lift the veil. We have only thrown out a few faint lights, which are unlike the will-o-the-wisp, that flashes out for an instant, and return to nothingness, for no ray is lost upon the spirit, and we cast our bread upon the waters and trust that after many days it shall nourish some Jungry spirit.

#### Evening Lecture.

I am he that was dead and am alive again, and shall live forever more. We make this statement as no quotation, for who but the dead can tell what spirit is? We care not whether the theory came from a book, or in stereotyped words-the thought came before the book and the spirit hatched the body .-There must have been a time when thought was not, and this world was destitute of that government which results from thought, and the only atmosphere the steamy vapors which arose from the ocean and the unformed continents, but the spirit of God was there, and from the moment that the monsters of that time found locomotion, and a power to sustain an independent existence, we may begin to trace the Alpha of divinity, and trace it to the Omega, when man shall so far assimilate to Deity as to read thy glorious foot-prints when books and all their fleeting knowledge shall have passed away. First came motion, and next love, affection,

and care for young, and from this, love of spe-

cies, herding together, which is the lowest

form of spirit, for man finds the basis of all his

faculties in the love of self and his species .-In the spine is a column which radiates to all the extremities of the body; in the lungs is the great galvanic battery which works the air, and in the brain that source which supplies all the functions of the head. Each species is perfect in itself, but you say you cannot trace the connecting links, but not one is wanting. They gleam forth in monstrous shapes, like lamps in the darkness, and from these first monsters of the earth we go on to man, the Omega of form. You smile when we compare the architect of the present day with the beaver, which, with a spirit of prophecy, builds its houses higher when the flood is coming. You have heard of the friend of the solitary prisoner, who sat at his feet, and when he died, the man bowed down and died also. That companion was a little rat. You train your domestic animals, and they love you, they worship you. They feel your superiority, and man needs only to know his power, to control the fiercest animal. What animals possess in degree, man possesses in the aggregate; and like the animal who worships his master, man worships the unseen where he is made a little lower than the angels. All the passions of the human soul may be found floating in the air, creeping upon the ground, and fighting, and bleeding, and dying in the seas. Go forth and seek for any capacity in man which you may not find in the animals. All spirit has been perfecting in the lower kingdoms, and is at length collected in man, and nothing is wanting of the connecting links, for we find that which is higher than man in his spirit, when the curtain falls upon matter .-A knowledge of this form can only be obtained when the spirit comes back to answer the unending cry for mortality. All that animals can do, man can do-and more, bringing all below him to his aid and service. Spirit is boundless, and you cannot chain it down .-Bind the captive in his dungeon and where is his spirit? Torture the martyr, and his spirit will sing its hallelujahsein the flames .-Now let us notice some of the lights of revelation, which have never been given in greater abundance than man was able to bear. When you consider the stages through which nature has passed to produce man, O skeptic, atheist, infidel, what a miserable faith is thine:-It took thousands of years to create the little daisy upon the mountain side, and you, O, man, for whom God has created all these glories, you to be cut down like the grass of the field, to know and be known no more! What is consciousness? What is that which says I be visited upon your children. Look to it AM? Can you point to that object in nature which can be annihilated? What, then, can you do with consciousness and individuality?

Where are the spirits of those monsters of the old world, for they thought? They are not destroyed. There are worlds just like this, and there was a time when this had no higher element than these animal lives. Some spirits tell you there are animals in the spirit life, and others tell you there are not. Here arises a contradiction which may be illustrated by sending twelve men to a foreign country, who should return with twelve reports, some of them conflicting in their accounts of the same objects, for as minds differ. so do the impressions which the same objects make upon these minds. There are enlarged spirits who associate only with spirits, and know no joy but in the good they can do to spirit. They know nothing lower, but your kingdom of love is your kingdom of heaven, and if man's joy be with animals, he shall have them, for animals have spirits because they

Spirit life is the next step on Jacob's ladder, on which hosts of angels are ascending and descending, and every step is a step in advance. Oh, why do you not strive to improve the breed, as you improve your domestic animals? Unless your science is founded upon spirit, you know nothing. Study, then, the laws of your own being, and it shall lead you into the arcana of knowledge.

#### EDITORIAL ITEMS.

The Buddhist, as well as the Christian, has his "Ten Commandments." The first prohibits killing any man or other animal; the second, third, and fourth, prohibit stealing, lying, and adultery; the fifth, drinking any intoxicating

How far this last is complied with we cannot say, but it is very much to be deplored that it is so far neglected in a Christian land, as daily observation proves that it is. Men of merit and abilty drowning as they do, all that is loveable and respectable in that gulf of wretchedness-intox-

A QUESTION FOR PHILOSOPHERS. - Philosophers are raising the impertment demand wheth-er the utter-most parts of the earth are inhabited solely by women?—I'unch.

Some of these barbarous men had better go and see. Guess their wives could very well spare them to make the trip.

The Crisis has an article with the following heading,-" How shall we know when the new church does come?" And is very aptly answered by the quotation which succeeds,—" A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

Miss Emma J. Hardinge will close her series of lectures before the Spiritual Association of Portland, on Sunday, May 27th. This energetic lady is now trying to effect the foundation of a self-sustaining institution for the reform and rescue of outcast and abandoned females, and judging from her appearance, we have no doubt of the ultimate success in a cause so gloriously benevolent. We understand that the people of Portland are subscribing liberally to the enterprise. All too true is the remark of G. B. Stebbins, in his lecture on Crime and Criminals,-"Women fall sadly, from want of strength or blind excess of affection, and her less tempted

### Atlantic Monthly for June.

The "Atlantic" contains a fine table of contents for this month. Among what would in common parlance, be termed solid and useful reading, we have articles on "The Future of American Railways." and "Model Lodging-Houses in Boston." The writer of the firstnamed article takes a hopeful view of the future of our railroads, notwithstanding the bankruptcy that has resulted to them generally. It is his opinion, contrary to the current one, that "during the next decade such a change will have taken place in the condition of our railways, that we shall see them averaging eight to ten per cent. dividends on their legitimate cost." He says:

"The causes to which may be traced the languishing condition of our railways, may be stated as follows:-Financial mismanagement; imperfect construction: and want of individual responsibility in their operation."

This is the whole thing in a nut-shell; and the remarks will hold good in relation to all other faltering and soul-less corporations. A great deal of the business of this hasty country is carried on without any moral basis, and with no other view than to aggregate wealth. Where mammon is the only party concerned, there can be no basic integrity, and therefore no permanent security. If the eternal law of rectitude is disregarded in prosecuting even the material business of the world, that business will end disastrously. This proposition is very simple, we know, but it will always be found to be true. Man is held, in spite of him, to the law of Right; and if he does not approximately or fully obey, such ruin will inevitably come upon him as will oblige him to reconstruct his life and business according to just and right principles.

The next solid and useful article is on " Model Lodging-Houses in Boston." This article was written by some benevolent utilitarian, and will not fail to awaken an interestiin the right direction. He adduces some startling facts to prove the unsanitary state of living in Boston, and like cities. He says that the average duration of life in Boston is little above twenty years, and in New York is less than

twenty, and adds:-"This needless sacrifice and shortening of life, this accumulating amount of ill-health, causes an annual loss, in each of our great cities, of productive capacity to the value of millions of dollars, as well as an unnatural expense of millions more. This is no figure of speech. The community is poorer by millions of dollars each year, through the waste which is allowed of health and life. Leaving out of view all human considerations, all thought of misery, social and moral, which accompanies this physical degradation, and looking simply at its economical effects, we find that it increases our taxes, diminishes our means of paying them, creates permanent public burdens, and lessens the value of property."

This article is seriously commended to "solid men" of Boston-to all those, indeed, who would live in all things, in accordance with the divine plan.

The rest of the articles in the Monthly are excellent, but we have no space to specify their good points. This magazine still holds on its upward way.

## Special Notices.

Mrs. R. H. Burt will lecture in Randolph, Mass., the last Sunday in May and the last Sunday in June. In Warwick, Mass., the first Sunday in June, and in New Bedford, Mass., during the month of July.

Address the above at 2 Columbia St., Boston, Mass. 🛴

We would call the attention of our readers to the typographical execution of our paper, which we flatter ourselves is not excelled by any weekly sheet in the Union, and which has received the highest commendations of those best able to judge in such matters. Much credit is due to Mr. Thurston, and his foreman, Mr. S. A. Strout, who is an experienced and faithful printer, and whose work will compare favorably with that of the best printers of our

#### Vermont Spiritualists' Convention.

The next quarterly Convention of Vermont Spiritualists will be holden at Town HALL, BURLINGTON, Saturday and Sunday, June 16th and 17th, 1860.

The Spiritualists, of all sections of the State, are earnestly invited to come to this Convention, as matters of importance will come up for action. We desire to obtain a complete list of Mediums in the State, in all phases and conditions of development, and Mediums are specially invited to attend this Convention; and the friends are requested to write out and bring such test facts and list of Mediums as they can obtain. The following speakers have made arrangements to come and speak at this convention: Judge Edmonds, of New York; Miss A. W. Sprague; H. P. Cutting; H. Elkins; Mrs. S. A. Horton; Mrs. A. E. Ostrander, of Troy; Mrs. J. W. Currier, of Lowell, Mass.

Friends in New England, and adjacent States, are cordially invited to join with us in this Convention.

It will be held in one of the loveliest of New England villages, with good monntain scenery, and pure, bracing air; at a pleasant season of the year, when the denizens of the city are seeking pleasure and comfort in the country.

Six years have these Conventions been held; and in friendly and fraternal intercourse have we met. Great good has been done, and we have been strengthened in our faith in the "Ministry of Angels."

The convention will be enlivened by Vocal

and Instrumental Music.
Arrangements have been made with the Rutland & Burlington, Rutland and Washington, Vermont Central and Vermont & Canada Rail Roads, for fare one way! And members of the Convention will be furnished with Return Checks by the Secretaries.

NEWMAN WEEKS, Rutland, S. B. NICHOLS, Burlington, CHAS. WALKER, Bridgewater, D. P. WILDER, Plymouth, A. E. SIMMONS, Woodstock, C. G. Townsend, Bridgewater.

State Central

### Premium on Pugilism.

It is said that the testimonial to Heenan now amounts to \$10,000, and is constantly increasing. The effect of this on the younger and more susceptible portion of the community, whose desire for eminence has as yet led them to make no choice of an object for their ambition, will be very inspiring. Boys at school, even students at college, are more inclined to allow their energy to rush into the fist than to push it up into the brain, and it they see that great scholars, thinkers, inventors, philanthropists, and saints have no recognition from an intelligent and patriotic public at all comparable to that bestowed on the shoulder-hitter, they will be likely to exalt boxing into an ideal. The world will then be favored with a crop of bullies, and the prize ring be pestered with a glut of "roughs."— Those whom the community delight to honor. the majority of the members of that community will be anxious to emulate.—Boston Transcript.

The remarks of the Transcript are both true and timely. Brutality, that strong element of our human nature, has recently shown itself freshly rampant, since the fight between Heenan and Sayers, and of course, will increase in boldness and assurance in proportion as it is countenanced by public opinion in the form of money "testimonials." "Great scholars, thinkers, inventors, philanthropists, and shints," must retire from before imperial brutality, and wait God's own time to inaugurate the reign of peace, purity, and growth in the higher virtues, of which man appears to be but remotely susceptible. The privilege to do good, and to be good, appears to us, just now, to be an exceedingly stinted one, and it needs more than the faith of an Abraham, to give one the requisite inward strength to pursue the rugged, painful, upward way. "If one will but pander to brutality, and join with the downward sweeping throng, he will no doubt take the "premium," and for a while flourish "like a green bay tree." But still, we should not, we will not, "abate one jot of heart-or hope, but keep right onward," in the path of moral duty, and the hestial kingdom may yet succumb.

The National Division of the Sons of Teinperance are to have a grand reunion in Portland, commencing June 12th. God bless the labores and the cause,

# Ju Original Sketch.

[Written to the Spiritual Eclectic.]
I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR.
BY L. POLLOCK.

"Are you sad, dear Emily, surrounded by your sweet and grateful pets, your house-plants, to whom you are giving their morning water? And oh, I see; you have opened your window upon them, that they may take their fill of the lovely May morning air."

Emily was leaning against the wall, the empty pitcher still in her hand. She seemed to be contemplating her flowers, whilst her mind had doubtlessly wandered far from the scene which surrounded her. She looked up from her silent and apparently serious reflections, and gazed with her beautiful, dreamy eyes deep into mine, as if desirous to hold converse with my heart, not with my lips or understanding. She looked a picture of loveliness as she stood there among her flowers, in her clean and neatly fitting morning dress, in which, though made of calico, she looked far more beautiful than the city belle, in her gorgeous silk, flounced and trimmed, though it might be, till you forgot the wearer over the dress.

Twenty-four years had passed over her head, though she appeared not over twenty, and to see her when animated by conversation, a stranger might think that her heart could not have experienced the blight and sorrow of disappointed love. Without analyzing her beauty of form and features, no one could see her but to admire. Her face was small and oval shaped, while her complexion was that of a brunette, with a rich carnation tint on her soft, round cheek. But as for me, I always forgot all about her other features, when looking with admiration into her large, brown eyes, from which there ever beamed a rich treasure of affection, accompanied, as it was, by deep thought and sparkling intellect.

Placing the pitcher on the flower-stand, she moved an ottoman close to my chair, and leaning one arm upon my knee, she replied:

"Louise, I am tired of life. I would like to die; and who do you think would miss me?" she added, slowly, and as if addressing herself. "How long would my place remain vacant in the hearts of all my friends?"

"Emily, Emily, how can you speak thus, when we all love you so dearly? What would your aunt and uncle do without their darling, their adopted child, whose house seems dark and gloomy when you are not in it?"

"Father has married again, a wife as young as myself, and I know full well that in his house they will always like my room better than my company," she continued, as if she was simply speaking aloud her own thoughts, and had not heeded my exclamation; "it is true, to be sure, that uncle and aunt, who feel and act towards me as the kindest of parents could, would feel my loss, and it would seem lonely to them for a while: but they would soon take some one else to their hearts, and there are thousands who can fill my place.—
I have really nothing worth living for."

"You grieve me, dear Emily, by speaking thus. You have as much worth living for as myself."

"Why, Louise, how can you say so! Have you not a husband and three children, whilst I am alone in the world?"

"Alone, Emily? and because you are unmarried, and are not bound by sacred home duties to confine your influence within a narrow circle, have you therefore no duties to fulfill to any one? Do you exert no influence? Is your example unheeded by all who know you? Listen, dear, sweet friend, and I will try to impart to you my thoughts upon this very important subject. You are talented, and you are beautiful, and you need not blush, you must be acquainted with these facts ere now. Your companionship is coveted by all the young of the male sex at least, if not by both sexes, and is it possible that at no time you should happen to have any opportunity to exert a hallowed influence, which would tend to elevate all those who come come within its reach? Have you no seeds to scatter imperceptibly into the heart of your surroundings, which, finding with some, at least, a ready soil, will ripen there into blossoms whose fragrance shall fill the heart of the white haired man with joy and gratitude for the blessed angel spirit who dropped the seed in years by-gone?"

Emily was listening intently to my words of comfort, dictated as they were by my sincere affection for her, and by the desire to convince her of her innate powers. Her eye already had lost some of the sad expression which filled my heart with tears when first we commenced our conversation.

"I think you overrate my powers, dear Louise," she said in a low and pondering voice. "I am not conscious of the power to influence any one out of our own narrow home circle."

"Well, Emily, I see that the best 'way for me to reply to you will be to relate a scene to which I became an uninvited witness, last week, in a horse car, in Boston. I know that will coaver morselearly to your mind the meanng of my words. Would you like to hear it?"

"I shall be delighted to listen to it, if it of her acquaintances, or in the Miss oes not give you too much trouble, or en whom I had just been speaking about.

croach upon any other engagement you may have."

"I had just taken my seat in the car for Dorchester, when two young men entered, who recognized and greeted with evident pleasure, an acquaintance on the seat opposite to my own, in the person of a very handsome young lady, who was dressed with great taste and elegance.

They took seats each side of her, and began to make the most of their agreeable meeting, by entering into a lively conversation.

'And so we could not have the pleasure of your company last Wednesday, at 'Thalberg's matinee,' the young lady said, in a lively, playful manner. 'Rosa Wheeler and myself thought we should certainly meet you there.'

'We should have been most happy to enjoy his glorious music in your company, but half a dozen of us had chosen that day, and arranged to make a fishing excursion to Cohasset,' the one with blue eyes and light hair gallantly replied.

'It was a beautiful day, and you must have had a fine time,' she rejoined.

'O, we had a grand time,' answered the other young man, who had been most of the time employed in stroking his beard or twisting the ends of his dark moustache. 'But we had the best fun on our way, at the tavern, where we stopped to take some refreshments,' he continued, looking out of the corner of his eyes at his friend, who seemed rather inclined to change the conversation.

'Pray, tell me all about it,' the young lady exclaimed; 'I shall enjoy very much a recital of your adventures.'

'I doubt, Arthur, whether Miss Sacur will be much interested in your recital,' the light haired young man said, in a subdued voice.

'Oh, yes, Mr. Hale, I know I shall,' and turning to him, whom I also will call Arthur, she added: 'Did you meet any one there whom you would least have expected to see, or did you rescue some poor pedlar from the dilemma of a broken down cart and shattered goods, in mid-road?'

'Oh, no, Miss Sacur,' Arthur began, chuckling with inward satisfaction to recite his adventure, and thus live over again the pleasure of the scene. 'We got about three-quarters of the distance laid behind us, when we espied a tavern not far from us, with a rooster, a hen, and a brood of chickens painted on the sign. "By Jove," I said, "let's get out and have some refreshments. I should relish quite well some roasted chicken, with some wine." All agreed, and we dismounted at the tavern, went in, and gave our orders.

Our repast tasted very good, and the wine seemed to make us pretty merry.

'Now, landlord,' I said, 'bring us some of your best cogniac to finish off with, but mark my word, and give me none of your adulterated stuffs'

'I always try to buy the best of liquors,' he said, bowing as dignified as a lord. Soon he came back and placed a bottle on the table before us.

'What kind of stuff do you call this?' cried out Stephen Colt, after tasting and making a grimace. 'He can't cheat me,' exclaimed Philip Whitney; 'let me have a glass! I'll be d——d if that is pure cogniac! Do you dare pretend it is?' he said, turning to the landlord, and so excited by his bottle of wine that I don't believe he hardly knew what he was about.

'You are welcome to leave it, and to leave my house, too, if you don't know how to behave like gentlemen!'

'I believe the fellow dares to threaten us.' halloed Stephen, his face as red as his silk handkerchief. 'Let's give him a lesson that he'll remember-to give folks such stuff as that, and be impudent in the bargain;' and in another minute he and Philip got tight hold of the landlord's arm, who was as white as a sheet, and trembling with rage, whilst I put on his back a few smart blows, with my cane. 'That will do,' cried out Hale and the rest, 'we must be right off, come along.' Thus crying, they threw a five dollar note upon the table. So quick as wink, we were out, jumped into the carriage, and drove off like Jehu, laughing over our affair till we reached Cohasset.'

'Wasn't that an amusing scrape?' he added. laughing most heartily.

'I should think so; ha, ha, ha!' joined the young lady, whose beauty seemed to have vanished all at once before my eyes, since she had not only countenanced the recital of this disgraceful and contemptible transaction, but even encouraged its repetition by joining in the laugh.

Young Hale, who had been watching her countenance, confidently expecting to see the just frown upon her forehead, if not to receive a gentle rebuke from her lips, seemed evidently relieved from a sense of weight, and drawing a deep breath, began again to take a lively part in the conversation, until we reached Roxbury, when he bade the conductor to stop, and the trio made their exit."

I paused; and after a moment's quiet, Emily drew up her bowed figure, as if inspired with a new sense of her higher nature and the consciousness of her inherent nobility of character, which I knew to exist in far greater abundance in her soul than in that of most of her acquaintances, or in the Miss Sacur whom I had just been speaking about.

"Yes, dear Louise," she said, raising her eyes to mine, "you have succeeded in showing me plainly that there are duties to be fulfilled outside of our little home circle. Yes, it is worth living for—to benefit other's minds at every step we take through life.—And my heartfelt wish is that I may remember to make such use of my life. But, oh, you must know how weak I am!"

"Let us closely analyze your weakness, Emily, to see if it is incurable. Are you not benevolently disposed, and do you not often wish to do good to all around you? I know you well enough to make your reply needless. But is that wish ever present with you at all times? for I know that even the sincere, heartfelt desire to benefit others accomplishes, imperceptibly by ourselves, a great and wondrous work in others."

"I am not certain that I do, Louise, yet nothing gives me greater pleasure than to feel that I have benefited or am benefiting some one, be he high or low. But in the whirl of society, surrounded by pleasure and mirth, no chance seems to offer; no one appears to require my help. Still, when I think of the scene which you have just been narrating to me, I feel guilty of having lost many an opportunity for exerting a holy influence. Oh, that I could recall some of those chances, which now, since I am growing older, will get to be more scarce!"

"Emily, let us not mourn over the past, but let us look back to it to profit for the present and the future; let not dismay or despair find room in your heart, but be filled with cheerful resolve and hopeful anticipation of opportunities, which,—you may rely upon,—will offer every day of your life, even were you less attractive in external and spiritual beauty than you really are. What trait in your character do you think is it that will most effectively stand in the way of your carrying out your sacred intentions?

"Let us look face to face at the enemy which might clog the path which your highest nature seeks to tread. To know him is like spoiling him of half his strength."

"I know it must be my love of approbation which will hinder me the most in carrying out my cherished resolves. Oh! it will cost me many a struggle, because I do not like to take a firm stand against public opinions or popular errors. Is it not natural that that we should love to be admired, and that we should not wish to say or do anything which might fill the eyes of our admirers with displeasure, if it does not entirely carry them from our reach?"

"You might be so fortunate as to lose the weak-headed and shallow-hearted among your circle of friends, but the high-minded and truly noble will grow attached to you with an affection, founded on esteem which knows no age, but is forever young, enduring, everlasting. I know that it fills a woman's heart with delight and exultation, to attract and fascinate an admiring throng around her wherever she may appear in society, but far higher and greater is the happiness which is ours by the consciousness of possessing the sincere love and esteem of a few high-minded individuals. I know there is such a thing as repelling or alienating our friends and acquaintances, by an air of sanctity and holiness, or a prudishness, which seems to tell everybody, Who are you? But your being is too much filled with pure love, to admit of any danger of your running into those ridiculous extremes which only have their source in vanity and perverted self-esteem. The gentle words of warning or reproof, emanating from a heart overflowing with pure affection, seldom, if ever, give offence. Love will soften the calm expression of reproach upon your countenance, and will deck with dimples the displeased

"A thousand thanks, dear Louise, for thus exerting yourself in my behalf. Let your prayers rise, in unison with mine, to the throne of the Father, that He may grant me strength to carry out my resolves, which fill my heart. Your words of love shall not have been spoken in vain. I will no longer live for the present only, but for all time."

"That is right, dearest Emily, many are the talents entrusted to thee, oh, endeavor to use them rightly, and thou wilt be entrusted with still more."

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

raps of Biography from the L Great Authors. Massinger.

Philip Massinger, one of the most illustrious of the successors of Shakspeare, was born at Salisbury in 1584. His father was in the household of the Earl of Pembroke. He was probably sent to college by the earl; but the favor of the great man appears to have been withdrawn from him in his mature years. He became a writer for the stage, and there is distinct evidence that his genius scarcely gave him bread. His dramas, which have been collected by Gifford, in four volumes, are of unequal merit; but of some the dramatic power, the characterization, the poetry, and the exhibition of manners, are of the highest order.—Massinger died in 1640.

FROISSART.

There are few who have not heard of John stead of the flesh. "Canst thou draw out Le Froissart, the most graphic of the old chronic-viathan with a book," Earl of Winchelsea?

lers. He was born at Valenciennes, about 1337, and early in life was dedicated to the church. He was scarcely twenty years old when he began to write a history of the English wars in France, chiefly compiled by another chronicler. This history he brings down to the battle of Poitiers in 1356; after which period his Chronicle has all the value of contemporary observation. His opportunities as an observer were very great; he was in the confidence of many of the sovereigns and nobles of his time, and was especially attached to the court of Edward III., being Secretary to Queen Philippa. He closed a life compounded of travel and ease, of labor and luxury, of native honesty and courtly arts, about the beginning of the fifteenth century. His description of the manner of life at the Count of Foix's house at Orthes, is one of his most picturesque of his passages; and a short extract may fitly introduce the quaint and touching story of the death of his son, which we give in Lord Berners' old translation: "At midnight, when he came out of his chamber into the hall to supper, he had ever before him twelve torches burning, borne by twelve varlets standing before his table all supper. They gave a great light, and the hall was ever full of knights and squires, and many other tables were dressed to sup who would. There was none should speak to him at his table but if he were called. His meat was lightly, wild fowl, the legs and wings only, and in the day he did eat and drink but little. He had great pleasure in harmony of instruments; he could do it right well himself: he would have songs sung before him .-He would gladly see conceits and fantasies at his table, and when he had seen it, then he would send it to the other tables bravely; all this I considered and advised. And ere I came to his court I had been in many courts of kings, dukes, princes, counts, and great ladies, but I was never in none that so well liked me. Nor there was none more rejoiced in deeds of arms than the count did; there was seen in his hall, chamber, and court, knights and squires of honor going up and down, and talking of arms and of armours: all honor there was found, all manner of tidings of every realm and country there might be heard, for out of every country there was resort, for the valiantness of this

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.] Rain.

BY LEAH LEE.

Blessed be God for rain,
Upon the parched ground;
The husbandmen may sow in vain

How grateful is the rain,
Unto the withering grass,
How it looks up and smiles again,
When gentle showers pass.

Without its cheering sound.

How musical the rain
Patters upon the roof,
And scampers o'er the dusty plain,
With nimble, fairy hoof.

How cheerily the rain Comes from the murky clouds, As if to wash away the stain, That sunlight now enshrouds.

How beautiful the rain,
When struggling sun-rays come,
Like seeds of faith, though sown in pain,
That yet shall rise and bloom.
What fragrance sheds the rain,

On forest, field and flowers;
What glorious incense we obtain
From sweet distilling showers.
Then praised be God for rain,
Such pure delight that brings,

Since every drop that falls, again,

In some new pleasure, springs.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Do Angels Weep?

BY MRS. L. F. B. KING.

O tell me not there is no weeping Among the myriads above, It does not seem in perfect keeping With their soul-sympathy and love. Sweet pity's tears for human woe From Angel's eyes most surely flow.

O tell me not they lose all feeling Which melts in sympathy's bright tear, But tell me that they often kneeling, Weep over erring mortals here. Upon our souls each drop would shine Reflecting light of love divine.

O tell me not my mother weeping Doth not embrace again her child, For in her soul-dopths still is beating, Her love and pity, tender, mild. She would not seem like mother dear, Were she to shed no mother's tear.

Is our Father, Infinite, Divine,
By our infirmities and grief
Ne'er touched in feelings? O thought sublime
He pitying sends relief—
And Jesus wept for mortals here,
In love divine, true pity's tear.

When love divine, the soul-depths filling
Its language gives to mortals here,
It often comes in the distilling
Of sympathy's consoling tear.
Pity proves unity by love—
Do angels not then, weep above?

Bad.—About the most splendid poem in all literature, "The Book of Job," is shortly to be published in English verse, by the Earl of Winchelsea, author of the "Deluge." So it seems that the worst of Job's afflictions is yet to come—to be suffered in the spirit instead of the flesh. "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a book," Earl of Winchelsea?

We offer the following from the Eastern Times without comment.

Spiritualism Exposed, in the light of Divine Revelation, &c., by Mary D. Wellcome, of Richmond, Me. We have received from the authoress a copy of this neatly got up pamphlet. It is emphatically a tract for the times, and we commend it to all who have got their heads muddled with this modern decoction of loose theology, easy virtue, hood-winked reason and corpulent credulity. It is for sale at Cobb's—price 12 cents.

We wrote the above out of courtesy to a lady, guided by the title rather than by a knowledge of the book. We have since read it, and if we should not qualify the above expression we should do injustice to our own convictions and mislead our readers. We must say, frankly, that while we have not one particle of sympathy for, or faith in, modern spiritualism, we think it will never be checked in its career by such arguments as abound in the pamphlet in question. No one should appesl to scripture testimony who does not know the difference between parables and literal history-between figures of rhetoric and facts. We must say that the God and the theology of Spiritualism are infinitely preferable to such a God and such a theology as Mrs. or Miss Wellcome pretends to find in the Bible. She has got a hard task to convince the world that the God of the universe is a being of wrathful passions; and if she thinks the secret of "spiritual manifestations," so called, is to be unlocked by a Devil's key-by admitting the intervention of immaterial devilsshe greatly misjudges the intelligence of the day. If we have got to admit the truth of Spiritualism, and the existence of spirits and spirit agency, in the name of humanity let it be a merciful spiritualism and the agency of good spirits, and not an infernal spiritualism in which devils and incarnate fiends alone are the conspicuous actors.

Knowing too Much.-During the administration of President Jackson, there was a singular young gentleman employed in the public service at Washington. His name was G., he was from Tennessee, the son of a widow, a neighbor of the President, on whose account the old hero had a kind feeling for him, and always got him out of his difficulties with some of the higher officials, to whom his singular interferences were distasteful. Among other things, it is said of him that while he was employed in the General Post Office, on one occasion he had to copy a letter of Major H., a high officer, in answer to an application made by an old gentleman in Virginia or Pennsylvania for the establishment of a new post office. The writer of the letter often used classical language, and in this letter he said the application could not be granted, in consequence of the applicant's "proximity" to another office. When the letter came into Mr. G.'s hands to copy, being a great stickler for plainness, he altered "proximity" to "nearness to." Major H. observed it, and asked G. why he altered his letter? "Why," replied G., "hecause I don't think the man would understand what you mean by 'proximity.'-"Well," said Major II., "try him; put in the proximity, again." In a few days a letter was received from the applicant, in which he very indignantly said: - "That father had fought for liberty in the first, and he himself in the second war of independence, and he would like to have the name of the scoundrel who brought the charge of proximity or anything else wrong, against him!" "There," said G., "didn't I say so?" G. carried his improvements so far that Mr. Barry, the postmaster general, said to him, "I do not want you here any longer,-you know too much." Poor G. went out, but his old friend, the general, again got him another place. This time G.'s ideas underwent a change. He was one day very busy writing, when a stranger calling in, asked him where the Patent Office was. "I don't know," said G. "Can't you tell me where the Treasury Department is?" said the stranger. "No," said G. "Nor the President's house?" "No." The stranger finally asked him if he knew where the Capitol was? . "No," replied G. "Do you live in Washington, sir?" said the stranger "Yes, sir," said G. "Good Lord! and don't know where the Patent Office, Treasury Department, President's house, and Capitol are?" "I don't mean to offend in that way again. I am paid for keeping this book. I believe I do know that much; but if you find me knowing anything more, you may take my head." "Good morning," said the stranger.

An Apt Illustration.—Notwithstanding the prohibition of the Koran against paintings and images, the Sultan, Mahomed the Second, had a fancy for the arts, and ordered Gentil Bellini, a Venetian artist, to paint a picture of the beheading of John the Baptist. When the work was finished, the Sultan found fault with the representation of the wounded part; and to prove that his criticism was correct, he drew his scimeter and struck off the head of one of his slaves. Bellini, on leaving his presence, thinking he had caught an "ugly customer," set sail for Venice the same evening.

## Miscellaneous.

ter The Japanese will have twenty-five parlors in Willard's hotel in Washington for their own accommodation, and a block or two of buildings and several vacant lots for that of their baggage.

A letter from Paris tells a strange story of a recent discovery in science, culminating in a melancholy denouement. A governess in private families had under her charge a little Russian boy, who had been born deaf and dumb. The gentle disposition of the boy greatly endeared him to the governess, who devoted much of her time to developing his intelligence, and enabling him to keep pace with the other pupils. After many sleepless nights and many experiments, the lady finally resolved that sulphuric ether was the talisman to be employed in opening the world to her poor little prisoner. Its application proved perfectly successful; numerous other experiments indicated that the grand secret had been discovered; the Monthyon Prize was awarded to the lady, and she rapidly rose from poverty and dependence to wealth and fame, as a benefactor of her race. But, alas! the sudden transition was too much for a mind so long overburdened by study and devotion to a single object; the reason of the poor lady gave way, and she has since been conveyed, a hopeless maniac, to Montmatre.

In Providence, R. I., they say of a man who occasionally gets drunk, that he is "at times guilty of voluntary ill health."

HAND-WRITING .- A good story is told concerning the writing of J. W. Brooks, the great railroad manager of Michigan. He had written a letter to a man on the Central route, notifying him that he must remove a barn, which in some manner incommoded the. road, under penalty of prosecution. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, but cook it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for a couple of years, as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document.

Something to A-maze.—Love is a labyrinth in which every man is Miss-led.

Mr. Sala says that if "a man has strong lungs, and keeps bawling day after day that he is a genius, the public will at last believe

HEAVY CHARGE.—Our Cockney contributor thinks that some of our poets ought to be ashamed of themselves. They write apparently only for the purpose of Making Bad Werse.

How small a portion of our lives is that we truly enjoy! In youth we are looking forward for things that are to come; in old age we look backward to things that are past.

MANAGERIAL SAGACITY.—It has been suggested that the management of the Winter Garden Opera Troupe based their expectations of success in the production of Rossini's "Mose in Egitto," on the supposition that Moses would be sure of being attended with a

run (Aaron.) A business man of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in all his doings, that whenever he pays a visit he always insists upon taking a receipt.

BITTER-SWEETS .- Sweet are the uses of adversity-especially in the case of lawyers, who thrive in proportion to the number and variety of their trials.

Dr. Hall recommends the use of pure cayenne pepper by persons who are drowsy in church while listening to long and uninteresting discourses.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them. Our fashionable ladies would seem to be growing smart, for it was never before so hard to get round them. They would seem, too, to be growing prudish, for they never before kept the gentlemen at so great a dis-

QUESTION AND ANSWER .- Why must the bany Legislators have been converted to daism?

Because they believe in the "law and the

A couple of Kentuckians lately visited Bos-, and sat down to dinner at the Revere luse. Codfish balls were served at the tae, and one of the Kentuckians, taking them or "corn dodgers," proceeded to break one of them. Getting the scent of it, he turned to his partner, and remarked, in the most solmn manner, "something dead in that.

More about Justice.-We are told that he figure of Justice, at the top of the cupola the City Hall, has been placed there in orthat she might be the more thoroughly t out of Court.

A dandy at a hotel table, who wanted the lk passed to him, thus asked for it: "Please nd your cow this way." To whom the landlady retorted as follows: "Waiter, take the cow down to where the calf is bleating."

Henry Ward Beecher said once that he prepared his sermons by sleeping a good deal in le week; "for, said he, " if the minister does 6t sleep during the week, his congregation will be sure to sleep on Sunday."

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The Instory and Philosophy of Evil. In paper 80 cents: cloth 50 cents.

The following works are by different authors: Twelve Messages from the spirit of John Quincy Adams through Joseph D. Stiles, medium, to Josiah Brigham. \$1 50.

Woodman's Three Lectures on Spiritualism, in reply to William T. Dwight, D. D. 20 ceats.

Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft, and Miracle: by Allen Putnam. 25 cents.

Modern Spiritualism: its Facts and Fanaticisms, its consistencies and Contradictions: with an Appen-

Its consistencies and Contradictions; with an Appendix by E. W. Capron. \$1.

The Life Line of the Lone One: By Warren Chase. The Bodquet of Spiritual Flowers, received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams. By A. B. Child, M. D. 85 cents, \$1, and \$1 50, according to the style of the binding.

The Lily Wreath: by the same; and the prices the

same.

The "Ministry of Angels" Realized. A letter to the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston. By A. E. Newton. 15 cents.

Answer to Charges of Belief in Modern Revelations, &c. By Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Newton. 10 cents.

The Religion of Manhood: or The Age of Thought.
By Dr. J. H. Robinson. Paper bound, 15 cents; muslin 75 cents.

The Philosophy of Creation: unfolding the laws

The Philosophy of Creation: unfolding the laws of the Progressive Development of Nature, and embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and the Spirit World. By Thomas Paine, through the hand of Horace Wood, Medium. 38 cents.

Familiar Spirits, and Spiritual Manifestations; being a series of articles by Dr. Enoch Pond, Professor in the Bangor Theological Seminary, with a reply, by A. Bingham, Esq., of Boston. 15 cents.

Spirit Manifestations: being an exposition of Views respecting the principal Facts, Causes and Peculiarities involved, together with interesting Phenomenal Statements and Communications. By Adin Ballou. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

A Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth. An interesting Nurrative of the advancement of a Spirit from Darkness to Light,—proving the influence of Man on earth over the departed. By John S. Adams.—

A Letter to the Chestnut Street Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass., in reply to its charges of having become a reproach to the cause of Truth, in consequence of a change of religious belief. By J. S. Adams. 15 cents.

New Testament Miracles and Modern Miracles.

New Testament Miracles and Modern Miracles. The comparative amount of evidence for each; the nature of both; testimony of a hundred witnesses. An Essay read before the Divinity School, Cambridge. By J. H. Fowler. 30 cents.

Messages from the Superior State. Communicated by John Murray, through J. M. Spear. 50 cents.

An Epitome of Spirit Intercourse: by Alfred Cridge, writing medium. 38 cents.

Progressive Life of Spirits after Death, as given in Spiritual communications to, and with Introduction and Notes, by A. B. Child, M. D. 15 cents.

Natu, A Spirit: His Portrait and his Life. By Allen Putnam. Paper 50 cents; cloth 63 cents.

Spirit Works, Real but not Miraculous. A Lecture by Allen Putnam. 25 cents.

by Allen Putnam. 25 cents.

The Psalms of Life: A compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Chants, and Anthems, &c., embodying the Spiritual, Progressive and Reformatory Sentiment of

the Present Age. By John S. Adams. 75 cents.

The Spiritual Minstrel. A collection of Hymns and Music for the use of Spiritualists, in their Circles and Public Meetings. By J. B. Packard and J. S. Loveland. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 88 cents.

The Harmoniad, and Sacred Melodist. By Asa Fitz. 38 cents.

Fitz. 38 cents.

The Providences of God in History. By L. Judd Pardee. 10 cents.

The History of Dungeon Rock. 25 cents.

Reply to the Rev. Dr. W. P. Lunt's Discourse against the Spiritual Philosophy. By Miss Eliza-

beth R. Torrey. 15 cents.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age. By E. W. Loveland. 75 cents.

The Philosophy of Life. By E. W. Loveland.—

## Miscellaneous and Reform Works.

Eight Historical and Critical Lectures on the Bi-ble. By John Prince. Price \$1. The Mistake of Christendom: or Jesus and his Gospel before Paul and Christianity. By George Stearns. \$1.

Marriage and Parentage: or the Reproductive Ele-

ment in man as a means to his Elevation and Happiness. By Henry C. Wright. \$1.

The Unwelcome Child: or the crime of an unde

Wright. Paper, 80 cents; cloth, 45 cents.
Sunderland's Book of Human Nature. \$1.
Sunderland's Book of Health, and Psychology.—

Sunderland's Theory of Nutrition. 50 cents.
The Errors of the Bible, demonstrated by the Truths of Nature; or Man's only infallible Rule of Faith and Practice. By Henry C. Wright. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 38 cents.
Unconstitutionality of Slavery. By L. Spooner. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.

An Essay on the Trial by Jury. By Lysander Spooner. \$1.

Personal Memoir of Daniel Drayton. 25 cents.

The Book of Notions, compiled by John Hayward, author of several Gazetteers, and other works. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. The Science of Man applied to Epidemics; their Cause, Cure, and Prevention. By Lewis S. Hough. (Man's Life is his Universe.) Paper, 50 cents; cloth,

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

a Student of Divinity. 20 cents.
Six Years in a Georgia Prison. Narrative of Lewis
W. Paine, who was the sufferer. Paper, 25 cents;
cloth, 88 cents.
Eugene Becklard's Physiological Mysteries and
Revelations. 25 cents.
Facts and Important Information for Young Men,
on the subject of Masturbation. 12 cents.
Facts and Important Information for Young Wonten; on the same subject. 12 cents.

en on the same subject. 12 cents.

The Anti-Slavery Harp? A collection of Rongs;
compiled by William W. Brown. 12 cents.

Report of an extraordinary Church Trial; Conservatives versus Progressives. By Philo Harman

A Voice from the Prison, or Truths for the Multi-sude. By James A. Clay. 75 cents.

Thirty-two Wonders, or the Skill displayed in the Miracles of Jesus. By D. Lyman Jr. 25 cents.

A Dissensition on the Evidences of Division Land

tion. By Datus Kelly. 25 cents.

## Chips and Porridge.

A GHOST IN A LOVE STORY .-- A very pretty ghost story is told as having occurred lately near Sandusky, Ohio. A rich old curmudgeon of a farmer refused his pretty daughter to a nice young man she loved, and insisted she should marry a man old enough to be her grandfather, but who was blessed with money. She said she would die first, but the "cruel parient" insisted, and started off one day to procure a magistrate to complete the marriage at once. In a short time he returned in great fright, went to bed, and had a long sickness. The story he tells is that the ghost of his departed wife came down upon him out of a tree, as he was riding along, took the reins out of his hands, turned the horse and drove home. He took it to be a command to him not to constrain his daughter's affections, and he acts accordingly, and the nice young man is to have his daughter, and a generous share of the property.

Brigham Young lately made an address to the weak-backed saints, inclined to apostacy, in which he said: "I say to all grunters, grumblers, whiners, and hypocrites, and sycophants, who snivel, crouch, and crawl around the most contemptible of all creatures for a slight favor, should it enter my mind to dig down the Twin Peaks, and I set my men to work to do so, it is none of your business, neither is it the business of all earth and hell, provided I pay the laborers their wages. I am not to be called in question as to what I do with my funds, whether I build high walls, garden walls, or city walls; and if I please, it is my right to pull down my walls to-morrow. If any one wishes to apostatize upon such grounds, the quicker the better; and if he, wishes to leave the territory, but is too poor to do so, I will assist him to go. We are much better off without such characters."

An Englishman, signing himself "A Heavy Weight," who advocates fair play to Heenan, writes to Bell's Life the following clincher of an argument:

"At Farnborough, Sayers' friends and backers numerically exceeded those of Heenan in the proportion of ten to one. If the English party, the stronger, had been anxious that the fight should go on, I think that the doctrine of probabilities leads us to suppose that it would have gone on. If the American party, the weaker, fearing their man would be beaten, had wished it to be stopped, I think the same doctrine points out to us that their wishes would not, in all probability, have been gratified."

THE STATUE OF JUSTICE on the cupola of the City Hall turns out after all to be only a statue of Wood!

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

CUTE AND CUTANEOUS-The Observer very justly remarks, in a recent editorial article, that the Governors of Bellevue Hospital "ought to have their hides tanned." Momus ventures to suggest that the best treatment for the operation would be a rat-tan.

A Query.—Did Byron mean to depict a miser when he spoke of "A heart whose love is (in-a-cent) innocent"?

Hume, the American medium, who is now called Home in the English papers, is again in London. He is performing his marvels, and has convinced Lord Lyndhurst and others of the nobility, that he and Squire, another American medium, were lifted to the ceiling together by invisible means. M. Friedrich, a rich landed proprietor, was recently buried without religious ceremonies, at Munich, Germany, because under the ban of the church for believing in Spiritualism.

An aeronaut announces his intention of crossing the Atlantic in a balloon next summer. Is it Wise ?-New York Times.

Otherwise.

THE MISSION OF THE "LEDGER."-To bring men and women of reputed genius to their true level.

KEEPING A SECRET .- The Newport Mercury relates a capital story of Stuart, the painter, which illustrates so finely the power which a secret has to promulgate itself, if once allowed a little airing, and to reach a few ears. Stuart had as he supposed, discovered a secret art of coloring-very valuable. He told it to a friend. His friend valued it very highly, and came shortly afterwards to ask permission to communicate it, under oath of eternal secrecy, to a friend of his who needed every possible aid to enable him to rise. .

"Let me see," said Stuart, making a chalk mark on a board at hand; "I know the art, and that is-"

"One," said his friend.

"You know it," continued Stuart, making another mark by the side of the mark already made; and that is-"

"Two," cried the other.

"Well, you tell your friend, and that will be-" making a third mark.

"Three only," said the other.

"No," said Stuart, "it's one hundred and eleven!" (111.)

If the Mexicans want to learn the art of for Mr. Rarey.

Pat was helping Mr. Blank get a safe into his office one day, and inquired what the thing

"To prevent papers and other articles that are placed in it from being burnt in case of tire," said Mr. B.

"An' sure will nothing iver burn that is put into it?"

" No."

"Well, thin, yer honor, ye'd better be after getting into that same when ye die!"

"COVET THE BEST GIFTS."—Sir Humphrey Davy makes the following beautiful remarks in his "Salmodia," in regard to the preciousness of the Christian belief:

"I envy no quality of the mind and intellect in others, be it genius, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most beautiful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; varnishes and throws over the decay,-the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens new life, even in death; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly homes, calls up the most beautiful visions of the palms and amaranths, in the gardens of the blest, and the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist views only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

Wants .- A number of new wants have lately been discovered, - the following are among the most prominent :-

One week of the weather that chilled the words that froze men's hearts.

A lock of hair from the head of a river. The horse that run a race with the night-

A new surface to our mental tablets of

We are told that at a recent church meeting not a thousand miles from this city, a worthy brother-perhaps a deacon-disliking the spirit betrayed by some of his fellow members, admonished them in this wise: "Brethren," said he, "such conduct is not according to Hoyle !"

Curiosities.—A key that has been successfully employed in unlocking mysteries; one of the old shoes worn by the doorkeeper of the Temple of Fame.

"Why is the letter D like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because, we can't be wed without it."

What key opens the gate to misery?-Whiskey.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been asleep on a hearth before them, which commenced to bark most furiously. Whereupon an old divine, who had been talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute, you know no more about it than they do."

THE WRONG PASSENGER .-- An amusing affair occurred not many years since, at a 4th of July celebration in an interior town in Pennsylvania. Revolutionary veterans were becoming very hard to find, and yet a procession with no old soldier in it was not to be willingly submitted to. An honest old German of revolutionary repute, was discovered at the last hour. An open carriage was assigned him in the programme, and a seat at the President's right at the table. When pressed after dinner to give his reminiscences of Washington, his recollections were found to be rather indefinite. But something being said about Yorktown, he remarked:

"Yaas, I vash at Yorktown."

"Under Washington, gallant soldier, under Washington?" asked the President.

"Yaas, I vash under Washington ven I surrendered."

"No! you mistake, my venerable friend," exclaimed the President, "Washington never

surrendered." "Yaas, but you see I vash one of the Hessians."

A DOUBLE HIT .- A noble lord ordered his bricklayer to stucco his house down in the best manner. The bricklayer, not doing it to his lordship's liking, and charging more than he expected, the latter exclaimed, in a violent at of passion-

"You are an arrant knave."

"Am I?" said the bricklayer. "Just as your lordship spoke, the clock struck two."

"A FAIR SHAKE."-Elder Kimball, of the Mormon Church, while preaching recently in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, addressed some missionaries who were about starting on a proselytizing tour, as follows :- "Brethren, I want you to understand that it is not to be as it has been heretofore. The brother missionaries have been in the habit of picking out the prettiest women for themselves before they get here, and bringing on the ugliest for us; hereafter you have to bring them all here before taking any of them, and let us all have a fair shake!"

CHANGE OF NAME .- A correspondent suggests that, in view of the recent events, the stable government, perhaps they had better send | name of John Bull should be changed to | leading symptoms, age and sex. Office hours from JOHN BULLY.

To Persons about to Poetize .- Drunken persons should confine their compositions to

Dr. Winship is a sensible sanitary reformer. He says-" Never rise from the table unsatisfied-never get out of bed as long as you have any inclination to lie there." That's the talk ! Lots to eat and plenty of bed-bravo, Winship, old feller!

In Poor Demand.—We have seen an advertisement of " Noiseless Family Sewing Machines." As the number of dumb families in this country is very small, the inventor's prospects of speedily becoming rich cannot be very encouraging.

THEOLOGICAL.—Jo Cose wishes us to inquire of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher whether hens may properly be called the "laity of the farm-yard," and if so, whether a pastoral simile might not be drawn from this fact, illustrating the functions of the church laity.

This life's contradictions are many. Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce a coolness.

Why there are more women than men is explained by De Quincey :--It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature; we always see more of heaven than earth.

A contemporary paper says:-"If you would keep your children in health, give them plenty of fresh air." This is all well enough; but, now-a-days, children put on so many airs of their own, that it is almost impossible to give them a fresh one every day.

That young man who drinks, bets, swears, gambles, and idles away his time, is on a thin place in the ice.

### Hancock House, COURT SQUARE, . . . . . BOSTON.

THIS HOUSE is conducted on the European plan. The furniture is new with patent spring beds. Attached is a restaurant, barber's shop, bath rooms, &c. The house is central and open, day and night. Those seeking a quiet home can obtain rooms by the day or week, where the stillness of the Sabbath is seldom broken. Terms moderate.

THOMAS M. GRIDLEY, Proprietor.

### Feltonville Horse Shoe Company's SHOEING AND SALES ROOMS, Cor. of Portland and Traverse Streets,

BOSTON. Wheeler's Patent Horse Shoes for Sale to the

Trade. These Shoes are made of the best stock the mar-

ket affords, of every variety of pattern and size, either finished or plain. Steel or Iron. Good Talent will be employed in the Shoeing De-

Driving Horses shod for \$1. Team Horses, \$1.25. Particular attention paid to Interfering, Overreaching, Speed Cutting, and all other difficulties in

Feltonville Horse Shoe Company. May 28, 1860. E. WHEELER, AGENT.

the Shoeing of Horses.

### BOURBON ELIXIR.

THE proprietor introduces his Elixir to the public with a positive knowledge that it will perform all that he claims for it. He did not originate it for the sake of having something to sell, but to cure himself of Dyspepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing. He succeeded completely in doing so, and, now, after having established its remarkable curative powers beyond a doubt, by its use in a great variety of other cases, with equal success, he offers it to the public for the relief of the suffering.

Try it, ye gloomy and desponding, there is health and happiness in store for you yet. IT CURES DYSPEPSIA;

IT CURES CONSUMPTION:

IT CURES SORE THROAT; IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER;

It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled system. And there is no medicine known that causes the food to do so much good, that adds so much healthy nutrition to the Blood and the Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon Elixir.

For sale by T. H. GIBBY, E. S. RUSSELL, WHITE & HILL, J. E. HUNT, and N. P. CARTER, Nashua. Prepared and sold by W. A. SLEEPER, Nashua,

#### Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield St., Has for sale WALT WHITMAN'S LEAVES OF GRASS. Price \$1 25.

Also, - REV. HERMAN SNOW'S WORK ON SPIRIT INTERCOURSE. Price 50 cents.

8—tf.

#### Esoteric Anthropology, By T. L. Nichols, M. D. Price \$1. A new supply

of this valuable work is just received and for sale by Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield st. June 4-tf

> PINKHAM & PERKINS, Manufacturers of

Black Walnut, Chestnut and Pine CHAMBER SETS,

CABINET FURNITURE, SHOW CASES, &c. Shop, No. 4 1-2 River Street, NASHUA, N. H.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 DAVIS STREET, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms. Patients desiring board should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made

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

### ${\bf ANNOUNCEMENTS.-CONTINUED.}$

MRS. J. W. CURRIER lectures in Portsmouth, N. II., May 13th and 20th; Millford, N. H., 27th; Portland, Me., June 3d and 10th; Burlington, Vt., 17th; Chicopee, Mass , June 24th and July 1st. She will speak in Oswego, N. Y., and Cincinnati, O., Sundays of October and November, and will probably spend the winter at the West and South. Friends in that direction who desire her to visit them, should make early application. Address, Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

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

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH will answer calls to lecture in New England for the present. He will speak Sabbaths and week days. He has one lecture of extraordinary interest, viz: The origin of man, illustrated by a Life size Portrait of the connecting link between animals and man, (week day lecture). He will also examine and prescribe for the sick at all points he may visit. It is needless to say that as a clairvoyant physician and an original, deep, and eloquent speaker, Dr. R. stands among the foremost.

F. L. Wadsworth, speaks May 20th and 27th in Providence, R. I. June 3d, 10th and 17th in Willimantic, Conn. Persons wishing his services during the Summer or Fall mouths, please address as above.

#### s. T. MUNSON,

Having removed from No. 5 Great Jones street, is now located at 143 Fulton street, where he will continue to receive orders for Books, Pamphlets, &c .-He is also prepared to do a general Agency business. and solicits the patronage of his friends and the public generally. S. T. M. is the sole agent in New York City for Mrs. METTLER'S invaluable medicines. Restorative Syrup-Qts. \$2; Pints \$1; Pulmonaria \$1 per bottle; Neutralizing Mixture 50 cts.; Dysentery Cordial 50 cts.; Elixir 50 cts.; Liniment \$1 50; Healing Ointment per Box, 25 cts. These medicines will be carefully packed and shipped to any part of the country. General Agent,

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#### S. D. & H. W. SMITH, ORGAN HARMONIUMS Pedal Bass Harmoniums,

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THE ORGAN HARMONIUM is designed both for Church and Parlor; contains four sets of reeds, eleven registers (or stops,) and capable of great power, and yet by the use of the stops, may be played as soft as the Eolian Harp. The Performer, at his option, can imitate the Flute, Fife, Clarionet, or Hautboy, so perfectly that one would suppose that they were listening to either of the above instruments separately, or combine the whole, and thus give the effect of Grand Organ. In an elegant rosewood case for \$250.

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

THE ORGAN MELODEON is designed for parlor and private use. The construction is similar to the Church Instrument, being arranged with two

the Church Instrument, being arranged with two banks of Keys, and when used together, by means of the coupler, is capable of as great volume of power as the Church instrument, when used without the

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Purchasers may rely upon instruments from our manufactory being made in the most complete and thorough manner. Having resumed the spacious Buildings, 511 Washington Street, we have every facility for manufacturing purposes, and employ none but the most experienced workmen. In short, we will promise our customers an instrument equal if not superior to any manufacturer, and guarantee entire and perfect satisfaction.

Music Teachers, Leaders of Choirs, and others interested in music matters, are respectfully invited to visit our rooms at any time, and examine or test our instruments on exhibition for sale at their pleasure, As a still further guarantee to the public as to the excellence of the Melodeons and Harmoniums from our manufactory, we beg leave to refer, by permission, to the following Piano Forte manufacturers of

Boston, who have examined our instruments, and will give their opinion when called upon:
Chickering & Sons; Wm. P. Emerson; George Hews; Hallet & Cumston; Brown & Allen; Woodward & Brown; T. Gilbert & Co.; A. W. Ladd & Co.; Newhall & Co.

MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS RENTED. Persons who wish to hire Melodeons and Harmoniums with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. This matter is worthy of special note, as it enables those who desire a fair test of the instruments before purchasing, to obtain it at the expense of the manufacturers, to the extent at least ı year's rent.

Orders from any part of the country or world, sent direct to the manufactory in Boston, with cash or satisfactory reference, will be promptly attended to, and as faithfully executed as if the parties were present, or employed an agent to select, and on as reasonable terms.

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

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A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above price will be allowed to Cluns ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works.-Thus: Four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$30; and so on.

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# Announcements.

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

MRS. R. H. BURT is so much engaged with lecturing that she cannot attend to private sittings at present. Address the above at 2 Columbia Street, Bos-

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

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

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

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

MISS R. R. AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Tranco Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston .-She will also attend funerals.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, Trance Speaking Medium, will receive calls to lecture. Address at this office.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Davenport, Iowa, 1st Sunday in Jan., at Cincinnati, 2d and 3d Sundays, at Terre Haute, Ind., 4th and 5th Sundays, and at Chicago through February.

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

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

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, answers calls to lecture in trance state. G. B. Sterbins speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich.; and will answer calls to

lecture in that vicinity in the week. A. C. Robinson, Trance Speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Fall River, Mass.

Rev. John Pierport will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass. BENJAMIN DANFORTH will receive calls to preach

on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ, as he understands it. Address at 22 Pitt st., Boston. Mrs. E. B. DANFORTH, Trance Speaking, Healing, and Developing Medium. Office, 14 Bromfield st.,

from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. At her residence, 22 Pitt st., from 6 to 9 P. M. Boston, Mass. C. T. IRISH, Trance Medium, Taunton, Mass., caro

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

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

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