

RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

TERMS: Free to the OUTCAST: To the Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year, in Advance.

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B. J. BUTTS AND H. N. GREENE, EDITORS, HOPEDALE, MILFORD, MASS.

Stories, and Voices to Youth.

The Betrayed.

A few years ago I knew a young girl, the least favored of three sisters; she was possessed of a limited knowledge of the world and its characters; her education had been neglected, her powers of reasoning never called into action, her undeveloped affections were strong and untutored by wisdom. She became the victim of one of those idols of society who entertain ladies with the silliest conversation and the vilest gossip, received under the polite name of "innocent scandal." He dined divinely, sang with brilliancy and execution, was well versed in all the fashionable usages of the day; dressed with exquisite taste, and knew how to modulate his voice in the utterance of a thousand complimentary follies. He was handsome, so they said who look to feature only, marking not the paleness of dissipation, nor the lines impressed by the retributive hand of suffering for the commission of sin; he was therefore handsome; pale, hygienic and poetical; aristocratic and fastidious; never offending a lady's ear with any of the vulgar details of life among the lowly; eschewing all mention of subjects forbidden by the false delicacy of the conventional world.

She was a poor servant girl; he stood much higher in the social scale; she became that hunted, marked, despised thing—an unwedded mother. Her father reviled her, although tears of pity mingled with his cruel reproaches; her mother repeated incessantly before her that she had disgraced them all; her brothers named her most vilely; her pure young sisters shunned her; happy it was that the face of her little new-born babe was cold and still, when her bitter tears rained upon it; it did not live to be branded with its mother's shame. He, the betrayer, refused to acknowledge her claim; he boldly confronted the gray-haired father, he said he could not love her and would not make her his wife. Reviled and shunned, called by the name that is a terror to a woman's heart, she left the city pursued by slander and anathema; she had taken one false step, a hundred were imputed to her. In the far West she sought a home, and whether she sinned farther, I know not; the human hearts who cast her forth into the Babel of life are accountable. But after some time she married, and he who took her to the shelter of his manhood, whatever be his faults, must have the forgiving, all-enduring Christ-love strong within him; something good and noble, pure and womanly must have attracted him, for he wooed her honorably, knowing her past life; he cherish-

ed her gladly, all fallen though she was.—Cora Wilburn. God bless Cora Wilburn, not only for her loving words, but for the unpopular truths which she fearlessly utters.

'It is More Blessed to Give than to Receive.'

This morning, as I was making my coffee, I remembered that I had no cream. So taking my little tin can, down I went to the milk-woman's. Mother Dennis is a hale, hearty Dutch woman, who left her native land quite young. She has neither husband nor child, though we call her mother. It is her kind, warm heart that has earned her such a worthy name. Good creature! Left alone in the battle of life, she makes good her humble place in it by working and singing, and helping others, and loving God.

At the door of the mill-shop, I hear bursts of laughter. In one corner of the shop, three children are sitting on the floor. They wear the sooty dress of chimney sweeps, and in their hands they hold large pieces of bread and cheese. The youngest is sneered up to his eyes with his, and that is the reason of their laughter. Mother Dennis points them out to me.

"Look at the little lambs; how they enjoy themselves!" said she, patting the head of the little glutton.

"He had no breakfast, ma'am," said one of his companions by way of excuse.

"Poor little thing," said the milk-woman, "he was left alone in the streets where he can find no other father, save the all-good God."

"And that is why you take the place of a mother to them?" I replied, gently.

"What I do is little enough," said Mother Dennis, as she measured out my milk; "but every day I gather some of the poor little ones out of the street, that for once they may have enough to eat. Some of them come from my native land, and when they babble to me, I seem to see my old father and mother again.

And here her eyes filled with tears.

"So you are repaid by your recollections, for the good that you do?" resumed I.

"Yes! yes!" said she, "and by their happiness too! The laughter of these little ones is like a bird's song; it makes you gay, and gives you heart to live."

As she spoke, she cut some fresh slices of bread, and added some apples and a handful of nuts to each.

"Come, my little dears," she cried, "put these into your pockets against to-morrow." Then turning to me—"To day, I am ruining myself," added she, "but it is a holy day."

TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM.

I came away without saying a word; I was too much affected, and I thought within myself, verily "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—From the French.

Gossip.

Elizabeth—Have you heard what Kate Morrison said about you?

Frances—No, and if you please, Elizabeth, I would rather not know.

Elizabeth—Rather not know! Why she said you were a—

Frances—No, no! please do not finish it. I might feel unkind toward her, and be tempted to say something against her. I want to be independent and not care what people say; and so, to begin, I am resolved not to hear gossip about myself and others if I can help it.

Elizabeth—That is very strange. If people will talk about me, I will talk about them.

Frances—You will always be in trouble, then. Resolve to speak against no one. Do what is right and go on your way. Don't listen to tittle-tattle, but say to yourself, I do not care what people say when I do right, and you will be happy. Gossip eats out the brightest and best portions of social life. Let us kill the canker worm in ourselves, and so much is done towards its universal destruction.

May all who read this beautiful lesson profit by the wisdom it teaches.

INGENUOUS. When Sir Walter Scott was at school, a boy in the same class was asked by the dominie what part of speech WITH was. "A noun, Sir," said the boy, "you young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?" "I can tell you, Sir," interrupted Scott:—"You know there is a verse in the Bible which says:—they bound Samson with WITHS."

The Nine Parts of Speech.

These little words we often see,

Are Articles; A, AN, and THE;

A Noun's the name of any thing;

As SCHOOL, or GARDEN, TOP or STRING.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun

As GREAT, SMALL, PRETTY, WHITE and BROWN.

Instead of nouns the Pronoun stands,

John's head, HIS face, MY arm YOUR hand.

Verbs tell of something being done,

To READ, WRITE, COUNT, SING, JUMP or RUN;

How things are done the Adverbs tell

As SLOWLY, QUICKLY, ILL or WELL.

A Preposition shows the place

Of nouns, as ON or OFF your face:

Conjunctions join the nouns together,

As men and children, wind or weather.

The Interjection shows surprise,

As—OH, how pretty! AH, how wise!

J. Neale

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIOS:

ANGEL VOICES, PEARLS OF FRIENDSHIP, CORRESPONDENCE, EXTRACTS; PUBLIC, PRIVATE, OLD, NEW.

To E. I would be glad if I could convince you of the watchful care of your spirit mother. It is a sad thought that a child should grow up without realizing the tender care which is prompted by a mother's love. But it is not too late to realize it now; if you will but open your soul to the holy influences which descend from the Spirit world. Let the thought cheer you that amid your sufferings you are not alone. I think I had not right views of the Marriage Relation, when on the earth; but I erred ignorantly.

To E. and H. Let the thought that angels attend you, cheer you on through the uneven journey of life. Small indeed will seem the little cares and petty vexations which occur in every day life, when you shall stand with me above the stars, on the broad platform of truth, love and progress, and look still farther onward until the eye rests as it were upon the translucent light which emanates from the throne of God

ADELPHIAN INSTITUTE, PA., JAN. '60.

Friends: I have started, and now I feel like a bird let loose; for I have been literally caged up in the city of Philadelphia.

I gave a reading of one of my National Historical Dramas at the 'Adelphian Institute,' under the care of the Misses Bush, with whom I have sojourned while here, and who are most inestimable ladies, their School being also one of the best in the country. I wish you would mail them every Number, a copy of the RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

There are a few Spiritualists here, but they are afraid to face the music.

You may send me your paper, from time to time, and I will act as Agent, and try all I can to introduce it to the Public. And I would suggest to you to enlarge it, so you could publish longer articles; it would be more sought after by many; for the world judges matter generally by the size, in this day of humbug and money.

I shall spend a few days in the city before I leave, of which I will keep you posted.

I have a few short poems—shall I send them? Hereafter I shall have more time to write.

Fraternally, J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

Br. Churchill is our Agent wherever he may travel.

SHALL WE ENLARGE? is the question now before us, as suggested by our friend. We have considered the matter before this, and thought it best to defer the enlargement another year. We have given our entire labors, both as editors and practical printers, to the paper thus far, which is all we proposed to do, and all we can promise for the future. We have set the example of casting our bread upon these waters; if enough others are prepared to do the same by way of money, or obtaining subscribers, we will gather up their contributions with joy, and devote them to the cause of truth and humanity, by affording a larger sheet. We know how we could com-

'Little children, cherish the voice within; for it is God talking with you.'

mand the means to enlarge, if we could—every editor knows it; but we do not dance to that music. It would defeat our object. We have not said less or more than our conviction of truth, to open any man's purse; nor do we propose ever to do it, though our little sheet should remain unenlarged, and unpopular, TO ALL ETERNITY!

We hope to hear from our readers, quite generally, whether on the Free-list, or among the able and willing, before this Volume closes, in regard to our effort in the past, and their ideas of the future; though we do not imagine that we have served, or can ever afford to serve them all to a very palatable dish.

Our New York correspondent, to whom we owe and extend many thanks for her voluntary and well expressed literary and philanthropic contributions to our columns, writes:

"If any person wishes to bring the subject of 'Dress Reform' before the minds of the Gothamites, with due deference, I would suggest that he or she take the opportunity to deliver a course of lectures during a rain-storm of five or six consecutive days. By the clouds of dust which greeted your uninitiated eyes, when you were in the city, you can judge of the depth of mud with which we are favored at such a time. Street-crossings are one way possibly managed; but who to the unlucky fair one whom the stern finger of fate beckons across an Avenue. Ladies who would hold up their hands in horror at the idea of wearing the 'Reform Dress,' in sheer desperation, throw the skirts of their rich robes over their arms, and, with both hands to guard their immaculate embroidered ermine from deilection, rush frantically forward—dexterously dodging imperforable horse-carren (shouting, 'P'—Licensed fenders!') beligerent stage-drivers, sublimely oblivious, while 'Young America' is standing on the corner, not to fly to the rescue of distressed damsels, but to enjoy their confusion, and to comment on their awkward movements."

"THE CENTRAL PARK, where persons are flocking by thousands, contains a 'skating pond' of 40 acres, including that of the ladies. There are hydrants at different points around the pond, and several inches of water are let on every night, so that it presents a smooth surface in the morning. A large number of policemen are in attendance, to render assistance in case of accident. There is now a carriage-way completed, of 4 miles in length.

"I visited the Pond one day last week. It was a grand sight! Just imagine 2000 persons skating, cutting all sorts of geometrical figures (and some figures not geometrical) on the ice. It was quite a democratic gathering I assure you. A ragged and not over clean *Chiffonier*, would now and then tip the 'fratricide feet' of some Wall street prince, or Fifth Avenue nabob; and the little urchin of ten years might be seen patronizingly assisting his grey-haired father to stand on skates without *gaiters*. In various parts of the Park were nearly as many more persons; every class of society was represented, from the lady in her magnificent \$500 set of furs, and flashing diamonds of five times that sum, in her splendid equipage, with coachmen and footmen in livery, to the poor seamstress in cotton shawl and faded sun-bonnet—from the millionaire to the man whose voice penetrates every house with the exclamation: 'Any—old rags—bottles—do—sell!'—*N. Y. A. G. C.—New York, Jan. '60.*

DEAR FRIENDS: We have received seven Nos. of the RADICAL SPIRITUALIST, and like its composition much;

please consider us perennial subscribers, and we will remit from time to time. Enclosed find \$1, in Stamps. Yours in truth—*J. H. H. & J. A. A.—New. Mo.*

We thank these distant helpers. As we are soon to publish *THE ANGEL AND THE SLAYER*, (a poem of ours) we will send them copies gratis. If they can forward us a Club of 20 more names, from that land of perennial blossom, we will likewise send a copy of the Poem to each, and our friends will be entitled to the benefit of our Club terms. We would like to extend our paper in that direction, but hope our friends will not feel that we are imposing an obligation upon them; if they can aid our cause in the spirit of love, in the spirit of love we will labor on, and send our guardian Angel, with holy benedictions on the heads of the true friends, whose "human face divine" we may not see in the form.

— FRIENDS: I see, by a paper which I receive, that you furnish your paper 'Free to the Outcast.' Now I do not think I actually come under that head, yet ask you to send me the paper, and if I like it I will send you Fifty cents. Address—*D. O. A.*

We will thank any of our friends for the names of real outcasts, that we may send them our paper.

Spiritualism in England.

We select the following from "A New Series of Spiritual Tracts," published by F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row, London:

In England, Spiritualism seems to have caught the ear of two classes of society; namely, the so-called wealthy, and the poor. As for the other great class, called the middle class, including the well paid operative, they are thoroughly engrossed in other pursuits. For Spiritualism to commend itself to them, it should hold out some hope of immediate gain. If it could be turned into a spy to watch the rise and fall of the markets, and a thousand other little errands of a like nature, it would soon obtain popularity; but to enter into considerations of a future life, is, to them, a task at present uncalled for. The future must take care for itself. They devote a few hours on the sabbath day to attending at some place of so-called worship,—contribute moderately to sustain the different forms of religion and seem tolerably well satisfied with the exertions and explanations of their teachers. In return the church seems to utter nice honied phrases which does nothing to alarm them in seeking treasure where moth and rust corrupts and where thieves break through and steal. The church gives no sign of embracing Spiritualism. There are some honourable exceptions; but, as a whole, the ministers and their supporters are by far the most ferocious upon us. They speak of us in language which is very unbecoming their vocation and seem perfect strangers to that clarity which thinketh no evil.

☞ Quite a number of subscribers, long ago, gave us their names, saying, "We will send the pay in a week or two." We like promptness, and shall promptly erase the names of such patrons, if we do not hear from them soon. We will gladly send them our paper free, if they desire; but we want them to be one thing or the other.

What men call accident is heaven's order.

Radical Spiritualist.

No Union with Warriors!

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Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year. To Agents, for Clubs;
6 Copies for \$2, 10 for \$3, and \$20 for \$5. HARRIET
N. GREENE and BRYAN J. BETTS, Editors.

HOPEDALE, MASS., FEBRUARY 1, 1860.

Notes on Spiritualism.

WHAT WILL BE ACCOMPLISHED?

1. Individuality.

The difficulty of determining the true source and character of this new development will, of itself, tend to individualize the inquirer. In a matter which no one fully comprehends, all must determine for themselves. This necessity will have a tendency to overthrow that grim Man of Awe—*Authority*. The priests may answer other questions, with some evidence of wisdom; but here they are *dumb!* The laymen of the churches, (greatly to their benefit) must rely on their own reason. Yet they are not left entirely without counsel. The Spirits answer what the man of sacerdotal office cannot. The lambs are fed still. But the shepherds—may they not starve!

Spiritualism develops the Individual in two general directions:

First, it develops the Reasonal, or Intellectual man. Second, it develops the Spiritual, or Affectional man.

The 'raps,' to the philosophic mind, suggest an analogy to the Telegraph—suggest a Benjamin Franklin as their possible originator in the spirit realm, as he has been claimed to be. Thus is opened, at once, the door of science.

But while this door is opening, the other opens also, and philosophy and religion, for the first time in the world's history, are married. The inquirer comes not only into intellectual contact with the conditions of communication, but into spiritual contact with exalted minds in the spirit heaven, and thence to a deeper, broader, and profounder sense of Religion than can exist in any soul unopened to the ineffable light and love of the spirit's home.

2. Transfer of Conditions.

One of the material conditions of Spiritualism is the power of *motion without physical contact*. If such motion is produced by men out of the form, it is inferable that similar motion may be produced by men in the

form—that the power which moves 'tables' may move mountains! The crude spade, now used to level them, may be exchanged for electrical appliances to surmount an hundred years' obstacle in a day. Yet this would not be wonderful. *The great wonder is, that intangible motion should be produced AT ALL!*

Another possible transfer of condition from the spirit to the human heaven is the power of *locomotion*. The body of man may become so electrical that his attractions will be as much from as toward the earth. His countenance will then "glow as the sun," so refined have become the bodily elements—the external garment with which the spirit is clothed! If there be a power which is competent to elevate a man, bodily, from the earth, even now, before his spiritual refinement, who shall limit the material, aerial practice of that power *afterwards?* Yet the same class of minds who believe (without sufficient evidence), that some of the olden prophets were caught up to heaven, and that Jesus and Peter walked on the sea of Galilee, will deem this prophecy visionary. Let such minds consider the following facts:

First, That the sacred writings of all times give instances of suspended gravitation. Cases of Elijah and Jesus for examples.

Second, That persons in *these* times have bodily ascended and descended in the air, without visible aid.

Third, That nearly all persons, in their inspired conditions, feel their bodies to be permeated, pervaded, or charged with a lightning, or elevating influence.

Fourth, That the advanced races are more refined in organization, and better fitted to rationally perceive the possibility of a man's clothing himself with electricity as with a garment, and traversing space.

Fifth, That minds remote from each other in the body have already communicated with each other by *impression*.

Sixth, That clairvoyants can see to distant places, and through material objects.

Seventh, That material objects of great weight have been moved—even strong buildings shaken—by spirit power.

Again, one of the spiritual conditions, transferable from the inner to the outer human realm, is the principle of *direct* inspiration, and spontaneous teaching. Dependence on ancient manuscripts for wisdom will be superseded by communion with their living authors. Why go to ancient records for wisdom centuries behind that which you may learn from invisible teachers? Those there are—

Who know that ancient writ, if once sublime,
Meets not the deeper wants of coming time;
Know, too, that all which modern prophets see,
Or ancient saw, with what is yet to be,

'There will be some who have courage to walk on naked swords; but—'

Compared, which waits the gaze of raptured seers
To come, or e'en with what now is, in spheres
Grown hoary through the wisdom of eternal years,
Is but an infant's vision!

That is, the sum of all

The prophecies, tho' fraught with meanings yet untold,
All revelations of the ages old,
All learnings, all philosophies, the bold
And manly thought of later times, compared
With wisdom yet by seers to be declared,
Is a child's vision! 'Neath the upper round
Of progress e'en archangel's thought is bound
By vast infinity. Therefore, the LIGHT,
Descending from its tranquil, golden height
To lower spheres, doth teach men evermore—

[From the Angel and the Slave.]

Thus glorious, O mankind! is the soul's destiny. Ye
who have ended your book-worm pilgrimage may pre-
pare to be taught directly from the inspired lips of
immortal brothers, who are ever waiting to instruct
earth's inhabitants, in the principles, employments and
laws of progression in the higher life. The grand out-
lines of their teachings will be negatively—

To omit all spiritually useless learnings,—all military
schools, medical terminologies, theologic dogmas, pris-
ons, vindictive punishments, mere business competitions,
etc., etc. Positively—

To educate mankind from the *germ*—in the laws of
life and reproduction of the human body and soul.

To educate mankind to hold *direct* converse with
God in creation.

To educate mankind in *sight* of the future—in the
spiritual uses of the hour.

To educate mankind to find their true attractions as
a substitute of spiritual conditions in place of present
legal apprenticeships, in business and marriage.

In a word, to teach the interior principles of physiolo-
gy, phrenology, language, inspiration, prophecy—under
which will be explained the history of the human race—
buried antiquities, geological and human, more clearly
than are written in Alexandrian Libraries, or all the
dead languages of the ages.

It has Gone.

The year 1859 has gone—gone with all its joys and
sorrows, its hopes and fears, and by many will soon be
forgotten. But there are those who will long remem-
ber it for its painful associations. Those who have
spent nights in sorrow and tears, because some dear,
loved friend has departed from the narrow path of
rectitude and virtue, will long remember them.
The wife, who has long sat by the lone fireside, listening
with painful forebodings for the footsteps of the dissipa-
ted husband, will remember, with anguish, her nights
of bitterness. The mother, who has kissed for the last
time her darling babe, and laid its little form to rest
among Autumn's fading flowers, does not forget when

the dying year sighs its sad requiem over its resting
place, and mantles the little grave with snowy shrouds
of dazzling whiteness. Those who have deeply sorrowed
will long remember the departed year, and wisely
cherish the lessons which it has taught.

The joyous and light-hearted, who have bid the Old
Year a merry "good bye," may not forget all the good
the past has brought them. Around the fair and sunny
places of life their thoughts will often linger, counting,
perhaps, the curious threads which affection has woven
together, and dream, perhaps, that all their future years
will be as bright and hopeful as the past.

But the Old Year has gone, and a new one has dawned
upon us. We would begin the year with high re-
solves, and noble aspirations. While we regret the fol-
lies and weaknesses of the past, we would invoke the
aid of higher wisdom to guide us into new fields of use-
fulness. If we have sometimes spoken words which
have fallen harshly upon the sensitive ear, we will try
in the future to always speak the *truth* in love, ever re-
membering, that blaming the world for its follies will not
reform it. We would not forget the poor and unfortu-
nate whose path the sunlight of love seldom illumi-
nates. We wish all our readers many happy years in
this life, and that they, with *ourselves*, may bless the world
with love-deeds, and enter at last the fair home of the
angels, and dwell where God is "all in all." H. N. G.

Unwritten Music.

There is eloquence in the following language, written
by one of the first trance mediums in the field:

There is unwritten music. The world is full of it. I
hear it every hour that I wake, and my waking sense is
surpassed sometimes by my sleeping—though that is a
mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is
not music. It is all heaven's work, and so harmony.
You may mingle, and divide, and strengthen the passa-
ges of its great anthem, and it is still melody—melody.
The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and
the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear as if their
sweetness was linked by an accurate finger; yet the wind
is but a fitful player, and you may go out when the tem-
pest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they
lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it sweeps
through, and its own solemn monotony over all—and
the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unal-
tered bass shall reach you in the intervals of its power, as
much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its
perfect and perpetual hymn. There is no accident of
nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loos-
ened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown
tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and
the thunder peal awfully in the sky; and, sudden and
violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with
the sound of winds and waters, and the exquisite ear of
the musician can detect no jar.

I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands,
which, in connection with the principle it involves, is ex-
ceedingly beautiful. "It is believed that, to the ear of
the dying—which, just before death becomes always ex-
quisitely acute—the perfect harmony of the voices of

You will find few who are capable of keeping a just mien.

nature is so ravishing, as to make him forget his suffering, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from the close shieling, and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams. I can believe that it is not superstition.—*R. P. Ambler.*

Notices of the Times.

EXPULSION OF FREE NEGROES FROM ARKANSAS.—
Large Arrival in Cincinnati—Their reception by the Colored Population. At the late session of the Arkansas Legislature, an act was passed giving the free negroes of that State the alternative of migrating before January 1, 1860, or of becoming slaves. As the time of probation has now expired, while some few individuals have preferred servitude, the great body of the free colored people of Arkansas are on their way northward. We learn that the upward bound boats are crowded with them, and that Seymour, Indiana, on the line of Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, affords a temporary home for many others.

A party of forty, mostly women and children, arrived in this city last evening, by the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. They were welcomed by a committee of ten appointed from the colored people of the city, by whom the refugees were escorted to the Dumas House, on Mc Allister street, between Fourth and Fifth, at which place a formal reception was held. They were assured by the chairman of the reception committee, Peter H. Clark, that if they were industrious and exemplary in their conduct, they would be sure to gain a good livelihood and many friends. The exiles, as before stated, are mostly women and children, the husbands and fathers being held in servitude. They report concerning the emigration, that hundreds of the free colored men of Arkansas have left for Kansas, and hundreds more are about to follow. *Cincinnati Gazette, Jan. 4.*

REMARKS.

In reading the above cruel Act, recently passed by the Arkansas Legislature, I have tried to make the case my own. I have asked myself, what if I was compelled to leave my own New England home—(a home dearer to me than all other spots on earth)—or be forced to a life of servile bondage as the only alternative? The blood has almost curdled in my veins at the thought of such a fate. The fact that a few chose a living death to being banished from their native State, shows how strongly the love of home is woven into the life currents of their being. How long will the powerful be permitted to oppress the weak? What new device will be invented to draw the life's blood from the black man's heart? Alas! a day of reckoning will surely come, and we to those who have, with the iron heel of despotism, crushed God's sable children in the dust. H. N. G.

L. B. MONROE, recently of the *Spiritual Age*, gave an able, philanthropic, and quite radical discourse, on Woman and her Position, at Hopedale, Sunday, 29th ult. He also spoke at Milford, Mass., the same day.

JOEL H. CLAYTON, recently of the S. C. *Progressionist*, now edits *The Presence*, \$1.50, Hendersonville, N. C. It is pro-slavery in its tone, less outspoken than was the *Progressionist*. We are sorry to see our friend progress that way. He had better come North, or give up all attempts to print a free paper, of any stamp; unless he is willing to remain on the oppressor's soil till he is mobbed, or martyred. We could accord him the highest honor for martyrdom, even in the cause of the white man's freedom; but for such cowardly onslaughts at the friends of universal freedom as the following extracts afford, we have no respect whatever.

"*Effects of Abolitionism.* The Legislature of Florida has passed an act, compelling all free negroes to leave the State . . . or become slaves. If the Abolitionists want free negroes, now let them send to Florida . . . They can now get them lawfully."

"*The Negro's true Condition.* Among the petitions before the last Legislature of S. C., was the petition of Elizabeth Bird, a free woman of color, for permission to become the slave of Rev. Wm. P. Hill."

"THE ELLWOOD FAMILY," an Anti-Slavery drama, written by W. S. Haywood, was represented a second time, by members of his "Hopedale Home School," at Milford, and was greeted by a large and intelligent audience, on the 19th ult. It was an eminent success.

A. E. NEWTON gave a discourse on "The Church of the Future," at our Dale, Jan. 22. He also addressed the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress in Milford. He is about to sever the chain which binds him to the Age, and we hope the Spiritualistic public will show itself capable of a better appreciation and reward of the future services of this modest and talented laborer, in whatever direction they may be spent.

MISS FANNIE DAVIS, Medium, lectured in Boston, on Sunday, 22d ult., to a large audience, making a salutary impression—rather more ultra and humanitarian than is the general custom of other mediums, brought up under Dr. Gardener's fostering care. The Boston *Bee*, once strenuous against Spiritualism, speaks in high terms of her discourses, which is a good omen.

THE "JOURNAL OF PROGRESS," (formerly "The Type of the Times,") comes to us printed in superior style. It is now afforded at \$1 a year. It is a valuable (mainly phonetic) journal, Cincinnati, O. Subscribe now.

"THE LAWS OF LIFE" (formerly "The Letter Box") is a finely appearing journal, of 16 pages, published at Dansville, N. Y., 75 cts. a year. Harriet N. Austin, Ed.

☞ We omit our Phonetic department this Number, owing to the pressure of other matter. We shall resume in our next, and insert one or two communications.

☞ We shall improve the next Vol. of the RADICAL.

'What an orator is nature when God speaks through her.'

DYSPEPTIC'S CORNER.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP. Once two ministers of the Gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching: "Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. If you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence to convince the old gentleman that the written sermons expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and, if called upon, he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try the next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text, and I will convince you that I can preach without ever having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath on mounting the pulpit, the senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, charming the attention of his delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon, the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked sadly around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and read aloud—"Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading the third time—"Am I not thine ass?"—he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said—"I think I am, brother."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON SURPRISE PARTIES. "They're all very well, surprise parties are," said Mrs. Partington, laying down her knitting-work in her lap, and putting her specs upon the roof of her cap, "They're all very well where folks are prepared for 'em; where they have the sandwiches and cold ham all cut and dried, with the lemonade in the gobbins, and the coffee in the tureen all ready to be turned out; but where they come like an army, hungry as bears and hypothenuses, and ready to eat one lip, with no provisions made or cooked for 'em— heaven help us! it is trying. People may smile as much as they may, and say they are dreadful glad to see 'em, and all that; but my opinion is that they would be glad to see 'em a good way off, all the time. But when they carry things with 'em, as they do to ministers, and surprise 'em with donations of doughnuts and silver plates, that is a different matter. When our minister lost money in railroad shares, that cut him off short, his parish gin him a surprise party, and helped him along surprisingly. They are good when they're managed like that." She stopped as a beam of reflected sunshine came into her eyes with blinding force, filling her with surprise, as the sun lay by the west; but could she have seen the sly look which like bore, on the opposite corner, as he thrust a piece of looking-glass into his pocket, she would have no longer wondered. That boy was evidently a party to her surprise.—*Knitting-Work.*

SPURGEON, the London sensationalist preacher, sometimes gets off a good thing out of the pulpit, however stupid he may be in it. A London letter to the *Portland State of Maine* says: "A brother minister called to see him one day, rang the bell, and when the servant came to the door, the Rev. told him to inform Mr. S. that a servant of the Lord wished to have an interview with him. The message was delivered to Mr. Spurgeon. 'Hum, ha, servant of the Lord; tell the person I can't see him—I am very busy with my master.'"

The free-and-easy familiarity of revival preachers with their Creator has often been remarked and is peculiarly shocking to people who are blessed with a considerable amount of reverence. It is told of Prof. Finney, the Oberlin revivalist, that he once introduced himself into his prayer in these terms:

"And here, O Lord, is thy servant, Prof. Finney, ready and anxious to be used up in thy service; but we pray thee, if consistent with thy will, let him be used up as economically as possible." In the same effort the Professor thus took off Prof. Morgan: "And here, Lord, is Brother John Morgan: Lord, thou knowest he has more sense than all of us, but, O Lord, he is so lazy!"

"MOTHER, do you think grandfather will go to heaven when he dies?"

"I hope so, my child."

"Then I do n't want to go," said Eddie.

"Why not?" asked the mother.

"Because if grandfather should come along and see me there, he would say, 'Whew, whew, what's this little boy here for?'"

"How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that Parson W. —, the laziest man living, writes those interminable long sermons?" "Why," says the other, "he probably gets to writing and is too lazy to stop."

A certain Southern lady once visited the wintry North, accompanied by a sprightly little daughter. A snow storm arose (with great falling flakes,) while on their visit, when the little girl ran to her mother, exclaiming: "O mother! do come here, and see the angels emptying the feather beds!"

This reminds us, that a fugitive from Southern oppression, now sojourning in our village, says that he mistook a snow bank for *salt*, on his recent arrival in Massachusetts. It was quite an uncomfortable mistake, he found, while traveling on foot from a certain city hither.

CURIOSITIES. To see two ladies pass each other in the street without turning about to see what the other has on.

MISPLACED POLITENESS—asking a full hooped lady to take a seat in an arm chair. "It can't be did."

ENCOURAGING WORD! "Nov 28 1859 Proprietors of Radical Spiritualist Your paper Does not take With us We have Paid 24 cts Postage and Sold 5 papers We Return You the No for December—You Will Please Stop

S — — — & Co"

We quote the above verbatim, except the blanks.

'That man should make himself an imitation, this is the fact which Nature deploras.'



[For the Radical Spiritualist.]

The Old Year, and the New.

BY MRS. ABBIE G. COMSTOCK.

How busily the summer wove
Her golden sunbeams into flowers;
And bound their offerings of love
Upon the wings of the fleet hours.

And onward they were borne to where
The Old Year sits and sadly weaves
To bind her yellow, faded hair,
A coronal of forest leaves.

She flung the fragrant blossoms by,
They were too fair, too pure, too frail;
'Mid gorgeous splendor she would die,
And pomp should crown her burial.

But day by day she, shivering, watched
Her crimson glories, one by one,
By some mysterious finger touched,
Leave her deserted and alone.

Then pitying Winter kindly spread
An ermine mantle o'er her breast;
And for the purple bloom, now dead,
Rare pearls upon her forehead pressed.

But with a low and sobbing wail,
She o'er the bare, bleak hill-tops passed,
And gave her form, so wan and pale,
To the mausoleum of the Past.

Now in a glad, triumphant strain,
Her festive song the New Year sings;
But I can hear the dirge-refrain
Which through the joyous rythm rings.

New York, Jan. '60.

That strain again!—It had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odors!—*Shakspeare.*

"'Tis a question yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else
Fortune love!"

[For the Radical Spiritualist.]
Thoughts.

BY PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

I've lived, I've loved, I've toiled and sorrowed,
Through change of place and station;
Have bought and sold, earned and borrowed,
E'en from the store-house of creation;
Still I'm not weary of the right
Of doing good with all my might.

I've sung, I've laughed, hoped, feared and sighed,
And traveled far o'er land and sea;
I've looked on when the rich ones died,
And seen the drunkard in his glee;
But still my spirit turned away
To yon pure realms of perfect day.

I've wandered o'er the earth alone,
And plucked the flowers of love and gladness;
And life's deep agony I've known,
The sorest trials and keenest sadness;
But still I'm living for the true,
Passing the old—seeking the new.

I've asked of man my right, my due,
And striven for the pure and good;
I've lived a life-time for the true,
And every insult have withstood;
But still my soul, my spirit bright,
Is ready for the heavenly flight.

Norristown, Jan. 8, 1860.

Loved and Lost.

BY HATTIE TYNG.

Thou art low in the grave, May-blossom,
With the violets clasped to thy breast,
And the flower-censers cast thy soft incense,
O'er the spot where thy heart is at rest.

And we weep all the day-time, May-blossom,
And we cry through the night unto God,
When we think how the moonlight is falling
On the grave neath the violet sod.

And oft when I sit by the window
The form that floats near me is thine,
And I sometimes can feel, in the twilight,
Thy hand resting softly in mine.

And oft in the midnight, May blossom,
Thy white arms seem round me once more,
And I wake thinking that thou art calling
My feet to the shadowy shore.

In thy new home, dear love, thou art lonely,
And thou callest me thus unto thee;
I will haste to thee quickly, May-blossom,
Sweet Christ! speed the boat o'er the sea.

How angelic seems every fragment of life which is earnest and true.—L. M. CHILD.