

RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

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

VOL. 1, NO. 7. **MONTHLY** NOVEMBER, '59.

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

RADICAL SPIRITUALIST:
Printed at Hopedale, Ms.; Free to the OUTCAST; To the Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year. To Agents, for Clubs: 5 Copies for \$2, 10 for \$3, and \$20 for \$5. HARRIET N. GREENE and BRYAN J. BUTTS, Editors.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN:
Printed at Hopedale, Ms., Fortnightly. \$1 a Year. Lowest Club Rate: 20 Copies at 50 Cts. each. A liberal Journal of a thorough, practical stamp. ARIN BALLOU, Editor.

- Stories, and Voices to Youth.

Little Nellie.

"I wish I could die!" exclaimed Nellie Ray, as she went, sobbing, into the back-parlor, where her sister Mary sat weeping.

"Why, Nellie! why do you wish so?" said the sister. "Do you not know that it is very wicked to talk so?"

"Well, I can't help being wicked. I am always doing something wrong. Just now, I went to take down mother's large China vase, and it slipped out of my hands on to the floor and broke all to pieces! Mother was very angry with me, and scolded so hard, and when I told her I was sorry, she only pushed me from her, and said I did more mischief, and made her more trouble than all her other children. I don't think mother loves me now, and if I should die I know she would love me. Don't you remember after sister Allie died, how mother cried, and how many times she kissed her as she laid cold and still in her little coffin? I thought then I wished Allie knew how much mother loved her, and I wanted to die, too, so that mother would love me."

The eyes of the elder sister were filled with tears as she drew the trembling, sensitive child to her bosom, and imprinted on her quivering lips an affectionate kiss.

"Dear Nellie must not feel so," said the sister in a gentle tone. "Mother did not mean to wrong you. She has a great deal of care, you know. She has to work very hard, and sometimes she seems cross, I know. But it is not because she does not love us; my little sister must not think so."

"But mother says I like to make her work. When I

tore my dress, the other day, and ran to tell her how sorry I was, she only said she believed I took comfort in making her all the trouble I could. When I tried to put my arm around her neck, and tell her how it happened, and ask her to forgive me, she would not let me, and sent me up stairs, where I had to stay all the afternoon. Now, if she loved me, she wouldn't do so."

Thus spoke the tender-hearted child—a child who had an extremely nervous organization, with nerves that vibrated at the slightest touch of the key of joy or sorrow.

Mothers! this is not a mere fancy picture. Many a time have I seen the little child sobbing away from its mother's arms, when I knew how quickly one kind word would lull its little swelling bosom to peace. We know not, when we coldly send back the warm current of spontaneous love to the child's heart, how many angels we have grieved. Ye who have done this, do it no more!
H. N. G.

Filial Reverence.

We say to children, large and small—especially to young men—honor your parents. We know of young men who think highly of themselves, who even boast of their attainments, as they dangle their gold or brass watch-chains (we don't know which) who yet think it quite smart to smoke a cigar occasionally, and talk of their father or mother with an air of contempt. We have in our mind one in particular (*you, we mean*) who seems to consider it his proper office to rule the household. He addresses his parents as though they were his servants. This is a radical defect, which no amount of knowledge, or culture in other respects can cover. This is a "fast" age, it is said, and has its "fast young men"—very precious they are—but we dissent in toto to this popular winking at grave errors in youth. We deny the assumed "smartness" or the true culture of any young man who can, by word, look, or gesture, treat his parents with irreverence. We say to young women, beware of that young man! No matter how prepossessing his appearance: **he is the young tyrant!** He will make a tyrannical husband, if he marry (and he will).

TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM.

If you have a sacred conviction, differing from his, he will trifle with it. He is just the one to believe in woman's "sphere," and will talk loudly against her stepping one inch out of the beaten path which he and society have assigned her.

We have very little respect for any amount of outward respectability, in young or old persons, who lack filial reverence. Though they carry their heads high, they can only look little to us, while we pity them for their ignorant pomposity. H. N. G.

THY MOTHER. The world may persecute thee while living, and when dead plant the ivy and the nightshade of slander upon thy grassless grave—but thy mother will love and cherish thee while living, and if she survive thee she will weep for thee when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy mother.

COMICAL INNOCENCE. An exchange says, a little child had made a stool, no two of the legs of which were of a length. While trying in vain to make it stand upon the floor, he looked into his mother's face and asked, "Does God see everything?" "Yes, my child." "Well," replied the son, "I guess he will laugh when he sees this stool."

EDITORS' PORTFOLIOS:

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

Sad Reminiscence.

These Autumn days remind us of the departure of our loved and saddened sister. One short year has passed away since we laid her weary form to rest among the fading flowers. May her chastened spirit bask in the sunshine of Infinite Love, surrounded by those she loved so well.

We would remember the many sad and afflicted ones, who listen to these autumnal winds as to funeral dirges. We would extend our sympathy to all earth's children, and drop our tears with theirs, knowing what it is to miss the beloved. In looking over our old letters to-day, we find a few lines from our departed sister, written soon after her darling Ella had gone to the spirit home. This child was her idol. The mother never recovered from the shock, but gradually failed in health till the kind angel, Death, came and conducted her into the presence of her "Ella dear!" H. N. G.

DEAR SISTER: I wish to thank E. for her kindness to us, and please say to her that I shall remember the service she has done us in regard to the dear portrait. I do not doubt but that it has been a pleasure for her to do it; for she loved our little Ella, as did every one who knew her. Dear H., no one knows how much I missed my darling last week! I was all alone during each day, and O, how much I missed that prattling voice! I hear it ever in imagination; sleeping or waking, my Ella is in all my thoughts. I suppose you think her dear spirit can be with me. I hope it is so, for this is all the consolation I can receive in this world.

Our visit to H. will be a sad one. Oh, how different from that we last made you! Ella was with us then, and I was happy, but did not realize it. But I must submit and try to be patient.
From your afflicted sister A.

Letter from Prof. J. Edwin Churchill.

Philadelphia, Sept. 22, '59.

FRIENDS: Received the "Radical" and am much pleased with it—will act for you in my travels, as I start South in a few days. I claim to be a true reformer, but have my own views on all subjects, and shall speak as I think.

I would like to write you a series of letters on subjects nearest to my heart—"Marriage," "Government," "Law" and "Gospel." I shall endeavor to make them short and to the point.

I like your independence. Let every man be a universe within himself—a law, not for others, but for himself, living his highest life—Reason being at the helm.

Go upward and onward, joyously in the work, my brother and sister, while in this earth life, to educate thine own spirits from spheres above, and ye will be able to give to the hungering, food that is everlasting. Rich will be the recompense; for both good and evil bring their own fruits. Curses will blast and blessings save. Time heals the wounds of wrong, and true resolves keep temptation ever subservient to the will—Love, perfectly untrammelled, without law or gospel, casteth away fear. Will makes us strong, and Wisdom sanctifies the whole nature.

Friends, proclaim the higher life; teach devotion to great Nature's law of progress—the doctrine of individual identity, the meeting of the "loved ones," a union of true affinities and the true marriage of all mates,—a perfect trust in the "Great Positive Mind"—that creation is not a failure, but that whatever is is right.

In conclusion, receive my heartfelt congratulations and esteem; wherever I journey, or whether I pass to other spheres, count me among thy co-workers in the cause of Truth, Use, and Duty. As ever, thy brother,

J. EDWIN CHURCHILL

We doubt our friend's success as an agent for us at the South, though he can safely count us as a true friend to Southerners. Our principles make us such. But can he make many slaveholders understand this, so long as we oppose, root and branch, the "peculiar institution"? We hope our friend will be faithful to "these little ones," and not try to "climb up some other way" to Truth's Temple than simply telling the truth—in love. We shall be ashamed of him, if he can go skulking among the slave-pens of the South, preaching his "spiritual gospel" with such harmonic rhythm as to leave no furrow behind him. We assure him that no power in earth or heaven can harm him, if he proclaim the impartial truth. Angels and spirits shall be a wall of fire round about him, even in Gethsemane and on Calvary, should he attain such eminence, and insure the certainty of his triumph. Go on, brother, if you are prepared; but do not carry a copy

The ordinary man confesses his faults—the great man FEELS them.

of the *Radical Spiritualist* in your satchel, if you entertain either fear or respect for the "powers that be."

We shall be glad to print all of our friend's articles which are "short and to the point."

A Word from Thomas Haskell.

Gloucester, Sept. 23, '59.

FRIENDS BUTTS AND GREENE: Enclosed is One Dollar toward the support of the *Radical Spiritualist*. I am glad you have taken decided Non-Resistant, Anti-Slavery ground; for the number is small who openly dare to avow and govern their lives according to these principles. When Jesus Christ was on earth he declared that no man could serve two Masters; but people have grown wiser at the present day. Many profess to be followers of Jesus, but immediately take part in Caesar's Government, if they have the opportunity; if not, they acknowledge their allegiance by voting to sustain his Government. I hope the time is not far distant when a company shall arise who will let the dead bury their dead! and show that a better society may be formed here in this world, than any we have yet seen.

Yours in the cause of human progress.

THOMAS HASKELL.

We thank our venerable and worthy friend T., for his encouraging word and act. He is one of the oldest and most faithful Non-Resistants in the field, and we value his approbation of our infantile labors in this direction, more highly than the applause of the unthinking multitude, or the favor of the governors of the land.

The letter following was addressed to an unfortunate young woman, in order to inspire her with hope, and with the consciousness of a new life:

MY SISTER: I know you will not refuse to meditate on the few words of sympathy and hope which I offer to you. Often, since you left, have I thought of your fate—knowing that you suffered much. You do not know that I am conscious of your errors, while yet not your scorner—know not how gladly—with what childlike ecstasy I would lead you into pleasant mansions. Yet I see that you are passing—and most inevitable—through the valley of humiliation, and that the anguish resulting from the inharmony of your brain is almost too great for you to bear. I observed, after obeying your request to magnetize you, much inflammation in the organs of your back-brain. The faculties there located—especially Amativeness—I saw must have been unduly exercised—that your intellect, though naturally strong, had become greatly impaired—your resolution destroyed, and your once noble womanhood profaned by sexual excesses.

Sister, I speak not to upbraid you, or express my indignation at your course of life. You know the consequences, and I will not pain you by a rehearsal. Do not despair. The struggles which you have had, and still have, with hereditary tendencies, are not in vain, nor to be set down to your discredit. They are such as come to all those whose nobility of soul cannot be wholly obscured by outward perversions. If you could read the pleading language of your faithful angelic guardians, so

deeply impressed upon my mind in your behalf—could you feel the arms of heaven's unsullied love clasping you in its bosom—the burden of your spirit would be thrown off, and you would be free! The love which you have had bestowed upon you by admirers who were not men—not manly enough to respect your womanhood—is a love which will never bless, but only add heavy burdens of sorrow to your already weary and depending spirit! May kind heaven send you love which will not desecrate the holy altar of your affections, or soil your womanly soul, but lead you into happier paths of peace. Words are poor expressions of the interest I shall take in your future course. I would be glad to see you again at H., but doubt whether your second visit, with a full knowledge of your outward life, would awaken much interest, beyond repulsion, in the hearts of the people. I may best aid you by writing—unless I should meet you in Boston, on my way. Sincerely,—B. June '55.

The following we print, more for the purpose of a permanent record of personal friendship, than for the eyes of a mercenary Public, to whose whims and caprices we are not pledged to conform:

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I have wished to write you ever since we have been in this our new home; but the weak tears would drop so fast whenever I sat to write to the *tried few* in H., so precious to my heart, and from whom I am bodily banished, that I have put aside my pen often to weep. You was to my wounded spirit the 'Good Samaritan,' and as you poured on the oil and the wine, how humble and penitent was my spirit before the good Father who had so hastened in love to send the strengthening Angel. God bless you for your mission to my soul! The influence of your spirit blesses me still. It spreads over me its calm serenity this quiet Sabbath morning—and I know, my brother—through what media comes the sweet repose.

You have done much towards teaching me the love of Rest. Thank you forever for opening to me this new Elysian."—H. Dec. 1853.

Woman not an Individual.

The humanity of woman is not recognized in law—unless she sin against the laws. She cannot sell land without the husband's signature. She cannot collect a debt, neither can she be compelled to pay her own. Upon the demise of her husband the law allows the widow (the *relict* of the dead man) the use of one third of the property that may have been her marriage portion. Her property, her person, her earnings and the children all belong to the husband. In some of the States, the husband has the right (of which he has availed himself,) of disposing of his wife's bed and children and wardrobe. If she does not love the man—if she feel the sacredness of true marriage, and the falsity, the profanation of her loveless life, and for this cause, refuses to live as wife with the man, he may advertise her, as having left his bed and board, and forbid persons trusting her on his account. Then a bill of divorce may be granted the husband without allowing the woman a single dime of their joint earnings. And then this bond-woman, seeking freedom, is not unfrequently stoned to death by the great number of sinless souls found everywhere.—H. F. M. Brown.

Radical Spiritualist.

HOPEDALE, NOV. 1, 1869.

NOTICES OF REFORM JOURNALS.

"THE AGITATOR" is a thorough Woman's Rights, Semi-Monthly; Edited, principally, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, O. \$1 a year, advance.

"THE SYMBL:" a practical Dress Reformer and Woman's Rights advocate. Semi-Monthly, quarto. Edited by Dr. Lydia S. Hasbrouck, Middletown, N. Y. \$1 a Year.

"THE REFORMER" is a radical 8vo. Monthly. Edited by Ellen Beard and Augustus Haman (married "under protest.") Aurora, Ill. \$1.50 a year, advance.

"THE LETTER BOX" is a Health, Woman's Rights, well printed 8vo. Harriet N. Austin, M. D., Editor, J. C. Jackson, M. D., Assistant. Auburn, N. Y. 75 Cts. a year.

TYPE OF THE TIMES: A liberal 8vo; printed partly in Phonetic. Longley Brothers, Publishers, Cincinnati, O. \$1 a year, advance.

Read "THE ORPHAN'S REST," a fine poem, on our last page.

Notes on Spiritualism.

III. HOW DO THEY COMMUNICATE?

Electricity, Magnetism, etc., are agents, by means of which the spirit may be able to produce motion. But, for the purpose of intelligent responses, the will of the spirit, in harmony with that of the medium, is necessary to direct the motion. The spirit cannot do so readily, without a medium, as I cannot take hold of and move material objects, after losing my hand. I may invent some method, as we are told that the spirit of Franklin has done. Though he cannot physically move a table, he can operate on or through the nerves and muscles of another, just as I can do through a Mesmerized person what I could not otherwise—cause him to speak in my name—perhaps to utter the very words I am, thinking! The ignorance of this philosophic law is the occasion of unreasonable exactions on the part of many skeptics. They will insist, in the absence of essential conditions, that satisfactory results should be produced. Thus does the charge of "humbug," or "evil," go up from minds shrouded in ignorance, while the discerning angels know where evil is.

Again, a superior natural mode of spirit-communion, is by impression, or mental talking. This mode is analogous to the elevated forms of revelation in all ages and nations. Spiritualism is the key which unlocks all the mysterious treasures of olden revelation, and shows how they originated. Ignorance, has enshrined them, like mummies, in the Egyptian night of ages, till they are believed to be really the personal penmanship of God. But the hour has come to teach mankind,—

- 1st, That God works by means. And
- 2d, That the means employed, in Providential order,

to enlighten mankind spiritually, have been by sending out from various circles of the interior spheres, spirits of elevation and power, to communicate to men a faith in immortality. As they approach our earth, they find but few minds sufficiently expanded in a spiritual direction, to feel their influence. And though they succeed in making these few conscious of some invisible presence, it is mistaken for God! Hence originated the belief—held even by many otherwise advanced minds of To-Day, that Scripture is given by inspiration of God. But the inspired moods in which Isaiah, Jeremiah, Socrates, Paul and St. John spoke and wrote, were simply induced by the magnetism of angels, though they naturally supposed them the direct voice of God. Zoroaster, Confucius, Socrates, and even Jesus, were more or less mistaken as to the immediate sources of their inspiration, though not as to its ultimate; for God does inspire every religiously unfolded mind of every age, Judaism and Christianity to the contrary notwithstanding; but not in the limited manner assumed, and then insisted on, by sectarians.

This angelic inspiration—this glorious visitation of minds from the inner realm—hallows and immortalizes the brow of genius. Genius has always been in communication with higher teachers. Painters, poets, men of rapt inspiration, are *en rapport* with the fountains of interior being whose waters, in their crystal glory, flow down the ever ascending mounts of intelligence! Goethe belittled himself at times, "surrounded by invisible beings," and there are lines of like import in the works of Shakespeare.

"The Rest of It."

We did not finish our address to "six-months" subscribers, in our last No. We broke off in the most interesting part:

To you, who advanced twenty-five cents, doubting if "it would pay," who, when called on, examined our sheet with reticence to your pocket-book, or reputation, more than with reticence to truth and humanity, we will say, that if your doubts still remain, they are well-founded. We assure you, our paper "won't pay," in your sense of the term. If it ever does, we hope we may have manhood enough left to shake off all patrons of your stamp, and begin anew. We are not a Yankee—at least not of your species—and hence we cannot "trade." You do not understand our commodity, and it will be entirely useless to you as an article of merchandise. You can learn the "state of the markets" from "cheaper" papers. We keep nothing "for sale," and as you wish to "buy," and get some truth in the bargain, there are the *N. Y. Tribunes, The Independent, etc.* We hope you will not purchase at any cheaper establishments. You treated us—when we offered you our paper—as you would treat any minion of the popular press. If you have not yet learned the difference, perhaps this article will suggest it, and win you to our cause.

To our outright helpers, and interested readers, we

It is an infallible instinct of the strong man, to conceal his strength.—H. JAMES.

can make no flattering promises; but while we feel a sense of our imperfect actual, in their truth-discerning presence, our ideal work expands before us, the spirit-heaven unseals its fountains of inspiration, the solemn hymn of oppressed, degraded humanity, falls evermore on our listening ear, and we cannot but cast our bread upon the waters, and proclaim our song of Peace, though both are swallowed up in the surging, self-seeking interests of the Present.

Backsliding Reformers.

Having occasion to pass through the village of M., last Sabbath, we thought we would call on a few of our old acquaintances. We found, however, that most of our friends had gone to church, and as we are quite prone to reason about matters, we began to query *what* church they attended. We had known many of them a long time as professed Liberalists, Abolitionists, and a few of them as Spiritualists, and were not a little surprised to find that they had now become quite constant attendants of the Episcopal church.

Now, we have a great deal of charity for people who have been educated to believe in the doctrine of endless punishment, vicarious atonement etc., but when we find persons who say they have transcended these doctrines, and have proclaimed to the world their faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man—when we find such persons attending churches because it is fashionable, and listening to doctrines which they *know* to be false, we pity them for their retrogression. We had hoped better things of them. Before we would worship God in such churches—kneel at the altar and receive the “bread of life” from a priest, whose hands are at this moment tightening the chains around the bodies and souls of the Southern bondmen, we would be counted unpopular, infidel; nay, we would choose rather to walk alone, deprive ourselves of many of the comforts of life, if need be, before we would lend our influence to enhance the glory of pro-slavery churches!

We know that many of our friends in that section, deem us exceedingly heretical. One lady remarked to us, in speaking of the title of our paper, “I like the word *Spiritualist*, but do not like the word *Radical*.” But after a little conversation on the meaning of the term *radical*, we convinced her, we think, that she was as ultra as ourself, only, she had not the moral courage to face the opposition which all true reformers must inevitably meet.

If we can find no church where we can worship God without upholding slavery, war, and all the minor evils which they engender, we will go out into the woods and fields and listen to the voice of God in the water-fall, in the singing birds, and in the low melody of the winds as they sigh through the lofty pines. We prefer to listen to angel voices, which speak more impressively to us in

the quiet solitude of the deep old woods, than any solemn words of saintly priests whose sanctity consists in worn out forms and ceremonies. H. N. G.

The Christian Spiritualist.

This journal, suspended for a time, again comes to us. It is published twice a month, at Macon, Ga. \$1.00 a year. Edited by L. F. W. Andrews, who also conducts the *Georgia Citizen*, in one number of which we notice four advertisements for runaway slaves. In the *Spiritualist*, we read, “Of course we can have no argument on the question of abolition in these columns.” In the same No. Mr. A. also notifies his readers that Miss Emma Hardinge writes him that she will “take pleasure in passing through Macon on her return North,” and we infer that this bland follower of Jesus, with his pro-slavery friends, will also “take pleasure” in hearing her speak. Is it not wonderful, how spiritualistic lecturers can pass through the fiery furnace of the South, from New Orleans to New York, without a hair of the head being singed? However, it may be explainable on the supposition that they are surrounded by a kind of spiritual “aroma,” which protects their persons!

We wish Mr. Andrews good only; but while, in the name of Jesus and Spiritualism, he virtually stands with his iron heel on the palpitating heart of the slave, we must be faithful, and call him by his true name. We notice that he copies an “unexceptionable” article from the *Radical Spiritualist*, without credit—an oversight perhaps; yet, if a man can innocently steal his own brethren, or which is the same, support the system—he need not blush to copy from our paper, though he were ashamed openly to notice it.

Now, Brother, frankly, you are not truly a free man. That is, should your convictions impel you, you would not be free to write a line in behalf of the colored man's liberty. If your convictions do not thus impel you, will you yet support and encourage a public sentiment in which *others'* convictions are trammelled? If not, will you oblige your plain-spoken friend by copying *this* article in your next? We shall see.

ANGEL WATCHERS.—And if the angels are with us and looking upon us with tender eyes, surely our loved ones who are as the angels, cannot be very far from us, but are with us whispering the kind words which our dull earthly cares cannot bear. How much better is it to believe this, than that they are sleeping in the grave. All that is there is but a handful of inanimate dust. We may go and weep over the graves where we have lain the earthly remains of the loved and “lost,” and bedew the turf with our tears, but that dear one we mourn is not there, but lives in another body, and often walks by our side, though unperceived by our dim earthly vision. The rendition of the earthly veil would not only reveal this truth, but the nearness of the Spirit land.—Sunbeam.

“Society, like nature, secretly despises the Slave and reverences the Freeman.”

Notes of the Times.

SPIRITUALISM AND POLITICS. A "Call" has been made by a correspondent of the *Spiritual Age*, for the united political action of Spiritualists in the campaign of 1860, which was favorably commented upon editorially—also unfavorably by A. E. Newton, whose discernment was sufficient to penetrate that mist! If Spiritualists can make no better use of their time than to electioneer for Judge Edmonds, Gov. Tallmadge, or any other Spiritualist—under the Constitution of this Government—we are sorry for the dignity of their mission! We think it would not be out of place for such as seek to enter and reform the "Roman Government," to learn wisdom of "one Jesus;" "My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight."

"THE VANGUARD," an Eight-Paged Weekly, "Radical but Rational" Journal; \$1 a year: Also "THE HOME GEM," a Monthly Child's paper; 12 cts. a year. Cleveland, O. Alfred and Annie Denton Cridge, Editors.

These are reform journals of high aim, and well edited. Their faces remind us of having once met the editors, soon after their marriage, at R. B. Since then we have raised our several flags of reform. On our friends' banner we read "Radical but Rational." We have inscribed *Radical* on ours, without qualification. In fact, we could not print so questionable an appendix to our creed, without being reminded of the somewhat analogous Scripture expression, "I speak the truth in Christ—and lie not!" The addition is superfluous. However, we trust our friends are of the true steel, and hope our readers will remember them in the right way. ☞ Parents, do not forget to subscribe for "The Home Gem."

"THE SPIRITUAL CLARION," We have failed to make as early note of this semi-monthly as it deserves. No paper presents the reader with more interesting "Notes and Notices," at the same subscription price.

"THE SPIRITUAL CLARION" is published at Auburn, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. U. Clark, Editors. \$1 per annum.

LIBERAL AND WORTHY OF IMITATION. The meetings at the "Old Brick Church in Milford, Ms., continue to be conducted in the most liberal spirit, being open to speakers and hearers of different opinions—excluding none because they are or are not nominal Spiritualists. To such a platform we say, *Amen!* It is equal in dignity to the radical Anti-Slavery platform, on which the Slaveholder himself can speak, if he has the courage—hitherto, in our opinion, the most manly in the known world. Go on, friends. Let truth be presented on "all sides"—from "spirit-media," out of the form and in the form—out of the "spirit-circle" and in it. "Truth is mighty, and will prevail."

☞ Where is "The Good Time Coming"? Echo!

"THE MONTHLY RECORD OF THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY," edited by L. M. Pease, is a philanthropic journal of reform among the outcast of that earthly Hades. Mr. Pease has a farm near the city, where he employs such young men as he can save from the vices of the city. Who will do likewise? Socialists, and World reformers! behold, while ye are theorizing, organizing and failing—☞ There is a man, who, if he does not save the world, at least redeems a few individuals. And friends, it is yet an open question whether true Wisdom will attempt to do more. We are Socialist—but only as INDIVIDUALS are developed, and can be inspired spontaneously to associate.

WARREN CLARK, of Gasport, N. Y., sends us his printed Tract No. 1, which contains an interesting narration of John Wesley's Spiritualistic experience, with prefatory remarks. Printed at Lockport, N. Y. Thanks.

PROFECY. "It is stated that Humboldt foretold the period of his death. He distinctly said and wrote, two years ago, that it would occur in the middle of 1859. The letter containing this remarkable statement is preserved in Berlin."

"THE FREE SOUTH" is a paper of more moral stamina than we expected to see from that quarter—judging from a hasty glance at the first No. which we have received. Its motto is admirable: "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land to all the Inhabitants thereof!" It is a large sized weekly, edited by Wm. S. Bailey, Newport, K. Y. \$2 a year, in advance.

☞ We will thank the *Anti-Slavery Standard* to notice us in a manly way—not copy our notice of "Jonathan Walker" and credit it to the *Practical Christian*. That paper may not wish to be responsible for our editorials.

☞ L. P. Hand's Pamphlet, giving an account of his recent experiences with the Davenport Boys, requires a more thorough reading than we have given it, before affirming, pro or con. But we have no sympathy with that public skepticism which is ready to howl at them as impostors. Sold at this Office. 25 cts. per copy.

"CAROLINA PROGRESSIONIST" is a new weekly, published at Cross Anchor, Spartanburg, S. C. Joel H. Clayton and Dr. D. L. Davis, Editors. \$1 a year. It is admirably independent in all points but the one infallible test of it. Yet it announces liberal and humanitarian ideas which should put to shame many a servile Northern editor.

"THE BRITISH SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH" is a Liberal Semi-Monthly 16 paged pamphlet, published in London. F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row, E. C. Price, 1d.

—The first Arab newspaper ever published in the Turkish Empire and out of Constantinople has been commenced at Beyrout.

"AMERICAN EAGLE AND FLAG OF LIBERTY," published at Springfield, Washington, and Philadelphia, at 50 cts. a year, by I. V. Horney and others, is a finely printed-Monthly.

Give me the Poetry, or Inspiration of life, and you may have the rest.

DYSPEPTIC'S CORNER.

"FEAR HATH TORMENT."—Returning from New York recently, we found our friend E. quite sick, and alone, trying to doctor herself. We were sick ourself, but quickly turned to minister to our friend who was suffering more than we.

The following morning we sent for a Homeopathic physician—he came—thought the disease Congestion of the brain. Day and night we watched, with no one to relieve us. When the doctor called again, the disease had proved to be Varioloid which did not frighten us, as it did some of our neighbors—one or two of whom devoted their time to warning the people, although we had suffered none to see our friend, knowing that she had been exposed to the disease. At the eleventh hour, the crisis being over, a friend came to the outer door and inquired whether we needed help—appending his inquiry with the suggestion that we should put out a notice of the facts in the case. We thought our benefactor had already given sufficient notice—frightening many timid souls unnecessarily—but we engaged to continue our precautions. Yet the next morning, behold a tall, eclectic doctor from Milford appeared at our door, saying that he was authorized to examine the case. We informed him that we had employed a physician; but as he was one of the "Board of Health," we permitted his entrance, that he might do his "duty," which he did—pronounced the case favorable—made no changes—except to "smoke" himself and put up a flag with "Small Pox" on it—"according to law."

As our friends have cut us off from their sympathies through fear, and injudicious overseeing, we will inform them that spirit guardians are still with us, whose unselfish love "casteth out fear." H. N. O.

"SHOULDER-BRACES." We look upon these artificial contrivances to make a man straight, with as much respect as we do upon the "creeds," which are devised to prop up and keep in their places the religious faculties, or the "laws," which are devised to make men just and "civil." We affirm that all persons have shoulder-braces, of home manufacture, better than any of foreign device. Reader, if you doubt it, just *will* yourself to stand up erect, your arms to fall back, your lungs to expand, and see if we are too radical when we say, as we do, that a "shoulder-brace," of a man's make is simply an insult to Nature's admirable original one.

Little Charlie R— had listened very attentively while his father read a family worship the third chapter of Revelation. But when he had repeated that beautiful verse, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me," he could not wait until his father had finished, but ran up to him with the anxious inquiry—"Father, did he get in?"

PURITY. There is no accounting for tastes; but for ourself, when we see some zealous sticklers for "legal purity," through whose cranium the idea of *physical* purity never penetrated—expanding their "holy horror" against the friends of "Woman's Rights," or "free lovers," either of which pay at least some heed to God's will in their habits of eating and drinking—we must be excused from taking off our hat to their purity. If a man wants us to respect his conventional purity, let him show us how he lives at home—whether he is able to keep "the least" of the Father's commandments as indicated in his own bodily constitution. Does he eat and drink all manner of impure substances? Does he appoint a feast for his friends, and present them with a table groaning with "roast pig," "turkey," "lamb," "mince pies," "pumpkin, squash, and fourteen other varieties, with indescribable puddings, tea and coffee—sufficient to appall Henry Eighth? And while they are making of their stomachs a general "swill barrel" (we are not responsible for the beauty of the figure, or its fitness,) and venting their spleen against Vegetarians, or healing mediums, shall we honor their notions of purity? "Gentlemen and ladies," we have struck our name from that "bill of fare." Away with it!

A GOOD TEXT.—"Shirley Village, Oct. 16, '59. Editors of the Radical Spiritualist: As you have concluded not to stop your paper when the money pre-paid is used up (it being against the law of newspapers you say), I am authorized to say that the subscribers of Shirley Village—J. L. P.—etc.—have determined not to send more money for your Paper—it being against the law of our wishes. We expect reform in newspaper-making. See 'New Era.' With much resp. L. M. P.—"

We respond, with the gratefullest emotions, to such evidences of our editorial sagacity as the above. But we will remind these gentle friends that we do not send our Paper for their "money;" nor should we presume to take advantage of the "newspaper law," to collect it of persons who happen to forget to order their paper stopped—having no sympathy with that sort of device; and it is simply a supreme disgust for the common practice of editorial fawning, exhibited under "A Word to our Patrons," "A Gentle Appeal to our Subscribers," etc., that induces us to set a better example. If we cannot afford to present so amiable and polite a journal as our w-i-s-e-r seniors, we learn who are our friends and the friends of our cause—which is sufficient for us. We print our Paper by dint of bodily and mental labor, but it is a "labor of love,"—an inspiration to us—and none should feel constrained to pay us for what we do freely and with pleasure.

As our friends did not fully understand our notice in the last No., we refer them to "The Rest of It."

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap, when he saw that he had left part of his tail in it.

The old fogey who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

Wouldst thou learn to die well? Learn first to LIVE well.—Confucius [Koong-foo-tse.



[The following lines were suggested to the author on seeing the deceased body of a little orphan borne away to the "Potter's Field," a burial place in New York (recently removed to the outskirts of the city,) in which the outcast, unknown, uncared for and illegitimate children are often buried without funeral ceremony.—Ed]

[For the Radical Spiritualist.]
The Orphan's Rest.

BY MRS. A. G. COMSTOCK.

Go to thy rest! no mother's tears are raining
 Upon thy pallid face in anguish wild;
 No grief-bowed father, his heart-sobs restraining,
 Whispers in sorrow, "Oh, my child! my child!"

Go to thy rest! although no silken pillow
 Supporteth now thy little golden head;
 Though no low prayer thy dreamless slumber hallow,—
 No reverent hand deck thy rude coffin bed.

Go to thy rest!—not with slow step, and solemn,
 Bear they thy still, unconscious form away,
 In sable robes, a long imposing column,—
 No tearful friends the last sad tribute pay.

Go to thy rest! for there are none to miss thee,
 Or sadly gaze upon thy vacant chair;
 No lips wait by thy cradle to caress thee,
 Or breathe thy name to the unconscious air.

No watchful ear, with sudden start, will hearken
 To catch the music of thy coming feet;
 No sunny hour thy absence long will darken,
 Nor aching heart yearn thy light form to greet.

Thy rest? ah! who can tell where thou art lying?
 Not by some sunny knoll, or shady dell;
 Not where the winds, thro' willow branches sighing,
 Thy requiem in mournful numbers tell.

Thy rest! alas! 'tis in the noiseless charnel,
 Where poor humanity goes shuddering by;
 Where faith serene, and even hope supernal,
 Folds the soft wing, and shuts the tear-dimmed eye.

But she has found thee—thy bright guardian angel,
 And in her sheltering arms, all pain forgot,
 Thou wilt pass on to where the Christ Evangel,
 With smiling welcome says, "Forbid them not!"

☞ We propose to deliver our Poem, "The Angel and the Slaver," in adjacent Towns, as opportunity offers.

To a departed Poet-Reformer.

Thou wast one whose daring spirit
 Did the God given right inherit, [to pour;
 Searching words and withering sarcasm upon error's head
 With such sure and searching meaning
 That no poor and paltry scribbling
 Of sophistry could save it from the scorn thy missiles bore.

Life to thee wore that enhancing,
 That delicious and entrancing
 Beauty princely spirits only like to thine can see or feel;
 For thy deep-toned prophetic being,
 Had the wondrous gift of seeing [doth conceal.
 All earth's glory, that from common minds' dull vision

Thou wast one whose heart pulsations
 With the grandest variations
 Of Nature's endless harmony, forever throbb'd in time.
 Thou wast one whose heart strings fluttered
 To the music zephyrs uttered: [sweetest rhyme.
 Thou wast one whose inner being toned with nature's

In thy soft and plaintive numbers
 Dwelt a music, such as slumbers [streams;
 In the winds and mountain echoes, in the minstrelsy of
 There were voices such as waken
 When the willow boughs are shaken; [dreams.
 Or, as when a strain of melody sweeps by us in our

Glorious dreams were in thy vision,
 Half of earth and half Elysian;
 And thy spirit ever thirsted for the unattained, unknown,
 Ever felt a restless longing
 For the pure and perfect dawning
 Of that uncreated light which can satisfy alone.

—Lydia A. Caldwell.

Muse! take the harp of prophecy. Behold
 The glories of a brighter age unfold!
 Friends of the outcast, view the accomplished plan,
 The negro towering to the height of man.

—Geo. Thompson.

SISTER'S LOVE.—Beautiful is the love of a sister; the
 kiss that hath no guile, and no passion; the touch is pu-
 rity and bringeth peace, satisfaction to the heart, and no
 fever to the pulse. Beautiful is the love of a sister; it is
 moonlight on our path—it hath light but no heat; it is
 of heaven and yet sheds its peace upon earth.

Never Again.

Never, in earth or heaven, canst thou be loved
 As I have loved thee—never—never more
 By love so holy can thy soul be moved,
 Upon terrestrial or celestial shore.
 On thee alone my faithful spirit dwelt,
 To thee alone my restless fancy soared,
 For thee alone before my God I knelt,
 And the libation of my full heart poured.
 Thy smiles, thy words, each feature of thy face,
 Thy step, as thou didst from me last depart—
 Thy mournful gaze—thy form's majestic grace—
 Were caught and treasured in my dotting heart,
 And there have lived through every varying mood,
 The soul and solace of my sainted solitude.

☞ Poetry is only born after painful journeys into the vast regions of thought.

"Never defend an error because you once thought it to be the truth."