

# THE RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

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## THE PHILANTHROPIST.

### What the World Needs.

The world needs men of sterling worth, aye, and WOMEN too; great souls, who dare be true to the teachings of the inward voice—who are capable of feeling the pulsations of the great heart of suffering humanity, as it swells in awful surges like the restless waves upon the billowy ocean.

The world does not need men of wealth and power. It has already a surplus of these; men who ride mercilessly over the weak and defenceless, who are deaf to the cry of the outcast, who care not for the suffering bondmen, but count their dollars, and monopolize, as far as possible, God's universe to themselves. We have but little reverence for men of Church and State, who bind heavy burdens upon the weak, and look down with assumed dignity upon the laborer, who, perchance is much nearer the kingdom of heaven than they who walk proudly by.

God is speaking in tones that cannot be mistaken.—saying, "Labor fearless, labor faithful." And shall WE, who have heard that voice, cowardly sit with folded hands, not daring to speak against the popular evils of the day? No! We will speak our convictions, whether the world smiles or frowns. We will call Slavery, Slavery; War, War; and Licentiousness Licentiousness, whether it be hidden away in dark places, or stalks abroad at noonday, with brazen face, in Legislative halls and Senate chambers; or whether it takes on the 'livery of heaven,' and *religiously*, or *spiritually* as it may be, seeks "*new affinities*," and thus, in the name of all that is pure and holy, gratifies the animal passions, and call it *spiritual* and *divine*.

We shall speak fearlessly: not politely walk around a gigantic evil, stepping cautiously lest we should *hit it*! We shall invoke the aid of God's ministering angels, those immortal ones who have entered on the great future, those positive minds who denounce the evils which

are so rife in our land, and who so lovingly and compassionately seek to correct the wrong doer, and lead him into the paths of justice, mercy and peace.

We would speak boldly; in tones so thrilling that the dormant, drowsy soul shall feel the force of the great truths which we advance, and be induced to labor for the redemption of fallen humanity. The smiling heavens are above us. God's great temple of nature is spread out before us, and the teeming earth is bursting anew into life and beauty. Immortal spirits bend from the heavens, and invite us to become co-workers with them in saving the outcast and unfortunate. The cries of the oppressed, which in all ages have gone up into the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," come to us to day, from the sunny South. The voice of woman is heard, asking for liberty, for justice, and equal rights; voices of little children, sunk in degradation and crime, also fall upon our ears. We have heard their pleading eloquence. In all boldness, in all humility, relying upon the Father of all spirits—the all-unchanging, ever loving Father—with his bright and beautiful angels bending over us—will we labor to the best of our ability to bring about that blessed era, when truth, love and justice shall pervade all worlds.

H. N. G.

### Call me not "Good."

We have had the misfortune, several times in this rudimental sphere, to be called *good*. We respond to such compliments (?) kindly—how could we do otherwise?—but let no man name us good while he carries his head higher than his offending brother; for we represent humanity. Whoever despises the veriest criminal despises us. Let such commenders, who are too good to be "numbered with the transgressors," beware how they name *us* good. We are not too good to use the lancet to probe their self-righteous veins, and calmly see the blue sectarian blood pass off to make room for the inflow of more liberal and healthful elements! We would not set our foot upon a worm, but they who persistently do so may feel the whole force of our moral

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sense, and the administered justice of the infinite God! Yet when the hour cometh we will down the lancet, and that kindness of soul which conferred power of reproof shall now confer power of love, and we will receive the gratitude of all flatterers. This we could not expect, of course, during the operation! Yet of ourself we are nothing. You have but to change position—set us in the patient's chair, to see us shrink also when pierced in the tender nerve. What then? Shall the physician shrink also? Never! The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. But the willingness of the spirit makes it really equal to every emergency. We would not be called good while humanity lies bleeding at every pore, but would toil on, without thought of merit, in healing the wounded spirit.

### Voice to Young Men.

The habit of Masturbation, of all others, exerts a most deplorable and destructive influence, both upon the physical and nervous systems. To warn you, in a friendly way, of this, and induce those of you who already practice this habit to abandon it at once, and to confirm those who have thus far escaped its blighting power in the wisdom of entire abstinence, is the object of this brief address.

Physicians, in successful practice, are almost the last persons to assist you in your distress, since they are prone to perpetuate your ignorance of the true and only cause of your ailing. Do not rely upon them, nor solely on any one else who presumes to doctor you for the Liver complaint, Lung difficulty, Spinal affection, or any other popular ailing, so long as you practice this habit. For either they do not know the real cause of your sickness, or knowing it, lack the courage or honesty to avow it. Therefore, the voice of Wisdom to you, in so vital a matter, is this: *Take your deliverance from this vicious practice, with all its consequences, into your own charge, and conquer! None can do it for you.* There is no vicarious atonement for Nature's violated law. It is YOUR work to rescue yourself from the grave, which is waiting to devour your body, and from the alluring maelstrom which is bearing away your manhood. The effort to overcome is the first requisite; it will increase your self-reliance, which your mal-practice is perpetually undermining. If you are prepared to make such an effort, listen to the necessary conditions:

1. You must at once **ABANDON THE HABIT**. No real hope can be had of health, either of body or mind, till **THIS** is done.

2. Study the laws of your being, read works bearing on this general subject, without using the specious remedies which many of them advertise.

3. Feel your self **ATTACHED** to so degrading a vice—rise in the nobility of your nature, realize your soul-affinity

with the great and worthy names of history, who have put every evil beneath their feet! Pray to them, and to the great Father of Life and Light, for their healing power to save, and cease not till the way opens, and you hear the voice of infinite and undying Love, saying, Come up hither, my brother, my son, and we will bless you.

4. Be temperate in all things. You cannot entirely overcome one vice while indulging another. If you gorge your stomach with excessive stimulants, how can you control your passions? Be assured that if you cannot refrain from an extra cup of tea or coffee, or an extra piece of steak, it will be morally impossible, when these have exerted their legitimate influence on your animal organization, for you to be chaste!

5. Be always employed. Seek to interest your intellectual and moral powers in noble objects. It will attract the blood from the base to the upper brain, and restore harmony to the mind. Harmony is health, and health is virtue; i. e. real, permanent health. When at leisure, seek society, especially that of chaste and generous women.

6. Rise early in the morning; and never fail, if you are able, to be out. Take the open air; if it be possible, exercise in it regularly, and even powerfully, so as to throw the blood to the extremities of the system. This will relieve you of cold feet, which your habit almost invariably induces, because of its excessive drainage of the vital fluids. But your exercise should be in the open air. Dancing, in heated rooms, is generally worse than useless.

7. Use water in bathing the entire form—particularly the region of the kidneys. Also bathe the back brain thoroughly, in case there is much heat or inflammation in the lobe of Amativeness, and keep the hair moist.

There are other conditions appropriate to different cases, the necessity of which you may be safely left to discover, if you observe the **FIRST**. If you are in earnest, and have a deep sense of the blighting effects of this unmanly practice, tending as it does to destroy all bodily and mental efficiency—ending in death, or in complete idiocy or insanity, not to speak of the great woe and misery you do to yourself and your race—you will rise in the strength of your native manhood, and shake off so degrading a habit—bidding it depart forever!

Do not expect, after years perhaps, of sexual abuse, to overcome without effort. Victory or death! should be your spirit; for such it will be; either you must go down the opening whirlpool, or else command every power to the rescue! If you cannot deliver yourself now, how can you do so when the current has greatly increased? If you have so long perverted your amative instinct that you cannot prevent involuntary seminal discharges, your case is indeed a sad one. But do not despair. You can at least will to abstain totally from this practice, and thus rob your soul in purity until you finally conquer. But you must, by all means, avoid late suppers, and the whole catalogue of excitants.

God loves the sinner as he loves the saint. — HARRIS.

Such is the Voice of Love, and the teaching of Wisdom—imperfectly uttered—but free, we trust, from the popular contempt for “sinners.” Brothers! farewell.

## Short Sermon.

*Text.*—“Behold, how good a thing it is,  
And how becoming well—  
Together, such as brethren are,  
In unity to dwell.”

O, that such child's wisdom could fall on the world's ear! yea, drop like heavenly dew deep, deep into its anguished heart. How many a sectarian difference would it obliterate, how many estranged hearts would it teach to flow into each other, and acknowledge their common brother and sisterhood! How many desolate, solitary souls would it give society, how many oppressed and weary outcasts would it lift up, how many anguished bosoms would it solace—how many lover's tears would it dry—and how many of the enslaved and the lowly would it clothe with freedom and introduce into its family circles of love!

## THE INDIVIDUALIST.

### The Individual and the State.

I say to the “Law-makers,” You are in the way of truth; you are a positive hindrance to human progress. Instead of really aiding mankind to harmony and individual power, you are constantly crushing the individual—continually underrating and vilifying humanity. Whatever the individual has done, he has done not by your help, but in spite of your hindrance. Not till he has overturned or shown his independence of your legal devices, does posterity acknowledge his manhood. Never in the world's history have you taken the lead in any extensive humanitarian reform. You only come on behind to gather the “spoils.” Other men labor and ye enter into their labors. I read petitions to your Legislatures, praying your honorable bodies to grant to woman the right to her children—as if it was the business of a Legislature to settle a question of natural right. Why not petition Legislatures for the right to breathe the air, or use the muscles? If it is their business at discretion to confer these rights, it is their business at discretion to take them away. Or, if not, they might as well dissolve and go home; for their whole power lies in the admission that their acts should be respected *as such*, and not because they are right. The moment it is admitted that human rights are before legislation, that any civil enactment can either establish or annul them, that moment the Legislature, as such, must be admitted to be a sham. I need no Congress to determine for me what is already determined. Arbitrary

organizations exist,” not so much in the place of absolute right as in violation of it. They do not present the absolute reason, the absolute justice, or the absolute love, which are the really obligatory laws; but they present their *own construction* of the absolute law, and demand assent to *that* as if it were the absolute law itself. Hence it may be clearly seen, that just so long as the individual depends on the government, or the church, to settle the moral law, so long will slavery of every hue exist.

It is therefore man's business, by inner growth, to show the outer Church and State to be systems of tyranny—that they have no authority whatever, neither to vote a man in or out of the divine government. It is a matter beyond their jurisdiction. The assumption of this prerogative is my reason for calling both of these systems tyrannous. And with these systems I must identify those who belong to them—their spiritual supporters. They are oppressors—some consciously so, and some unconsciously, but still oppressors; for there is not a single form of human aggression which they do not sustain, directly or indirectly. The priest is paid to go into the pulpit and pray for the success of the rulers *as rulers*, and when these rulers go to battle, the priest is sent on after to pray in the name of the State for the overthrow of the enemy; as though the Universal Father had an ear for such a petition. As though the presence of such men of office could dignify such acts. Even the ostensibly noble men of state, Charles Sumner, Horace Mann, Gerrit Smith, and others, cannot make the United States Senate anything but a legal banditti, though they endeavor to honor it with their presence, and though the Church throw her sacred mantle over them. They are still oppressors, not from inclination, but from custom and the psychological power of a commanding position.

### Official Notice

FOR A BRIGHT MAY DAY.

I am gone into the fields  
To taste what this sweet hour yields,  
Reflection, you may come to-morrow;  
Sit by the fire-side of sorrow.  
You with the unpaid bill, Despair,  
You tire some verse-reciter, care,  
I will pay you in the grave.  
Death will listen to your state.—  
Expectation too, be off!  
To-day is for its ill enough;  
Hope in pity, mock not woe  
With smiles, nor follow where I go;  
Long having lived on thy sweet food  
At length I find one moment good  
After long pain, with all your love,  
This you never told me of.

—Shelley.

Always heed the intimations which come to you in your highest moods.

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### THE SPIRITUALIST.

#### True Radicalism.

We do not hold that the term *radical* is applicable to Spiritualism proper, for in this sense Spiritualism is but a *fact*—not a question in morals, involving right or wrong—not a mere discovery in science or an improvement in art. It is simply a standing, eternal verity, no more true now than at any other period of universal history. A fact does not admit of degrees, as more or less. Nor does it seem to be proper to speak of a radical fact; and it is therefore equally inapt to speak of radical Spiritualism.

But there is—or may be such a phenomena as a radical *Spiritualist*. Doubtless Spiritualism proper, announced by its tamest and most inoffensive believers, without back-bone enough to command the respect of the most incontinent free-thinker, is a pill so bitter as to be deemed sufficiently radical by popular Christendom. The term—or rather man's conception of it—is comparative, and what is radical to one mind may be tame or inefficient to another. Truths which would check the reverence (?) of many men and women who deem themselves quite outspoken, may nevertheless have been so long accepted by a few, as to be their plain and daily companions, no longer taxing their faith, or exciting their prejudices. What might be a new revelation to a pupil just entering the anti-slavery field might be but "milk and water" to Stephen S. Foster, Abby Kelley (Foster), or Parker Pillsbury. What would be a new gospel of Peace to him who first opens his eyes on the evil of war, or becomes a zealous member of the American Peace Society, would be but childish prattle—impotent and unstable—compared with the moral manhood of radical Non-Resistance, as represented by Adin Ballou, or Wm. Lloyd Garrison. He may be a thorough reformer in other directions, but on the question of Peace, he is a learner. Even Theodore Parker, great in Theology; great in Anti-Slavery, greatly learned—in the principle of Non-Resistance, is as inefficient and powerless as a mosquito. When he enters his favorite fields of reform he is Theodore Parker the Great; but when he attempts to root up this Tree—of the Heavenly Father's planting—with his great intellectual talons, he is Theodore Parker the **LITTLE**. He had better measure his strength, else it will be measured for him. But there is light and wisdom in other hemispheres of that man's soul sufficient to gild the horizon of coming eras. We will be thankful for THAT.

Where then shall we look for COMPLETENESS—for radicalism at ALL POINTS of the soul's horizon? Not

in the earth-life. He who thinks himself radical merely because he has had the courage to differ from the elders of his church, or because he has earned the honorable title of "Comeouter," will sometime meet with more opposing forces than he "bargained for," and will either slink back where he belongs, or else grow more and more radical. There are many mere skirmishers in the field of reform whose swords are soon measured. They can bear the glory of mere "come-outism," but when introduced to men and women of firmer moral fiber, they experience a struggle in the upper brain for still nobler pre-eminence, which, if attained, would bring them out from the "Come-outers."

But who is the radical Spiritualist? How does he differ from other reformers? Strictly speaking only in the fact that he accepts the doctrine of Spirit intercourse, which others may not do; but *spiritually* speaking he may differ widely. For, ascending the planes of progress the Reformer becomes a Reveler, endowed with an enlarged scope of vision, and commanding resources from the heavens of whose existence, they who live merely in the sphere of material forces, know not. Though in the midst of the Age of Controversy and using its armory of truth, above him descends, enlightening and expanding, the Age of Harmony. Such Reformers are rare—and in an age—who are conscious of the Invisible, and can stand, with unclouded faith, in the presence of the amplest minds of the inner spheres and reveal Truth, Wisdom and Immortal Fraternity from their hallowed lips! As we ascend the mountain we lose our solidity, and our balance, except we are wise; hence the mysticism and vagueness of many spiritual reformers, radical progressives merely, whose heads become "top-heavy."

The reformer on the material plane is the frontal man, who "faces about" against evil, on whose brow is written, "FORWARD! MARCH!"—against oppressive political institutions. But the reformer on the spiritual plane is more—is the ascending man—who has power to put all evils *beneath his feet*, and not merely to meet them abreast. He is the prophet, before whose reaching vision the Future unrolls her curtains of light. He stands on the threshold of the Age of Peace, while Sectarianism strives in pitched battle below. He does not engage in the controversy, but takes down his Geography of the Heavens and invites all parties to a nobler inheritance—to a comparison between their little possessions and the *real* estate of God, bequeathed to all those who can afford to leave their "bone of contention."

Our correspondent from Worcester, who desires us to give our views on the "Marriage Question," is referred to our published "Protest."

The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. — GOETHE.



Miss Fannie Davis' Lecture.

Miss Davis is known to many Spiritualists as a Trance speaker. A Lecture which was delivered by her, as a medium, in the "Old Brick Church," Milford, Mass., April 17, on the Results of Spiritualism, was phonographically reported by Miss Amanda Albee, of this place. We gladly make the following useful

EXTRACTS.

"When we gaze out into space, and see mighty worlds revolving in harmony and order, we question, *why* that order? We ask, what are the great forces that keep in action those mighty worlds? And there is a responsive echo that comes back to our own spirits, that they are but outworking one of great Nature's primeval laws of harmony and attraction. When we look into the social world, and see new orders elaborated with care, we question, what are the great forces that send their vibrating pulsations out through the avenues of life and sensation? And the answer comes again to the human spirit, it is but the outworkings of Nature's great law. It is but the vibration of that mighty Voice that spoke creation into life.

"And to day, as *spiritualists*, minds that reach out beyond the sober reality of this external life, can you not *ask* question, what are the great external forces that have elaborated and unfolded the divine philosophy? The answer comes back to the human soul, they are but the outworkings of Nature's great eternal laws. They are the outgrowth of the human spirit, into broader and diviner plains of progress.

"Man, in ages past, has lived on the mere superficial plane of existence. He has felt the wealth of soul up-welling within him, but he has not understood these principles and laws. He has felt the impression of great inward forces in his soul; and the reaching forth of his mind into the labyrinths of knowledge, but he knew not *why*. . . . Come to the lowest substances in nature. Analyze them, and you find in every atom, a principle that points with its finger into the great future, and proclaims immortality. There is no element of existence, no substance, no fluid, no *power* in nature's great laboratory but that points upward and onward, and proclaims the eternity of matter and of mind.

"The great philosophers of the past, the noble men who lived and thought for themselves, expressed just as far as they could, through the vehicle of language, those significances that lay in their own spirit's depths. And to-day, the generation that lives upon the earth's sphere, is *reaping* the growth of this representation—what the soul sought to grasp and to understand. We

are living in this broad, beautiful universe of ours—our home—that our Father has made for us—for you, and the angels above you. All around, the beautiful flowers of being come back into your souls, and point you onward to the broader and deeper realms. There is nothing around us in literature and genius, but what reflects back to us an impetus, a life—a power. There is no faith, no hope, but has its spiritual significance, but what forms a stepping-stone to this great mind cathedral. Strange, indeed, that you cannot see it, that you cannot feel it.

The very sun that smiles upon your earth to-day, breathes it to you. And the very spring-flower that comes bursting up from the earth, smiles to you of the resurrection and the life. It not only gives to the imagination this life, it not only breathes a new life-current through the halls of mind, but it is founded in the solid judgment of every man or woman who lives to act—to carry out and develop the living structure of his manhood. . . . Its effect [Spiritualism] on the world, will be to bring it into a closer approximation with the soul. It can recognize no death—only a new birth, only the growth and the carrying forth of that which we have, and that which we have had. If we look to the theological and philosophical world, to the moral world, we see they are but steps in the grand development of mind. . . . It is natural for man to wed himself to that which is the holiest in his comprehension. Look forward into the future, and see the bright ones around the heavenly circle there; why should you not wed yourselves to them?

Why should you not look up like the little flower, and receive the heavenly baptism of those beyond.

"Spiritualism has come into the world to awake in man, the high, the holy and the noble faculties of his being. It has come to rend from his understanding the chains that hold him in bondage, and to give to him a life and force that shall raise him up to the standard of his spiritual manhood. Not to crush any belief—any faith—but to give wings to faith—to love and to charity; to throw the mantle of benevolence over the world, and to equalize the human race. If there is anything we need to-day, it is charity—to overthrow these great barriers of conservatism in the world, and to lead us to a higher plane of aspiration; to take from the lips of mankind those words so often uttered, 'I am holier than thou.'"

"Beautiful theories strike pleasantly on the ear, but unless we make use of those theories—apply them to our wants and necessities—they only move on the bubbling waves of life. We may talk of spiritual communion. The Spiritualist may look forward to a union with

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the beautiful ones in the world beyond. But what is the gain, unless he incarnate in his soul the principles and truths of a nobler life? Does he suppose that his angel mother or sister will meet him there, except he has incarnated within him spiritual principles? Does he not know there will be a gulf between him and them which they cannot pass?"

"We can reach into the high and the true above us, and be benefited by it. We may raise a standard in the world that is noble—that is moral—that is spiritual. But unless that standard rests upon the basis of our own INDIVIDUAL POWERS, what benefit will it be to us? So we say to Spiritualists, if you believe there is communion between this world and the better life, see that you LIVE that life. Dare not look up to the heavens and say, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' and then turn and crush your brother beneath your feet. Dare not say to the world you have taken upon yourselves the responsibility of communing with the angels, when your life corresponds not to the sacred mantle that is thrown over your shoulders. No. If you are Spiritualists, let it be seen in your every day life. There is much in the spiritual philosophy, much in the advocates of Spiritualism, that presents to the world a sable mantle; but that seems to have come from lower and darker realms. As we stand to-day, ministers of humanity, should we not take upon ourselves the sacred obligation of that ministry? Should we not feel that it is a holy thing to realize that we are in communion with prophets and bards, with noble minds that adorned the mighty pages of the past, if they who have gone on maturing in life eternal? And if you believe in Spiritualism, you are in harmony with those minds. For the spiral waves of being which move along the bright shores of eternity, have no 'break' in their movement. The life currents ride upon those waves, until they touch even your shores. The silent thoughts of your souls go out and reach the angel world."

"When we see the evil, the crime, the darkness and misery that is upon the earth sphere, does it not become us to take upon ourselves the work of going out and redeeming the world? Shall we not raise the downcast? Shall we not act freedom, when we speak freedom? Shall we not breathe out justice from our very hearts' blood, when we speak justice? And when we speak religion, shall we not act it? Even to-day, the same pall that darkens the world, is hanging over us. And why is it? It is because we need the inner baptism. It has only reached the intellect; but it has not come into the true man's—the true woman's possession."

"On this [the spirit baptism hangs] all the law of humanity — of government — though there is but one government, and that government is divine. It is a govern-

ment that gives to every man and woman a SOUL to live, to think, to act. That is the only government recognized by the Father—a universal government—a universal Christianity—a universal gospel, that whispers to our own spirits to-day, to the child, to the old man, to every soul that looks interiorly for knowledge, instead of externally. For within the human spirit is folded up, as within the bud of the rose, all the attributes of the divine character."

"We need not go to the outer, to draw from the divine fountain the true inspiration. It is condensed and focalized in our spirit. Before you can be a peaceful and happy nation, before the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man can be incarnated in your midst, the divine government must be instituted in America, and in the world. The government that now exists is but the method of a day. But God's government enfolds us all."

"Religion never chained the human soul. True christianity never made a man a slave. It is bigotry that does this. The gospel of our Father never crushed a single aspiration of the human heart; but only the gospel that man has devised."

"Will you go to the Father? His mighty arm cannot reach you, only as it reaches you through his angels."

"Man wants a freedom, a growth, an expansion and a life. Man wants 'sea-room' for growth in spirit—space wide enough to open the arms of his benevolence, and say to humanity *here is rest*. \* \* When men think that we would set our foot upon that which they have held sacred in the past, they are much mistaken. For that which is true, that which is divine, cannot be crushed, for it is God's. If the Bible is the revelation of heaven—and we believe it is—it will live in spirit. But these pages will cease to be. Change applies to parchment; it applies to paper, and these will cease to be. But the glorious fundamental principles will live in the hearts of men. The spirit will rise triumphant, and live eternally. No church, which to-day raises its voice in your land, can be destroyed, if it is God's church. But if it does not recognize humanity on this broad plane, it will, and it ought to cease to exist. It will die out, but the spirit that is in it will rise and live forever."

"Let none of us seal our lips until freedom, justice, and equality pervade all hearts—universally—as the government and embodiment of our constitution and our church. Let no man be crushed because another man says, 'I am holier than thou.' Let no Spiritualist ever call himself 'the church.' We will never recognize our church as complete, until every child of Adam

To know that God IS, and that ALL is God, is the substance of the — VEDAS.

is a member—until every human soul is free in all its faculties."

"Spiritualism was born in a manger, and thank heaven that it was born there. Thank heaven! it was born in the lower, and is bound to ascend to the higher. It has noble souls to help its advancement. There are millions of spiritual believers in our land to-day, and yet it moves on. It will become the great religious incentive, and power of the human soul. God's voice whispers through it. His great inspiration leaps in its veins and glows on its inner altars, uniting the beautiful Beyond with your dim, mundane sphere."

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

### I wish that I had Loved Her more.

"Mother, why does sister lay there so still? She will not speak to me; she does not move; she will not open her eyes, and her face is so cold—her lips so pale—O mother! mother, tell me what it means?"

"It means that your gentle sister has passed from earth to heaven. She has left us, Minnie, and we shall soon lay her little form to rest among the bright spring flowers."

"What, mother, will Carrie no more awake? Shall we play no more upon the lawn—no more roam over the fields and meadows in search of wild-wood flowers? O mother! mother, is Carrie dead? O, that when we played together I had loved her more!"

A wild sob came from the bosom of Minnie. The mother folded her suffering child gently to her heart, and spoke to her of the angel home. She told her that Carrie had gone, but would come again, and that she might show her affection for her by loving those who had not yet gone to the spirit land.

Dear children—you who are reading these lines—how is it with you? Have you ever gazed tearfully on the placid face of a loved brother, sister or playmate, as they lay in the little coffin, and wished you had loved them more? If so, resolve now that you will love your little playmates that still live, better than you have ever done before. Be gentle and kind, mild and forgiving. Speak no hasty, unkind words. Let your little hands never be raised to strike a brother or sister. You will never be sorry that you have loved your playmates, but will regret bitterly if in your angry moments you treat your little friends unkindly. O, children be good and kind. Then the angel children who have gone to dwell in the spirit world, will come to you and whisper loving words, telling you of the beautiful home they have found. Love everything that is pure and good. Cultivate a love of the beautiful, in Nature and in Art.

Reverence the kind Father who has placed you in this world—teeming with life and beauty. The warm and bright summer days are coming. The green grass is springing up in grove and valley. The wild flowers are looking up and smiling as you pass. The singing birds make the dim old woods and valleys vocal with their free and joyous notes.

Little children! let your voices chime with the dancing brook. Already I hear your merry laugh, as you go forth to greet the birds and flowers. Happy children! innocent children! She who now writes these lines would gladly join you, and linger still on the haunted ground of childhood. Gladly would she ramble with you by the brook, and in the glen, and live over again those happy days; she would tell you of a beautiful blue eyed sister that early passed away, and how she gazed upon her long silken eyelashes that veiled forever from her sight the light of those once radiant orbs beneath, how she looked upon the little hands meekly folded upon the snowy bosom, and gazed upon the golden hair as it lay parted upon the marble forehead, and kissed the pale lips again, and how she wished that when her sister with her played, she had loved her more.

H. N. G.

### Temperance Fable.

The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a small steel trap, which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by their merciless jaws. After many loud speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit standing erect said, "it is my opinion that if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats present loudly squeaked assent, and snapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes, but the devastation of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another 'Convention.' The elders had just assembled and commenced their deliberations, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak. All were instantly silent. When stretching out the bleeding remains of his leg, he said, 'My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap—Do not touch it.'

ONLY FIT FOR A LAWYER.—There is a little three year old boy in Norwalk, Connecticut, already set apart for the bar. He was taken in hand with a switch after having been forbidden to pick another pear from a favorite dwarf tree, he indignantly exclaimed, "Mamma, I did not pick off the pear—you come and see if I did." Sure enough, he didn't. He simply stood there and ate it, and the core was still dangling from the stem!

As for me, I would never speak more; Heaven speaks. —CONFUCIUS.



The mightiest Poets do not always write  
In meter, nor are all who rhymes indite  
Poets in fact. The Poet is the man  
Whose dome-like faculties of mind o'er-span  
Creation, taking in cause, means and end;—  
The man whose heart in living joy must blend  
With the wide universe; the man whose life  
Finds rest in harmony, but pain in strife.

—Golden Age.

### Seasonal Hymn.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

On 'mid the starry spheres,  
The car of Time careers,

And once more brings  
Warmth to our Northern seas,  
Balm in the vernal breeze,  
Fragrance to blooming trees,  
And all green things.

From all things here below  
We catch the genial glow,  
And hither throng

To fan the hallowed fires  
Here kindled by our sires—  
The spirit that inspires  
The prayer, the song.

That spirit, from their urns,  
As this glad day returns,  
Comes forth to see  
If, in this age of gold,  
The Gospel here is sold,  
Or faithful, as of old,  
To Liberty.

Lord, as of old thy frown  
Did, by their hands, cast down  
Mitre and throne;  
So make our spirits strong,  
By sermon, prayer, and song.  
To vanquish every wrong,  
And first, our own.

One moment now may give us more  
Than fifty years of rearing;  
Our minds will drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season.

## Dyspeptic's Corner.

### A Lord They Never Heard of.

Grant Thornburn—"Laurie Todd"—appears now and then in a New York paper with a reminiscence or a bit of an old story. Here is his last:

In 1774, Dr. Webster was a popular preacher of the Kirk of Scotland, in Edinburgh. Business brought him to London, and one day, passing the House of Lords, his curiosity induced him to make an effort to step in and see them. None were admitted without an order, except noblemen's servants. Webster being ignorant of the rule, requested admittance. "What Lord do you belong to?" asked the doorkeeper. "The Lord Jehovah," replied Webster. "The Lord Jehovah," repeated the keeper, "I have kept here seven years, but I never heard of such a Lord; Jack," said he to his fellow keeper on the front steps, "here is a chap who says he belongs to the Lord Jehovah; do you know such a Lord?" "Never heard of him," says Jack. "But there is such a Lord," says Webster, willing to keep up the illusion. "Pass 'em in," says Jack. "I s'pose its some poor Scotch Lord." This occurred at a period when there was not one in twenty of all the manufacturing and rural districts in England who could read the Bible or write his own name. Sabbath Schools were introduced in 1783.

A speaker enlarging upon the rascality of the Devil, got off the following: "I tell you that the Devil is an old liar; for when I was about getting religion, he told me that if I did get religion I could not go into gay company, and lie and cheat, or any such thing, but I have found him out to be a great liar."

A western paper says that there is a man out there, who has moved so often that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens march up, fall on their backs and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping place.

THE ATTORNEY—An unfortunate attorney, not long since, by accident became a little deranged, and constantly gnashed his teeth whenever he went; a bar-bitten client observing this exercise, inquired 'if lawyers began their future destiny on earth.'

MORALITY. "Aint it wicked to rob this hen-roost, Jim?"

"That's a great moral question, Gumbo—hand down another pullet."

A young lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said:—"You are to make it plain, but at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

When the Great God lets loose a thinker on this planet, then all things are at risk.—R. W. E.



# THE RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

VOL. 1, NO. 2.    **MONTHLY**    JUNE, '59.

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

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

## THE PHILANTHROPIST.

### The Outcast.

It was night. In spirit we were in the great Metropolis; and with the moving tide of people were passing down the fashionable Broadway. Proud mansions were brilliantly lighted, and music and song echoed through the spacious halls. We paused before a splendid edifice—if possible more magnificent than any we had passed. Whatever wealth had power to bestow had been employed to decorate and adorn the mansion of the fastidious millionaire. Foreign countries had been explored, and gems of art and beauty had been transported over the broad Atlantic to grace the halls of the wealthy Mr. B—. The rooms were lighted with more than their wonted brilliancy. It was an hour when all hearts beat high with hope and expectation. The daughter of the proud owner of the mansion stood before the marriage altar; beside her one whom the world had courted and admired. The fashionable world made him the center of attraction, the "star" of their gay festivities. As we gazed upon his handsome countenance, his lofty bearing, his expanded intellect, and marked the bewitching softness of his large, expressive eye, we wondered not that the fair and graceful Cora had chosen him to be her companion. But as we glanced again at the youthful bride, we observed that beneath the bland and smiling face, was another expression; a dark, proud smile was there concealed, and she often gazed contemptuously on the youthful bridegroom. Did she love him with all the purity of woman's love? the man whom with her lips she had "promised" to love until death? And how was it with the much admired Edward Dunbar? Did he appreciate woman truly? Had he a manly soul? Did he love unselfishly. We shall see.

It was again evening. The holy stars looked down

upon the great city, teeming with human souls. The pale moon shed her silvery light on all—on the gay and thoughtless throng—on the lone wanderer, and the weary outcast who had not where to lay her drooping head. In the crowded mart we beheld not only the rich, the gay and fashionable, but the poor, the degraded, the outcast. Passing down a narrow street our attention was arrested by a female figure, whose pale face and attenuated form at once attracted our notice. It was evident to us that her soul was in agony—that her heart was breaking beneath a heavy load of care and sorrow. We followed her, in sympathy, hoping to learn something of her mysterious history. We knew there were unread volumes written upon the pages of her existence. She wandered on. When she had turned a more secluded street, she paused, and looking up into the heavens exclaimed, in words designed for no human ear:—

"O my God! has it come to this? Am I an outcast? Whither shall I flee? Society has barred her doors against me. The virtuous and good have cast me from them; and he—O Heaven! must I repeat it?—he whom I loved with all the strength of my woman's nature, has cruelly deceived and betrayed me. Yet I love him still. But where shall I go to hide my shame? I cannot and will not become a miserable prostitute. My whole soul revolts at this. To me it would be a living death. My unborn babe—O, what will become of thee! Where shall the mother hide her face? O Edward, Edward! I am driven to despair. You have cruelly deserted me, and left me alone in this great city—homeless and friendless."

The weeping girl sank upon the cold ground in agony. At that moment we saw a male figure approaching. The strong gas-light exposed his features to our view. Can it be possible! we exclaimed. We will watch his movements closely.

He stooped down and sought to raise the prostrate

— **TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM.** —

form from the ground. When she heard his voice she exclaimed:

"Edward, is it you? Thank God you have come to save me! You will not leave me here to die. O take me to your heart—to your home; you will own and bless your child. O, tell me Edward that you will!"

"Hush! Ellen, You know I will do all I can for you, 'under the circumstances.' I will see that a place is provided for you, where you can be made comfortable."

"Then you do not love me still? Edward! my heart is breaking. I want your sympathy, your affection. If you never loved me, why have you so cruelly deceived me?"

"I have loved you, Ellen, and I still love you; but—"

"But what?" said Ellen; "tell me the worst—what is it that you would say?"

"That I am married, Ellen, and that this must be our last meeting for the present."

"Married! O, my God! Farewell, then, Edward, farewell forever!"

Like a bewildered child she caught his hand, pressed it to her throbbing heart, and fled wildly from his sight. The "man of the world" uttered a deep groan and turned away.

Edward Dunbar returned to his paternal home—to his wealthy bride; but alas! not to love, to peace and happiness. In his heart he loved the gentle, affectionate Ellen; but his pride rebelled at the thought of introducing her to the world as Mrs. Edward Dunbar. So, after winning her purest affection, after he had allowed the tendrils of her confiding heart to entwine themselves around him, he rudely tore them all asunder, and left them, withered and dying at his feet. He wedded the proud, the aristocratic, soulless daughter of the 'millionaire'; but in so doing he wedded selfishness, misery and gold. Alas! is this the only instance in which man has trampled love's pure blossoms under his feet? Answer, ye who have sinned, and who might see the shadowy forms of outraged innocence rise up before you with bleeding hearts, wounded by your faithlessness. But we know that man is a privileged character. He can do all these things unblushingly, can mingle in society as before, can be courted and admired by soulless women, who contemptuously turn the unfortunate sister from their doors. Oh, woman! when wilt thou learn to deal more gently with the fallen of thine own sex, and justly reprove him who is the greater sinner? The cries of outraged innocence have gone up into heaven. And he who when upon earth looked compassionately upon the erring, sends his ministering angels to bind up

their lacerated, broken hearts; and when the proud world passes them coldly by, the angels of love and mercy fold them to their compassionate bosoms.

But where is Ellen? Avenues and streets she passed, never pausing to meet the glances of the careless eyes that followed her. Her agonized, distracted appearance, made no impression upon the hard hearted worldling, who had become harder than the gold he worshiped. Neither did the aristocratic lady pause to inquire into the cause of the sorrow which was so vividly depicted upon her countenance. No! she only drew her costly robes more closely around her, lest they should become contaminated by the touch of the poor outcast. Charity, Mercy, Religion, where have ye flown in this the nineteenth century!? O God! where art thou, when thy suffering children cry for mercy? O Father! man builds temples in which to worship thee, but profanes and desecrates the LIVING temple—the human soul—which is a part of thee, and which is sacred in thy sight. Let thy voice of justice break in thunder tones upon this guilty world till the selfish, the sordid, the avaricious and the libertine shall believe and acknowledge that Thou art the avenger of the innocent.

Poor Ellen! Upon the cold, damp ground she laid her weary head and prayed for death. She was soon lost to all consciousness. The watchman, in going his nightly rounds, found the lone wanderer, and saw her conveyed to the "house of refuge." Strange hands ministered to her necessities, and strange voices fell upon her ear. No kind and gentle mother was there to soothe her in that hour when she so much needed a mother's sympathy. No strong arm was there to support her in her deep agony. But though no earthly friend stood by her dying couch, yet there were true and beautiful angels bending over her. Beckoning hands pointed her to starry realms, where love, with amaranthine flowers waited to crown the brow of the weary pilgrim.

Child of sorrow! Thou sleepest, with thy little one, in the PAUPER'S GRAVE. Affection's hand strews no flowers over thy lowly bed. No stately monument marks the spot where thy form sleepest. But the night wind sings its sad requiem, and the little birds often chant their wild, sweet song above thy resting place. But we will not look for thee in the grave; no! with expanded vision we will gaze into the mysterious depths of the spirit realm, and behold thee among the beautiful and the blest. No frowning judge met thee on thy entrance to the immortal country. But a loving Father greeted thee, through his ministering angels, and led thee by the side of peaceful waters, where thou didst receive the

baptismal dew of heaven; while anthems of praise resounded through the vast arches of the heavenly dome. Here we will leave thee, thou ransomed one, resting on the bosom of Infinite love, with bright angels all around thee.

But what shall we say of Edward Dunbar, the Destroyer? Is he happy? No! for there is a still small voice often whispering in the soul's deep sanctuary, saying, "The way of the transgressor is hard." And so it was. She whom he had acknowledged to be his wife, was such only by LAW. She was cold, scornful and exacting. No love, like that which the gentle Ellen had given him, had been expressed by her whom he called his wife. He saw, when too late, that he had made a fatal mistake. He had sacrificed love and happiness for wealth and ambition. While we strongly condemn the course which Edward Dunbar has taken, yet we pity the transgressor, and like a minister of mercy would seek to lead him into the paths of virtue and peace. There is often an angel of love walking by his side, striving to calm the troubled waves which often roll tempestuously over his heaving bosom. The spirit of the injured Ellen is not his accuser, nor avenger; but his guardian angel. With mild and pitying eyes she looks down from starry heights, weeping tears such as only angels weep, when she beholds the strong man bowed in sorrow. The outcast has become the guardian angel, the heavenly teacher.

H. N. G.

### Correspondence.

J. A. ROWLAND writes us from Washington, D. C.:—

"Be so kind as to put me down as a subscriber for the "*Radical Spiritualist*." I have not sent you a remittance now, but I promise myself to render you a *quid pro quo* in some way or other. . . . I have mailed you a copy of the Patent Office Report for 1887—the last issued—which I hope will not be altogether uninteresting or unacceptable to you. I propose also to send you such other documents etc. as I can obtain; and I hope to be able to send you some subscribers. . . . I am interested in the subject of Spiritualism.

PROF. J. E. CUMMILL, of Philadelphia, writes us:—

"Gladly, and with fullness of pleasure, I see you have commenced a "*Radical Spiritualist*" paper, so we can have a chance to discuss the true political and religious Reforms of the day. As I have not found one sheet with the independence to publish the truth, I will ask you to open your columns for religious and political liberty to be . . . truthfully discussed. I shall make my articles short and to the point. . . . The cause of truth here has to be bolstered by far-fetched facts and imported speakers. The people ask for a "sign, for physical manifestations, as tests, so long has reason been separated from religion. . . . But the Spirit of Truth has made its bow upon the Stage of Life, and we shall soon have the acts and scenes of its labors. God speed you! is the prayer of your Brother."

## THE INDIVIDUALIST.

### H. A. Reid's Criticisms.

Under Dyspeptic's Corner, the reader will find me plainly dealt with. I honor my friend's frankness, though he seems to me to have somewhat over done the matter. He thinks I have committed many "grave errors." Now I claim the right to "err," in his view, but never in my own. If I should start a paper devoted to the printing art, I should be likely to call it the *Radical Printer*, which would be a "grave error" to all orthodox printers, like my friend. I intend to introduce phonetic type in one department of the *Radical Spiritualist* as soon as convenient. I, too, am a practical printer; but I would not belong to a "Printer's Union," which will not accord to woman the right to practice the art. THAT would be a GRAVE error.

I am glad friend Reid appreciates the superior merits of my associate's editorials. I will not question his opinion, under the circumstances. That I am "eccentric," is evident, and I am well pleased with the fact. I may need more "calmness;" perhaps I need a better "balance wheel;" yet I am conscious of greater needs.

The *Radical Spiritualist*, says my critic, would be a "laughing stock" at the Meadville school. That is somewhat suggestive. I was once arraigned before the Faculty of that institution to answer for the "grave error" of inviting Rev. Samuel R. Ward (a colored man), to deliver the Anniversary Sermon of my class, who had given me their official authority; though some of them grew pale, and deserted, when the "tug of war" came, and they were called to face the dignity of the Professors. As an abolitionist I advocated, that on the eve of our departure from the School, we should SET AN EXAMPLE to other theological institutions worthy of imitation. But as it proved, our abolitionism savored too much of "sober earnestness," though we had debated the subject freely in our Lyceums. It could hardly be expected, therefore, after years of growth in "error," since that event, that I should edit a paper which would "take" at that institution.

There is truth in some of my friend's criticisms, and I am not ungrateful, although he has not told me anything new. Let him be as faithful to his seniors, not excepting Mr. Parker; for TRUTH is impartial.

My critic speaks very contemptuously of Spiritualism, and I think his terms are in "bad taste," besides being untrue. He will be obliged to take back that word "majority." The few only believe in the infallibility of spirits, and these have not yet cast off the "slime" and "slough" of old theology. Let him class them where they belong. God speed my Brother in the Truth.

The Ideal is the highest Real. Idealists, or Poets, elevate their race.

## RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

## THE RADICAL SPIRITUALIST

Is designed for an entirely new class of readers from any Spiritualist. The Radical started before it, viz: for the Outcast, the Degraded, the Uneducated, and the Enslaved. If we are honored by the continued patronage of these more teachable classes, we shall greatly rejoice. But if we are thrown off from our course, and yield to the temptation to write for the Learned and the Aristocratic, our effort will be a Failure, though our circulation should become equal to that of the New York Tribune. We therefore inform all those friends of humanity who would aid us, that they can best do so by securing to our subscribers in the ranks of the "publicans and sinners." We do not offer our paper free to this class because we are poor, since by extra hours' labor of our own hands, heads and hearts we profit, edit and publish our paper, though our joint incomes do not equal \$1.75 per day. All beyond an economic subsistence we cast upon the waters. Additional "material aid" we shall sacrificially devote to the Cause. Lecturers, and all responsible persons, are Agents, and copies for Club-subscribers will be furnished: 5 copies for \$2. 10, for \$3. 20, for \$5. Address the Editors, B. J. BUTTS and HARRIET N. GREENE, Hopedale, Milford, Mass.

## "Do you expect to Succeed?"

The question has been asked us several times since the issue of the first No. of *The Radical Spiritualist*. "Do you expect to succeed?" Succeed in what?—in making money? No! We never have had the faintest idea of such a result. We should be frightened if we thought that there was the slightest prospect of receiving hardly a just remuneration for our labors. We have labored long, in many directions, and have rarely received more than enough to keep soul and body together. We have learned that telling the truth does not line the pockets with gold. We do not expect to court the favor of those whose highest ambition is to make money. We expect that the so called great and powerful will frown upon us, and perhaps ask us, contemptuously, what we expect to do without money.

In soliciting aid from our friends, we have been forcibly reminded of a saying of olden time, "The common people heard him gladly." We have found, thus far, that the common people have been more ready to lend us a helping hand, than those who are wont to consider themselves "fixed stars" in reforms, around whom all the little stars should revolve. But we will not complain. The broad universe is our field, and God is our helper. Popular Opinion, that great bug bear which has frightened so many weak souls, shall not alarm us with its impotent barking. We have never been great favorites with men of worldly power, either in Church or State. We are content to take our place among the lowly, the despised, the outcast. And why should we not be, when we remember that the wise and benevolent Jesus mingled with publicans and sinners? But we are not content to be mere SLAVES, to have a padlock placed upon our lips. We must be free—free as the singing bird, and the dancing brook.

Therefore we would say to all our friends, that we do not expect to succeed in making money. If we can suc-

ceed in lightening the burden of one oppressed spirit—can cause one fainting soul to feel the great pulsating heart of the good Father throbbing in unison with his own—can cheer the mourner in his lonely grief, by pointing to the realms of starry beauty, where his departed kindred still live, we shall not have labored in vain.

H. N. G.

## Cora L. V. Hatch at Milford.

We listened, Friday, 6th ult., to a discourse from which we take the following extracts, given through Mrs. Hatch, on the abstract subject, THE POWER OF TRUTH, which was phonographically reported by Miss Amanda Albee, of Hopedale. Such a subject, though abstract in its nature, might have been so treated that its power would have been acknowledged by the CONSCIENCE as well as the INTELLECT. But we doubt whether any one in the audience felt that the Angel Truth was really saying to HIM, "*Thou art the man!*" The language, the manner, the magnetic or inspiring presence of Cora, form more than half the virtue of her communications, and to that we bow with reverence. But as we would keep in our mind's eye forever, the outcast millions, bound in chains by the iron hand of tyranny, and who have few to speak for them, we must say that TRUTH, which is fitted to the needs of struggling humanity, should be made of "sterner stuff" than too often comes through our more popular mediums.

## PRAYER.

"Thou who art forever the Spirit of the universe—Infinite Father—in whose life and light we move, and think, and live forever—whose Spirit and power uplifts, persuades, controls and guides us in every department of life; who art around, above, beneath, and who givest life and intelligence to all created things: we bless thee for life—that perfect, divine life and love, which exists in all creation, and manifests through its harmony and beauty, the symmetry of Thine intelligence. We bless Thee for all love. We bless Thee for human life; for those attributes in a divine humanity, which make Thy children worthy of Thy care, and which ally them so closely to Thee, that Thine own pulsating heart lieth closely to theirs. We bless Thee for that conception which men have of Thee, which bears them above all surroundings, all circumstances, to the immortal world. We bless Thee, O Father, for life and love—sustaining, divine attributes of the heavenly Spirit—which make us all children of Thy care, and bear us onward to Thee forever. We bless Thee that Thy children are not wholly ignorant of Thy Spirit. We bless Thee, our Father, that there is in every human soul, some spark of divine life—some knowledge, some conception of Thy love and power, which bears

More servants wait on Man than he'll take notice of.—HERBERT.

them at last beyond the pale of crime. We bless Thee, O Father, for sorrows, that occur, and pass through our souls, like a cloud on a summer sky. We bless Thee for the seasons of sadness that flit across the spirit—for the perfect trust that comes from the soul."

"We ask of Thee no especial favor, *to-night*—nor do we ask, that Thou mightest descend among us and pour out Thine own holy spirit; but to bless *all*, and love *all*, as Thou dost ever bless and love. And all the prayer we ask is, that each and all of Thy children may realize the blessings that are strown along their path daily—that they may perceive that beyond is life and love, undying and true, and that they may be brought nearer and nearer to Thee forever."

## LECTURE.

"Truth is a PRINCIPLE, consequently positive, unchanging and perfect. No lesser degree of mind can influence it. It remains perfect, unchanged and unchangeable, through all time and all eternity. Nor the downfall of nations, nor the rise and fall of men, society or governments can affect its power, being as steadfast and permanent as the God in the heavens. Truth, therefore, is an element of the Divine Mind, which positively must triumph over all error. Everything which is known as falsehood, or error, is simply confined to the world of facts; for we would give you to understand that there is as much difference between *facts* and *truths* as there is between night and day. Truths are constant as the sun, while facts are as various as the summer clouds.

"We have defined truths,—what are facts? They are occurrences of the material world, and always varying. . . . They may or may not be founded upon the principle of Truth. . . . It seems to be a fact that to-day the earth revolves around the sun. But thousands of years ago it was believed to be a fact that the world was flat. Yet during all the intervening centuries the TRUTH did not vary. . . . Circumstances change. To-morrow you will all be somewhere else. But know ye that the truth can never—never change."

"The phenomena of Nature are all facts, because they are always varying. To-day it may be a fact that a flower grows in a certain way. To-morrow it may change.

"While the Star of Truth shines ever the same, men, like comets, start off in search of truth, as though to find it in some remote corner of the universe. If they cannot find it in one place they start for another, while it exists, perhaps, enshrined in their own hearts, a faint, glimmering light, which waits only to be recognized.

"Now there is something in morality that appeals to the sense of truth in every man's soul; and though his practice and circumstances in life may prevent him from

following out what is true, still he knows what is truth. The 'Golden Rule' is recognized by everybody to be the only perfect and truthful moral law.

"*Facts* go to prove that hatred, revenge and malice, make up the outward phenomena of the moral world, while love, beautiful and mild, sits enthroned forever on the very brow of Deity. Hatred, envy and crime, are all facts in connection with external human life. But the truth which lies beyond, hid in the throbbing heart of God, is not embraced by man's limited powers.

"You ask the atheist if he believes in a God, and he answers, 'No! you cannot *prove* it. If there is a God, why has he not written his name upon the starry heavens, so plain that no man can mistake it? There is a principle in nature,' says he, 'which controls all these worlds, and that is natural law.'

"But whence comes natural law? The atheist cannot tell. But by-and-by he is on the stormy sea. . . .

The storm deepens! The clouds darken, the solemn thunder peals, and the living lightnings play in the mighty arch above, [like flashes from the eye of God!] On bended knees, with uplifted hands, the atheist cries, '*O save—save!*' Where now is 'chance'? Where is 'natural law'? The truth is, *he always* has believed in a God, but materialism, and self-love would not permit him to acknowledge it."

"All things decay," says the materialist; 'the soul has no existence.' But in his inmost heart, when questioned by those who have passed beyond the grave, when asked if he never hears their voices whispering sweetly in the night breezes, when asked if he has no soul communion with his beloved mother, the angel guardian of his childhood, he immediately turns his eyes toward heaven and prays to *her*. He believes in a hereafter . . . though he tries to convince you to the contrary. [We omit here a somewhat lengthy, but interesting illustration of immortality from the seasons.]

"Truth carries its own conviction. The most humble man on earth may stand before you, without any external evidences of power, entirely ignorant of any of the necessities of correct speaking, and he may tell you a truth whose power and simplicity will reach your hearts in spite of ridicule, because it is TRUTH. The simple minded Nazarene, living eighteen hundred years ago upon your earth, uttered more truth and with more power than had been uttered by all the philosophers who preceded him, or than has been uttered by all who have succeeded him. . . . He was not a king, nor a monarch, nor a tyrant; but he spoke truth which all will believe—announced principles which will endure. If there is such a principle as justice—such a power as liberty—such a fundamental element in government as

Oh, that mankind were STILL enough to listen to our teachings!—SPIRITS.



mercy—they will remain unchanged. Though politicians and democrats, and bad men—wicked and depraved men—may drag to the very depths of ignorance and despair, those whom they profess to rule, yet Justice will remain steadfast, Liberty always unsullied, and Mercy, pure and perfect."

"Sciences, which in their infancy were scoffed at, are now honored; discoverers, who were supposed to be lunatics, are now idolized. Socrates, Plato, Demosthenes, Pythagoras, O what were they—most of them—in their own nation and country? Nothing but dreamers. To-day they belong to the galaxy of great names which adorn the temple of science."

#### "Voice to Young Men."

The article entitled as above, which we published in our first issue, doubtless struck many of our readers as rather unique for a "spiritual" journal, presenting the external beauty of "The Radical Spiritualist." Perhaps they think that a plainer and homelier sheet would be "good enough" for "sinners." Such readers will naturally be somewhat surprised to find us in earnest, and to meet with truth and humanity which is "no respecter of persons." But we promise them, that if they will be patient, and consider well the length and breadth of our aims, we shall not really harm them. Let them not be too certain that such a "Voice" is not needed in their own families, or should not have been uttered years ago, by legal guardians of the young.

We intend to use language, on all subjects, which is direct and unequivocal, but to the purity and sincerity of which, every genuine reformer will spontaneously assent. As for others, whose fastidious tastes may be offended, we cannot afford to heed them. Our work is too important. We would have our "Voice" heard in every corner of the globe, were it possible; yea, we would have it heard in the spirit realm, by the "spirits in prison." But we do not expect a ready hearing. We have not yet seen it copied in any of the established journals, or "Youth's Papers," though we have opened the door. However, we do not falter, for we have not yet sent it to the "American Tract Society!"

Meantime, we have struck off a number of copies extra, on a separate sheet, in convenient form for circulation, also a few (in bronze) adapted to frame, and to hang in "Gentleman's Rooms" at railroad stations, and other places where they may meet the eyes of hundreds of walking skeletons. Whoever of the friends of practical godliness may be moved to apply to us, either for the separate sheets or the framed ones, can be supplied. We have scattered many, in person, at inns, and among knots of idle young men. Who will do likewise?

[For the Radical Spiritualist]

#### To a Departed Friend.

BY A. G. COMSTOCK.

The Summer days are coming,  
The flowers bloom on the lea;  
Again the robin singeth  
Upon the old Elm Tree.

Thou greetest not the blossoms,—  
Thine ears heed not the song;  
Thou sleepest in the valley,  
Thy withered buds among.

When last the golden Summer,  
With slow, reluctant feet,  
Passed o'er the hazy hill-tops,  
The autumn days to meet;

Thy spirit, worn and weary,  
Fell fainting by the way,  
But waiting for the finger  
Which beckoned it away."

Then when the nights were longer,  
And colder grew their breath,  
With many a tear and heart-throb,  
We yielded thee to death.

Thine eyes he closed so gently!  
Thy lips he coldly pressed,  
Thy hands he meekly folded  
Upon thy pulseless breast!

Oh, in that clime supernal,  
Where grief no cords may sweep,  
Dost thou enfold thy darlings  
Whom here thou couldst not keep?

Then we will hush our murmurs,  
And check our falling tears,  
And spend in hopeful patience  
The intervening years.

But when the death-damps gather  
Upon my pallid cheek,  
And prayers for light and guidance  
My lips no more may speak;

When strange mysterious shadows  
Shall cloud my failing sight,  
Then wilt thou meet me, Sister,  
Upon the mountain height?

And o'er its rugged summit  
My faltering footsteps guide,  
Into those bowers perennial,—  
Just on the other side.

New York, 1859.

☞ We are still prepared to answer calls to repeat our Poem entitled "THE ANGEL AND THE BIGOT, AND THE ANGEL AND THE SLAVER."

Take heed how you act when you are alone.—CONFUCIUS.

## VOICES TO YOUTH.

### The Shadow-Land.

"O mother! tell me of the Shadow-Land—the beautiful land where angels dwell. Do the birds sing sweetly there? Do flowers grow upon the banks of that mountain home? O mother, tell me of this land; for I dreamed last night that a bright and pleasant angel came and whispered loving words to me, and beckoned me away across the waters. Upon the banks of the river I saw little children crowned with amaranths. When they saw me approaching they came and took me by the hand and led me safely across the blue waters into a beautiful grove. There, mother, I saw our little Allie, my dear angel sister, and she came to see me, and kissed me, and looked so beautiful. Mother, do you think I am going to live with the angels?"

The mother looked sorrowful. She gazed earnestly into the mysterious depths of the dreamy eye of her darling Mabel. The mother's eye was dewy with tears, for she saw an unusual light beaming from the countenance of the inspired child. Forcing back the tears she replied calmly,

"Mabel, my child, you ask me of the Shadow-Land. You ask if singing birds are there, if the flowers that speak to us so lovingly here, bloom on the immortal shores. Dear Mabel, mortal eyes hath not seen, neither is it possible to conceive, of the beauty, the harmony, and the enchanting loveliness of the heavenly home. I believe that the good Father has prepared for us a lovely mansion, where music and song, where warbling birds and singing brooks will greet the new-born spirit; where bud, leaflet and flower expand and unfold in primeval beauty,—but Mabel! Mabel, my child, what is the matter? A strange mysterious spell is on thee."

"O mother! mother, the angels are calling me; they beckon me to come; let me lay my head on your bosom and listen to their strange, sweet music."

The mother held her child closely to her beating heart. She knew that she must part with this tender bud, for the angels had called her home.

Day after day the mother watched over her darling Mabel. The fair child of hope and promise is passing away. The beautiful casket is broken, and the angel child is passing over the waters.

Another star gems the vast concave of the heavenly sky. Another flower has been transplanted upon the immortal hills. Another voice has joined in the deep chorus of the heavenly song, and blends in sweetest cadence, as it touches the delicate strings of the angel harp. Another crown is placed upon the head, a fadeless wreath of deathless beauty graces the fair brow of the angel Mabel.

H. N. O.

### Carrie's Prayer.

Little Carrie Perkins was a great pet of mine; indeed, she was the sunbeam of the house. She was only three years old, but she had a strangely mature way of talking sometimes that made her seem very interesting. Every night I went to her room for a good night kiss; and never shall I forget how sweetly she used to look, in her little night-dress as she knelt down at her mother's side and said, "Our Father," nor how reverently she used to fold her hands at the close and say,

"Good night, dear God, and please take good care of little Carrie."

"Why Carrie," said her mother, the first time she added this to her prayer, "you shouldn't talk to God so."

"Shouldn't I?" said the little prattler, "I love God, and why shouldn't I say good night to him, before I go to sleep, just as I do to you and aunt Annie?"

Her mother looked thoughtful, but only replied by kissing her; and always after that she repeated her good night petition.

A lady reading aloud from the New Testament about Jesus raising the dead, looked around and saw her two little boys, one flat on the floor, imitating death, and the other attempting to raise him!

**STUDYING LATIN.**—We have heard of a farmer whose son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy. The farmer not being perfectly satisfied with the course and conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart, one day, thus addressed him:—"Now, Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?"—"Forkibus, cartibus et manuribus," said Joseph.—"Well, now," said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickabuss, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backabuss." Joseph went to workibus forthwithabuss.

### ENTERED THE SPIRIT-LAND.

In Burrillville, on the 5th ult., of consumption, Malissa Smith, daughter of Nelson Smith (deceased) and Clementina, and step-daughter of Nathan Wallen, aged 14 years, 7 months and 18 days.

The deceased was a young person of amiable character, and beloved by a large circle of relatives and associates. Her funeral was attended by many neighbors, family acquaintances and sympathizing friends. We were privileged to attend and minister on the occasion, and found ourself quite free to express our liberal views. May the veil which hides the great Hereafter from the clouded vision of mortals, grow thinner, until mother and child, brother and sister, friends and loved ones shall "meet again" in their heavenly home.

"To ACT is easy; to THINK is hard."

## Dyspeptic's Corner.

## Pompey's Prayer.

"It was early in the morning, and the physician sat by the bed-side of the apparently dying man. In one hand, he held his watch; in the other, the wrist of his patient. Pulsation was nearly gone; and momentarily was the grim messenger expected to make his appearance. The door opened, and Pompey, a colored man who lived hard by, entered the room. He approached the bed with the inquiry, 'How Cap'n Noot du?'"

"Oh," said the Physician, "he is a dying man!"

"Why you no sabe um?" said Pompey.

"I have done every thing which I can, in the line of my profession," said the Physician, "and if my prayers could be answered, the Captain would be saved; but I have lost my influence at the Throne of Grace. Pompey, nothing but prayer can save our friend; the Lord may save him in answer to your prayers. And now, even at this moment, pray that the Lord may spare him, and let not his blood be upon your head because you shrink from duty."

"Pompey fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, rolled his white eyes up into his head, and thus commenced: 'Oh Lord, please spare Cap'n Noot!' He then raised himself up to see what effect it had upon the Capt.; then fell upon his knees again, saying, 'Oh Lord, please spare Cap'n Noot—he good man—he build berry good cider-mill!'—Again Pompey raised himself up, and looked upon the Captain. Seeing his face of a dark crimson, while he appeared to be struggling with the agonies of death, the negro's indignation was aroused against his Maker. He stamped with his foot, smote his fists, and (while his whole frame trembled with violent emotion) exclaimed, 'You can spare him jes' well's not, if ye owe mine to!'"

"This had the desired effect. The Captain's risible muscles gave way, and he burst into a laugh. The Physician raised his patient, to prevent him from strangling while discharging the corrupt matter from his throat; and when the Captain was again laid back upon his bed, he called Pompey to him, and putting a five dollar note in his hand, said, 'There, my good fellow, accept that. You have by your prayers caused the swelling in the Captain's throat to break, and thereby saved his life—for which we all owe you much.'

"Pompey called every morning to inquire for 'Cap'n Noot'; and one morning, when the Captain was so far recovered as to be able to walk by leaning upon the shoulder of Pompey, they took a walk to the barn-yard, where Pompey had his choice of one of five cows. The tears trickled down the dark visage of the honest negro—he thanked the Captain a thousand times, and promised that he would daily remember him in his prayers."

## Friendly Criticism.

We wrote a letter to Hiram A. Reid, of Meadville Theological School, and have his response. We graduated at that institution when we was a boy. The professors will remember us. But since then we seldom visit such localities. We also mailed him a copy of *The Radical Spiritualist*. We have space only for his criticisms. For our reply, see Individualist department.

"DIVINITY HALL, MAY 9, '59,

"Dear Sir: Your note and paper are before me. I have no flattery to offer you. I discover in your enterprise, as it seems to me, many grave errors.

"Eleven years of my life I have spent as a practical printer, and four or five in editorial management. The head of your paper looks like a printer boy's first job; it is in bad taste; too much 'gingerbread' about it. *Radical* is a bad word. It savors not of sober earnestness. It means either too much or nothing.

"You set out with the sparkle and fume of small beer in June. Your editorials are flashy. Greene's are better. You flourish a wild scalpel over an imaginary corpse of the past, glancing and . . . wire-edged. Your youthful ambition is moved by an ostentatious thrill at eccentricity. You are hot-headed! Cultivate calmness, and grow up into a wholesome strength of manly purpose.

"Honestly, I think you have got steam up too high. You need a balance-wheel. Think of the matter calmly.

"Your paper would be a standing laughing-stock here." I am not a Spiritualist, as that name is commonly understood, although I have patiently and persistently embraced every means in my reach of learning the *whole truth* of the matter. . . . I took the liberty of getting the *Banner of Light* and the *Spiritual Telegraph* sent here to our Reading-Room, and some of the students were sadly scandalized.

"Spiritualism has much slime to slough off. The majority of its believers are just as much in error concerning the phenomena of mediumship as the wild-shooting Methodists are about the influence of the Holy Spirit.

"I will not advise you to give up your enterprise, but I am sure if you fully realized the grave faults of your writings, you would be disposed to wait awhile. What you don't know would fill a large book. Your article,

"CALL ME NOT GOOD," is bad. Your "VOICE TO YOUNG MEN" is an important subject, and perhaps respectfully treated. "THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE STATE" . . . is unphilosophical, illogical, false in principle. "TRUE EXISTENTIALISM" is bad. . . . Your treatment of Theodore Parker is simply *boisshy ridiculous*. The article . . . is so badly dicked out as to fail entirely of its aim. . . . I think you need a nearer friend to talk . . . to you. . . . You betray some disposition to poetry . . . in the rough. Be not puffed up, as you evidently are. . . .

And herewith I subscribe myself, in all . . . good will and brotherly regard, HIRAM A. REID."

• Good for Theological Dyspeptics!—[Ed.]

A JOKE.—We have received several business letters from a distance addressed to "Messrs Butts & Greene." Doubtless most of our readers are aware that Mr. Greene entered into matrimonial partnership with us before the commencement of our paper, but without changing his name. He would be addressed, "HARRIET N. GREENE."

Thy one sin was greater than all; thou didst treat thy Brother with contempt.