

~RADICAL~ SPIRITUALIST.

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THE PHILANTHROPIST.

"I have n't the Change."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Only four, only four!" moaned the poor woman, as she dropped her weary head upon the pillow, and drew again the scanty bed-clothes closely around her shivering shoulders; "I was so in hopes it would strike six. O dear, if I had but a plenty of oil! but I must wait for daylight. I pray heaven the sun may be up when I wake again."

"I am glad they sleep so soundly," placing her thin hands upon the heaving hearts of the two children, who lay at her side, locked in childhood's happy slumber. "O, if they would only sleep till noon! Poor things, they will be starved before their supper is earned. O, how hard, how hard it is to be so poor! Can I bear it?" Her whispers were hushed a few moments, and then there struggled up, through the bitter sobs that filled her throat, the anguished words, "I must! I must!" And then she buried her face in that pillow, which had been damp for years with her midnight sighs, and wet it with fresh tears. And then she prayed—prayed for strength to endure, and for bread to put into the starving mouths of her darling babes. She prayed as only a widowed mother can pray, when on her shelf there lies no single crust, and but two small potatoes,—when in her little purse there jingles not even coppers. With tears and prayers came temporary peace; the cry of her heart was hushed, and patience, as it had often before, laid its soft fingers on her lips, and sleep sealed for a while the fountain of deep grief.

Here was a sad, trite story; such an one as you may hear a dozen times in every lane or alley of our crowded cities; stories which, because they are so trite, scarcely affect our hearts, save to cause them, perhaps, one shiver and one sigh. We forget, in listening to them, that though they all seem so much alike that we might fancy they are but versions of one tale, yet each one has its hero or its heroine; that we must not weep for one, but many. O, how many!

The first faint beams of daylight found her drawn close beside the little window, busy with her needle. She had built a scanty fire, put down the two potatoes to roast, made and drank a cup of tea, and now sewed with the energy of despair, only raising her eyes to look, once in a while, upon her sleeping children, and hoping and praying their slumber would last long.

"They will be so hungry when they wake," moaned she, "what shall I do with them? and little Nellie is so

frail and feeble, she loathes our coarse, unpalatable fare. O, if they could but sleep till night; then, how gladly I would waken them! it will be a long, sad day! but with evening, thank God, I shall have some money!" and then she spurred her sore and aching fingers.

She was busied upon a dress for a wealthy and fashionable lady, who employed, sometimes, such a humble seamstress, as she said, from charity, though in reality only to save a few shillings to invest in trifles for herself. No mantua-maker would have made the garment Mrs. C. was now employed upon for less than two dollars, and the lady knew it well; but she carried it to the poor widow, and told her, if she would do it for seventy-five cents, she would leave it there. Eagerly did the half-starved, all-tired creature clutch at it. All Saturday she bent over it, and until the clock struck the holy chime of Sabbath rest; and now she must work till twilight on it yet, for there was a deal of trimming.

And so she sat and sewed that whole long day, nothing passing her thin lips but a dish of weak tea at the breakfast and dinner hour, and hearing all the time the passionate clamors of her boy for bread, or something to eat, and marking, with an anguish worse than death, the pale, sad face of her sick child, who did not ask for food with her white lips, but only seemed to pray for it in her meek, earnest, upward glances.

"It curdles my heart, now," she would sometimes exclaim, when telling of it, though a score and more of years had passed since the day was over, "curdles it only to remember what I suffered. Hell never had a torture equal to it."

With the last ray of light the final stitch was set, and then, folding it with maniac quickness, with a strength born of agony, she rushed from the clamorous cries of the boy, and the mournful looks of the sick girl, out into the darkening street, and across the city, to the palace-home of her employer. She reached it, rang, was ushered up the long and splendid flight of stairs, and stood before the lady, and gave up her work. Very carefully was it examined; scarcely a stitch but that was scrutinized; but it bore inspection. A mother, toiling for starving children, would not dare to slight her work. Then the lady drew out a tasseled purse, and felt a while amid golden coins and rustling bills; then turned to the patient, expectant woman, and said, very quietly, as though it were an ordinary sentence, and not the death-warrant of a holy hope, "I have n't the change. Call again."

With a face on which all the horrors of madness were written, the poor seamstress turned away, and

— TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM. —

went down the stairs, and through the hall, and into the street. But once there and her agony must find vent, or reason would have died. She flung herself upon the huge white drift, and prayed for death; prayed, yes, shrieked for it,—so fearfully, too, that the bystanders thought she was an escaped lunatic, and ran for help to secure her, lest she harm them. She ran at once to her dark cellar-home, but had no strength to enter. She could not face her babes. Down to the brink of the river she found her way, and was about to spring into the icy tide, when the thoughts of those babes left motherless came to her scorched brain like water to a maddened flame, and she turned once more to that cellar-home. Noiselessly she stole to the door, and placed her ear beside it. She heard the low, sweet voice of her suffering Nell, telling her brother of the glass of milk and the warm bun she was soon to have; and she heard, too, the loud, wild shouts of her healthful boy, as he told of the sausage and white bread mother would bring him. More and more frenzied she became; she prayed again and again for death: but her hour was not, would not come, and at length she rushed forth again into the crowded streets, and did what in a rare moment she would never have endured to think of—she begged!

Heaven answered then the prayers of that patient child at home; for though the first half-dozen heeded not her clamorous petitions for bread, for she asked no more, the seventh turned not so coldly from her. He was a wealthy stranger, seemingly,—she never knew his name, but she said, next to the faces of her mother and her children, she should seek for his in heaven, and if it were there know and bless it,—he, settling with his coachman ere he was driven to the night-train, threw her a half-dollar, and, entering the carriage, was out of sight ere she could speak one word of thanks.

That half-dollar! O, money! that time was a blessing; one, too, so bright and glad, it seemed dropped down from God's own hand. The traveler, perhaps, forgot it as soon as it was given; but the widow and her babes never forgot to pray for him. Little Nellie blessed him with her dying breath, and said, if little child-angels were allowed to come down from heaven, she would watch over him, next to her mother; and little Willie, until the day when he, too, passed so suddenly and so sadly from his mother's arms, talked often and earnestly of the time when he should be a man, and throw half-dollars to every poor woman or beggar-child whom he should see. So much and so often did they pray for him, so many blessings did they call upon his head, that they forgot, both mother and children, sorely as they had been wronged, they forgot to curse the lady, who had almost been the death of three, by her careless words, "I have n't the change."

BROKEN.—Alas! little does the world know how a broken heart is hidden under a cold and stern demeanor of the face, little does it dream of the anguish that is stifled by the rigid lip of pride, or what feelings lie buried, but painfully alive forever, in the hearts of those whom it looks at daily, as monuments of hard unsympathizing selfishness. It is written "every heart knoweth its own bitterness," and that concealment has been ordained by the same wisdom which has given to us a knowledge of the fact.

☞ Silence is a cheap virtue.

• My Gentle Mother.

I once had a kind and gentle mother—fair and beautiful as a poet's dream. I loved her with all the ardor of my impulsive nature; nay, more—I idolized her, and ever delighted to gaze upon her dear smiling face. I was but a child; yet the incident of one hour is indelibly impressed upon my memory. I had, in my thoughtlessness, done something of which my mother disapproved. She called me to her side, and gently admonished me; but I was impatient and out of humor, and answered her angrily. Sadly she turned and left me. I saw the tears which dimmed her mild blue eye, and heard a low, deep sigh escape her lips. Years have passed since that hour; the tall grass waves over the mound where her wasting form sleepeth; but the sad look she then gave me, as she left the room, is still imaged in my heart. Those unkind words I then uttered, often come to me in the calm, still hour of night, and again my mother's tears have fallen deep into the silent chambers of my soul.

My gentle, faithful mother! Thou knowest how much I loved, and still I love thee! Thou knowest that my heart has sadly missed thee; and had not thy dear spirit often left its mountain home, to breathe fresh messages of love, sadder and darker, still deeper would have fallen the gloom around my earthly pathway.

My mother, when joy crowned my days, I have missed thee. In my sadness, too; and though other friends have encircled me; though the faithful and the true have stood beside me, yet I have longed, at times, to pillow my aching head upon thy maternal bosom, and feel thy soft hand upon my weary brow. The gentle tones of thy voice I would ever hear. Low in the grave thy earthly form sleepeth; but in the mountain home, the angel world thy spirit dwelleth. Thou dost come in the deep hush of night, to love and bless thy waiting child:

H. N. G.

The Door is Opening.

We are glad to find the columns of the *Spiritual Age* opening to the penetrating rays of Anti-Slavery truth, even though its editor raises his broad spiritual shield in semi-self-defense. Several articles concerning the "Greeks at our own doors"—one from E. W. Twing, dated Springfield—have evoked some thought on the question of human rights. We know A. E. Newton to be anti-slavery at heart, only we would have him affirm it unmistakably. He may be as much more as he is able, but if he is not that, of what moral use to humanity is his spiritual clarion, though it should be heard to the ends of the world? We know his arduous labors, his weary head and heart-throbs in the unpopular cause of spiritual truth, the cold and sordid neglect which the world returns for such disinterestedness, and that such a position as we would like to see taken by the spiritualistic journals of the day, would only enhance the trials of the philanthropist. We know that there are two courses open to every human soul—to the editor of every

"Those there are whose hearts have a look southward . open to the . noon of nature."

journal, great or small; one, an easy sail on the popular tide; the other, a "row up-stream." But if there be a MAN at the helm, the decision is soon made. Nor is there any real loss, even of influence, in the manly decision. There are more angels attending the footsteps of such a soul, than ever followed in the wake of the *New York Tribunes*, with their entire corps of editors, contributors and readers, and we would give more for the real power of such a soul. Oh, how great is that delusion, which, for momentary use, would press its finger, never so lightly, upon the opening lips of Truth! For our part, we would sooner earn a livelihood by manual toil—as we do in fact—saw wood, or dig in the ditch with the faithful Irishman, than we would say a word which could be construed into a shadow of an apology for American Slavery.

"THE FALSE AND TRUE MARRIAGE; THE Reason and results. By Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Price 6 cents. Cleveland: 1859."

This pamphlet, written by the editor of *The Agitator*, contains much truth, and we would have it read by all persons who are disposed lightly to treat the wrongs which it exposes. We would, perhaps, go farther than would she in opposing the Marriage Institution; for we would see it practically transcended, as unworthy of the human soul in its best estate. Until men and women have the courage and wisdom to marry outside of the sanctified institution, the radical evils of marriage will not, in our opinion, be overcome.

"Past Cure."

Lines suggested on hearing the remark, that a person was "Past cure."

"Past cure"! what right have we to say
The fallen cannot be redeemed?
Have we forgotten dreary hours
When light on us but faintly gleamed?

"Past cure"! is there no hope of thee,
Thou lonely, sad and weary one?
Have angels ceased to weep for thee,
And left thee, desolate and lone?

Believe it not! but look above,—
God is good, though man is ill;
His watchful eye doth never sleep,
The wanderer he loveth still.

The heavenly Father bends his ear
To catch the lowest, faintest sigh;
No child of his in anguish bowed
Do guardian angels e'er pass by.

Then let us never, never breathe,
These words so hopeless, sad and drear;
Nor let us ever say "too late"
For deeds of love and words of cheer.

H. N. G.

THE INDIVIDUALIST.

THE PHONETIC ALPHABET consists of the common alphabet, excepting x, c, and q, together with the following new letters, whose sounds are denoted by the italics below them:

Ee	Ez	En	Ag	Aq	Oo	Oo	Oo	Da	Ua
eve	earl	ale	air	art	all	ode	ooze	aspe	whoop
ij	Or	Ss	Uu	eg	Rt	Ad	Sj	Kz	Wg
ice	oil	our	dye	cheat	thin	the	she	azure	ring

MARIJ STSEJ OV DE INSTITUTION.

Ĥ hold dat de tręst marij fud egzist stęj ov de institujon,—

1. Bekoz ov de individualiti—de trę manharđ and wumanharđ hwię so mękal a step wil tend tu develup in de pęritę.

2. Bekoz ov de egzempl ov independent virtų dęs set for dęz ha qę struglę for a sojal frędřm hwię kan onlę be obtand bi a lif ov individual pęriti—entrond for abuv edęr de helps or hindrancez ov legal yųzij.

3. Bekoz dat, do i belev dat de tręst marijęz qę de most permanent, i fįnd dat de marij institujon aserts de prinsip qřbitmrili and dogmatikali, and not from a rařonal, filosofikal persepfjon ov its tręt.

4. Bekoz i se fų but seliř motivz for marij insiř ov de institujon, suę az de konvenęnt pas it aforis us az personz ov gual moral karakter, notwidstandiř de "induljensez" it grants! Eęn marij "under protest," iz tinkęrd wid ekspediensi, az swęřit tu suport de Yųnited Stats Konstitujon wid "mental rezervafjon," or for de purpos ov "prezervip de Yųnyon"! Ĥar iz "rotenez in Denmęrk," hwen suę props beķum useasari.

5. Bekoz i do not belev in de anęilafjon ov de individualiti ov wuman, bi de srender ov her nam, persoz, or properti.

6. Bekoz ov de efekt hwię de subserviensi ov men and wumen tu kustum; prođępęz on đar ofęsęř, ha inherit weķ, kęqdřli and sęrvil dispozifjonz, inkapabl ov trę heroizm, and tremęlus at evri bek ov publik opinęyon. Dependent wimen, so fehl in bodi and mįnd dat đar not klam đar on persoz, ho pa omiř tu empti formz and de god Fařon, kanot beķum muđęř ov manli men or wiminli wimin. Bekoz, also, ov de kęnter efekt hwię wumanz superioriti tu de popular standardz ov virtų—de prevaliř "ęentlemen and lady" Ĥla ov moraliz, wil prođęs on đar posteriti in de formz ov human beięz ov anęlik digniti and psęř, in hęz prezens de Stat wit her legal deřises, and de Ćęřę wid her "řis frodz," wil sink into infinit litłnes.

7. Bekoz de marij institujon taks no kęgnizans ov de wil ov God az ekpreist in sr "bodiz and soalz;" but ignoranti magniř its "sal ov induljense" into a prinsip ov virtų. Ĥ luk wid intolęřabl kompafjon on suę legal pęriti, and i sa, ns and forever, BWEI WIR IT!!

Error is mortal, and cannot live; Truth is immortal, and cannot die.—DAVIS.

Radical Spiritualist.

Printed Monthly, at Hopedale, Milford, Mass., for the OUTCAST, to whom it is offered FREE; not because we are Rich—since all beyond an economic subsistence we cast “upon the waters”—but because we would “set an example,” and ask help only in helping others. All “material aid” we devote—sacredly—to the Cause.

TERMS.—To the Able and Willing, 60 Cts. a Year, in Advance. Lecturers, and all interested persons, are authorized to act as Agents, to whom will be furnished, for Clubs: 6 copies for \$2, 10 for \$3, and 20 for \$5, or half the subscription price.

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Notes on Spiritualism.

II. DO SPIRITS COMMUNICATE?

1. *Unity of Things.*—There is nothing ISOLATE. The eye not merely receives light, but *communication* with it. If the communication be intercepted, the fault is not in the light, which is ever present, but in the *eye*.

There is a unity in all history. The Jewish, Christian, Hindoo and all sacred scriptures, are works, more or less, of spiritual manifestation. The manifestations were from different spheres, and the receivers in different stages of development.

Among the primal facts of all manifestations is *motion*. From our theory of creation—though there is no creation other than change—as embracing spirit, matter (or media), and motion, we may determine the general origin of these manifestations, since *all motion is spirit-motion*. As the modern motions are spirit-motions, in this sense, they must be caused either by God, the Infinite Spirit, or by finite spirits. They are not produced by the former, in a special sense, since he operates by general methods. He moves the ocean, but not to *spell* a communication. Hence they are caused by finite spirits, who are not all in the body, because motions indicating intelligence would then be frequently produced involuntarily, which is absurd. It is irrational to say that a table is moved by *me*, when I do not *will* to move it. If, therefore, I, or agents in the form, do not manifest the intelligence, it must come from intelligent agents *out of* the form. Again, spirits in the form cannot, without their own knowledge or desire, answer a continued series of mental questions, through the table; yet such questions are answered.

OBJECTIONS.

1. *Deception, or Jugglery.*—This is the lowest form of objection to Spiritualism, and the least supportable; for jugglery is an *art*, while Spiritualism is not. Unschool-ed persons are frequently mediums, as ignorant of the cause of the phenomena as the skeptical inquirer. If

as may be in some cases, jugglers—so-called—perform feats, or divine character, knowing not why or how, then they are mediums, and are controlled by a foreign mind, or minds.

2. *Superstition.*—This objection is unsound, since free-thinkers, the last to be named superstitious, are usually the first to embrace Spiritualism. The superstitious do not become Spiritualists—they are afraid of “ghosts”!

3. *Insanity.*—The insanity said to be caused by Spiritualism is more justly ascribed to Orthodoxy. Minds, educated under its doctrines of fear and solemn mystery, are sometimes fit subjects for insanity. They clothe the sublime revelations of love, heralded by the angels of the New-Coming, in the black drapery of their own faith, and insanity is sometimes induced.

4. *Evil and Satanic.*—A spirit-circle—one for obtaining the freest communication—cannot be formed if there be *enmity* between its members. The condition of true spirit communion is “*brotherly love*”! Is this Satanic?

When a healing medium describes your disease, its location, causes etc., you acknowledge the truth; but when the same medium, (i. e., the spirit,) says that he is a departed friend, or physician, you forthwith pronounce him, or her, a falsifier! As long as the healing power proves itself competent and truthful enough to cure your maladies, it would be just, at least, to acknowledge its competence and truth when it claims to be a spirit.

5. *Electricity, or Magnetism.*—To illustrate, I meet a character in the street, or elsewhere, who calls himself Lorenzo Dow. “It is not Lorenzo Dow,” say you, “but electricity.” Then electricity is *intelligent*—sufficiently so, at least, to misrepresent itself! If it be not Lorenzo, it is *SOMEbody*. Is electricity somebody?!

I receive a written communication, whose author,—pardon me, O discerning Public! for presuming that all writings *have* authors,—claims to be my spirit brother. Now, do I not know that this writing is the product of an individual, conscious, willing mind? I do; and I deny the ability of a streak of lightning to give any such connected account of itself.

I go into a telegraph office in Boston; after a series of rappings, a communication arrives from New York, addressed to me. “That is done by electricity,” you say. Certainly, it is done by electricity: But ~~some~~ PER-SUN sent that message from New York, or the raps could not have announced it in Boston—not even by electricity!

The manifestations are also made *by*, or with the aid of, magnetism. But ignorance of the law of magnetic influence, or spiritual inspiration, is the parent of such crude objections as these: “Why cannot any one be a medium?” or, “Why cannot the spirits always manifest themselves, though the circle resists, or is skeptical?” You might as pertinently ask the human operator, “Why cannot you magnetize when the subject’s *will* is opposed?”

6. *Clairvoyance.*—“It is clairvoyance,” says a super-

sical objector. But if clairvoyants are clear-seers of earth-objects, by what logic do they become false seers when they claim to see a departed friend?

The Past and the Present.

The human mind has ever manifested a disposition to pay an offering of reverence to the past. The classic traveler, as he roams among the ancient cities of the old world, looks reverently upon the lofty Cathedral, and bows in veneration before the crumbling monuments of genius and of art. We recognize the propriety of this sentiment, and would tread lightly upon soil hallowed by the tears and blood of the prophets, seers and martyrs of by-gone ages. We know that there is much of beauty and glory in the land which Jesus and his disciples trod, and in the simple story of their lives and love-deeds. We would in silence follow them upon the lonely mountain, and bow in awe as we behold the sufferer in Gethsemane and on Calvary. We would listen and catch the love-tones that are wafted upon the silent breeze, as he pleads for his bitterest foes. We would stand beneath the cross, and behold with wonder and admiration the Son of God, as in angelic sweetness he prays for the forgiveness of his murderers. We would ever venerate all that is true, beautiful and holy in the past, not forgetting that it has had its meek and loving Jesus—its great and lofty minds.

But we would not cling forever to the things which are behind. We would stand upon the pinnacle of the present, and look away into the unbounded future. While we cherish a deep reverence for the past, we yet know that in all by-gone ages, there has been manifested great human weakness. Dark, very dark is the aspect of humanity, as we go back to ancient times. Superstition has blighted the fairest flowers that ever bloomed on the genial soil of man's free-born soul. It has invested man's noble nature with a robe of chains, and enveloped the world in gloom. Although we regard as sacred everything that is good, true and beautiful, in all times, we will not honor crime, selfishness and wrong; nor deify the demon of war, oppression, or any other evil, because the garb of religion has been superstitiously thrown around them, in days of ignorance and comparative darkness.

Thank God! we are no longer obliged to grope in the dimness of the past for light and truth. The present is rich in revelations from the great future. The smiling heavens have opened to our rapturous gaze, and angel hands are reached forth to lead our wandering spirits upward. Where are the prophets, apostles and martyrs of bygone ages? Where are the ancient seers, and all the sages and poets of the past? Have they not all ascended to brighter spheres, where they see with clearer vision? Can we not learn from them a higher wisdom, as they come to us from celestial realms, laden with knowledge which they have gained from still loftier minds, than we can possibly glean from their teachings

in the dim past? Are they not wiser now than then? O let us be wiser, and bind the fresh-budding flowers around our brows, which we have culled from the immortal shores! Let us look upon the beautiful realities of the present, and contrast them with the dim shadows of the past. The angels have whispered loving words from their fair homes, and our glad hearts have responded to their sweet, familiar voices. The bending skies have revealed to us the beautiful and true who dwell amid heaven's expanded glories. The angels have come and wreathed our aching brows with garlands made from bright, immortal flowers. In deepest love the bright celestials bend from their fair homes, and hover round earth's desolate and saddened children. H. N. O.

Aggression.

The methods taken by oppressors to interdict human liberty, are just the methods which invariably proclaim it. They give to men the *sense* of liberty. If you would proclaim liberty of conscience, just pass an act that no man shall read the Koran, or Paine's Age of Reason. Or, if you would increase the Abolitionists, pass the Fugitive Slave Law. They who never before dreamed of their right to liberty will be sure to find it out now. It was the spiritual aggression of the Romish Church, setting herself up above man, that taught Luther the right of private judgment. It was the exclusiveness of the Jewish nation, claiming to be the chosen people, and despising the Gentiles, that taught Jesus the universal brotherhood of man. It is the aggression of the Slave Power of this country, setting herself up above the slave, and the slave's friend, that raises up a Garrison, to proclaim liberty to the captives. It was this which drew from his pen of philanthropic fire, these inspired words:—

"Oppression! I have seen thee face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now—
For dread, to prouder feelings doth give place
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees that at thy foot-stool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other vow;
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base:—
I swear, while life-blood warms these throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
Thy brutalizing sway, till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod,
Such is the vow I take,—so help me God!"

It is the aggression of Orthodoxy, setting herself up above "carnal reason," that develops Liberalism and Rationalism. It is the aggression of the human "Marriage Institution," setting itself up above what God hath joined together, or put asunder, as manifest in his laws of attraction and repulsion; and the hereditary penalties resulting from their violations, which develops "marriage under protest," and the discussions of these and of past times, on the sphere of the human affections. It is the general aggression of individual liberty, that is the

God gives to man "opportunities" only.

general occasion of all phases of Come-out-ism. That is, this aggression *itself*, is the great wrong, and the parent of many others, from the petty pilferings of a village thief, to the ravages of a Bonaparte. This is the Upas-tree, at whose root no axe has yet been laid. When that tree is felled, man will be acknowledged to be man—a freeman and a whole freeman, and the Millennium will dawn on the contending and wearied nations. But so long as I invade my neighbor's sphere of thought, call him to account and discipline, because he does not believe my Bible, or my Koran, or Shaster, so long will my children contend for their playthings. If that oppressive compact, called the State, plunders Mexico for a million, I, if I do not feel larger and nobler than the State, but smaller and less noble, as the State assumes me to be, will be apt to quarrel with my neighbor for a penny. The giant wrong develops the pigmies. The great *my* develops the little *my*.

[For the Radical Spiritualist.]

Soul Longings.

BY MRS. A. G. COMSTOCK.

Away to the eternal hills,
Above the storms which rise,
Where peace the air ethereal fills,
I lift my longing eyes.

On those empyrean heights sublime,
What radiant glories rest!
My roving feet would gladly climb
Those mountains of the blest.

My listening ear oft strives to catch
The sweet harmonious strains,
Sung by the bright-robed ones who watch
The shadows on the plains.

Oft, when our cherished ones take flight,
And doubt our faith enshrouds,
We cannot trace their path of light,
Up through the drifting clouds!

The murky mists are all too dense,
To let the sunlight through;
But still the glory streameth thence,
Though hidden from our view.

Oh! who could walk life's rugged path,
If, when the heart is riven,
He could not see with child-like faith,
A brighter home in heaven?

New York, July, 1859.

Will our friend, E. D. D., accept our acknowledgements for \$5.00. We shall long remember it, and strive to labor more earnestly in the cause of spiritual progress, equal rights, and universal freedom. H N. G.

We like the spirit and poetic genius of our friend, A. G. C. Thanks for her generous interest.

Notes of the Times.

PEACE IN EUROPE.—On the 8th of July peace was declared between the contending armies of Europe. But verily there is no peace, so long as the principle of war is acknowledged. Behold the millions who support it in theory, while millions more wade to "glory" thro' rivers of their brothers' blood! Where are the few, the deep, serious thinking Non-Resistants, who oppose war, root and branch? Seldom is their voice of wisdom heard above the clamor of military heroes, or the strife for national honor. Yet, when the ages have rolled away—when REASON shall hold her beneficent sway, and man has attained to his highest nobility, the supreme Excellence, nay, the ineffable cowardice of all wars, will be manifest, while the sublimity of Non-Resistance will be universally acknowledged. As an uncompromising herald of that humane and rational era, let it be proclaimed from the "house-tops," that the *Radical Spiritualist* is NOW, and FOR ALL TIME, opposed to war in every case, offensive and defensive, and to all its aids or accompaniments, while it affirms the opposite Christ-principle—"Overcome evil with good." We know this to be angelic wisdom, and while our heart beats or our pen moves, we shall maintain its supremacy.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.—The friends of freedom met at the Town Hall, Milford, Mass., Aug 1st, to celebrate that important event in Anti-Slavery history—when 800,000 human beings were freed from slavery in the British West India Islands. Many true and faithful words were spoken for justice and humanity.

O. C. HALL, of N. Groton, Mass. writes us:—

"I am much pleased with your paper, and do not think it too 'hot-headed' or one-sided. You speak truth in the cause of humanity which does not come too soon. Go on! Br. and Sr., and I will do all I can, in my limited means, to help you. You seem to possess the ring of the true metal—to brave the scorns of society—and work for unborn souls.

Twenty-three years ago, only two individuals carried Abolition votes to the polls in this town, for the first time; now freedom has the majority. Your humble well-wisher was one of the despised few. So much I write for your encouragement."

"THE CIRCULAR" is the title of a plain, well-printed sheet, published by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y. \$1 a year for those who prefer to pay; free to those who choose to receive freely.

CLEAN WORK. Horace Mann, in a recent address, said: "We who live at the West, boast of our great rivers of water. I would much prefer that we should boast of using a tub-full every day."

A foreign correspondent of a Boston journal says that the Hon. Charles Sumner intends to return to America early in November.

When profoundly happy, we know that it is impossible to die.—BULWER.

VOICES TO YOUTH.

We want to See our Mother.

It was a cold Sabbath afternoon in January, and feeling somewhat in a writing mood, I seated myself at the table, and was soaring away on the wings of imagination, when a light rap was heard at the door. I was half vexed; for I did not wish to be intruded upon at that, to me, holy hour. I threw down my pen rather impatiently, and opened the door. Two little boys stood before me shivering with the cold. They asked me if I would give them some cold water. Cold water! The very thought of it made the chills run through my body. I asked them if they would not like to come in and warm themselves. They gladly did so. I asked them where they were going. They said they had come from Woonsocket and were going to Northbridge. They had traveled all day, in the deep snow, and said they must get to their journey's end that night, so that they could go to work early the next morning. I asked them why they were going; the answer I shall not forget. In a husky voice the eldest one said, "*We want to see our mother.*"

It seemed that the boys had been working in Woonsocket, and now their mother had found a place where they might labor, and be with her. One of them said, "We would travel all night rather than not see our mother." And they lived twenty miles from Woonsocket.

Poor children! they looked sickly, and were thinly clad for a winter's day. I gave them victuals and warm drink, instead of cold water; for I found they had eaten nothing since five o'clock in the morning, and it was then four in the afternoon. After they had warmed themselves, they cheerfully departed. The eldest boy said to his brother, by way of encouragement, "O, we shall get there by eight o'clock, and mother will be glad to see us."

I asked myself, after they had left me, to what kind of a home are they going? I knew, from their appearance, it must be a hovel, compared to the pleasant homes we here enjoy in our beautiful Dale. But it was everything to them, because their mother was there. Dear children,—you who have pleasant homes—remember the poor houseless children, who, at this very hour, wander up and down this cold, selfish world.

I did not write any more that night. The ideal had vanished, and stern realities were before me. Little children, with sad, tearful faces, seemed nestling near my heart, and their pleading voices sank deep into the silent chambers of my soul. H. N. G.

During the period of one week, ten thousand children were once turned away from the New York city schools, because there was no room for them.

Little Bettie.

"Hand me some water, Buddy, won't you?"
"In a minute, Bettie."

And Bettie's feverish cheeks were pressed again to the pillow, and little Harry's hands went on as busily as ever with the trap he was making, and he at length entirely forgot the request.

"Please get it now, Buddy," he at last heard, and scattering knife, triggers and strings in his haste, he was soon holding a cup to the crimson lips; but she turned her head languidly from it.

"Not this, please, but some fresh and cold from the well," she said.

"Oh, don't be so particular, Bettie; this is fresh, and I am so busy I can't go now. Won't this do?"

She no longer refused, but quietly took the cup which he offered, and it was the last, *last time she ever called* upon her brother for an act of kindness. Ere another day had passed she stood by the River of Life, and drank of its cool waters, never to thirst again. And of all who wept over that little brown coffin, as it lay upon the table before the pulpit, there were none who shed more bitter tears than that little boy, who could not forget that he had refused the last request of his little sister.

"O, mother!" he would say, "if I had only brought that water for her, I could bear it, but now she is where I can never, never wait on her again."

Think of this, children, when you are tempted to quarrel, to be selfish, or unkind, for do you know if one of you should die, the rest would remember every act of unkindness, every bitter word which had fallen from your lips! But then it would be too late to recall it—too late to ask forgiveness. N. C. Press.

INTERNAL BEAUTY.—"Handsome is that handsome does," is an old adage with truth in it. A boy, who was riding down hill on his sled, last winter, in the street, ran into a lady's dress. Springing to his feet, he expressed regret at the accident when the lady kindly remarked, "there's no great harm done, my boy; you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined," said the lad. "I thought you would be very angry."

"Better have a spoiled dress than a ruffled temper," the lady replied; and, as she passed on, the boy exclaimed to his companions, "Isn't she a beauty?"

"Call her a beauty," said one of them; "she's more than forty, and has got wrinkles!"

"I don't care for that," retorted the lad; her soul is handsome, any how."

Such beauty is within every one's reach. Bad temper, too, generally disfigures the outward as well as the inward face.—*Student and Schoolmate.*

A little boy called upon one of our citizens last week, and offered some berries for sale.

"Well, my son," said the citizen, "are there no worms in them?"

The little boy frankly replied, "I think there are some."

Our citizen then said, "I don't want the berries, but as you are an honest boy and tell the truth, I will give you a dime."

The boy retorted, "I don't sell my honesty."

"What nation is a very bad nation?" *"Procrastin-*

Dyspeptics' Corner.

(For Dyspeptics' Corner.)

A Waif from Bungtown.

We make a few extracts from the MSS. of our young friend, G. THOMPSON, of Hopedale, who was once printer-in-chief in this office. He seems to speak from a "poetic" experience in the following most magniloquent sketch! dated from his then "head quarters."

BUNGTOWN, FEBRUARY, '57.—*Dear Hezekiah*: Printers are straying characters, at least if I am a specimen; and in this land of books and newspapers, one has a full swing, from the sunny South to the cold and cheerless Canadas. But of all the places for specimens of lazy people, craggy buildings, tumble-down fences, etc., Bungtown is pre-eminent. It is a venerable and ancient place. It is bounded on the north by Bloody-Creek, on the west by Owl-Swamp, on the south by Rattlesnake Hill, on the east by Wolf-Prairie. It was christened by an old Tory antiquarian, who honored Bungtown-to-be, with his presence. It is still inhabited by "old folks," as they call themselves, with an occasional sprinkling of white-headed, flat-nosed "young-ones," whose faces as well as the village, deserve a second Deluge! The village was laid out after the plan of some old rusty Dutch "sour-krou" manufacturer; but however beautiful the original design must have been, it looks now as if some truant earthquake had tumbled it about unmercifully, for our literary office holds close communion with my noble friend Van Twiller's beautiful pig-pen, and the grim old tottering tavern looks down complacently on a calm, unruffled field of cabbages! Every other house, nearly, is hesitating which way to fall, and the central cart-path is poetically called "The Beggar's Lane." But amidst all this descending greatness, our little shanty lifts its stone chimney in proud disdain. Bungtown cannot be forgotten or disgraced, as long as the printing-press stands within its precincts; but oh! Hezekiah, how trite the expression, a "jewel in a swine's mouth"! From this little oasis goes forth the "Bungtown Sentinel." It is printed on an old-fashioned Dutch cheese-press, which some ingenious blacksmith had fashioned over; he was long since gathered to his fathers, and the old press is fast going the same way.

Within, the office is graced by a few composing stands, and a huge fire-place, in front of which stands a barrel. This, with the addition of a single stool, is the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; and when the gray twilight wraps ancient Bungtown in its dusky folds, a thin, ghost-like figure rises from the stool, and the editor-proprietor-devil-and-reader gets into an old coat and noiselessly retires!

I close up by giving you a glimpse of the weather in Bungtown.—Suffice it to say, the wind blows like a pack of flying wolves; we hardly if ever get any sleep, and if, perchance, we get a nap, one wakes with a horrid nightmare. Lately, there came a storm which completely non-plussed the "oldest inhabitants," and if ever our village was bunged-up, it was then—and then truly it merited the name of Bungtown! The way we discovered our office was by accident; we got the bearings of the chimney, but no *terra firma* could be found. While there cogitating, our "devil," in "walking to and fro," fell through the rotten roof and we were saved!

Will the Bungtown Sentinel please copy?—ED.

AIR IN BED-ROOMS.—It is said that a bird suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead in which people sleep, will generally be found dead in the morning, from impure air. Small, close rooms in the habitations of the poor, are frequently as ill-ventilated as the curtained bedsteads are.

DR. GROSS, a very celebrated physician, was once dangerously sick. Having recovered, he met a lady who remarked, "I am glad to see you out, Doctor; had we lost you, I am afraid people would have died by the dozen." "Thank you, Madam," replied the Doctor, "but now I fear they will die by the Gross."

NEIGHBORLY CORRESPONDENCE.—"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that, in future, he will not spell piggs with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter E to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note *unopened*, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

"Patrick," said a priest to one of his flock, whom he had visited some time previous when dangerously ill, "wasn't you afraid to meet your God?" "No, bejabbers, it was the other chap."

Love Letters are generally only a species of noose paper.

RADICAL JOURNALS.

We propose to keep a brief "standing notice" of our most unpopular Exchanges, because they most need, and best deserve, our notice. In accordance with our principle, we begin with the "Outcast," or most heterodox:

"THE GOOD TIME COMING" is fearless and outspoken; an advocate of freedom in the sexual relations. C. M. Overton, Editor, J. P. Lasky, Associate. Berlin Heights, O. \$1, or \$2, a year, advance.

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 SYMB, is a positive, practical Dress Reformer and Woman's Rights advocate. Semi-Monthly, quarto. Edited by Dr. Lydia S. Hasbrouck. Middletown, N. Y. \$1 per annum.

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

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

EQUALIZATIONIST: (we like that name) A small folio, Land Reformer. John R. Forest, Editor and Proprietor. Winoski Falls, Vt. 25 cts a year.

THE LETTER BOX is a Health, Woman's Rights Reformer, recently enlarged to a well printed 8vo. Harriet N. Austin, M. D., Editor, J. C. Jackson, M. D., Assistant. Auburn N. Y. Only \$30 75 a year.

"The worst way to reform the world is to condemn it"