

The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."—JESUS.

"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."—THOMAS PAINE.

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VOLUME I.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, AUGUST 1, 1858.

NUMBER .9

The Ocean.

I long to hear thy deep familiar roar,
To wander on the beach by morn or eve ;
To watch the waves dash on the rocky shore.
Bright waves, gray rocks, white sands, for ye I grieve.

My eyes are aching for thy blue expanse ;
I long to see the stately ship's white sails
Come glistening out by scores—as morn's bright glance
Scatters the fog which oft thy bosom veils.

Since childhood's days—where at my father's knee,
I listen'd to the story of thy power ;
I've loved thee, emblem of the brave and free.
Be'n in thy wildest moods—where tempests lower.

Oh ! in the dreamy days of guileless youth,
When all souls seemed to me as pure and clear
As thine own watery depths—as full of truth—
My trusting heart knew not a throb of fear.

But now, alas ! the light of faith's obscured ;
My soul too well has learned the scepter's lore ;
And in dark doubts, and trusts betrayed—immur'd—
Can know its simple childhood's faith no more.

Men call thee treacherous—and perhaps thou art—
I love thee still, thou wert my father's home ;
And many a friend, most precious to my heart,
Hast thou upon thy blue waves safely borne.

To me, thou art still the same as when a child,
I played with the white fringes of thy waves,
Or laughed to see them, in their fury wild,
Go dashing headlong, into deep dark caves.

Now, I have wandered from thy rock-bound shore,
My lone heart goes back with fond regret ;
I see thee in my visions evermore—
Only in dreams, is this sad longing met.

"Deep calleth unto deep"—and through my soul
With low, sad music, like thine own deep moan,
The tidal waves of mem'ry surging roll,
Striking the spirit chord's most tender tone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! far too well.
To call it home, where thy free breath ne'er came ;
Long will the thought of thee my bosom swell,
And fond hopes rise at mention of thy name.

My spirit pines, and beats its weary wings
'Gainst the forest bars of its land-bound cage ;
And freedom's triumph song no longer sings,
As when of old I heard thy wild winds rage.

Let me remember that the Lord doth hold
Thy waves within the hollow of his hand ;
And that his watchful love can ne'er grow cold,
But guides and blesses all on sea or land.

Then let my soul dwell on that happy time,
When with my dear ones in our home above,
We'll find reflected in that blissful clime,
Oceans and seas and every scene I love.

Battle Creek, Mich.

LIGHTIE.

The Spirit Bridegroom.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

(Concluded.)

After the performance of many significant and beautiful ceremonials conducted by the sylph-like Alice, and Mary had lain aside her harp, a kind-hearted aunt who could regard no entertainment as worthy the name, if unaccompanied by food and drink, was about revealing the contents of a mysterious basket, peering suggestively from beneath the leaves of a shrub close at hand, when Alice checked her. "No, no, Aunt ; this is no part of the exercises at Violet-Dell :—it would be 'coming down' to think of eating now ! The floral divinity presiding here, the sweet little Violet, and every other fair flower-sprite deprecate late suppers and the night-mare ; they never come to the dreams of the reveller."

"Now," she continued, turning to Mr. Judson, "I have been translating the voice of Zephyr, as it has discoursed to-night among the trees. I will read my translation, then let the voice of prayer ascend from Violet-Dell, and we will go."

Then she read :

O, beautiful that sacred love
That blends two hearts as song blends sound,
The song that bears the soul above ;
Harmonious, deathless and profound :
Harmonious with celestial tone,
Poured in strange sweetness on the ear ;
Immortal, like those dreams "forethrown"
As earnest of a holier sphere,
Profound as nought on earth beside :
A wealth no mortal power can weigh ;
A deep, unfathomable tide
Flowing from time through endless day.
Its source in God, the wondrous spring
From whence all love and beauty flows.
Love ! O it is a glorious thing
O'er which no grave shall ever close !

As Alice read, her manner was deeply impressive, and the gay company were subdued by her spirit, as by the spell of an enchantress ; for Alice had been, as the world says, "disappointed." Her lover had "died" years ago.

The clergyman prayed a short but earnest prayer—and the Dell was left alone to the flowers. Mr. Judson had been busy thinking since his conversation with Henry and his bride, and the longer he thought, the more he regretted the position assumed by him, though possibly he might not have freely confessed it, for the young couple had their future yet to prove.

Often had he performed the rites of marriage, and his experience from year to year unhappily served to weaken that feeling of solemnity and sacredness inspired upon such occasions in the early part of his professional career.

Sometimes he had known the comparatively happy union of "substantial friends," who openly disclaimed all pretension to that absorbing passion which if fictitious, may be justly termed romantic sentimentality, blind infatuation, or whatever else can best represent the misfortune ; but wealth, the desire for an

"establishment," physical charms, and numberless considerations to which love is often secondary, and sometimes, alas, utterly foreign—only put on as a holiday garment—he found to be too common in the settling of marriage contracts. As a consequence, he saw untold misery resulting to a large class of young persons, and it is not strange that disgust and sorrow were quite as often called forth in his mind, as the profound respect and admiration demanded by the beautiful and sacred union of true hearts.

Fifty winters had frosted his locks, and he was yet unmarried. He thought he had never "loved." As his steps turned homeward that night, he mentally asked why this was ? "It is indeed, that I have seen so much of the counterfeit of love—the mocking, hollow-heartedness of society, that I shrink from myself acting in the sad farce ? Has my faith unconsciously been so firm in the genuine, that I have instinctively avoided the specious semblance ?"

Thoughts of this nature absorbed his soul, till he rested in the arms of sleep ; then sweet visions came to his pillow, of one he had known in early youth, whose holy speaking face was always lovely to him. He was wandering at her side near a purling brook, gathering wild roses and harebells to braid in her sunny tresses ; or, guiding the prow of a light skiff among green islands, bathed in the light of the setting sun :—now rowing close to the bank, under the pale, mournful willows that bowed their long, fringe like branches over the water's edge ; and anon floating steadily with the earnest, graceful tide, while his child-friend looked always lovingly into his eyes, her voice ever musical and thrilling to his ear. Then he saw her fade in her lily-like purity till she was lost in the light of heaven. But again, a star obscured for a time by the clouds, she re-appeared, an angel now ; not strangely transformed, but with loveliness intensified and beauty irradiated with immortality.

An elevating, tranquilizing influence came over him, bringing with it the conviction that she was his guardian angel ; the answering spirit, reflecting beams of celestial light into his longing, aspiring soul.

This dream was one that words cannot paint, so ethereal in its delicate distinctness, so wonderful in its airy outline, that it was only to be silently and gratefully remembered. It was to his soul, as beauty or fragrance to the material sense ; a blessed revelation.

Sleep left her balm in his heart as she fled his eyelids, and Memory served out the panorama of the past to his spiritual vision. He beheld himself an ambitious, impulsive youth, subjected to temptation almost irresistible, but beheld ever surrounding him the elevating, tranquilizing care just recognized in his dream as from her who was his child-friend,—the guiding love which was as the avenue through which power from the Infinite reached his spirit, and armed him against temptation ; an influence rebuking when his hand inclined to wrong, and supporting holy deeds and aspirations.

So in manhood, so in later years, she had been in

The Agitator.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Editor.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, AUGUST 1, 1858.

SINGLE COPIES of the "AGITATOR" are for sale at the BEN FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE, No. 24 Superior Street, and also, by HAWKS & BROTHERS, at the Post Office, Cleveland, O.

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Notices.

There will be a Grove Meeting at Thompson Center, on Sunday, August the 8th; and one at Hampden, Geauga county, Saturday and Sunday, August 21st and 22d.

Individualism.

HON. GEO. HOADLEY, of Cincinnati, delivered an address at the annual Commencement of the Western Reserve College, at Hudson, upon Individualism.—The address is a fine classical production, and speaks well for the *individualism* of the talented author; but had Theodore Parker, or any radical reformer, said the same things, in the same place, Hudson would be clothed in sack-cloth and the Cleveland Herald (which contains the following extract,) would write upon it "anathema, maranatha."

Mr. Hoadley said:

"The isms of the present time, in the speaker's view, had their value, as the pioneers of progress, going in advance of the march, clearing the forest, bridging the rivers, doing the rough work, catching all the diseases of the new country. The isms of any age are the forerunners of the true progress of the next. He predicted that those of Spiritualism and Woman's Rights will prove to have been the precursors of a real advance; the one destroying materialism and turning men's thoughts to the real world, the kingdom not of observation, but the realm of the soul; the other by elevating woman from a plaything and a toy to be a help-meet of man, and, to use Paul's exalted thought, a co-worker with God.

There can be no greater curse to a free people, than continuous parties—parties to which men belong this year because they did last year; parties to which men adhere because their fathers did. Vest a party with life beyond the occasion of coming together, with even feeble authority, and in the twinkling of an eye, it has pushed all individuality off the plank into the sea, and has become infallible, requiring of its subjects passive obedience to its mandates."

Waukegan.

THE AGITATOR.—We notice that this able sheet, edited by Mrs. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, is on hand filled with interesting matter, not the least interesting of which is the notes of the editor respecting several places visited by her in a late western tour; we hope the next time she visits Chicago and Gage's Lake, that it will be convenient to stop, for a short time at least, at Waukegan.—*North-Western Excelsior*.

If the above paragraph had been sent me a month since, it would have saved me the mortification of remembering again that the "Waukegan notes" did not find their way into type. Some very good people make the "devil" a scape-goat for their sins of omission; I think in this case the fault is not his. The notes were written on slips of paper, and the Waukegan slip slipped away, and was not missed until too late for its place. However, we will give it now with an additional item.

WAUKEGAN, ILL.

is a clear, high and dry city, upon the banks of Lake

Michigan, forty miles North-West of Chicago. The streets are broad and shaded by stately forest trees. But the place has for me, other attractions; it is the home of great, strong God-and-humanity-loving souls. Judge Boardman and wife have made my stay here exceedingly pleasant. The gods remember them as they remember the homeless who come in their way. The Judge is thinking of going Eastward; if so he will, John the Baptist like, preach "prepare ye the way for the inauguration of the Saviours. They are soon to rule and reign upon earth." Give the Judge and the Saviours a welcome.

H. G. Smith, too, lives in Waukegan. We used to call him "Rev.," but he has outgrown his title, laid off his sacerdotal robes, and gone to work with, and for the multitude. A dozen years ago we were preaching Universalism—he from the pulpit, I from the press. We called ourselves reformers then and received some few anathemas for our heterodoxy. But times have changed. Horace Smith is preaching Harmonialism from the press, and I from the pulpit; and some of the Universalists, (our old co-workers,) are piteous for our heresies. So goes the world.

THE NORTH-WESTERN EXCELSIOR, the leading Spiritual and Reform Journal of the Great North-West, is published in Chicago and Waukegan by WM. H. KRIBS and A. R. BRADBURY. S. I. BRADBURY, Editor, IRA PORTER, Associate. Price \$1.50 per year.

It is a good out spoken Spiritual paper, that will commend the well-doer: but it wields a Damascus blade.

I spoke to the Waukegans in their Court-House, and "hope the next time I visit Chicago and Gage's Lake" to make that city a *long* visit, and the people a few short speeches.

Editorial Items.

The printer made me say a very foolish thing in the last AGITATOR. I said the Higgins Brothers were "musical men," i. e. they sing and play charmingly; but the printer said they are "married men." Hope the news will not alarm the *unmarried* musical brothers.

Several persons ask if communications from them will find a place in the AGITATOR. Yes; if you write *well* and for human advancement. We ask no one to speak our thoughts; but we want thoughts that will inspire the soul with the wish for a heavenward march.

The world wants love-oil-hope-balm to heal its bruised heart. Who has it? The world is asking for Truth. Who will bring it to the altar of Reason? Who will bring it clothed in beautiful wordrobes and crowned with diamond thoughts? Even Truth, grand and glorious as she is, wants a splendid dress to find acceptance in our heart-homes.

S. C. HEWITT gave two Lectures in Cleveland, on Sunday, the 18th. Those who heard him, pronounce them logical and remarkably beautiful. He will return here and give a series of lectures after the close of Mr. FINNEY's contemplated course.

All letters for ANDREW J. DAVIS or MARY F. DAVIS, must be addressed to the care of B. LOCKWOOD, Broadway P. O., New York.

JOHN M. SPEAR is spending the Summer in Kiantone, New York.

J. M. HOLLAND is in Zanesville, Ohio, speaking as he is directed by the superior wisdom.

Mrs. HUNT will speak in Mesopotamia, on Sunday, August the 15th.

—Better that we are burdened with care in behalf of our own individual responsibility, than become a mere cushion for the cares of others.

A Good Test of Spirit Power

I have been in Indiana recently:—I have been there before, and made the acquaintance of my sister's friend, Mrs Dodge. She is a young wife and mother.

Life had charms for her, for dear ones depended upon her for love and care; but a subtle disease has, for twelve years, so preyed upon her system that life became burdensome. The last I had heard of her, previous to the Indiana visit, was that the physicians regarded her case as hopeless, and that she had gone home to die.

She had, what the physicians termed consumption chills. But her appetite remained good, indeed her stomach demanded the most *substantial* food.

When the last hope of medical aid failed her, she arranged her affairs to change spheres. But help came.

A young man by the name of Collins came to see her, and, as she said "went to sleep" and said "There is no need of your dying, I can cure you. Stop eating meat and *vegetables*." Mrs. Dodge had no faith in Spiritualism, but as she had no objections to being cured she resolved to let the boy try his skill.

Collins is an honest, ignorant young man, entirely destitute of a medical education.

She did *try* to stop eating vegetables; but the odor of boiling greens drove her nearly to despair. She *must* have them or die—so she thought. She did eat them and became calm. When the medium came and "went to sleep," the first thing he said was "Well, them greens cured you didn't they? "Yes," was the reply. "No they didn't," said the spirit; "they only *fed* the disease." What feeding "the disease" meant was all a mystery; but the spirit chose not to explain.

Next day Collins came with cowhage for an antidote.

"What will be its effect?" asked Mrs. D. "It will *kill a frog*!" was the reply. The truth then came to the poor invalid. When a young girl she drank from a brook in the dark. She swallowed something, and took an emetic, and supposed she had thrown it from her stomach. The incident had passed from her mind till related by a spirit. She took the cowhage—killed the frog, and is now rapidly recovering. I spent an evening with the patient and physician, and they related the facts as I have given them.

"Has Spiritualism done any good?" Ask the husband and children of Mrs. Dodge. Ask her who in those twelve long years has suffered more than to die a thousand deaths.

Married.

In Rutland, Vt., 27th ult. C. F. REED, M. D., of Ravenna, O., to Miss A. HOWARD, of Brandon, Vt.

Success to the successful doctor, and blessings upon the hoping, happy bride.

—Dr. Cooper—the "Vestiges" have gone by mail. Thanks for your generous offer and hope-giving words.

—C. E. T. Mr. E. Rodgers' post office address is Cardington, O.

—"M. A. T." Thank you for the pen-o-graphs. I'll remember your wish.

—"C. W. R." Let us hear from you again.

—It is a little surprising that the young men are advocating the right of women and children. Some of our best and most radical articles upon these subjects were written by young men. There is hope for the future. By-the-way, where is the promised article upon "Divorce," by G. W. Selby?

—Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero or a saint.

—Life Thoughts.

reality ever near him, guarding him lest his steps might turn into bye and forbidden paths. When his thoughts recurred to her, virtue growing strong in remembrance of her holy face, it was no fancy, that she was watching over him. "Yes," he exclaimed rapturously, "she is in truth the immortal counterpart of my being, my bride throughout eternity! Never am I lonely, never desponding, for she is near me—the twin dew-drop which the warmth of God's love has drawn upward a moment before its fellow, which is slowly perhaps, yet no less surely ascending the same radiant path."

Time with its manifold changes added many winters to the clergyman's earth-life, and one day in the heart of an harmonious family (the holiest type of heaven upon earth,) over which our Henry and Mary presided as head, with sweet Alice for its poet-heart, he bade farewell to his clay and joined his child-friend, to wander with her mid sunnier landscapes—to breathe with her a purer atmosphere, and to study the Father's works with a clearer perception and a profounder reverence.

As with his last breath he uttered the name of his angel-bride, and his dark eye dilated, waxing gloriously brilliant in view of the heavenly ushers, the silence hovering over the death-bed was broken by the voice of Alice; "Come," said she, "we will bring flowers and pure robes of honor to the bridal hour of our friend. Tears and mourning are not for a scene like this."

So loving hands with cheerful solemnity brought the Lily-of-the-valley and the fair White-rose, to breathe fragrance on the air as the spirit-bridegroom went forth.—*The Crisis.*

Agitator Communications.

MY DEAR AGITATOR:

Having long ago ascertained the fact, that the majority of the human family have never learned to think for themselves, I claim my relationship to you, and in my humble way, endeavor to agitate the sluggish pools of intellectual and spiritual life, which in my wanderings I daily come in contact with, yet in this enervating climate, the new idea, must be clothed in garments assimilating somewhat to the fashion of the past; else the change being too abrupt, their shattered nerves cause, particularly the female portion of society, to fold their hands more closely and cry out for a little more sleep, and this renewed slumber, I am confident, could never more be roused by the loudest thunder of reform. I shall endeavor, however, to sinuate your spirited little sheet into every nook and corner which I can make available, and where I think the dose will not be too strong. I will too, if possible, send you some subscribers. Be this as it may, your frequent contribution, to one who has become weary of this outside position, shall not lay idle. I will feast upon it, and then send it upon its mission, in this great metropolis. After all, New Orleans, (excepting between the months of July and September,) is not a bad place in which to reside. Will you look with me over the city? Were we the elite or the fashionables here, we could not visit many portions which are interesting to those who desire to see life in all its phases. 'Ears polite,' would be shocked at the sights and sounds which would greet them as they passed down 'Murderer's Alley,' or 'Religious Street,' to that busy mart—the levy, the entire surface of which appears to me, for four or five miles, a moving mass of men and cotton bales. Here the long line of steamboats bear testimony of communication with the upper country, and the many majestic ships display the strength which is able to bear up against the boistrous waves of the stormy gulf. The 4th District, formerly a municipality by itself, is to me the most pleasant part of New Orleans. The streets are wide and well shaded by trees which we see in miniature in the green-houses at the North. The

orange, the magnolia, the Japan plum, and a variety of others, too numerous to mention, shade the beautiful suburban villas, whose corinthian pillars are twined with the ever-flowing La Mark rose, whose creeping branches reach the very roof. The business is confined to New Orleans proper, therefore the quietness of this quarter is like a New England village, and the unceasing omnibus and car affords continued transportation to and from all parts of the city.

Should you deem this communication unsuitable for insertion in your paper, throw it aside. If otherwise, I will send you occasionally, scraps of the history and description of portions of perhaps the most remarkable city in the Union. Almost every street has its legend, and from one extremity to the other may be seen almost every variety of buildings, life, and manners. If the reform movement is to be universal, then should a knowledge of all places and conditions be made known to reformers.

Yours for progress,

FRANCES E. HYER.

New Orleans.

EDITOR "AGITATOR":—

I beg not to be misunderstood in my "strictures" in the 5th No. of the "Agitator." I am no "Theologian," and have no intention of being, in the smallest degree, intolerant; neither do I condemn any one because he differs with me in opinion.

I think the design of your paper is to give publicity to the earnest thoughts of any earnest and honest thinker and worker for reform. It is this feature that gives it much of its value as an "Agitator," and raises it far above a mere party organ, or sectarian periodical.

I sincerely hope my thoughts, as expressed in the article in question, will not be construed into intolerance, as your remarks appear to indicate.

Had I known, at the time I wrote these "strictures," the peculiar views of Joseph Treat, I should, probably, have held my peace; as it is evident we *can not* meet upon the same basis. As it is, I can give him the fraternal hand, as a laborer for reform, and a fearless thinker and bold speaker for the right, though he see nothing as I see it. Thank God, thought is free and speech should be as untrammelled. I claim to be a "Free Thinker," and would not, in the least, restrict the perfect freedom of thought and speech of any man. And while I believe that the *spirit* is the MAN in the principal degree, and superior to the body; and while I advocate reform *first* in the internal, in the heart, in the love of the individual; I condemn no man for taking a more external view and laboring in a more material form for human elevation and purification and freedom.

VERITAS.

I did not think you intolerant, but wished simply to say that Mr. Treat saw things from a different stand point because he is a Materialist.—ED. AGITATOR.

LA PORTE, IND., JUNE 20, 1858.

EDITOR AGITATOR:

"What I *must* do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it."

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude."

The above truth, is an utterance of one of the greatest and truest men now living: an individual who stands out from, and independent, of the humdrum notions—dogmas of society. And why not act, and every one of the human family thus set

themselves down on this truth-rock? What are we all afraid of? Public opinion. What is public opinion? Who may tell? and then, what is public opinion worth? do you not know that, upon all reform matters public opinion is more apt to be wrong than right? I have read in a book long and much venerated: "wo unto you when all men speak well of you." Still, there is a class of human beings who *profess* wonderful reverence for this good book, who seem to *think* that they must sacrifice all of everything, pure and holy, in order to secure the good speech of everybody.

That principle, so bravely fought for by our forefather's: "freedom of speech and freedom of conscience," seems to be given up, except by the brave few.

This planet will never pass away. Forever and forever will its inhabitants continue to make new discoveries in the arts and sciences in all things pertaining to man's well being and final happiness. And these *new* discoveries are, to the individual, and to the generation, in every sense of the word—*new truths.*

But upon the presentation of any of these *new* truths, to the world, "old fogysm" jumps up, flaps her wings, and says, "Oh, be careful," "I am fearful," "Don't carry things too far, martyrdom is not good; and *Crucifixion's* star shines o'er a distant flood." Don't mention spiritualism except when we are alone: "our's is the parson's chism: we stand upon his stone." P.

DEAR AGITATOR:—

The New York Tribune for July 3d is before me, and in it I find an account of the proceedings of the "Reformer's Free Convention," held in Rutland, Vt., June 25th, 26th and 27th, before which a variety of subjects were introduced, among them was the odious one of "Free-Love," which is now creating considerable talk. Various speeches were made in reference to it; but I shall direct attention only to a portion of Mrs. Branch's, by whom this subject was introduced.

She said: "you speak of her (woman's) right to labor, her right to teach, her right to vote, and last, though not least, her right to get married; but do you say anything about *her right to love when she will, where she will, and whom she will?*" As though a woman had rights in relation to matters of this kind! Although she is capable of loving,—though her soul's best affection *will* center on the one who, to her, is truly lovely, yet what right has she to do otherwise than submit to the dictation of others in the exercise of this, the most sacred emotion of her nature! A "right to love whom she will? or be compelled to love against her will,—whom she cannot? If she has no right to love "*when, where and whom* she will," and yet has the right to love, it follows, she has only the right to yield submission to the will of another.

But the bug bear consists in the following remark: "She must demand her freedom, her right to receive equal wages with man for her labor—*her right to bear children when she will, and by whom she will!*" Who ever heard of such an idea? A woman claiming the choice of the Father of her children! Some one has the right to determine this matter; yet does she not know that this is the prerogative of her lord and master? No: it will not do for her to entertain the idea that she has any right to herself—any right save to obey the dictates of him whom the very soul, perhaps, may loath. No matter if the husband is actuated by the basest sensualism in thus determining her course, she is his—soul and spirit.

It is a law of hereditary descent that the physical and mental development of the child—that all its future—depends upon the parents. The character of the *embryo* child—the angel of the future—is forever stamped. Who, then, can estimate the amount of self-abasement, lust, lies, that are transmitted to posterity?

You, my sister, feel that you are grossly, brutally outraged in body and spirit—you are conscious that the refined sympathies peculiar to your sex, are being destroyed; you feel that the crowning beauty of your nature is being blasted; that an unfolding angel is being dwarfed—no matter! What right have you to so transcend the bounds of modesty (mockish though it may be,) as to agitate the question of rights in a matter of this nature? Notwithstanding you have too high an appreciation of yourselves to suppose you exist merely to be sacrificed upon the altar of sensualism; and though, no doubt, there is one who has the right to determine this question at issue, yet are you sure it is *you*? Are you certain that the holy function of maternity is given into *your charge*? that men have not the right to determine “when” you shall assume its responsibilities? Are you sure that you are the best qualified to appreciate your ability to do justice to all concerned? Some one must choose your course in this relation, and if yours is not the right, who shall choose for you? if yours is not the right, whose is it?

G. B. POND.

Marion, Ohio, July 11th, 1858.

The Philosophy of Agitation: THE GREAT SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

No. 1.

THE ELEMENT OF AGITATION necessarily supposes a Law of Nature which regulates the *disturbed* phase of nature's movement, even as the more regular and orderly evolutions of action and form involve a law peculiar to their department of the Universe; for everything throughout the wide realms of matter and spirit, *is governed by law*, and without law nothing could be—nothing could live or move. This being the fact, then it follows that agitations are necessary—at times, and in *their own way* necessary; and if necessary, then *useful*, for if not useful, then they would not, *could not* be. There is nothing, indeed, without its use—each thing in its way—each in its degree.

These premises being settled, the next thing to be considered, is, the *way* in which disturbances become useful, and work out good instead of ill. Everybody is aware of the *grand use* of Thunder Storms. The atmosphere being *impure*, which supposes an *exhaustion* of its *life-elements*, at least, whatever else may be true—a greater exhaustion in certain locations than in others—which, proceeding to a certain extent, by the operation of adequate causes, culminates in the last grand expression of the thunder bolt, by the returning life-wave of the electrical ocean, seeking an equilibrium. This *agitated expression* of the elements, brings purification of the atmosphere—gives it greater health—more vital stamina—a mightier momentum for the performance of the great life-uses of the globe, than any merely agitated expression, could, by any possibility, exhibit, however useful, necessary and mighty, the latter might be.

Earthquakes, volcanoes, floods, and all the mighty upheavals of the past, and all that are to come, (and many and great ones are to come, and *soon*), are no exceptions to the rule—they are rather a bolder expression of the Law of Agitation, and perform a grander sweep of purification. They first *disintegrate* the old, the fossilized, and the stagnant conditions of substances. They frictionize and refine its particles. They consolidate and compact its atoms. They *prepare* them to enter into new and higher *combinations*. Then the *Constructive Law* steps in and makes something *new and better* out of the same old substance, by a new and higher method of uniting its elements, for the new expression—the *NEW CREATION*.

But such new creation could not have come, had not the old been made to *die*—had it not been dissolved—separated; and the death could not have occurred unless the *law of agitation* had been in active operation. The farmer sows his seeds: dissolution soon begins to agitate the particles composing its substance: the *decay*

makes a fertilizing condition of the new shoot; and on the basis of *death*, LIFE springs into being! The old fable of the “Phoenix rising from the ashes,” illustrates the same principle; and the Death and Resurrection of man caps the climax of the law. It is the positive and negative action combined—one a thing of entity and force; the other a vacuum, in which entity and force may first, *in agitating*, express themselves with vigor, adequate to planting the germs of a radically new development. In due time, that development comes and its blessing ensues.

In this view of the matter, then, who would not welcome the storm, the earthquake, the volcanoes, the grand upheaval, dissolution, transition, Death Crisis? Who would not be glad to witness even the

“Wreck of Matter and the Crash of Worlds,”

if they were clear, that such a stupendous *dissolution* were essential to reconstruction on a higher plane, where would be a smiling Eden, instead of a frowning hell! This poetical allusion may be hyperbolic, but it illustrates the principle.

Thus far, and briefly, we have dealt with the *principle* of agitation. We see it thus prominently illustrated in *outside* nature. It is equally illustrated in man—man the *individual*, and man the GREAT HUMANITY. As nature has crises, so has the Race. As the former occur most boldly, at great epochs, so, also, do the latter. As the old earth was broken up in its first grand geologic transformation, giving the Ante-Diluvian epoch: as it was still again upheaved and greatly submerged by the foundations of the great deep being broken up, and the windows of heaven being opened in its second great transition: as it may be transformed physically, on the major scale, once more,—so, also, the Great Race, as to its fossilized institutions—its stagnant and imbruting customs—its inferior habits of life—its lowness of aims—its sluggish, or its fiery animalism, is at these great epochs, dissolved, broken up, transformed. A mighty agitation sweeps over the Human World. It is a spiritual tornado, earthquake, flood. It stirs up the elements of mind and spirit. It agitates to the very depths of consciousness. No sluggish or latent attribute of head or heart, escapes its searching power—no institution of men, *not founded on principle*, can withstand its mighty strides for a moment. Old customs and institutions, so luxuriant with the life of hell, suddenly wither, as the

“Prairie grass, bathed in billowed fire.”

The State, the Church, and the Social Relations crumble beneath the tread of the mighty giant. The old heavens of opinion, dogmas, idolatries, are “rolled together as a scroll,” and pass away with a great noise.” “The elements” of life and being “melt with fervent heat,” and the Great Regeneration comes.

There are various Revolutions, now rapidly approaching, or actually going on. But among them all, there is no one equal to the GREAT SOCIAL REVOLUTION; and this, because the *social element* in human nature is *creative*—therefore, *causative*, *per se*, above all other elements. It is the GOD-ELEMENT in man, and therefore stands at the head of all.

This social element, in our analysis, we may otherwise call the GRAND PRINCIPLE OF CONJUGAL LOVE. It is soul-union, spirit-union—the blending of love and wisdom. In this blending, creation finds its conception, gestation, birth, whether it be the creation of words, beings, or thoughts. Conjugalism is not animalism—not sensualism, in any sense. It is the spiritual union of two souls in perfect reciprocation. Anything *less* than this, or anything *else* than this, anywhere, whether in or out of *legal marriage*, is *adultery*, because it is an *adulteration* of elements and conditions, which do not belong together. It is the *real prostitution*.

Now, then, these are some few hints at *great principles* which underlie this most intimate and vital relation of human beings—this most radical, important and useful institution of Heaven. And in view of these principles, what shall be said of the present *Hell* of

Sensualism, whether under *the law*, or outside of it! Can anything less be said than that a GRAND SOCIAL REVOLUTION is demanded?—a revolution which shall be an especial blessing to Woman, but shall also bless Man, inasmuch as one cannot be blessed without the other. The high, loving, intuitive nature of woman is now desecrated by man—desecrated by a *legal claim* that gives *his will* an arbitrary power over her person, her affections, her *very spirit* itself. Man prostitutes woman to his pride, his self-interest, his convenience, his power, and his lust. He makes her *by law*, devoid of any personal existence in the social compact, and thus tramples on every attribute of her being. By all this desecration, he weakens her whole nature—exhausts her vital energies of body and spirit, and unfits her for the high functions of her existence—thereby decimating her power to reproduce the species, and to elevate and perfect, by a wise and loving culture, the children of her love.

The *present idea* of marriage, therefore, is wrong—wholly and totally wrong; and being wrong, must be abolished, but not only the idea, but also the fact. In the Kingdom of Heaven “they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.” That Kingdom is to be established *on the earth*, as well as in the heavens—that kingdom is coming *now*, in “power and great glory”—the power and glory of *great principles*,—yet, for the most part, to be ultimately in fact.

Man and woman never should be “married” in any such way *as by the fact of marriage*, to give either party any power to interfere with the *perfect freedom* of each other. The moment such power is granted that very moment desecration comes—the nobility of Womanhood and Manhood takes a step downward, neither rests in the *confidence* of the other; but there is, at least, a virtual falling back upon the “strong arm of the *law*,” as it is called, and making that the tool of the tyrant will.

Now, the CONJUGAL ELEMENT of human nature is above all this. Being spiritual in its degree, full of the LOVE OF BLESSING. It never makes *any claim*, of any sort or of any degree, on either party to the union. It is ever in rivalry, on either side, to communicate the greatest good to its object. It is *above all legal enactments* and is a “law unto itself.” It never descends to the sensual plane, for that would be desecration of its divinity. It is a full SPIRITUAL HARMONY of two souls of which the sensualist has no conception, and which he cannot understand. And in the establishment of this Harmony, alone, as the *radical, central Principle and fact*, can this world be saved. The pulpit may preach till “dooms-day,” as it has done (for the “day of doom,” is now,) government may legislate till a day later than that, if it will, and philosophy may prate of anatomical, physiological, and even psychological abstractions, with the dryness of death of mere science and organic, (but *unliving relations*), and it is all, at least, but a system of *mere patchwork*, and very poor at that. What we must have is a REGENERATION AT THE VERY CENTER AND HEART OF LIFE ITSELF—IN THE PIVOTAL ELEMENT OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT, WHICH IS LOVE! A hearty welcome, then, to the GREAT SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

S. C. HEWITT.

OUR BETTER MOMENTS.—There are moments when the soul is lifted above the world, into heights whence it can share, as it were, Deific vision. We then see things in their true relations; and all that shocks us in our weaker hours, seems then but the shading in a glorious scene. We find that darkness and affliction are means, not ends; and can welcome the boding shower which is to fructify our spirits. Let the memory of such moments, like vistas through the frowning sky, keep us cheerfully in mind of the serene, blue heaven, which is always above our sorrows.

—Margaret Fuller says woman does not question God and the universe for herself alone. Why should she not?

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BY FRANCES BROWN.

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Sympathy was not voiceless. Charity has a multitude of votaries. The great heart of humanity beats for its kind wherever its foot-prints are found; but this bud of promise, this frail immortal flower, who will take it to the bosom of affection? Who will gently and lovingly lead her through the winding, thorny paths of life? Who will teach her to shun the pitfalls, to elude the seductive wiles to which beauty and trustfulness so often fall victims? Who will lead this child sinless and spotless back to heaven?

"Please give me a piece of bread." God's great world is a granary, child. The earth and the air, the sunlight and the water, our common, Father made for his children. Our mother earth provides bountifully for us all, and if some go unfed it is that misers gather and hold what is not theirs.

Heaven pity and protect you, sweet child, lest, like too many of our frail sisters, you barter your charms, your innocence, your hopes of heaven for a shelter, for bread, for a—grave.

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—Were we perfectly harmonious, we should be perfectly happy; for when character becomes spiral it rolls in music.

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