

# 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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WHOLE No. 28.

## TO "GENIE."

BY MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER.

God bless thee little darling!  
In thy home amid the hills,  
Where nestled down and sheltered  
From the winter's dreary chills,  
Thy little heart like that within  
The bosom of the dove  
Sends forth to call its mother back,  
Its cooing notes of love.

Thy little message came to me—  
The precious, tiny thing!  
Like a bright downy-plume plucked from  
A woodland warbler's wing;  
And as I pressed it to my lips,  
My heart's warm tear-drops flowed  
In gratitude to God that he  
Such blessing had bestowed.

I remember little darling,  
How a few short years ago,  
I hovered o'er thy cradle  
In an agony of woe;  
While fever-fire burned on thy cheek  
And frenzy in thine eye,  
And all who stood around us said  
My cherished one must die.

And Oh! I well remember, too,  
That *whisper*, low and still,  
That sent through soul and heart and brain,  
Its deep magnetic thrill  
Of prophecy that thou would'st live,  
My darling child, to be  
E'en in my earthly path of life  
A "guiding star" to me.

My heart beat wildly in its joy  
That thou could'st be restored  
In health and beauty to my arms,  
My precious! my adored!  
And that from pain and anguish thou  
Wouldst be again set free;  
But deemed not *how* in future life  
Thou'dst be a "guide" to me.

But how that blessed *prophecy*  
That through my inmost thrilled,  
Hath been in thought and word and deed,  
In potency fulfilled!  
For every hour I'm toiling  
In my life for all to be,  
What I would have the angel  
And the mortal be to thee.

If I falter in the struggle  
For the spirit's higher birth,  
I ask if thus I'd have thee yield  
To any power on earth;  
And thus 'mid all temptations which  
Beset my mortal way,  
By what I'd have my child become  
I'm "guided" day by day.

So twinkle on in beauty, thou  
Dear little "Northern Star!"  
I'll catch each tiny, golden ray,  
Thou sendest from afar,  
And though my bark be tempest-tost  
Upon life's stormy sea,  
I can securely guide the helm,  
If thou dost shine on me.

And in its pure and hallowed light  
Will linger by my side,  
The pearly-mantled ministrants,  
Who said thou'dst be my "guide."  
And when the bright spring song-birds come,  
To warble round thy nest  
Thy mother will return and clasp  
Her darling to her breast.

Buffalo, N. Y. 1859.

Banner of Light.

How much to be prized and esteemed in a friend  
On whom we can always with safety depend;  
Our joys when extended will always increase,  
And griefs when divided are hushed into peace.

## AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

### THE BIBLE.

IS IT OF DIVINE ORIGIN, AUTHORITY AND INFLUENCE?

BY S. J. FINNEY.

Is there adequate historical testimony to prove directly the miraculous origin of the Bible? This question may be divided into two. First—is there adequate external historical evidence, that the Old Testament was of a miraculous origin? And second—is there adequate external historical evidence to show that the New Testament was of a miraculous origin? On this part of the argument I shall quote only orthodox writers. I shall bring forward only such authorities as the church receives and acknowledges. I shall not appeal to a single "infidel" writer. I mean those whom the church calls "infidel." If one looks over the pages of orthodox writers on this subject, he will see that all the arguments based on historical testimony, amount, at best, only to doubtful possibilities.—There is no positive, or perfectly reliable historical evidence, to show that the persons to whom most of the Books of the Bible are ascribed, had any thing to do with writing them. This is strictly true of most of the New Testament books, and more generally true of the Old Testament books. The truth of this statement will appear in the following pages.

First—There is no possibility of proving directly from external historical testimony, that God miraculously revealed a single word, sentence or book of the Old Testament to the writers thereof; for we do not know from external history, who the writers of any of the books were; and when they are supposed to be known, it is only by the Bible itself, which we have no right to assume as authority until it is proved. To make such an assumption is to beg the whole question at issue. There is not a page of reliable external history, that gives the faintest direct evidence of its Divine and miraculous origin. I will prove this by the

#### ADMISSION OF CHRISTIAN WRITERS.

I quote first from a "Treatise on Biblical Criticism," by Samuel Davidson, D. D. & L. L. D., of the University of Halle. He says in Vol. 1, page 15—"In the Old Testament we have writings belonging to very different times. Hence arise their manifold character, at least in part. There is great difficulty in ascertaining the different periods belonging to the various remains of the Hebrew literature. It is not easy to assign each book to its proper position and era in the national history. The time when it originated can scarcely be determined, even from its diction and style.

He then goes on showing that all that can be hoped for, is a doubtful, "approximation" in settling the era or age in which any one of its books was written." Again—on the 64th page of the same Vol. he says

—"From the time the respective books were written till the close of the canon B. C. 200, the Old Testament books themselves are the exclusive source of information, as to the state of the text, besides the Samaritan Pentateuch:" and on the 79th page he admits Gesenius—a great Hebrew Scholar—"proves incontestibly" that this same Samaritan Pentateuch is of little or no value.\* And since Gesenius' able investigation, this Pentateuch has fallen into quite general disrepute among the learned. Of the MSS., he affirms on the 341st page, "The age of the MSS. is difficult to be determined." On the 94th page he admits that "we don't know" where or from whom the Samaritans first got the five books of Moses." Among the writers on this point there are various and conflicting opinions.\*

All that he, and the authors he quotes, gives on this subject, is only "conjecture."

In speaking of the history of the Hebrew text, prior to the close of the canon, Davidson says—Page 71 "of the state of the text during this time, we know little." Again on page 103, Vol. 1, he says, "It is impossible to ascertain precisely the time when the canon was completed. Authentic history does not clearly indicate this important epoch in sacred literature."

After giving the conflicting opinions of various writers on this point, viz: of Habernick, Stuart, Hengstenberg and Josephus, he concludes that the whole matter is uncertain and doubtful. Kennicott,\* a celebrated Hebrew scholar and collator of 692 Heb. MSS., and also Prof. Robinson,† who styles himself, "Edward Robinson, Prof. extraordinary of sacred literature in the Theological Seminary of Andover," are of the "opinion" that the books of the Old Testament were collated, revised and corrected, and left pure and perfect by Ezra, Nehemiah and subsequent prophets. That they, and especially Ezra were inspired as prophets in this operation. But Davidson is quite certain that this last notion is only based on Jewish "fable." To keep the MSS. pure would require a miracle, and much more so to make them perfect after once being made imperfect.

Prof. Robinson in his Calmet admits that Moses was not the author of all the Pentateuch, and it is believed that he wrote none of it except in connexion with Aaron. But is it evidence that Aaron could not have written the death of Moses, for he himself had died long before. So Ezra is chosen to remove the difficulties with which the Bible is so sadly encumbered.

As a fine specimen of the total uncertainty of the facts of the Bible history, take the following from Robinson's Calmet on Ezra. "It is believed that Ezra was chiefly concerned in revising and arranging the books of Scripture. He had great

\*See Dissertation the Second on the state of the printed Hebrew text, page 307.

†See Robinson's Calmet art Era.

zeal and knowledge, and having the spirit of prophecy, it is very probable that he took great pains in collecting the sacred writings, and forming the present canon.

It is thought that he assisted in completing the books of Chronicles and added what appeared necessary for illustrating, connecting or completing them. Some are of opinion that Ezra and Malachi are the same person; and it is certain that Malachi is not so much a proper as a common name, meaning angels or messengers of the Lord, and that in Ezra's time prophets were called angels—messengers of the Lord.

The same author in an article headed "Bible" says, "No injury is done to the just argument or on behalf of inspiration, if we suppose Abraham wrote family memoirs of what related to himself, that Jacob continued what concerned himself, and at length that Moses compiled, arranged and edited (to use a modern word) a copy of the *holy works* extant in his time."

At this point let me ask, are family memoirs peculiarly "holy?" Were they any more so in the days of Abraham, than in these days of steam-printing and electric telegraphs? How much miraculous "inspiration" does it need to write family memoirs? He goes on—"a freedom perfectly analogous to this, was conducted by Ezra in a latter age, on whose edition of holy Scripture our faith now rests, as it rests in like manner upon the prior edition of Moses. If he were the editor of some parts, or on his authority if he were the author of the whole?" Prof. R. has much more to the same effect. He well says, "here we ought to pause; for our faith rests upon Ezra." But who is or was Ezra? Prof. R. thinks "Ezra was Malachi." That "Malachi was not so much a proper name"—that is the name of a certain individual, as a common name—that is the name of a class.

If Ezra was Malachi, and if Malachi means angels or messengers of the Lord, then Ezra was not an individual, but a company of plumed and winged angels. So then, it is "supposed" that a company of winged and feathered angels were the compilers, editors and perfectors of the Old Testament books. Here we have only suppositions and exceedingly dubious ones at that.

Again says Dr. Robinson, "accepting Moses as the author or writer of the Pentateuch, though not without the concurrence of Aaron, we may nevertheless consider Joshua as adding some minor matters to it, such as the history of the death of Moses; and Ezra in his edition as adding some other minor matters to it." Again he says—"Here we ought to pause, because here our faith rests on Ezra's edition;" (and Ezra means Malachi, and Malachi means angels) "and we doubt not this scribe" (a company of winged and plumed angels—what a scribe!) "was well instructed in the law, and had not only reasons for what he did, and for his manner of doing it, and also Divine guidance to preserve him from erring. We suspect that we have many instances of Ezra's caution, as we have marginal readings in our Hebrew Bibles which in all amount to 840." Dr. Davidson thinks this idea of Ezra's inspiration is a Jewish fable; and certainly it sounds very fabulous to call Ezra, Malachi, and Malachi, angels, and angels, a scribe.

Again says the same author, Vol. 1, P. 65—"It is now universally admitted that the Old Testament has not come down to us without mistake. Its absolute integrity and perfection are no longer upheld. It is patent to the observation of every one." The Old Testament has shared the fate of other ancient books. It has suffered from the mistakes of transcribers. Nothing but a continual miracle could have saved it from this; and facts show that the Deity has not interposed miraculously to prevent copyists from falling into the slightest error.

He then says, "mistakes have two causes—accident and design. Justin Martyr, Jeneus, Tertulian and Eusebius, Origen and Jerome,—Christian fathers, accuse the Jews of corrupting their sacred Text. I will not vouch for the truth of the accusation from these first lights of the church, for I suspect them; but they are church authority, and so good for christians. The historical evidence of christianity turns on the testimony of these same "Christian Fathers." I shall notice their characters as witnesses, by and by.

With regard to the state in which the Old Testament books were left by this exceedingly uncertain character, "Ezra," Malachi, or angels of the Lord," Dr. Davidson very candidly remarks, Vol. 1, P. 108,—"Inclined as we are to go farther, and say that an absolutely correct, genuine copy was finished under the immediate direction and superintendence of heaven by the inspired Ezra, or by him along with Nehemiah, or by others after them, we dare not make the assertion in the absence of all evidence, against analogy and the strongest presumption.

The external evidence in favor of the miraculous origin of the books of the Old Testament are absolutely *nil*—nothing; while the whole history of the books prior to the formation of the canon is *prima-facia* proof of their human origin. Let us trace the history of the text down still farther.

After giving the causes of the corruption of the text, and quoting a long list of passages proving such corruptions, he says—Vol. 1, P. 71—"But we cannot suppose Old Testament writings were perfectly free from alterations in the earliest times prior to their complete collection into one volume. No work of antiquity has been long kept entirely immaculate. Nor have the sacred books of the Jews escaped the same fate with others."

De Wette, Bauer, Eichhore and others allude to a long list of parallels, in P. S., Chron., Kings and Samuel, to show that before the collection of the books included in the canon, their text had suffered much from the carelessness as well as the rashness of transcribers. Of the state of the text from the close of the canon till the fall of Jerusalem, we know that it was corrupt. See David, Bible Crit., Vol. 1, P. 111. Such being the state of the text before the formation of the Septuagint, the oldest translation or version of any part of the Scriptures, it follows that all subsequent versions or translations made from them, must be corrupt also. Of the history of this version, Dr. D. remarks, Vol. 1 P. 163, "The history of this version is unfortunately veiled in obscurity. The notices which come down to us are suspicious." Writers on this version contradict each other.—There are no sure data to rest upon." All is uncertainty. Dr. D. admits that the Scriptuagint is not a faithful version, P. 192. Origen and St. Jerome both complain of its imperfections. Hence all translations made from this version must be imperfect and corrupted also. And let it be remembered that this—the Septuagint version—is the one from which both Jesus and his disciples always quote. Indeed all the principal versions of the Old Testament—viz: the Septuagint, the fragments of the other Greek translators, the old Syriac, or Peshito, the Latin of Jerome, the Targum, especially those of Owkelos and Jonathan and the Arabic of Saadias Haggaoon, all are admitted to be imperfect and to a greater or less extent corrupted. (David, Bible Crit., P. 28.)

But I need go no farther on this point to show that christian scholars admit all I affirm in my first proposition concerning the external historical evidence of the divine and miraculous origin of the Old Testament. If there were any positive historical evidence of such an origin for the Bible, certainly popular theologians, anxious to prove it, would long ago have given it to the world.

Such is the testimony of some of the very first writers of the church, and they testify:

1st. That they do not know *when* the various books of the Old Testament were written, and:

2nd. That they do not know *who* wrote the different books or parts of books. That they do not know, but may "suppose" that Abraham wrote family memoirs, that Moses edited them, and with the help of Aaron and Joshua, filled out the Pentateuch; and then left Ezra, Malachi—or a company of angels to re edit it; adding *what was necessary* for "connecting, illustrating and completing them."

3d. That they do not know when the Old Testament was completed either in MSS. or as a canon, or by whom the canon was closed; whether by Ezra, Nehemiah, Malachi, or all, or neither.

4th. That the Old Testament books have undergone important, radical changes and corruptions, both before and after the formation of the canon. That the Septuagint—the oldest version of any part of the Old Testament, is corrupted. The 840 marginal readings are proof of this corruption of the Hebrew text.

#### THE HEAVEN OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Hark! amid the greeting hymns that rise from forest, vale and grove, mingling with the exultant joy of the freed stream, the symphony of ocean's waves, the whispered flower messages, the answering song of leaves. It is the grateful heart-hymn uprising from enfranchised spirits, thanking God and the angels for the light, the individual revelation, the glory of the present Spring time of unfolding joy. No more the ensignias of mourning clothe the breaking hearts that mourn a friend's departure to the upper worlds; for the phantom, death, is vanished, and the shadows of separation veil not forever the loved familiar forms and faces; we feel, we *know* them near with love-warm hearts and unabated sympathies; the ray of affection unquenched in the speaking eye, the treasures of the soul untarnished, the blossoms of beauty and of household song unfaded; the memory and consciousness untouched by the laving waters of transition, the earth still dear and beautiful unto the spirit living in a holier realm.

The heaven of loving sympathies, the Eden of angel life and God like aspiration, the music world, the temple of celestial love, appear no longer vague ideal shadows impossible of attainment. By the radiant flashes of the inner revelation, by the soul glimpses of the divine, by the melodies of affection, sweeping sweet and powerful athwart the gloom of sorrow and the silence of solitude, we know of heaven attainable and *real*, true and awaiting. The congenial homes of Spirit land, the magnetic, pure, divine attractions, the expansion of those deific capacities that stamp the man, an angel, and the woman a seraph. What creed or faith or dogma, popular or accepted, have ever told of these?

The golden streets and pearly gates of the theological heaven, the pomp and majesty of the enthroned ruler, the servile obedience of the winged, incomprehensible beings dwelling in that gilded atmosphere—of what avail were these to man? The rosebud on her infant's breast, placed there when its pure spirit winged its flight, is dearer to the mother's heart than all the regal pomp of heaven; the smile upon the face beloved, the heart's best recompense for the loneliness of earth; the mother's hand-clasp, a far richer boon than the bestowal of the golden harp attuned to one unvaried strain. What angel's hand would sweep the unresponsive lyre, replying not to the soul's questionings of affection, breathing no household, humble,

music, telling naught of the beautiful above. The harp attuned to the flattery of Him, the mighty Spirit! the source of love and truth, the Sun of holiness and the Lord of joy? Eternal praises unto him throughout the echoing heavens, and yet no heart-tone of human sympathy breathed from these golden strings!—peace, joy and plenteousness and not a recollection of the suffering earth: no thought of darkened, struggling souls, whom alone the good can aid?—it heaves monotonous with glare of wealth and kingly splendor, where selfishness rests securely and affection sleeps eternally; whence charity is banished and progression ceases;—Oh, heaven of cold hard glitter, what throbbing heart of sympathy desires to dwell in thee?

Hark! the sweet melodies of spirit-land! the low, whispered song of the affections, how divinely freighted with memory and hope they sweep across the desolated hearth, the burdened, longing soul! Hark to the words of angels—"beloved ones of earth, we live, we love, and labor for the good of all." See the unending stairway of eternal progress, gemmed by diamond truths, enamelled by the flowers of beauty, the ascending paths, the mountain heights, the beacon fires, and ever near the harmonies of soul. Behold the love of earth intensified, exalted, star-crowned by the hand of victory; the knowledge of this world, illumined, sanctified by angel counsel and encouragement. Behold the consequences of truth, of individual culture and spiritual freedom.

There wander in these upper realms of unimaginable beauty, the spirits of the blest; not the chosen few of a partial God, nor the observers of church creeds, the manacled slaves of conventionalism. The blest are those, who meek and lowly, aspiring and devoted, labored for the weal of others—for the elevation of the true and pure, the down-trodden and the erring. The lustrous robe of silver purity may deck the outcast's spirit form, the crown of stars gleam from some wretched Magdalen's brow, long since impressed with the signet of angel-hood; the sceptered wand of purity be in the hand of one the world cast forth to fall and die! There the proud beauty may be decked with beggar's rags, in place of ermined robe and flashing gems; the world's great heroes, idols, leaders, may sit at an infant's feet and learn heaven's first great lesson, the beauty of humility.

There in that "earnest, real life," aspirations lead the way to soul-lit shrines of loveliness and grandeur; to homes of love, to sites of worship, and to fanes of truth. There, O, my mother! will thy smile of welcome greet me! there, love and friendship, do ye dwell in peace and faith; there God revealed in truth and light and beauty, we see thee manifest, thy laws revealed, thy attributes portrayed. And when from earth the wail of suffering and the cry of soul arises, a thousand angel hearts are thrilled with sympathy; fleet, loving, aiding from the bowers of love, the homes of peace they come, bringing food unto the famishing, crystal waters to the thirsting; holding up the pure unsullied mirror of their soul's reflection to the mortal's gaze, that seeing he may become an angel also, striving for the light that is universal, the sunshine gladdening all.

And to commune with angels, we need not wait until the opening portals of the spirit world receive us; the spirit of song and melody, the angels of charity and peace, the seraphs of love and prayer, the cherub forms of the beautiful are with us ever if we invoke them aright. And angels clothed in immortality walk with us every day; struggling and toiling angels; sorrowing and lovely angels, whom we can aid, who can sing to us of Heaven.

The perfume of the flowers, the silent appeals of

their varied lives, the song of waters, the mysterious telling of the winds, the beckoning gleam of stars, the sunset's Syrian dyes, forming landscapes in the clouds, gorgeously rich in coloring, the choir of matin songsters, and the melody of birds at eve, all, all are spirit freighted with immortal gifts; all bring bright fleeting glimpses of a heaven, all true and beautiful, desirable, for love and sympathy dwell there, and memory and labor hold a fitting place. This is the heaven of Spiritualism.

Philadelphia, April 13, 1859.

#### PRACTICAL THEOLOGY.

BY REV. S. M. LANDIS, M. D.

Having had rather extensive opportunities to study and investigate the various Pathological and Theological dogmas of our land, I have long since come to the conclusion that every thing else, but the doctrines of the human soul and body, has progressed and kept pace with time. We boast of our enlightened 19th century—the general education of the people—the spread of knowledge among the million—of steam engines—of Railroads and Telegraphs—of the triumphs of Chemistry—of the wonders of the Photographic art. But in the highest of arts—the art of living, what can we boast?

Yet need we wonder that such is the lamentable state of affairs, since the *leading* persons in this perverted state of civilization, are either slaves to their alimentive or animal passions and seek for pleasure in the gratification of the propensities, or are ground down to little-minded, selfish, bigoted and self righteous sectarian notions? In either case the noble and liberal spirit of Christ is not, nor can it be inherent in such stereotyped persons.

They seek for happiness where it cannot be found, and where it was never promised, neither by Father, Son, nor Holy Ghost. Why a man with noble powers and lofty aspirations, who has probably more of the Holy Spirit in his little finger, than most Creedish persons have in their whole organization, is despised, condemned, and would be exterminated, if those all wise persons, who preach what they never practice, had the legal privilege to do so!

Oh! it withers my very soul when I reflect upon the quackery in Pathology and Theology, which I have been compelled to witness during the last fifteen years, which is practised throughout our free and noble America! I feel as though I should cry out, "Repent and be baptized into the glorious cause of human redemption—a sound physiological life."

The great want in this progressive age, is a national, practical and scientific doctrine of Pathology and Theology. I propose to the noble minded classes of this community

#### THE PHYSIOLOGICAL CHURCH OF GOD.

The following are the Rites and Principles by which this membership shall be governed:

1st. We believe that our first duty we owe to God is to take care of our own bodies and souls. And the second is likewise unto it, "Live for others. Love thy neighbor as thyself."

2d. We believe that God created Heaven and earth and all things, and that he has founded every thing upon the unalterable principles of cause and effect. That man was originally made in the "image of God," perfect in every natural attribute—but that transgression of the irrefragable physiological laws of God—man has fallen, and can only be redeemed from imbecility by a return to truth and nature—a sound physiological life which includes the physical, intellectual, moral, and every part of man's nature.

3d. We believe that man can only be redeemed from his impure, sinful, imbecile, fallen and dis-

eased condition by seeking the rules of morality, and practising a true physiological life. And by so doing, a new "Faith" will be established, and he will be "born again" through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He will also be "baptized" with the Spirit of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, instead of living, growing up, and acting in the image of the Devil.

4th. We believe it our most incumbent duty to promote health, unity, peace and happiness among all mankind, and raise a healthy and Godly offspring. And we are sorry to assert that we believe that Sectarianism has cursed more people than it has ever blessed. We consider all good-doing, progressive and unbiassed-knowledge-seeking people, our brethren and sisters. And we emphatically and radically eschew all unphysiological or useless habits—such as the use of tobacco, artificial beverage, impure food, vitiated air, injurious clothing, degrading amusements, indolence, gluttony, licentiousness, bigotry, prejudice, penury, avarice, villainy, hypocrisy, profanity and all the ills and vices which prevent or retard man's physical progression in truth, virtue, wisdom and the true objects of life.—"A sound mind is a sound body."

5th. We believe that trust, faith, or confidence in God, without actions to fulfil His physical laws, are void of grace and success.

6th. We believe that prayer, or utterance of words from a person who does not aim to curb his animal impulses, and who is not willing to be guided by the lamp of science, as void of holy affinity, but on the contrary is blasphemous in the highest degree. True prayer is gratitude to God, and comes alone by Godly feelings and actions. Unless a person is willing to act right without prejudice, he cannot consistently utter thanks. "By the fruit we shall know the Tree."

7th. We believe it useless to speculate, as too many people do, about the world beyond the grave—whether it is composed of "many mansions" or only one sphere of celestial glory, or endless perdition. But we know that it is "holier to obey than to sacrifice" the laws of all goodness.

8th. We believe it our duty to "learn even from an enemy," and consequently one from another.—"Proving all things and holding fast to that which is good." And to "seek truth where'er 'tis found, On Christian or on Heathen ground." "Neglect the prickle, but assume the rose."

9th. We believe it our duty to look upon sin and sickness in the same light and with the same feelings. If we can avoid one we can the other. Sin is a violation of a moral law, and sickness is occasioned by both a violation of a physical and moral law. They should both be regarded as within our control, and subject to the dictation of our wills.

10th. It shall be the minister's duty to enforce the foregoing Rites and Principles upon his congregation, and he shall practice them himself as a moral duty of the first importance. He shall be thoroughly versed in a true physiology, and instruct faithfully from the Pulpit and otherwise, the community in all the sound physiological mandates of nature and nature's God, believing that by such a course of life every person would live to the greatest longevity, passing gently to the close, dying in the normal decay of all things, blessing and blessed. Amen.

The foregoing are my views of true life, here and hereafter. And I am ready to go into the promulgation of its teachings from the pulpit. Ye spirited, noble minded men and women of the 19th century, pronounce the word, open a church to be conducted on such principles, and I will be your obedient and faithful servant during life.

Philadelphia, Pa.

# THE AGITATOR.

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

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

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## LETTER FROM FRANCES BROWN.

NUMBER ONE.

BUFFALO, APRIL 24, 1859.

MY DEAR TYPO:—Four days since I left you standing at my office door. Nature had hung a curtain of clouds before the sun, and the driving rain did not augment my happiness; but your smiles and your blessings cleared the clouds from my soul-sky, and I went forth strong to meet the rough places in the outer world.

You, like most children, are given, somewhat, to question asking. It will be a long time before I shall have the blessed opportunity of replying verbally to your questionings. I intend, therefore, to anticipate your wishes and render an account of my goings and doings.

Two hours after leaving you, I found myself at the depot in Kingsville. A nice little woman in Bloomers met me there and took me to her home in Monroe Center.

The church was opened to me and I gave three lectures—"Children's Rights," "Woman's Rights" and "Human Rights" were my subjects. Do not know how the people liked the lectures; but they gave me money and their prayers which will strengthen hand and heart for the life-battle.

Yester morning the snow was rushing furiously out of the clouds, and the solemn moaning of the wind seemed to me the requiem of my hopes of reaching Buffalo at evening. It was nine miles to the cars and the roads nearly impassible. My trust, however, was in the brave heart and steady hand of Mr. R—; and I am glad to say my faith was not in vain.

A pair of fine horses marched out of a warm stable; blankets and buffalo robes were brought forth to shield us from the storm and cold of the 23d of April. Such an April day old Time never before palmed off on the world.

Well, at night-fall the iron horse halted in Buffalo. Men were shoveling snow and children rolling up snow balls, and women were wading through the streets ankle deep in snow.

I was shockingly travel-worn and weary with talking, so I took a carriage and came to the St. James hotel, called for a room, fire and supper. Here I am as comfortable and cozy as a hermit who is "monarch of all he surveys." The house is clean, and as quiet and orderly as a country church on Sunday.

I am to speak twice to-day; but the melting snow will tend greatly to retard the progress of thin shoes and long skirts—or, in other words the women will hardly venture out.

To-morrow I go to Lockport, then to Rochester. From R. you will hear from me again.

Be a good girl and have patience while you are translating my (and other people's) spider tracks into English.

NUMBER TWO.

DEAR TYPO:—I spoke in Buffalo according to appointment—had a good audience for a stormy day. The independent thinkers are numerous there; though I judge they are not so united there as in some places. But the time for union has not come. This is the transition age, but of confusion, order will come in time.

Dr. Griswold publishes the Sunbeam in Buffalo. He is a finely organized and energetic man. If the Sunbeam does not send forth its light—if it does not dispel the mental darkness—the fault will not be his.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Gardner and myself arose at dawn and took breakfast in Lockport, a large town twenty-five miles from Buffalo. Lock Rock would be a more appropriate name for the town, as it is built upon a rock—and the locks here are the largest in the Erie Canal.

I spent several days at the house of Mrs. Eaton, the mother of Dr. G. C. Eaton. You remember that some of our anti-

reform papers and preachers made a terrible ado about the elopement of Dr. E. and Mrs. Starr. It was a shocking thing for Spiritualism for they were mediums!

The said Mrs. Starr is a boarder at Mrs. Eaton's. She came here, as others have come, to be treated for the "infirmities of the flesh." She is slowly recovering and counting the days that divide her from the loved ones at home. I hope the time will come when an editor will refuse to wholesale scandal, especially when it involves the reputation and peace of innocent people. I could ask no greater punishment to be inflicted upon "David Whittemore," the originator of the calumny, than to see, as I have seen, the great wrong he has done a young, pure, and aspiring soul. Let people beware how they handle that priceless thing—a woman's reputation.

G. C. Eaton and N. W. Bruce are doing a great good in Lockport by the on-laying of hands. They have proved themselves christians by taking the crutches from a woman who had used them at every step for ten years. I had the pleasure of seeing her out-walk me which is an unusual thing. Faith did not restore her for she had no faith in our healing philosophy.

I spoke in Lockport to a large congregation. The harmonical philosophy has no vitality there; it will, however, be resurrectionized and do all its redeeming work.

To-day I am at one of my old homes—the reformer's home. Lewis and Sarah Burtis are the presiding spirits here. Their large house, eight acres of garden and orchard; their two darling daughters that remind one of opening white lily buds, and their own genial spirits give one a home feeling akin to the heart-dreamings of heaven. None but the weary spirited and homeless fully appreciate the kindness, quiet and care-taking of such hearts and homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall, two great hearts that we have counted among our stranger friends, came to Rochester to spend the Sabbath with us. We have improved well the time in visiting Mount Hope the city of the dead; the homes of the less fortunate than the denizens of Mount Hope, and other places of interest in and about Rochester.

The Reformer's meetings here are small. I would not advise lecturers who are looking for dimes, merely, to come here. Yet there are good, brave spirits here who will give them a warm welcome.

To-day I am going to Brockport hoping to see my sister, Frances O. Hyzer. Sunday I am to be in Syracuse. From there I will write you. Till then adieu.

Rochester, May 4th,

Thine.

## INSANITY OR BRUTALITY.

We regret to hear that a gentleman of this city, of literary and scientific attainments, one who bears a venerated name and whose genius and science has given an important improvement to the cities of the U. S., has been so far bewildered in the mazes of Spiritualism as to believe that he is wrongly mated with an amiable and devoted wife, and has found spiritual affinity with another young lady. As we have been informed, the wife, though heart-broken by the development, and having one child, has assented to the request of her husband for a separation, and he has gone to Indiana to procure a divorce in order that he may marry his new affinity, who, we believe, is like his wife, a lady of intelligence, amiability, and irreproachable in character.—*Boston Traveller.*

The above rare gem is going the newspaper rounds. The editors seem to feel called upon to clear their skirts of the "gentleman's" misdoings, and the haters of Spiritualism think they have found another argument against the beautiful faith of soul communion. But Spiritualism had no more to do with that separation, than it had with the failure of the Atlantic Telegraph.

But supposing it had—what then? If spirits unsealed Mr. Channing's eyes and he saw that he was not living in accordance with the Divine law—that he was not married—who will presume to sit in judgement over that man's soul? Who will dare condemn the man for giving the woman back to herself? If the wife is contented with the arrangement, why need outsiders intermeddle?

Would it not be wise and beautiful in a certain clique to listen to the blessed gospel which teaches every man and woman to set first his or her house in order.

## A PAMPHLET.

We have frequent calls for the papers containing our views of marriage. In looking over the articles we are dissatisfied with their desultory character. Many points and some important facts have for want of room, been omitted. We have concluded to revise, re-write, add and extract, and then publish a pamphlet, entitled, "The False and True Marriage, the Cause and Consequences."

The cost of publishing will be \$50. It will therefore be needful to sell them. Those who may feel disposed to aid us in exposing the shams and in raising humanity to a plane above Washington Tragedies and "Matrimonial Brokerage," will do us a favor by sending orders and cash. It is ready for sale.

Price, single copy, postage paid, 6 cts; 20 for \$1.00; 45 for \$2.00; 70 for 3.00; 130 for \$5.00.

All orders should be sent to the Agitator Office, Cleveland Ohio.

## PRETTY WOMEN.

A pretty woman is one of the 'institutions' of the country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a poem written in rare curls, choice calico and good principles. Her words float round the ear like music, birds of paradise, or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attractions, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint heart. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, also find fire-side bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, music, light, and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of Heaven.—*Exchange.*

Oh Jerusalem! what soft, sweet, "pretty" institutions" we women are! Our harp-like voices are never heard on the side of wrong. We would go to the ballot box to "restrain the vicious," but our "dimity" would stand a good chance to get tobacco stained. Marvelous creatures we are when a man falls into the gutter or a heathen is shirtless. If you want a wash-woman, a "bouquet," a good dinner, or a stray "breath of heaven" send for one of these wingless angels. The probability is woman's coming to earth was all a mistake. She is not fitted for the rough and tumble of this little planet. Her sphere is in the land of pinks and marigolds where the air is not chill and where the Sun-god looks lovingly forever. What a pity she lost her way!

Mrs. C. A. Middlebrook, formerly Mrs. Henderson—Inspirational speaker, will act as agent for the Agitator.

Her address for May will be St. Louis, care of J. H. Blood—June, Muscatine, Iowa.

Mrs. M. is a superior speaker, whom we would that all might hear. Those who have listened to the soul inspiring truths she utters, and observed her graceful and impressive manner, will deem any effort on our part in the way of commendation, wholly superfluous. S.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. GOODSELL.—All right. Glad of your fortunate condition.

MR. BARNUM.—We will advertise the meeting in season. Hope Mrs. Hyzer will be with you. The invitation has gone to her.

MRS. COOK.—I fear it will be impossible to attend the yearling meeting in P.

CORRESPONDENTS should not be sensitive if their articles do not appear. Many are left out for want of room.

C. W. and L.—Cannot go to your place.

H. B. VINCENT.—Your time has not expired. The papers have been sent. Look after your post master.

M. C. RANDALL.—Thanks for your noble exertions in behalf of the Agitator.

S. E. MIGNER.—After a long time your MSS. have come to hand. They will be attended to as soon as Mrs. Brown returns.

MR. WARNER.—Your notice will appear in the next No.

NICHOL'S Women in all Ages and Nations, is out of print.

## NOTICES.

H. F. M. BROWN will speak in Springfield, Mass., May 22d; in Boston, Mass., May 29th. She may be addressed, Salina, care of Mrs. John Hutchinson; at Utica, care of Dr. Caroline Brown; at Springfield, care of G. L. Randall; Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

JAMES COOPER, M. D., will speak in Akron on Sunday, May 15; Copley the 17th and 18th. Persons wishing to secure his services can address him, Bellfontaine, Ohio.

Dr. Cooper will receive subscriptions for the Agitator.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.—The Principle for two years bound in one volume, \$1.00; one year bound, 50 cts.

Mrs. S. MARIA BLISS will lecture on all the various subjects that have been presented before, together with Physiology and Phrenology, entranced by Spirits, and will examine diseases.

Address her at Springfield, Mass.

Warren Chase lectures in Adrian, Mich., May 15th; Battle Creek, Mich., May 22d; Harmonia, Mich., 26th and 27th; Kalamazoo, Mich., May 29th Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d., 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 9th and 10th.

## FRAGMENTS.—NO. 3

"I must take exceptions to a little sentence in your letter; *"Brothers and sisters after marriage never think so much of each other."* If this is true I hope you will never get married, for I want to think as much of you as I now do, and would feel unhappy did I know you thought any less of me. But I cannot think it is true. Marriage generally brings with it cares and duties which prevent those who are held in its bonds from paying all that attention to old friends that they would like. But I have yet to believe that it necessarily weakens any of the ties of affection that should exist among kindred. My experience, at least, has been different from this. Confidence begets confidence, and love begets love. I cannot look back upon my boyhood days and say at any time I realized, as my soul ever desired it, that a single human being loved me. That a few did love me of course is true. But whether my parents deemed me unworthy of their confidence, or whether they were so organized constitutionally, that they could not beget a confidence between themselves and their male offspring, is more than I know. Perhaps both of these causes had their effect. But "a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams." As I approached manhood's years I fancied that a pure being in the form of a cousin loved me; and my soul went out towards her with a warmth and affection not exceeded even by that which I believed, nay, *knew*, she felt for me. And though my eyes were opened to the fact that we should form no nearer tie, yet for my own sake I bless the hour when I felt that one of the opposite sex could love me. It changed the whole current of my life. It made me a better being and made me think better of humanity. The ties I subsequently formed have made me think more and more of brothers and sisters. And when I see my little ones, the offspring of love, growing up to love and bless me, my heart is instinctively drawn out toward every child I meet. A true marriage can produce no other result. If we find true affection at home it will go out spontaneously, first to those who are nearest to us by the ties of kindred, and then for the whole human family. Show me one who does not love his fellow beings, and I will show you one whose domestic relations need reforming—nay, I might almost say, dissolving.

My sister I did not know how, fifteen years ago, to love my brothers and sisters as I now do. I believe they all love me just as well as their surroundings and their false idea of me will permit. Although so much our junior you must know that the way your older brothers were obliged to come up was not calculated to bind us together with a true harmonic cord. You may think it strange when I tell you that among all our large family I cannot feel that I have been truly acquainted with any of them. I know they have never understood my nature. \* \* \* Let them try me and prove me, and then if I am found recreant they may charge it to my account; and you, my sister, may use an expression which implies that the holiest and purest institution ordained by a God of Love is capable of lowering us in the scale of Progress, and making us less than the pure and loving beings he designed us. But until I am thus proved, I must object to the sentiment I have quoted from your letter. I love my brothers as well as they will let me; my sisters better, perhaps than they suppose. And this love is constantly strengthened by the fact that I am united to a true and noble woman, whose influence is to strengthen and purify, and enoble one's love nature, instead of dragging him down by a selfish and jealous disposition. She reasons justly that if I did not love others, my love for her would not be very pure. But enough of love matters.

"May I add one more word to this, upon another question? Learn self-reliance. Lean on *no man* to guide or control you. No woman capable of taking care of herself, has a right to submit to the whims or caprice of another, to say nothing of brutal tyranny. Not even the married relation, that highest and holiest of all relations, can justly require her to lose her self-hood—to have her character sponged up by another. Be yourself. Rely on yourself. Be guided by your own intuition and the inner light. "Pray without ceasing;" or, what is the same thing, continually aspire for that wisdom which floweth from the Eternal Fountain. Do this, and if you fail your reward will be greater than if you succeeded as a mere machine impelled

by others. Such a success is only the success of those who would drive you forward in the path they have marked out.

"Do not regard all men as prone to be tyrants. Know that there is a remnant of pure and noble among our sex who will not be enslaved, and who will not enslave their mothers, wives and sisters. But by the memory of your mother, and by all that she endured and suffered while here, resolve to be free—free and pure as the zephyrs that fan your brow in summer twilight. Know that there is no relation in life requiring woman's submission, while man plays the tyrant. When woman has learned this and practised upon it, the world will be redeemed from most, perhaps all, of its grossness and impurity. It is only through our mothers, wives and sisters that the race can be made pure. Man indeed has a work to perform, but he can do but little until woman will step forth and redeem herself.

"In civilized countries men have supposed that they understood freedom for themselves; but how little have they realized that while binding the chains on the limbs of woman, they have been coiling the rope around their own necks. No man is a freeman while he enslaves a member of his family. No woman is free while she exercises a spirit of tyranny over others. Then by all our past bitter experiences, and by the light we now have, let us maintain our self-hood.

Milan, O.

## THE INEBRIATE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

He is dying—that pale, woe-begone looking young man—dying while yet on the verge of a noble manhood—dying just when the world is asking his services—dying by the slow subtle poison of the still. That inebriate's early life was as promising as a cloudless May morning. His high, broad brow, his dark, magnetic eye, his strong physical frame gave great promise of usefulness.

His young mother sang her beautiful child to his dreams, dreaming herself meantime that he would bless her gray hairs and lead her down the valley of age and smooth her pillow for the grave. There was a holy joy in that womanly soul for she saw in her noble boy the realization of her heart-hopes, and a prayer went up like sweet incense, to the All-Father for power to shield her child from the blighting influence of evil, and lead him sinless back to heaven.

The inebriate's father saw with manly pride, his strong brave boy springing to manhood. Adown the vista of years he seemed to see him a princely ruler in the realm of Mind, wearing becomingly the insignia of office.

But the destroyer came. The youth met him at a fashionable masquerade. The disguise deceived the young man. He had not thought to shake a demon's hand in a place so enchantingly beautiful. The deceiver and the deceived parted to meet again in a lady's drawing room. The fair hand of woman presented the destroying angel with a smile to her guest. He saw the serpent in the charmer, but was charmed. Nevertheless the two joined hands and together went down the valley halting at the bar-rooms and billiard-rooms. The inebriate has reached the gate of death. His companion has robbed him of his health, his hopes of happiness, his life of usefulness, and of his glorious promising manhood. The poor dying youth feels and regrets his great loss; but the demon has not lost cast; he is courted and caressed by those who have just started in the highway to ruin. That pale woman with care-worn visage and sunken eyes is the inebriate's mother. She is bowed earthward more by grief and care than by years. She prays still for her child—a mother's love is undying—she prays now for strength to bear the burden of a great sorrow that she may care for her dying child, and lay him to rest in the grave.

The old man is his father. Sorrow has whitened his hair and tears furrowed his cheeks. But still

he is loving and faithful to his wayward child. He watches day by day the lustrous eye, the hectic flush, and the faltering step. They seem the funeral sermons of his hopes, but he listens uncomplainingly and walks still on—to the beautiful Hereafter—for the resurrection and realization of his spirit prophecy—a noble destiny for his child.

## THOUGHTS HERE AND THERE.

NUMBER ONE.

BY MILO A. TOWNSEND.

Evil eyes see evil things where an angel would gaze with admiration.

Heaven is only accessible to the simple hearted to the charitable and forgiving. Utterly bereft of pride, arrogance, and self-love must that soul become, that expects to enter "the Homes of the Angels." Up the shining pathway of Truth it never can go while the spirit of injustice or oppression stains it, or while it is unreconciled to a brother.

Persons may be bodily near, but really and spiritually far distant, and *vice versa*.

A man's *ruling love* may be for Justice, Truth, Goodness, and yet his soul like the planets, may oscillate or diverge from its strongest attractions, and do a wrong thing. But this is only exceptional and incidental. The wrong or evil does not incorporate itself in the interiors of his soul. It is on the surface. The soul is not stained by the evil which may tempt it, and cause it momentarily to oscillate in the orbit of its integrity; but only as the evil becomes his ruling love, or a portion of its being, is it darkened and cursed.

As a bird that dwells in its bower of silence and beauty, soothed by the love-notes of its happy mate, so does the heart of a true lover dwell in the heart of his beloved. "True lovers indeed are each other's translators." High above the cares and storms of life, they bend their love-spined way. From sun to sun—from star to answering star—to "worlds of purer thought and joy"—do they in spirit journey. The very waves of air that waft them onward are resonant with music and of love. Such joys as words cannot express shall be the ultimate experience of all who are inducted into the sacred Temple of the true SOUL MARRIAGE.

The soul not at harmony *within*, cannot see harmony *without*, even where it exists in a high degree.

New Brighton, Pa.

## GONE TO THE SPIRIT LAND.

Edward Rogers whose mediumship consisted in the wonderful capability to paint the portraits of our deceased friends, left his earthly tabernacle in this place, on the 9th inst., at 3 A. M. His numerous friends will no doubt, after this announcement, feel comforted to know that his last days were spent among those who could appreciate his worth, and minister to his necessities. Though comparatively a stranger in this place, his unassuming demeanor and entire disinterestedness had won for him many friends.

A more simple-hearted, unselfish soul, it was never our fortune to meet with. Under spiritual direction, he devoted himself to the exercise of his mediumship, never painting for gain, he invariably gave the gems painted through his agency to those for whom they were intended, and receiving in return such voluntary contributions as might be offered. This course he adopted under spiritual direction, and it can be seen that while it was the best to promote the reception of Spiritualism, it was not one calculated to lead to worldly prosperity. A proper obituary it is hoped will be written by one who enjoyed a longer acquaintance with the deceased than the writer of this. Letters can be directed to Mrs. Rogers, care of W. M. Savage, Jeweler, Columbus, Ohio.

The spiritual press generally will please copy this article. The calls through the mails upon Mr. Rogers for portraits were very numerous, and no doubt will continue until his birth into the Spirit-life is generally known.

CH. W. CATHART.

La Porte, Indiana, April 14, 1859.—*Spiritual Telegraph*.

## PHRENOLOGY AND DEMOCRACY.

## DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

The following extracts from two prominent journals, show manifestly the difference between a knowledge of human wants and requirements, obtained by scientific observation, and that narrow, one-idea-ism, engendered by an exclusive devotion to a political party.

The very sensible remarks on the rights of women to live, are from *Life Illustrated*, published by Fowler & Wells, New York City.

"There is a bill now before the Legislature of this State, which we commend to the consideration of all Legislatures of all States, and to all the principalities and powers of the earth. It provides that any married woman may invest or use her property and earnings, or any portion of them, in any trade or business, and that such investment, with the profits and labor bestowed thereon by her or her agents or servants, shall not be subject to the disposal of her husband, nor liable for his debts; and that all contracts executed by her in any trade or business in which she may engage, shall be in all respects as valid as if she were single. Such a law has been long sadly needed, to protect the wives of lazy, profligate and drunken husbands, who are rather numerous in these days, from living upon and squandering the hard earnings of industrious and virtuous wives. Every State which legalizes or tolerates the infernal grog trade, should enact such a statute at once.

Below we have the honest and candid expressions of the *National Democrat* of this city, in regard to the petition before the Legislature of N. Y. for an amendment of the divorce law:

THE DIVORCE LAWS OF NEW YORK.—The Albany papers say that the present session of the Legislature has been remarkable for the presentation of petitions for a modification of the present laws regulating divorces. Many of them emanate from the class of enthusiasts and reformers, whose tastes incline them to eschew the ties of the family circle, and prefer what they call a wider sphere of social affinity. Another class are known by the cognomen of "strong-minded women," whose rallying cry is woman's rights, or "fair play to women." The petitions and private letters to members accompanying, present a sad picture. They are mostly in the hand-writing of females, and chiefly from our larger cities; and if the prayers they contain were granted, the marriage relation would no longer exist, and children would soon cease to know much about their paternity. Most of the appeals come from those who claim to be sufferers; and yet there is scarcely one but bears upon the face of it *prima facie* evidence that the complainant is in the wrong; only reaping the necessary and legitimate fruits of a misguided judgment and misdirected affection, if not criminal alienation."

Since that memorable day when the first woman divided the apple with her only human associate—Adam—have the sad effects of transgression been laid upon the shoulders of woman. Adam said to his Lord "The woman beguiled me and I did eat;" and the same disposition to shirk from bearing responsibility obtains among the members of the masculine gender to-day.

Notwithstanding the men have had the entire management in constructing the Statute law—that wise statesmen and profound jurors have sat in high places—that all legislative and judicial power has been in their hands; notwithstanding the churches have been controlled and directed by Popes, Bishops, and Priests of this *porfound gender*, things are strangely amiss: the great ocean of humanity is disturbed—is continually sending forth mire and filth and all manner of impurities; showing that some great moral wrong is eating out the vitality of our country. And because the victims of this unhallowed state of things, like drowning persons, catch at straws, to save their souls from utter ruin, by appealing to these same self-constituted directors and protectors of human rights for a redress of grievances, lo! and behold, it is discovered that woman is the instigator and mover.

The petitions and private letters even in regard to this divorce law before the Legislature of New York, are mostly in the hand writing of women.

We presume no man is in favor of divorce laws, or *could be induced to take advantage* of one under any *circumstances*. But what if these petitions are in the hand writing of females? Does it argue there are no actual grievances, because women petition for a change in statute laws? or that if their petitions were granted, the marriage relation would no longer exist? or that children would cease to know of their parentage? This slur that is cast upon woman intimating that unless she is bound by the iron hand of laws—which she has had no voice in making—her natural inclinations would lead her into crime and all the excesses of sensualism, is rather more than can or should be borne with meekness and patience by any woman who has a sense of purity and justice inherent in her nature.

Unfortunate, indeed, is the woman who cannot be chaste but by compulsion, and *doubly* unfortunate is the woman who has given birth to a son who has no higher appreciation of woman than such remarks would indicate.

That most of the appeals come from those who claim to be sufferers, we cannot doubt. It is natural. But that they are *justly* reaping the fruits,—"the necessary and legitimate fruits of a misguided judgement and a misdirected affection," we do not believe. This is strange reasoning against the modification of a law; that an act committed in the ignorance and inexperience of youth, before the judgement was able to direct the affections, should in *justice* compel them to a life of perpetual misery—sinful and debasing in its tendency—debasing to the parties, and fatal to the happiness of the offspring of such unions—is an exceedingly narrow view of the matter.

The great majority of people marry in early life and other motives and influences beside affection, prompt persons to unite in wedlock.

The majority of young women, in their ignorance marry for the sake of conforming to the fashion of getting a home and a living by this method. Society considers it the natural as well as the most respectable employment by which a woman can get her bread. After this act she is not considered a competent and responsible person, only so far as she can become a faithful medium through which a child may be able to recognize its father. Here ends the responsibility and moral obligation of a married woman. Statute law does not recognize her as having claims upon her child. The child belongs to her husband. He is father, guardian and director.

Not one young woman in ten is aware of this, or would even *suspect* such a heartless law, could have existence; and they are also ignorant of the great fountain of maternal feeling that is to be awakened when they shall become mothers.

Being ignorant of what complete ciphers they are to become by the marriage ceremony, and entering upon a new and untried field of experience, it is hardly to be expected they will calculate accurately as to the results, particularly when they find—after it is too late—they have possession of something they did not bargain for—a tyrant, a drunkard, or a sensualist, instead of a husband, a lover, or a protector.

I think we can safely prophecy there will be no decrease in the number of petitions for a change in the laws of our country until women are recognized by them as *human beings*; morally responsible for every act, and intelligently capable of representing themselves. Then they will not be compelled to barter their self-hood for bread, a home and respectability, to men who chance to persuade them they can furnish all these. As fast as women learn that their mental powers were intended

by their Creator for the guidance, protection and direction of their *own individuality*—will they scorn to put themselves out to a protector for safe-keeping. When they marry it will be for companionship.

L. M. B. F.

## PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER TWELVE.

In this number we come to the fourth cause of religious error or evil arising from spiritual communications, viz:

An awful dread which prevents all inquiry as to the truth or falsehood of spiritual communications, for fear of offending the spirit communicating.

This idea of the awful majesty and terrible wrath of the spirit, is the great bulwark of all religious imposition. It is the silver veil of the Mokennas of Pagan rites and ceremonies. It is the robe of the scarlet clad lady of the seven high hills. It is the power which wields the sword of Mahomet. It is the opaque glasses in the great spectacles of Joseph Smith. Show me an impostor, and I will show you one who is in possession of secrets too sacred to be inquired into. Show me an impostor, and I will show you one possessed of a faith so veiled as to defy the reason of man to penetrate it. Show me an impostor, and I will show you a teacher of dogmas which it is a sin to examine. Show me an impostor, and I will show you one who is dripping with innocent blood shed in defence of a God too feeble to defend himself; a God too ignorant to defend by argument, the truths which he wishes man to believe. Show me an impostor and I will show you one of God's especial favorites, who is alone permitted to enter his secret councils; and who is ready to pronounce sentence of eternal damnation on all who dare to question the authority of his divine mission. Finally show me an impostor, and I will show you one loudly denouncing investigation, and anxiously exhorting all to abstain from enquiry, lest they should offend Deity by impiously daring to pry into those secret things which belong to God only. But the honest searcher after truth expresses no fears of investigation, conscious of his own integrity and confident of the truths he professes to teach, he fears no injury from investigation; for he knows that examination can only result in benefit to himself, by taking away whatever error human impurity may have mixed with the truth.

Whenever we see a person shrink from the investigation of the truths which he proposes to teach, we may reasonably infer that he has little or no confidence in his own assertions. He does not believe his own statements, or he is conscious of his inability to sustain them by a fair and honest course of reasoning.

But what cause have spiritualists to fear the displeasure of the Infinite by instituting an inquiry into the truth of any communication claiming to be from a spirit? If the fact or doctrines be from the Infinite, then it will be found to be true—and if found to be false, that fact is sufficient evidence that it is not from the Infinite. You have then no just cause of fear of the anger of any finite spirit from having proved him a liar. So Jesus taught. When instructing his disciples to reject the doctrines taught by the Pharisees, he said, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who is able to destroy both body and soul in hell." The only thing which spiritualists have to fear is the wilful neglect to investigate. They know that they are themselves spirits clothed with physical bodies, and as spirits subject only to the Infinite through his immutable laws; and so long as they do not violate these laws, no evil can befall them from any finite spirit, which will not be of a temporary character. Indeed, fi-

nite spirits make no promises of reward or threats of punishment which are not of a temporary character. While in the body we have to contend with others in the body, and to run the risk of obtaining their good or ill will as circumstances may determine, and so it seems it will be after we leave this body, we shall be liable to meet with spirits to contend with. But we shall be spirits then unencumbered with flesh, and may stand as good a chance of defending ourselves as we now do with our fellows. "Come and let us reason together," saith the Lord. Does God say this? Then we are willing to accept of the invitation. But how are we to do this? Reasoning is performed by observing certain rules, and applying them to the arrangement of self-evident propositions called axioms. We must first know what these axioms are, and how to apply these rules to them. Now if God has invited us to reason with him, the invitation is equivalent to a command that we shall first make ourselves acquainted with these rules and also with the necessary axioms—that we shall be careful to know whether the promises we use and from which we draw our conclusions, are axioms, or mere dogmas. It cannot be supposed that when reasoning with such a being, we shall be permitted to assume vague and uncertain premises, the mere idle fancies of our imagination, but we shall undoubtedly be required to "prove all things," and make ourselves sure of the truth of a proposition, before using it as an axiom from which to draw conclusions.

Nor would such a being call upon us to reason with him and then give us a string of assertions without proof, and forbid us to question the truth of them. Such a course would be to ask us to reason with him and then forbid us to accept the invitation.

If God has invited us to reason with him, he means reason and not mere talk, all on his side and none on ours. But how does God intend to carry on this debate on his side? Will he meet us in his own proper person, or will he control (inspire) some human being and use his organs of speech? That he will not appear in his own proper person is most probable, as this has not been his usual practice. How then are we to know whether the individual is controlled by God or not? But suppose that he should appear in his own proper person, how are we to know that it is really him, and would he be angry at our enquiring into his identity? We think not. We have an example of this kind sufficient to enable us to decide our conduct under such circumstances, in the case of Moses at the burning bush, related in the book of Exodus, 3d and 4th chapter. A careful examination of these chapters will enable any one to see that God does not refuse to give evidence of his identity. Nor did God hesitate to give Moses evidence of his ability to defend him against Pharaoh. He did not send him to Pharaoh without giving him such credentials as would satisfy any reasonable man of his authority.

Nor did he send him to the children of Israel without any evidence further than his own word. We conclude, then, that God does not require us to believe on the assertion of any human being, without giving that human being the necessary means of proving his mission and showing that he is really God's messenger.

As regards other spirits, it is quite different. They may claim to be Gods and it might be impossible for us to know that they were not without an inquiry into their character.

There are hundreds of men at this moment claiming to be the ambassadors of God, and how are we to know that they are not? Is there no rule given by which we can judge? We think that there is. We think that we find it in Mark's

Gospel, chapter 11, 17th verse to end. We are aware that it is claimed that the gifts promised in this passage should cease. To this we answer that we do not suppose they would ever have been, if they had been never necessary, and we have no idea that they will be continued after they cease to be necessary. The question then is, are they now as necessary to convince us as they were when they were given to convince the people of that time? If not, what are now the evidences of a divine commission? If you answer reason, then we reply why do you refuse to exercise it? We admit that the reasoning powers of the human mind are far more perfectly developed now than they were at that time, and we claim that that is the best of reasons why blind faith should be discarded just in proportion to that development. But it remains to be proved that these gifts are no longer necessary, and that we have all the necessary axioms to establish the truth sought without them. At any rate, if a person comes to us claiming to have a divine commission, he ought to be able to show by "signs following," or by the exercise of reason, that he is not an impostor, and that, too, in such a manner as to convince us of the fact. And if he is not able to do this, ought we not to reject him? and are we not culpable if we do not reject him? I think that instead of exciting the anger of any spirit by such a course, we should excite the contempt of every intelligent spirit if we did not.

Chagrin Falls, Feb. 24, 1859.

### THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

#### SHE SAID TO THE WANDERING NORA.

BY FRANCES GREEN.

The gentle heart answered, "O, mother, repose;  
Sit down for a little and rest;  
I'll wipe off the dust, and I'll bring a fresh rose,  
Whose perfume will soothe you to rest."

Thus saying she bent on her kindly intent,  
And pressed to the old woman's lip  
The clear, cooling draft that refreshingly gleamed,  
In the homely brown pitcher that really seemed,  
To the nectar inviting a sip.

But an instant her eye  
Might be turning awry,  
When the wrinkled old woman was gone;  
And a fair lady bright,  
Was bathed in the light,  
Of the golden and redolent morn.

She extended her hand  
With a flowery wand,  
That touched little Nora's bright tresses;  
And the wandering maid,  
Scarcely knew what she said,  
In her joy at the lady's caresses.

"I bear a rich gift!"  
She said; as a drift  
Of golden light floated around her;  
Then the fairy form fled,  
And the frightened one sped,  
Not knowing the beauty that crowned her.

When her pitcher she bore,  
As she stood in the door,  
And her mother informed of the fairy,  
Each word was a pearl,  
And the dear little girl  
Went in with a step light and airy.

And fit for the crown  
Of a king they dropped down,  
As one pearl came after another;  
But the sweet little maiden,  
With riches o'er-laden,  
Woke no love in the mind of her mother.

Who to try the rich spell,  
Sent forth Ann to the well;  
But when the old woman asked water,  
"You may get it yourself,  
I surrender your self,"  
Said the selfish, but favorite daughter.

But when she went home  
She stood in the dome  
Of a palace just built by the Fairy;  
And the pearls of the kind,  
From the true loving mind,  
Were adoring its Pillars so airy.

There the selfish one sate,  
While her sister in state

Rode forth the unhappy to cherish;  
Thus learning too late,  
The subduer of Fate,  
Is the KINDNESS that never can perish.  
Providence, R. I.

#### BOYS' RIGHTS.

You have rights boys, as well as your sisters. You have a right to be the best boys alive, to make the smartest men, and to do the most good in the world.

You have a right to keep good company; to avoid all low language; to be kind to your mother and sisters and to every other lady, young or old, that comes in your way. You have a right not to use tobacco, brandy or anything else that tends to make your breath horrible, your society unpleasant; that will mortify your sisters and break your good mother's heart.

You have a right to make the best and most of life in the best possible way. A good way is to speak kindly to every body; be ever ready to do a generous deed; to be respectful to your equals and reverential to the aged. Nothing is so disgusting as to see a boy throwing stones, or annoying in any way, an old or insane person. This is one of the things you have no right, nor disposition, I hope, to do.

You have a right to play at ball with young ladies; to take them out skating; in fact, I like that girls should share all your sports; it tends to refine you and to strengthen them. This shutting girls up like hot-house plants, is all nonsense; they love the green fields and fresh air as well as yourselves.

You may be industrious, prudent, charitable, and a despiser of idle gossipings.

Somebody says that women do the idle talking—the slandering. I am sorry to hear such things of women; in fact, I do not believe it; but if we do it all, why then you and the girls are innocent of the abominable crime, that's all. See to it you never learn. You have a right to love every one, and every thing God has made lovely. And the world will have the right to say, "These boys are glorious fellows—just the ones for statesmen, farmers, judges and mechanics."—*Sketches from Nature, by Frances Brown.*

ADRIAN, MICH.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN:—You will be cheered in the midst of your editorial labors, to hear that spiritualists and others of our city have been strengthened and a new impetus added to their progress, through the mediumship of H. P. Fairfield. His sunny spirit in the social circle, and argumentative and illustrative powers in public, have done much to awaken the sleepers; crowds listen to his thrilling discourses, enlivened by wit, pathos and poetry, worthy of highly developed spirits. The earnest countenances tokened the power which the speaker had upon their attention. "Truly the fields are already white for the harvest." But the right kind of laborers are few. It is seldom we enjoy so intellectual and agreeable a feast as H. P. Fairfield gave us.

The spirit who controls him gives no evidence of cowardice in meeting more than half way, the thrusts which are aimed at spiritualism. How happy is the organization which like the sun, gives a genial warmth to all who come in contact with its rays!—Such seems to be the influence of Mr. Fairfield.

Truly we should be blest, did we all cultivate more harmony in all the relations of life. Earnest spirits here, will not forget his teachings, and most truly we wish him God Speed!"

The Lecturer's life cannot be without its trials; any more than other positions, but surely the satisfaction of elevating the people should be a solace of no mean value. May he "live in deed, not years;" "In thoughts, not breaths." For;

"He most live, who thinks most, feels the noblest,  
—acts the best!"

M. M.

DR. CHAPIN'S salary is \$6,000 a year; and the income of his church over \$17,000.

When I look through nature, nothing strikes me more than the union which subsists among all its works. Nothing stands alone in the creation. The humblest plant has intimate connexions with the air, the clouds, the sun. Harmony is the great law of nature, and how strikingly does Christianity coincide here with God's works; for what is the design of this religion, but to bring the human race, the intelligent creation of God, into a harmony, union, peace, like that which knits together the outward universe? CHANNING.

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**SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859,**

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HENRY C. WRIGHT,

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