

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. 30.

WHEN EACH SHALL BE TO EACH A BROTHER.

There is an untold wealth of bliss
In hating little, loving much,
Until the heart that throbs amiss
Shall thrill at sorrow's every touch.
We love too little here below—
We know too little of each other;
But in the prime
Of the coming time,
Each man shall be to each a brother.

Ambition, envy, greed, and pride,
The soul of man too much consume;
Too few seek out life's darker side
With light its darkness to illumine.
Too few are great in doing good,
As guides and helps to one another—
Few gaze away
To the coming day,
When each shall be to each a brother.

We do not hear the angel feet
That fall beside us in life's path,
Nor do we feel the hearts that beat
So near to ours. Existence hath
So much to share with greedy self,
We grow oblivious of each other;
And thus delay
The coming day,
When each shall be to each a brother.

Kind words bear healing. Christ like deeds
Are prayers, embodied forth to view;
O speak! and heal the heart that bleeds!
Act! and the earth may bloom anew!
If earth hath lost one Eden time,
Through love it may win another,
When man shall be
Unselfish, free,
And each shall be to each a brother.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

THE BIBLE:

IS IT OF DIVINE ORIGIN, AUTHORITY AND INFLUENCE?

BY S. J. FINNEY.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

PIOUS FRAUDS;

Or, How it may be proper to use falsehood as a medium, and for the benefit of those who may require to be deceived.

Such is the title of a whole chapter of Eusebeus, a celebrated christian writer, who flourished in the fourth century, and Bishop of Cæsarea in Palestine, a man of vast learning and who, in 325, was appointed in, and by the Nicene Council to deliver the address to the Emperor Constantine, on his entering into the Council, and who made the first draft of the Nicene Creed.

And Eusebeus Pamphili is not the only christian writer of note who has thus given all posterity perfectly just and adequate cause to reject his entire testimony on all religious history and doctrine.—The most learned and "Pious" writers of the early christian church, were "infected with this leprosy." Even Ambrose, and Hilary, Augustine and Gregory of Nazianzen, and St. Jerome, were corrupted with this scandalous doctrine of Jesuitism, of *lying for the sake of religion*. These writers are often quoted to prove the genuineness of the New Testament. On the mere word of these and other "Christian Fathers," Divines have attempted to build a valid argument for the credibility of the Bible. Take

the following quotations as proof of the facts.—Bishop Faustus, in the fourth century, distinguished for piety and literary attainments, boldly and honestly declares, that "It is certain that the New Testament was not written by Christ himself, nor by his disciples, but a long while after them by some unknown persons, who, lest they should not be credited when they wrote of affairs they were little acquainted with, affixed to their works the names of Apostles or of such as were supposed to have been their companions, asserting that what they had written was according to those persons to whom they subscribed it."

And again he says, "For many things have been inserted by your ancestors in the speeches of our Lord, which, though put forth under his name, agree not with his faith;" and much more to the same effect.

Again—The reason assigned by the great church historian, Moshem, for the great and "insuperable difficulty" attending our investigations concerning the history of the New Testament is, in his own words this, "For not long after Christ's ascension into heaven, several histories of his life and doctrines, full of pious frauds, and fabulous wonders, were composed by persons whose intentions, perhaps, were not bad, but whose writings discovered the greatest superstition and ignorance. Nor was this all, productions appeared which were imposed upon the world by fraudulent men as the writings of the holy Apostles. *These apochryphal writings must have produced a sad confusion* and rendered both the *history and doctrine of Christ uncertain*, had not the rulers of the Church used all possible care and diligence in separating the books truly Apostolic from all that spurious trash, and conveying them down to posterity in one volume. And these same 'Rulers of the Church,' I will prove by his own words, held it as an adopted maxim, that it was *right to deceive and lie* when the interests of their Church demanded it. His own statements of their character, ought to, and will, in each sound mind, destroy entirely the credibility and testimony of these same Church 'Rulers'."

The writings of the Christian Fathers are the only authorities on which the Church can build an external historical argument in favor of the credibility of the New Testament as a superhuman work, and yet Mosheim, vol. I; p. 72—78, gives us to know that not one of the works of Apostolic Fathers especially, can be trusted as purely the work of the author to whom it is ascribed. Their names are the following, Clement, Ignatius, Polycarp, and others. According to Mosheim, not one of the works of these men can be trusted as genuine, while nearly all are admitted universally to be forgeries. Mosheim, vol. I, p. 74—78. "Nor did any Apostle or any one of their immediate disciples, collect and arrange the principal doctrines of Christianity in a scientific or regular system." The "Apostle's Creed" was extant in the first century, but Mosheim says, page 79, that though this creed was

attributed to Christ's ambassadors from the fourth century onward, "it is at this day unanimously agreed that this opinion is a mistake." So this "Apostolic Creed" the only summary of Christian doctrine in the first century, is not authority.

In the second century he says, "The whole Christian system was still comprised in a few precepts and propositions; nor did the teachers publically advance any doctrines besides those contained in what is called the Apostles' Creed."—(Vol. I, page 125.)

On page 130, of vol. I, he tells us that the doctrine "that it was not only lawful but commendable to *deceive and lie* for the sake of *truth and Piety*, early spread among the Christians," of the second century. "Numerous forgeries of books under the names of eminent men; sybilline verses and a large mass of similar trash appeared in this and the following centuries." Orthodox Christians were engaged in this nefarious business. All are universally admitted to be spurious—mere forgeries. Again he affirms, on page 79, nor did the Apostles or any one of their immediate disciples, collect and arrange the principles.

On page 155 of volume I, in the 3d century, Mosheim admits that "pious frauds and impositions were among the causes of the *extension of Christianity*." On page 165 he admits "that a change in ecclesiastical government was followed by a corrupt state of the clergy." And on the 166 page, details the repulsive and disgraceful fact, that in consequence of the general persuasion that celibacy was a true state for those who wished to be holy, the "clergy admitted to their houses and beds certain holy females who had vowed perpetual chastity, affirming, however, MOST RELIGIOUSLY, that they had no disgraceful intercourse with these holy sisters." On the 184 page he speaks of the great mass of forged books palmed upon the world over the signatures of distinguished men, and concludes his remarks with the following: "Thus they who wished to surpass all others in piety, deemed it a pious act to employ deception and fraud in support of *Piety*." A strange kind of "*Piety*" this.

Of the fourth century, he says, page 260: "This unenlightened piety of the common people opened a wide door to the endless frauds of persons who were base enough to take advantage of the ignorance and errors of others, disingenuously to advance their own interests." Then follows a long detail of the grossest impositions imaginable. And on the 267 page he continues—"To these moral defects of the age, must be added two principal errors now well nigh publicly adopted, and from which afterwards immense evils resulted. The first was, that to *deceive and lie is a virtue*, when religion can be promoted by it." If this is *virtue and religion*—then both can come from Hell. He continues—"this had been approved in the preceeding centuries; and it is almost incredible, what a mass of the most insipid fables, what a *host of pious falsehoods* have, through all the centuries, grown out of

it, to the great detriment of true religion." "If some inquisitive person were to examine the conduct and writings of the greatest and most pious teachers of this century, I fear he would find about all of them infected with this leprosy. I cannot except Ambrose, nor Hilary, nor Augustine, nor Gregory of Naz, nor Jerome."

Again says Moshem: "Those authors who have treated of the innocence and sanctity of the primitive Christians, have fallen into an error of supposing them unspotted models of piety and virtue, and a gross error indeed it is, as the strongest testimony too evidently proves."

Again he says, vol. I, page 128: "If one deserves the title of a bad master in morals, who has no just ideas of the proper boundaries and limitations of christian duties, nor clear and distinct conceptions of the different virtues and vices, nor a perception of those general principles to which recurrence should be had in all discussions respecting Christian virtue, and therefore, very often talks at random, and blunders in expounding Divine laws; though he may say many excellent things; and excite in us considerable emotion; then I readily admit that in strict truth this title belongs to many of the Fathers."

Scalliger declares that "the Fathers put into their Scriptures whatever they thought would suit their purpose"

If such is our external, historical testimony, what must be our faith? An amount of gullibility which the Hottentots might blush to own, is requisite to faith in such testimony. The following is the sum of the historical evidence relating to the origin of the New Testament books.

1st. It is admitted by the brightest luminaries of the Church, that they don't know in what language some of the most important books of the New Testament were written; whether in Hebrew, Greek, or Syriac. And that "the time when these parts were written is very uncertain."

2d. That there are no original Apostolic autographs in existence; and not a single particle of evidence in history that there ever were any such originals; that if there had been, the Christians would surely have quoted them in their disputations with heretics; but they do not so quote; and hence we may safely infer their non-existence.

3d. That we don't know when, or by whom the New Testament books were collected into one volume; that we don't know when the New Testament Canon was closed or by whom. That according to Dr. Lardner, it was not closed as late as the sixth century.

4th. That from the very "ascension" of Jesus, (according to Mosh. and others,) "forged histories of his life and doctrines were palmed upon the world; that orthodox Christians were engaged in this nefarious business; these "pious frauds" in the language of Neander, a Christian historian, "overflowed the Church like a flood," from the first to the thirteenth century; that according to Mosh., the collection of the books, was probably the work of "Church Rulers," as was also their canonization; and that these "Church Rulers" "held it not only lawful, but commendable to deceive and lie for the sake of Piety and Religion; that the most eminent Christian Fathers, such as Ambrose, Hilary, Jerome and others; even Eusebius Pamphili, were infected with this leprosy, their works being proof of the fact.

5th. That the Christian Fathers, on whose testimony alone, can be built any plausible argument in favor of the credibility of the New Testament books, are not adequate witness; are perjured witnesses, holding it a virtue to tell lies for the interest of their religion and their church. That, therefore, we cannot accept their testimony on any point of religious faith or doctrine of a historical nature. Indeed their testimony is good for nothing, as the basis of an external argument.

But suppose it be admitted that the Apostles did write the books of the New Testament just as we have them to day. It is begging the whole question to assume that they wrote under an infallible and miraculous inspiration from God. It would be foolish to admit such claims without any proof, even if the writers of the New Testament made them; but no New Testament writer claims infallibility.

All the foregoing historical facts are from the

very best christian writers. Now reader! what faith can you have in such testimony as this? My quotations are all given—are all identified. I have made them with the books before me. You can turn to the authors referred to and prove every one of them if you have any doubts on this point. You will find a vast deal more to the same effect in each of them, if you will take the pains to read them. I hope you will.

The history of the so called Christian Church, from the first to the nineteenth century, is a horrible retail of superstition, fanaticism, bigotry, intolerance, usurpation, tyranny, corruption, murder, blood and crime. Not a single century, but it has stained by the blood of the children of God. It has been, and is to-day, the tool of despotism, the support of slavery, and the "exploitee" of the human race. It has canonized villains and knaves; compelled the worship of old pieces of wood and dead men's bones; burned God's noble image at the stake; and crushed out freedom from many a soul. I do not say there are no good persons in the Church. I speak of the Church as an organization, as a great historical fact. I do not deny that some of its doctrines are true, or that some of its principles have had a good effect upon the race.

If there ever was a perfect Bible in existence, we have it not now. Our common version is only a translation made by weak and erring men—who did err egregiously in their translation, as some of the most eminent Doctors of Divinity amply testify. This is amply testified to by the very numerous calls for newer and better ones.

Bellamy, Fuller, DeWette, Gesenius, and the immortal Kennicott, and many more, are loud in their complaints against the mistaken renderings in King James' version. Scores of new translations have been made to remedy the defects of our common version; but still, none are yet perfect.—John Wesley made a new translation for his followers. In Waukesha, Wis., not long since, I saw a translation made by Dr. Conquest, of the Congregational Church, England, on the back of which was printed in letters of gilt—"the Bible with twenty thousand emendations." The Baptists have made a new translation for their own use.—English Unitarians have made a great many; and still none are entirely satisfactory. The great and learned Dr. Kennicott, has the following quotations as proof of the bad work of King James' translators. He declares, after stating the causes of mistaken renderings: "A new translation, therefore, prudently undertaken, would be a great blessing;" and then appeals to the British Legislature to grant it; but six years after, he comes out clamorously, against King James' version, and backs his appeal with the following among other quotations.

Judges xv: 4. Three hundred foxes tied tail to tail, instead of wheaten sheaves placed end to end. "And Sampson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails. (1771, vide Scripture, p. 71.)

Also, 1st Kings, xvi: 6. Elijah not fed by ravens but by Arabs. "And the ravens brought him bread and flesh." In the Hebrew, "and the orbim (a-R-a-B-im) brought him bread and flesh," instead of "crows."

He gives many examples of an equally striking character. "These things," says an eminent scholar, "were published at Oxford, ninety-five years ago." I could quote a long list of authors and divines who have called for a newer and better translation of the Bible. But it is already a notorious fact, and none but ignorant persons will deny it.

But it will not save the Bible to appeal to original MSS.; for there are none, as I have before shown. The Greek and Hebrew Bibles, from which our and all translations are made, are only compilations of different MSS., which MSS. are not originals, but only copies or transcripts, of still earlier MSS.—[See Davidson's Bible Criticisms, vol. II, p. 315.]

"History fails to bring to light the changes which the New testament books underwent in regard to their text, at the earliest period. How they were preserved during the first two centuries—with what care they were copied—how often they were transcribed—with what degree of veneration they were looked upon by the different churches and christians—how much authority was attributed to them—by what test they were kept apart from similar writings afterwards termed apocryphal: these are interesting questions to which precise or definite answers cannot be given.—[See Davidson's Bible Crit., vol II, p. 31.]

In addition to the foregoing consideration, we do know that there is not a version, or MSS., or printed edition, that is not to a greater or less extent corrupted. Dr. John Mill, encouraged and aided by Bishop Fell, gave to the world a new edition in 1707, folio, Oxford; of the Greek Testament; in which he shows that the New Testament MSS., and versions, contain no less than thirty thousand various readings—that is, that the MSS., differ in thirty thousand different places. Since John Mill—edition after edition has appeared, until not less than 150,000 various readings of the New Testament MSS. alone have been found and published to the world.—[See Davidson, vol. II, p. 123.]

And yet with all these facts before them, we often hear clergymen saying, "There are no important radical changes in the New Testament." Can human credulity and ignorance go farther? 150,000 contradictions, or differences in the New Testament MSS. texts, and yet no important or radical corruption. On a close calculation in round numbers, there are only about 160,000 words in the whole New Testament. How can any sane mind believe that 150,000 variations in the different MSS. of this New Testament, containing only about 10,000 more words than mistakes, will produce no radical change in the facts, doctrines, or teachings of this book? The idea is just this—God writes, or causes to be written, a book or books, which together constitute his Infallible Word; and then leaves men to handle it—to copy it, to translate it, to edit and re-edit it, until its various MSS. differ 150,000 times; and yet no radical error or corruption has been admitted into it. Reader, do you not see that a single error condemns its infallibility, and of course "Divinity." I grant you that many of these variations are small; of little consequence; but can you believe in this great mass there are no important ones? If you can, I will forever settle this with you, by the testimony of such men as Dr. Adam Clark.

The first passage to which I shall refer, is found in 1st John, 5 chap., and 7 verse. "For there are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one." On this passage rests the doctrine of the "Trinity," or the "Tri-personality of God." Trinitarianism hangs on it as the most direct, if not the only affirmation of this peculiar text. I believe it is the only passage in the New Testament, which unequivocally affirms the doctrine of the Trinity. And yet Mr. Adam Clark—one of the most noted scholars in the Christian Church, in his ponderous commentaries on the Bible, says of this verse;

"But it is likely this verse (7th) is not genuine. It is wanting in every MSS. of the epistle, written before the invention of printing one excepted, the Codex Montforti, in Trinity College, Dublin.

"It is wanting in almost all the ancient versions, but the Vulgate; and even of this version, many of the most ancient have it not. It is wanting, also, in almost all the Greek Fathers, and in most even of the Latin.

Again, take another passage, 2 Tim., 3 16.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," &c. He says of this passage—"It is not correctly translated. It should read—Every writing, Divinely inspired, is profitable for doctrine &c." On this mistake, we frequently hear clergymen saying, the Bible claims infallibility for itself. It is only ridiculous.

These, and many more of an equally important character, are in question by the best scholars of the church. There is no end to the conflicting criticisms and opinions of the learned, on scores of very important passages. Hebrew and Greek scholars differ and contradict each other endlessly. Hardly any two agree on some of the most important points in Biblical criticism and history.

[For a long list of their conflicting testimony, see David, Vol. 2—article, Critical examination of passages, page 382.]

So you see, kind reader, that all the talk about original MSS., of appeals to them, is only sheer folly, ignorance, or "pious fraud." Priests cannot settle their textual wars by any such appeals; for Greek and Hebrew Bibles are not one, but many; and they differ endlessly, and contradict each other. Biblical critics cannot agree which MSS. are of most authority. All is uncertainty, contradiction and dissatisfaction. And who shall decide when the Drs. of such a diseased and dilapidated Divinity disagree? Now, reader, when you hear clergymen talking loudly about original, sacred MSS., you may know it is only pious ignorance and priestly prate. I defy contradiction on these

points. There is no perfect Bible in existence—all are corrupt. None are genuine, pure. How many such mistakes, or interpolations as these I have just quoted from Clark and Kennicott, would it take to annihilate the Divinity of the Bible. There are many more such.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

We come in this number to the consideration of the teachings of these spirits called Gods, for the purpose of ascertaining their character. This is the only means we have of knowing whether these teachings have come from one spirit or from several spirits. We are aware that we shall be met at the very first step of our investigation with the assertion that the traditions of all nations, with the exception of the Jews, are falsehoods and deceptions. That all the pretended miracles claimed to have been performed by their Gods, through the medium of their priests, was only the practice of expert jugglers upon the credulity of an ignorant people; and the predictions of their prophets were acts of fortune telling, which when they did come to pass, were brought about by the machinations of human beings, combined for the sake of sustaining the character of the prophet, and by this means establishing more firmly their control over the minds of the superstitious and ignorant. That this is true in a great measure in regard of the priesthood and prophets of every nation that has yet existed, we have no reason to doubt. We see that in every church and in every religion, whether Christian, Mahomedan, Jewish or Pagan, this is demonstrated even at the present day. But is this any evidence that there never was any true communication from what are called supernatural beings. We think that if there never had been any pure coins in the world, there never would have been any counterfeit. To us, the fact of the existence of the counterfeit, is evidence of the existence of the genuine.

But we would ask those who make the assertion that the Jews are the only nation whose traditions are reliable, and who have ever had communications from God, for the evidence of the truth of their assertion. How do you come to know that the priests and prophets of other tribes were never jugglers and fortune tellers? By what authority do you venture, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, and in the presence of proof in their favor, to assert that the miracles which the heathen claim to have been performed by their Gods were not as genuine as the miracles claimed by the Jews to have been performed by their God? By what authority do you claim the right of passing final judgement in this case, and by so doing, charging nine-tenths of the human race with falsehood and deception, in favor of a mere handful of savages, who by their own showing, are no more entitled to credence than any other family of mankind? What claim have the retailers of these Jewish traditions on our credulity, when they have been convicted of the most outrageous mistakes, if not deliberate falsehood. When the Aborigines of this country tell you the tradition of their fathers—how their god came down from heaven and destroyed the savage beasts which were destroying the food of the Indian: ask for the evidence and he points to the foot-prints still remaining in the rock, and to the impression in the mountain upon which he sat. When the Jew tells you the tradition of his fathers—how his God destroyed the army of Egypt, and buried it with its chariots and horsemen beneath the coral wave of the Red Sea; ask him for the evidence and he cannot fish up a single chariot wheel of all the thousands which he claims to have been there deposited. By what rule, then, of reason or common sense, should we be called upon to believe the tradition of the Jew and reject the tradition of the Indian? Or why should the Scottish tradition of

the coronation star of Schone, be regarded as fabulous any more than Jewish tradition of the famous rod of Moses? If we are to believe on mere assertion the tradition of the Jew, we claim that it is altogether more reasonable that we should believe the Gentile also, when his assertions are corroborated by physical testimony, and his character is at least, as good for truth and veracity as the Jew. We do not deny the truth of Jewish tradition, but we claim that it is unreasonable and unjust to admit the one and reject the other, when both have equal claims to our credulity. Now we mean to admit the truth of all these traditions when they do not conflict with self evident truth. And we protest against the pettifogging manner in which the opponents of Spiritualism are in the habit of treating the Bible in which their Jewish traditions are recorded, as well as the traditions of the heathen.

We claim that most of these traditions contained in the Bible are literally true; and that when they are not it is owing to the exaggerations and additions made by the persons who related them and re-related them, but in nearly every case they have their foundation in truth. The same may be said of the tradition of the heathen, and these exaggerations and additions are more or less, according as the organ of marvelousness or wonder was more or less developed in the head of the narrator, and the length of time the stories were orally handed down from father to son.

We do not believe that spiritual manifestations were confined to Abraham and his descendants; but on the contrary that they were as common with other tribes as with them. And we have the authority of the books called the Bible in support of our opinion. If there is any doubt as to this, read Genesis, 14th chapter, 14th verse to end—also 20th chapter—also Numbers, 22d chapter. This chapter of Numbers contains the story of Balaam, and there is not one word contained in the whole story which goes to show that there was the least deceitfulness in the character of Balaam. Nor is there any reason to suppose that this was the first occasion in which God had communed with him; but on the contrary the whole story carries the idea that God had frequently done so, and that Balaam was truly a prophet. In every instance Balaam submitted to the dictation of God, and he manifests the utmost anxiety to obey to the letter all His commands. And he is in the end rewarded by being made to utter the first clear and undisputable prophecy of Christ, to be found in the Old Testament. His words are as follows: "I shall see him but not now; I shall behold him but not nigh. There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab and destroy all the children of Sheth." I make these observations because of late it has become the fashion, to add to, and change the language of the Bible whenever it becomes necessary to do so in order to sustain a creed. There is much reason for believing that the charge brought against Balaam in 2 Peter, 2d chap., 15 verse, is a mistake in which Balaam, son of Bosar, is used instead of Baal-Peor, the God of the Moabites. It would appear from the reading that the same mistake is made in Numbers, 31 chap., 16th verse. The writer of Numbers calls him "Balaam the son of Beor." Baal-Peor was the God of the Moabites; and it was this God which is charged with the seduction of Israel, and not Balaam—Num., 25 chap. to 5 verse. Balaam's character is one of the best of all the prophets of the Old Testament. It is true that he is called a sooth-sayer, but this is literally a speaker of the truth, which might be an uncommon thing with creed worshipers, but would not be thought to be very disparaging to the character of other persons. It is true that all sooth-sayers are not like H. W. Beecher, and conse-

quently not as apparent; but we think their number is much larger, even in the church, than would appear at first glance; and we cannot avoid saying that if all who pretend to preach the gospel were sooth-sayers, "The world would be the better for it." G. B. R.

Chagrin Falls, March 22d, 1859.

THOUGHTS HERE AND THERE.

NUMBER TWO.

BY MILO A. TOWNSEND.

What is life? What is death? There is no death—there is life only—but *change* evermore, and unceasing development. The high-born, love-inspired soul, shrinks not from death, but hails it, in its orderly approach, as a friend and benefactor. How sweet to pass away on a tranquil Autumn morn, like that which now enve'ops the world, into a Land of Immortal Beauty and Harmony.

These bright summer days—what a tale they tell! The birds—dear little musicians. The flowers—sweet 'day-stars'—the trees—silent orators; the rills and groves and fields of beauty—how do they speak to the soul, and teach it lessons of wisdom and of love.

Granting the Bible to be one consecutive chain whose links are immutable truths—still it is—so to speak, but a stream from a fountain, only an effect of a cause. That fountain and that cause remain; and to them we have access as readily as did the inspired ones of old, if we only place ourselves in the same relation to God and live elevated lives. God occupies the same relation to us as he did to those of the past, and all truth is just as accessible now as then. He is no respecter of persons, and does not bestow favors on one individual or one portion of the race, that he is not willing to bestow on all, just as they are receptive and obedient. Inspiration from the heavenly world comes to all who are worthy of it.

There is an aristocracy of literature as well as of wealth. Thoughts uttered by an obscure individual through an humble channel, would receive no attention; while precisely the same thoughts, and no better expressed, emanating from a great name, and published in Blackwood or some *standard* journal would be quoted as gems of wondrous wisdom.

When once a true love has burned in the soul, bringing it rest and joy—how cold and desolate when it fades out of the heart, and ye have to go back to "the beggarly elements of the world" and plod your way through the hollow mockery of society. Pure love is the most beautiful thing out of Heaven. It brings us into intimate conjunction with God.

To reform and harmonize one's self, is doing the highest to reform and harmonize others.

This has been a languid, dreamy day to me; and Peace has rested in my heart like a sweet, gentle dove. A subdued sense—a feeling of quietude and repose have pervaded my whole being. The Spiritual and mental have had the predominance over all the sensuous and material. In this state of mind how much more real and permanent is the happiness, than that derived from all the materialities of the world. "To be carnally minded is death; to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

The deep darkness of night—the melancholy song of the insect—the low wail of the night wind—how do they contribute at times to intensify the pensiveness and solitude of the soul. Down the time-worn stream of the Past, voices come in plaintive tones, telling

"Of joys that come no more,
Of flowers whose bloom is fled,
Of farewells wept upon the shore,
Of friends estranged or dead."

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

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OFFICE ON SUPERIOR ST., A FEW DOORS EAST OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

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SINGLE COPIES of the AGITATOR, will be sent by mail for five cents.

LETTER FROM FRANCES BROWN.

NUMBER THREE.

MY DEAR TYPO:—The spirit says "write" and so here I am ready to record the thoughts that are in my brain. My last notes, I think, were from Utica. As I was leaving that city, a friendly donation in the form of a ticket, came to me. They took me via New York. I had just time in that modern Babylon to shake hands with a few old friends, including brothers and sisters and with a single exception all my nieces and nephews. The "how-do-you-do's" and adieu's ended, I went my way to

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

I spoke there twice. The congregations are good and composed of thinking and intelligent people. I hope it will be the good fortune of my speaking friends to fall into the hands of these Springfield-ites. They strengthen the hands and heart, and blessing-laden, send the wanderer on her way.

Mrs. S. M. Bliss, a speaking and healing medium, resides in Springfield. She is a brave, little woman, standing against adverse winds. May earth and heaven angels lend her a helping hand. I wonder that we who profess so great love for crushed humanity, so frequently stand aloof from noble women who are suffering silently, or battling hand to hand with penury and falsehood. "Help one another" is a forgotten commandment. But I'll not stay to sermonize.

I spent a day delightfully in Springfield, in visiting the Arsenal and the Cemetery—places where Death's weapons are furnished for use and where his work is finished. Both places are beautiful, but one of them left a sadness on my spirit. I went over the Government grounds and saw thousands of death weapons and men still manufacturing them. Our bread is taxed to keep these men at work, and the rifle, burnished for battle. I registered my name at the arsenal and wanted to write along with it my curse upon the anti-christian laws that plundered the poor to build arsenals and war-ships.

In the cemetery the scene changed. The glad song of birds, Nature's love-poems, written in the opening flowers and the murmuring rivulet winding among the graves, dispelled somewhat the gloom I had gathered at the arsenal. The war song is hushed, and Hate sheaths the sword in the company of those who have folded their pale hands and turned away from the world's jar and discord.

I spent but a single hour in that blessed portal of the Hereafter, for the lengthening shadows reminded of the closing day.

An amusing incident occurred on my way from New York to Springfield. The crowded car induced a white cravated gentleman to take a seat at my side. He looked over the New York Tribune, hummed "Old Hundred," and then to dispose of the time, commenced questioning me. I soon discovered his Yankeeism and amused myself by giving evasive answers to his interrogations. At length he learned I was from Cleveland.

"What is the state of religion there?" the gentleman asked.

"I hardly know," was my reply.

"Do you not belong to the church?"

"Yes," I said, "to the church of humanity."

"Church of humanity! I never heard of that church. Do you recognize the doctrine of the atonement?"

"Yes, we atone for our own sins."

"That is strange philosophy."

"So it may seem," I answered.

"Is your creed found in an infidel paper published in Cleveland?"

"I am not aware there is an infidel paper in Cleveland."

"Oh, yes! there is a rank Tom Paine journal. The editor keeps two passages—one from Jesus and one from Paine

standing side by side in the paper; and that editor is a woman!"

"Well," I said, "if Jesus and Paine have said good things, why may they not be written together?"

"Oh, I beg you, madam, not to attempt a defence of that infidel woman."

"Do you know her?"

"No, not personally, but my brother takes the paper, and he knows her whole history. Perhaps you have seen Mrs. Brown."

"I have heard of her, and am told that I look like her."

"I should think not," he replied; "she is a tall, black-eyed woman with Spanish blood in her veins."

We discussed the principles enunciated in the Agitator, and I found him, on the whole, a sensible truth-searcher; but he is so be-fogged by sectarian dogmas, that it will be long before he will find his way out of the spiritual Egypt.

When we arrived at Springfield he gave me the parting hand and expressed a wish to meet me again.

"Call at the Agitator office in Cleveland, sir; I shall be happy to convince you that the editor is not the tall, black-eyed infidel you have pictured her."

The gentleman looked a little bewildered, but there was no time for apology or explanation.

BOSTON.

Alvin Pease had called a spirited Convention at Harmony Hall, and I saw my name announced among the speakers. To speak I must be there. So I went. In the call for the convention "reforms" and "side issues" were among the things to be ignored. Mr. Pease is a pro-slavery and anti-woman's rights man. How then, could he be expected to sympathize with those advocating these reforms. He could not. But unfortunately for him, he could find no speakers who were not strongly tinged with "side issues," consequently they would creep in to annoy our friend. There at length was a general outbreak which resulted in a division. Another hall was taken and filled with the lovers of liberty, the haters of bondage. As I was going up the hall stairs to witness the confusion, I heard my name announced for President. It seemed a little paradoxical—an agitator to speak "peace" to the agitated elements; but I obeyed the call to the Chair. We had, on the whole, a good meeting. Brave women and noble men who ignore gags, chains and sectarian boundaries, gathered together to discuss the great principles of life.

Among the speakers were Dr. George Atkins, Miss Lizzie Doten, J. S. Loveland, Miss Sprague, J. C. Woodman, Esq. of Portland, Maine; Miss E. E. Gibson, H. C. Wright, S. B. Brittain, Dr. E. L. Lyon, H. P. Fairfield, L. Judd Pardee and E. V. Wilson.

We have neither time or space for an outline of the speakers. They will be found in the Spiritual Age of the 28th inst. The following resolutions were presented and discussed:

By DR. LYON.—Resolved, That as Spiritualists we deeply sympathize with crushed humanity everywhere; that Spiritualism embraces all the great practical reforms of the day—slavery, both mental and physical.

By J. S. LOVELAND.—Resolved, That Spiritualism is essentially a system of all comprehending catholicity, or humanitarian love, disregarding all creeds, institutions, customs, whether civil or religious, which shut out any son or daughter of humanity from free participation in all the possible blessings of Divine Beneficence.

By E. V. WILSON.—Resolved, That as Spiritualists we are the enemies of oppression in whatever form it may be found, and wherever it may be exercised; and we hail with joy the glad tidings that are now being borne on angel wings to the down-trodden and enslaved souls of our brothers and sisters, whether black, red, olive or white, irrespective of place or condition.

By GEORGE ATKINS.—Resolved, That we as Spiritualists ignore no Truth, wherever we find it, in past or present revelations, nor adopt or countenance Error, be its claims what they may. And that the only standard of Duty to us as individuals, is the revelation of God within our own souls.

By J. S. LOVELAND.—Resolved, That, as in union there is strength, it has become necessary for Spiritualists to institute some simple yet effectual methods of co-operation in those great humanitarian efforts which must inevitably precede the Harmonic Age of love and joy.

If I may be allowed to express my honest conviction in regard to lecturers, I will tell you, dear typo, that I have never heard Miss Doten excelled and rarely equaled. She is the fortunate possessor of a good organism and that rare commodity, common sense. I hope the Western people will yet hear her soul stirring lectures. She almost promised to be at the Convention at Newton Falls; but has concluded that home duties may prevent. Mr. Barnum has commissioned me to send a good female speaker to the convention. I have not yet found one that is disengaged, but am hoping to succeed.

To day I am in—LAWRENCE, MASS.,

a nice, clean city upon the Merimac river. The City of Industry would be an exceedingly appropriate name for the place. I have seen no loafers or gloved dandies here; no fashionable, nothing-to-do women. Every man and woman is missioned to do a certain work and so they set about it in good earnest. Perhaps this spirit of industry arises from the fact that this is a manufacturing city. The Merimac is as busy as the people, turning wheels and spindles. The Bay

State shawls and our finely printed carpets are manufactured here.

How came I here? you will ask. I met Mrs. B—in Boston. She introduced herself and suggested that I go to Lawrence and take a rest. My weary spirit whispered "Amen." I am here giving thanks to the good spirit that guided my steps.

I go to New Hampshire to-morrow. The second and third Sunday in June I am to speak in Providence, R. I.; the fourth in Buffalo. The first Sunday in July I hope to be in Berlin, Ohio.

Lawrence, Mass., May 29.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Having just finished the perusal of a new book entitled My Early Days by Eliza W. Farnham, we would introduce it to the readers of the Agitator. A work having for its author one whom Phrenology pronounces "the most intellectual woman of the age," to meet the expectations of its readers, should be superior in style and matter, to most of the literary products of these book-making times.

We think as much can be said of the one in question. It is not the history of an ordinary woman made up of monotonous and uninteresting events and amounting to an equally uninteresting result, although there is nothing even approaching to deep or thrilling romance in the obscure country life of her girlhood. Hers is a narrative of toils, privations, abuse—with many dark and few sunny days—the story, alas! of too many homeless orphans—one that always unseals the deepest fountains of sympathy; yet the subject of it is so unlike others of her years—so superior to her surroundings—so completely individualized that our admiration is oftener awakened than our pity, and our interest in the little heroine, as she bravely grapples and overcomes difficulties that have wholly disheartened many of treble her years, becomes most pleasing and intense; and the result of her early conflict in the life battle is such a complete triumph, we almost bless the adverse fortune that called out and intensified her powers and gave us, at least, one (to use her own language) *live woman*.

Long before she is in her "teens" the reader will have discovered in her sage reflections, her insatiate thirst for knowledge, her queries *why and wherefore*—finally in her indomitable perseverance, *unmistakable marks of genius*, that no weight of oppression could long deter from asserting itself. He will not fail to likewise perceive at every point of view from which he may contemplate her, that which alone gives permanent value to rare mental endowments, viz: a moral nature that questions every contemplated act and decides upon its quality, before it shall find outward expression—a fearless spirit that will never bow to wrong, or even silently sanction injustice.

The lives of such women are worthy of study and emulation, especially to those whose circumstances render existence a continual struggle with adversity. Many an one who repines at her hard fortune may by contrast learn to think better of life, and cheerfully resume the labor she abandoned in despair.

It is a book we most cheerfully recommend.—Publishers, Burt Hutchinson, & Abbey, N. Y.

THE BROAD CHURCH PULPIT is the title of a semi-monthly publication of sermons from various eminent clergymen orthodox and heterodox. The design of the work is to cultivate a fraternal feeling and induce a more tolerant and liberal spirit than at present exists among religionists.

The first number—a sermon by Samuel Osgood, D. D. (Unitarian) is before us; No. 2 will be a sermon by E. H. Chapin; No. 3 one by Henry Ward Beecher.

Single copies, one year (24 numbers), \$ 2 00
Single numbers 10 cents. Burt, Hutchinson & Abbey, 523 Broadway, (St. Nicholas Hotel,) Publishers.

NOTICES.

THE ANNUAL JUBILEE MEETING.—The Spiritualists of Newton Falls and vicinity, have fixed upon Saturday and Sunday next preceding the 4th of July, for the Annual Jubilee Meeting at that place.

The usual facilities and accommodations will be provided. Newton Falls is about four miles from Braceville Station on the Cleveland & Mahoning Railroad.

S. P. LELAND will lecture in the grove at North Newbury, Geauga Co., on Sunday, June 19th. Subjects: The History of the Bible and its Relation to Science; at Darrow Street, (Hudson) Sunday, June 26th, On the Origin of Man and the Distribution of the Races; at Akron, Sunday, July 3d, On the Progress of Religious Ideas and their Influence in Modifying Human Character. His post office address is Windsor, Ashtabula county, Ohio.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Helena Miles, 25 cts.

Brainard's Narcotic Stimulants is out of print.

Cora Wilburn.—The pamphlet you proposed sending has not arrived.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

The late CHARLES F. HOVEY has left in his will to Wm. Lloyd Garrison and to his wife, Stephen S. Foster, Abby Kelly Foster, \$1,000 each; to Henry C. Wright of Philadelphia, and Parker Pillsbury of Concord, N. H., \$2,000 each. He has also given several thousand for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause and other reforms, such as Woman's Rights, Non Resistance, Free Trade and Temperance. The money has fallen into worthy hands, and will, no doubt, be judiciously expended.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE AND FLAG is published monthly at Springfield, Mass., at 50 cts. per annum. It is a spirited little paper. Subscribe for it.

The SPIRITUAL AGE is among our best exchanges.

H. C. WRIGHT will be at the Newton Falls Convention. Money paid to him for the Agitator will come safely to us.

TO THE READERS OF THE "AGITATOR"

PHILADELPHIA, May, 23, 1859.

DEAR READERS:—I last addressed you from Saint Louis.

On the morning of the 25th of April I left the fraternal throng of true hearts and warm hands, who during my stay among them of a month, by their ministrations of love and sympathy had caused me so often to thank God in spirit and in truth that love was immortal and life eternal, and as I passed the neighing steam-steed whose giant strength was so soon to bear me to the outstretched arms of other loved ones, it seemed to me a fitting shrine at which to worship the Deific Genius whose central design as all nature shows is to bind heart to heart and soul to soul with that force of reproductive love which only lives to bless—only breathes to harmonize; and which design was so splendidly outwrought in that mighty enquiry which in a few days or hours even will bring together in sympathy of love and labor thousands of hearts who but for this instrumentality would have remained ignorant for years, perhaps for ages, of each other's existence.

Some of our Father's friends tell us that Spiritualism lives only in dreams of floral fragrance, of love-thrilling, bewitching melody of voice or harp—of communion of some kindred soul who from the invisible land pours into our ears the poetry of sympathy and tenderness, until bewildered we are led into the vapory elysium of impracticability; but could they have *seen* the vital tide of spiritualism rolling and heaving in that mighty artery, the "boiler"—seen it gleam and flash in the heart which every moment added intensity of power to the already expanding, throbbing motor from the fierce pressure of which each chord and nerve of the dark steed quivered in response, they would have seen its practicabilities in *one* phase at least, and remembering how the application of steam to engineering was once hooted at as a wild chimera, of a senseless brain, seeing the might of its triumph, the practicability of its mission, the splendor of its success, they might also have been led to catch in these eventualities the prophecy of as certain—as practical and splendid a success for a still more magnificent discovery which to-day is deemed equally chimerical by the same class of scoffers—even the application by the Infinite Engineer of the motor power, Love to the enginery of brain by the force of which to bear the whole family of man over the track of spiritual, mental and physical development, up to the harmonial temple of the worship of one God—the God of Nature.

Well, I left Saint Louis, fully conscious of the childishness of ever attempting to claim that one part of our Father's beautiful world is any more expressive of His love and goodness, than another; for I find the vital nerves and arteries of His divine beauty, dancing, gleaming and vibrating under all associations, throbbing in all hearts, flashing in all eyes, trembling on all lips, and thrilling through

my very soul in the fervent pressure of every hand that grasps my own; and though from association, ties and home attractions, speaking through the love of husband, child, parents, brothers and sisters, as well as from a constitutional love and admiration of mountain scenery. New England stands predominately towering in my heart's warmest memories. I bow before their awe-inspiring grandeur not alone to worship the "God of the mountains," but to adore his reflected glory in the beauty and goodness of all hearts, all hands and climes.

My route from Saint Louis eastward ran for some distance through the valley of the Wabash thus enabling me to meet with the warm friends of Truth in Attica, Delphi and Fort Wayne, Ind. And here let me commend to the warm love and earnest attention of those of our vineyard laborers travelling westward, the aspiring brothers and sisters whose homes lie upon this line of travel from Cleveland to St. Louis.

Comparatively weak in numbers they are strong in love and heavenward aspiration, bravely and unfalteringly working their way up the mountain of progression against a strong current of popular superstition and intolerance, and lecturers giving them their attention in passing on their mission of "peace on earth and good will to men," will not only be rewarded with an influx of that wealth which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and which thieves cannot break through and steal," but will also receive that pecuniary aid, which as our laborers are well aware, is so much needed in defraying the great expenses of travelling.

On the two first Sundays of this month I lectured in Buffalo, in which city during the last year I have given thirty-six lectures, always to truth-loving appreciative audiences, and the fervent pressure of the hand, the tearful eye, and the lingering "good bye" to which my own soul fervently responded on the occasion of my last lecture to them, bore to me the pleasurable testimony that my home would ever be in their hearts if not always in their city.

On the 15th of this month my soul was again blessed with a tangible reunion with the loved and harmony-loving Philadelphians, and as on that beautiful Sabbath morning I once more stood upon the rostrum of "Sansome St. Hall," standing upon which in the last few years so many of the inspired minds of the age have poured forth to the world those golden revelations of science and philosophy so pregnant with revolutionary vitality as to startle kings upon their thrones, monks in their cells, hermits in their caves, and thousands of theological captives even unto the rending of their fetters, and felt the wafted fragrance of love stealing over my soul senses, as like an immortal incense from the hundreds of Truth-loving hearts looking upward for an inspirational baptism from the land of immortals, my whole soul seemed melting away in the intense radiance of God's love-light, my entire being thrilled with the fervid consciousness of the beauty, the sublimity of a mission like mine own humble, comparatively, though it be; and like the faint dying memory of a dream in the far, far away, past, lingered in my consciousness the traces of the scoffs—the scorn—the misconstructions—and misrepresentations which, to an extent, like all who in the past or present worship absolute more than relative Truth, I have been forced to meet on my public life voyage. But after "a holiday in the Highlands" I shall again resume them on the first Sabbath in October.

I shall complete my present engagement in this city on the last Sunday of this month, and then shall haste to my loved ones in Vermont who with yearning hearts and outstretched arms await my return.

For three years have I toiled before the public in advocacy of Truth's philosophy, constantly imbued with Truth's influence, continually fed by its influxes. An honorable, truth-loving, affectionate husband, an almost idolized daughter, a devoted mother and a large circle of cherished brothers and sisters, which, thanks! measureless, exhaustless thanks! to the Giver of soul pinions, I have ever joyously, fearlessly, unconquerably soared above; and here on this sunlit morning as I floated in the aromatic element thrown out so generously from glowing souls of that aspiring assembly, heart seemed melting into heart, aspiration blended with aspiration, until like a swelling strain of liquid melody our whole devotional natures rose upward in one central invocation for baptism from the flower wreathed fountains of Truth's divine inspirations. Here my public labors of the last five months commenced—here I complete them; here have I during all this time sacrificed my companionship, but never have I left them without an earnest "God bless thee!" from their hearts, never have I lingered without their sanction, their fervent sympathy in all my labor; never have I returned but to the rapturous embraces of them all, born from such thrilling emotions of affection, and gratitude of soul, as unmistakably proves to both themselves and me, that Spiritualism sunders no *soul* ties, dissolves no honorable marriage, makes no home desolate, and leads no one into forgetfulness of Him to whom all gratitude for blessing is due. I shall reach them on the 2d of June, but in the joy of reunion I shall not forget the far-off brothers and sisters, whose souls *are—ever must* be near me, though their earth homes be far away; whose smiles of love have blessed me, whose words of approval have cheered and encouraged me, whose appreciation of my aspirations and life practicalities have so often sustained me. And when I have told many long, long stories of my winter's joys and sorrows to the anxious, listening ones at home, through the "Agitator," and other public channels of communication, I will greet you often from my home in the mountains.

F. O. HYZER.

O Spirit Land! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices and sounds of strife,
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Dreams are rudiments
Of the great state to come. We dream what is
About to happen.

JERROLD ON CONSERVATISM.—There's a sort of men in the world that can't bear any progress. I wonder they ever walk unless they walk backwards! I wonder they don't refuse to go out when there's a new moon and all out of love and respect for that "ancient institution," the old one. But there always were such people and always will be. When lucifers first came in, how many old women, staunch old souls—many of them worthy to be members of Parliament, stood by their matches and tinder boxes, and cried out "no surrender!" And how many of these old women, disguised in male attire, go every day about at public meetings, professing to be ready to die for any tinder-box question that may come up. Yes, ready to die for it, all the readier, perhaps, because dying for anything of the sort's gone out of fashion.

AGITATOR RECEIPTS.

W. C. M. Plumb, \$1; J. King, 25c.; D. Woolsey, \$1; A. Thorp, \$1; J. Briggs, 25c.; J. S. Mason, 25c.; G. B. Fay, \$1; Mrs. R. Crofoot, 25c.; J. Valentine, 25c.; P. Valentine, 25c.; A. Woodward, 25c.; Miss R. A. Thompson, 25c.; Mrs. Dr. Burritt, \$1; F. Haskell, 50c.; M. E. Marcy, 50c.; N. Girard, 25c.; Mrs. E. H. Church, \$1; D. Warner, \$1; E. W. Clark, 50c.; J. H. Boss, \$1; Mrs. E. D. Valentine, \$1; E. Cotterell, 50c.; A. Higgins, \$1; J. S. Harris, \$1; Mrs. W. T. Jones, \$1; A. Perrin, \$1; Mrs. J. C. Thompson, 50c.; Dr. N. C. Lewis, \$1; J. Edson, \$1; E. V. Wilson, \$1; A. T. Sanborn, 50c.; H. L. Harrington, \$1; J. S. Wise, \$1; J. S. Graves, 50c.; L. Graves, 50c.; G. Bunker, 25c.; R. Clement, \$1; J. S. Cotton, \$1; T. Mellon, \$1; M. C. Frambes, \$1; J. Kuhn, \$1; S. Jackson, \$1; J. K. Gambel, \$1; Mrs. L. Griffin, \$1; Mrs. B. T. Brainard, \$1; J. McCullough, \$1; Dr. J. L. Pierce, \$1; A. Stumbuck, \$1; Fred. Roach, 46c.; F. Wheeler, 25c.

ONE OF THE GREAT WRONGS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Among the many falsities of society, one great wrong, apparent and hideous, smilingly sanctioned and religiously tolerated, has always filled my soul with sorrow and indignation. I have seen the poor erring girl cast out from even her parent's love, and the triumphant and unpunished libertine smiled upon by the very lips that decreed a sister life-long condemnation. The virtuous matron turns with aversion in her eye, and scorn upon her tongue, from the trembling culprit, woman; the pure, young girl, untempted and untried, guarded by home sanctities and restraining bonds of love, turns from the guilty wretch with a shudder, fearing contamination by her very touch. Yet, these same women stretch forth their hands in greeting to the fashionable, the successful sensualist; offer to him their hospitality, vaunt him loudly as the perfect dancer, the agreeable talker, the handsome and the fascinating! Young girls, shrinking from the mention of impurity, drink freely from the corrupting stream flowing from his conversation, because it is veiled in choice conventionality, screened by approved forms, and yields all outward obedience to established law. Sympathy for the betrayed is deemed unwomanly by those who seek the libertine's affections under legal sanctions: "she was weak and sinful," say these self-constituted judges, "but I shall be his wife, honored and respected by the world." And the assumed consciousness of superior virtue, places the untempted one far, far above the equal sister, really such, all fallen though she be.

Oh angels! wandering sadly amid the desecrated homes of earth, veiling your dazzling brows in view of the repugnant and sanctioned vices of society, do you not often leave the stately homes, the magnificent dwellings, the envied resort of wealth and fashion, to softly stroke the throbbing brow of some victim of the world's scorn? Surely beside the fallen, the still sinning, as by the repentant Magdalene stand the pitying angels of love and redemption; patient, prayerful and watching to lead that soul from darkness into light.

He, whom the christian world adores as the incarnate God, whom the form-creed enfranchised esteem as the harmonial man, Jesus the lowly, poor, and lovingly great, took by the hand of love and fellowship the deeply fallen Magdalene, and bade the sinning and repentant woman discovered in her sin, go forth and sin no more.

There is a great principle underlying these simple records; the great truth of progression, the mighty power of redemption dwelling in sympathy stands forth an example unto all times in the story of the sinning Magdalene, now revered by thousands as one of Heaven's holiest and purest saints.

The falsities, the hollow glitter of a life of sin were revealed to her by the inner light, never totally extinguished by the falsities surrounding her; the growing consciousness, the upbraidings of her womanly nature, that ever true to its first intuitions, longed for the life of love and purity that is God's heritage to woman's aspiring soul. There must have been fear and doubt and trembling in the heart of the courtesan; desperation mingled with gleams of hope; how would He, the pure, wise, severe teacher, receive her, the scorned and degraded? Every woman's heart that thrills with sympathy for her sister's woes and wrongs, can imagine the alternate dread and hope, that filled her soul; the battling forces there arrayed; the attendant demons mocking her enterprise and whispering of a humiliating dismissal: the guardian angel prompting the step and melodiously presaging success. Then, from the great welling depths of the supreme love-nature of the beautiful Jesus, we behold the rolling flood of sympathy, sunlit and

blest with the music of consolation and forgiveness, laving the arid soil, the desert waste of sin with fruitifying power. We behold the tears of repentance falling from the eyes veiled modestly beneath the approval of the good and pure. No word of reproach or scorn grated discordantly amid the divine harmony of forgiveness; no idle curiosity laid bare the wounds by man inflicted in treachery; by woman in forgetfulness to her highest duty to her sister woman.

By the persuasive power of love that soul was rescued from still deeper sin, from the demons of worldly allurements, from isolation and despair; and yet no word of reproach passed the lips of Jesus; no dread array of past sins and future tortures were presented to her view, but sweetly and lovingly persuasive, the teacher she had faith in, forgave and took her by the hand.

It was the superior beauty of that life of holiness that attracted the yearning, seeking spirit of the Magdalene; in fear and trembling she sought its light; and an un hoped for, hitherto unknown radiance encircled her, and beneath the love-beams of humanity, her soul grew bright and strong; learning of purity, and advancing to know and estimate its power and glory, she grew to hate the sins that once delighted her. Finding true affections, noble aims, exalted attractions, she spurned the grovelling pleasures, she despised the tinsel glare of vice; attaining soul-wealth, she cared no longer for the baubles of the world. As her spiritual perceptions unfolded, the grossness of earth departed, and the heaven of love and music that dwells with the beautiful and the pure, enwrapped her being with its aparted charms. And to this sun-lighted path, she was led by one loving hand, guided by one encouraging human voice, that true to its mission led her to the light, though all earth had forsaken her; guiding her onward and upward in the path of love and duty, until star-crowned and lily-sceptered she stands amid the angel hosts of heaven, a guardian saint to earth.

Yes, lily-sceptered, royal-robed and crowned with the lustrous gems of celestial growth, thousands of worshipers invoke her now, their patron saint; she who was once the outcast of the scornful world. And so, thousands, down-trodden, vice-environed, to-day, may become through human guidance and sympathy, the guardian angels of the future spirits of love and purity.

But, if the Nazarene turning with abhorrence from the sin-stamped face, the crouching form of the penitent, had said to her, as the Pharisees of to-day say to the fallen, in tones of pious horror and indignation; "Begone! get thee from my sight thou lost one! I hold no communion with such as thou!" think you that the uprising penitence would not have changed to recklessness, leading to a determination for still deeper crime, in memory of the denunciatory voice? For the intoxicating draught, in the turmoils of gross pursuits, in the Bacchanalian revels where sense strives to drown the clamoring voices of the soul's angels, she would have sought oblivion for the world's scornful decree; and perhaps laden with the guilt of murder, the stain of suicide, her dark spirit would have trodden the unilluminated pathway of eternity; and for ages the demon Magdalene, have been the invisible terror of the earth, in place of standing amid the stars, the embodiment of a great truth, as the angel progressed from the sins of earth, the saint perfected in holiness and purity through the human agencies of sympathy and love.

Jesus, the pure, God-like man gave his hand in fellowship and amity to the outcast, fearing no contamination from her pleading presence, yet those so vastly inferior in God-like attributes scoff and turn from the discovered sinner with horror and aversion in their looks. Men of the world, fashionable

mothers and daughter, turn from the Magdalenes to-day, to grasp him by the hand who made them so.

A few years ago I knew a young girl, the least favored of three sisters; she was possessed of a limited knowledge of the world and its characters; her education had been neglected, her powers of reasoning never called into action, her undeveloped affections were strong and untutored by wisdom. She became the victim one of those idols of society who entertain ladies with the silliest conversation and the vilest gossip, received under the polite name of "innocent scandal." He danced divinely, sang with brilliancy and execution, was well versed in all the fashionable usages of the day; dressed with exquisite taste, and knew how to moderate his voice in the utterance of a thousand complimentary follies. He was handsome, so they said who look to feature only, marking not the paleness of dissipation, nor the lines impressed by the retributive hand of suffering for the commission of sin; he was, therefore, handsome; pale, Byronic and poetical; aristocratic and fastidious; never offending a lady's ear with any of the vulgar details of life among the lowly; eschewing all mention of subjects forbidden by the false delicacy of the conventional world.

She was a poor servant girl; he stood much higher in the social scale; she became that hunted, marked, despised thing—an unwedded mother. Her father reviled her, although tears of pity mingled with his cruel reproaches; her mother repeated incessantly before her that she had disgraced them all; her brothers named her most vilely; her pure young sisters shunned her; happy it was that the face of her little new-born babe was cold and still, when her bitter tears rained upon it; it did not live to be branded with its mother's shame. He, the betrayer, refused to acknowledge her claim; he boldly confronted the gray-haired father, he said he could not love her and would not make her his wife. Reviled and shunned, called by the name that is a terror to a woman's heart, she left the city pursued by slander and anathema; she had taken one false step, a hundred were imputed to her. In the far West she sought a home, and whether she sinned farther, I know not; the human hearts who cast her forth into the Babel of life are accountable. But after some time she married, and he who took her to the shelter of his manhood, whatever be his faults, must have the forgiving, all-enduring Christ-love strong within him; something good and noble, pure and womanly must have attracted him, for he woo'd her honorably, knowing her past life; he cherished her gladly all fallen though she was.

And he, the triumphant destroyer? He passed as usual from house to house, smiled upon by maidens, welcomed by mothers cordially, received by fathers and brothers, and yet all know his perfidy. The sin that closed the world's gates upon his victim, closed not upon him; widely opened its hospitable portals beckoned; there was not shrinking from the betrayer, the destroyer of hope and faith. Why does not the strictly moral Christian and fashionable world, enthroned and worship Satan for his successful villainy against the fallen Eve? according to the modern code of morals it would be most consistent.

The successful villain smiled and prospered, for he had not sinned against the fashionable code; he had not cast one of the world's worshipped idols from its lofty pedestal; she was only a servant girl; what mattered it to mothers and daughters? Such beings of inferior mould were always doing wrong! He married an only daughter, and the parents gave their blessing to the union, and hosts of friends, congratulated, and the world smiled its approval. But if there be retributive law, if memory is a spirit faculty, if conscience is from God, and sin bear consequences, then must that flourishing, pamper-

ed, fortune-cradled deceiver, suffer soul pangs of most intolerable anguish even amid his seeming prosperity. Often through the midnight darkness, as flashing wierd and sudden athwart the sunshine must the pale, wild, anguished face of the sorrowing, betrayed young mother beam upon him, a vision haunting and pursuing! This legal child is welcomed by a mother's grateful tears, a world's approving smiles; another child lies in a lowly grave, unhonored by a stone to mark its resting place. Who dare say which babe shall first become the angel radiant with love and wisdom?

Upon us, spiritualists, reformers, rests this obligation, more especially with us women; that we fulfil our duty to the fallen, the tempted, the forsaken; not with Pharisaical assumption, but with the spirit of sympathy and meekness leading to the paths of pleasantness and peace, the wandering footsteps of our sisters. Far be it from us to assume the voice of authority, the condemning tone even to the wrong-doer, but as that earnest laborer in the cause of woman's elevation, our sister F. O. Hyzer, teaches: let us reason with, speak gently, though determinedly to the tempter, striving to lead him from his crooked ways by the persuasive tones of truth and moral power. But while he persists in his course, while he flourishes and exults in his vices, let us not turn from his victim to smile upon him; let us not spread the hospitable board for him, and cast her forth to starve. Let him feel the silent repulsion of evil; let him know that the pure shrink from him in loathing, that the voices of society are against him; that virtuous women discountenance his deeds, and he will reflect and for the sake of woman's approval, he will become what God destined he should be, their friend, brother and counsellor; no more an enemy to be feared, a tempter to be shunned.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LOCUST VALLEY, May 21.

DEAR CHILDREN:—It makes my heart throb with joy to meet you once more, and with some fear, too, lest you think me careless and neglectful in the silence I have kept so long; but little ones must not always trust appearances.

The last greeting I gave you was in the mellow summer, and I was sitting happy as the birds that sang from every bough, listening to the low chimes of the waves as they rolled on forever to the sea, wondering like little Paul Floy, "What do the waves keep saying?"—listening to laughter from those who came as invalids to this Bethesda of waters, a short time ago; and wondering too, what these other waves on the great river of life keep saying.

Gladly would I have made you sharers in all the enjoyment of this season—in all my walks "around corn-fields and on sunny hill-sides," in games and dances, visits to the city and to quiet Economy—yes, even my visit to the Passionist Monastery of Birmingham, with rambling through their still, secluded burying-place, their new Church containing an exquisite statue of the Madonna, brought from Italy by the Italian "Fathers" and finished in the noblest style of architecture.

But you were happy in other scenes and in the thought of many days to come, untouched by any wish to follow "Aunt Ettie" as she plodded up that long hill in search of the works of Holy Paul.

But it is time that I told you the little story that would not let me rest last night, the wish was so strong to bring home to every little heart the lesson of love and charity it conveys.

A lady of considerable wealth who has yet managed to keep her heart simple and warm, gave it to me with tears in her kind eyes.

One day a gentleman of her acquaintance met a

little ragged girl wearily picking her way through the drifting snow of a back alley in P—, at the same time clasping something protectingly close to her bosom; a little bundle of rags it seemed to be; but something loved and cherished it evidently was, for ever and anon she fondled it with hand and cheek, never heeding the snow that forced itself through her poor shoes, the cold that pinched those raw looking cheeks and hands.

His curiosity was piqued, though hundreds of little girls in every guise of poverty and riches, disease and health, beauty and homeliness met him every day; and this little one had no beauty but that which God gives to all loving children; and stopping near her, he asked, "What is it you have there, my little girl, that you seem so careful of?" No answer but a closer pressure of her treasure and a movement aside as if fearful of being robbed of it. But he was too earnest and sincere to be easily repulsed in such a case, and again urged the question, "Tell me little one for I particularly wish to know—let me see it, won't you?"

She at last permitted his approach, and raising a rag of covering—what do you think he saw? Something handsome you will think. No it was a dead rat. "In Heaven's name," he exclaimed, "what have you got that in your arms for?" "O, sir, I have nothing else! my little kitten died, I lost my dolly, and mother is too poor to buy me another. The tears burst from the good man's eyes. "My poor little girl," said he, "come with me and I will give you a kitten and a dolly; throw down that rat, won't you?" She followed him to his home, but not till the kitten and dolly were put into her arms, would she part with the rat; and then instead of "throwing it down," she laid it tenderly in a corner in the back yard.

After she had been warmed and comforted by a good fire, he dismissed her with the injunction to call again, when she wanted a kitten or dolly. Thus, said the lady, for seven years he has supplied her with both.

My heart warmed to this true philanthropist; for I felt that he revered the instinct of love, knowing that nothing more closely allies us to God, who is love. They tell us the angels in heaven are glad, and fiends gnash their teeth in rage at the sight of human love. So it is here. Coarse and low natures are stirred to their evil depths with malice at the sight, while pure and gentle ones glow with tender sympathy, and a sweet joy, veiled it may be with sadness at the dangers and trials that beset it.

William Penn said, "Love thou, but see that thou lovest that which is lovely." There is a love that pities only, and seeks to save. This goes out to the vilest criminal, and envelopes him as a cloud that may bear him upward. There is also a love which draws one to its object and merges each in each. This should go out only to that which to us is pure and God-like, for that will lead us to God.

AUNT ETTIE.

A VISION.

The following vision was presented to a friend of ours whose name by request is withheld.

A vision was presented to our friend E—, of a building mysteriously typifying the model Phalanstery. As she stood within, in contemplation, its roof vanished and the edifice was irradiated with floods of prismatic colors—a cataract descended, the waters falling, and the many tinted spray arising from them in tones of music of unimaginable sweetness. A white cloud stood above the cataract, then glided softly downward over the face of the waters, bearing upon it a golden chariot burning with jewels; the wheels dazzling the eye with their blaze of splendor as they revolved on their ruby axes. To it four horses were attached, their

fore quarters being of bronze, their hinder of gold; their manes were silver and their ears emitted a blue light. Four males sat in the chariot; two of them were Hebrew philosophers of ancient days; Mr. Allen was the third, the fourth being M's spirit-mate, whom she has found since she passed upward. To the eye of the beholder his perfect beauty typed that of Christ. M—, too, was there, her curls floating around her in a glory "beyond that of setting sunlight on a snow bank"—a diadem on her brow, the beauty and greatness of her expression, differing from and seeming to surpass that of any angel, E—had ever seen. By her side sat a tall and splendidly proportioned woman, with dark glancing eyes and heavy brows. This was "Deborah of Israel." The many-hued robing of these spirits seemed not to conceal the form, such was the transparency of body and vestment, that the internal was all visible; the workings of brain and of heart might be seen; the affections of love and of hate, shaping themselves within, in jewels as radiant as those adorning their exteriors. Above this chariot descended a chandelier of indescribable magnificence; but in the place of light stood ten spirits—among them were Swedenborg, Shelley, Shakspeare, Demosthenes,—above them all in the centre, said E—, "stood a bright and beautiful One, whom I felt I could not behold. I was told it was Christ, and I marveled and could not believe. Swedenborg stretched forth his hand and pointing to him, said, "Christ, the giver of every good and perfect gift." After all had disappeared, another vision succeeded. Mr. Allen and M. were alone in the chariot, but three children of exceeding beauty, full of sportive glee came forward; in their hair sparkled every where little diamond stars. They all proceeded to his home. E— followed the chariot through a charming country, by a river's course, over hills, among flowers and ponds, where persons in little boats were leaning over to play with gold and silver and spotted fish which came up to be caressed. They passed a little village, inhabited by a simple people, apparently peasants, clad in grey. Their aspect denoted great content. It seemed their Sabbath; they were seated in their gardens singing, most of them accompanying their voice with instruments resembling harps. The road wound through a forest, free from undergrowth where trees of every clime put forth their leaves, flowers and fruit in all stages of perfection. Many of them were draped with the sweeping veils of grey moss which they wear in the Southern States; the ground was covered with the fragrant pink flowering moss of Carolina, while here and there, plants sprang up bearing strange looking white flowers which drooped their heads. Every where the birds made the air vocal with music sweeter than earthly artists can produce. Transparent houses composed of jewels, now appeared in the distance, and at last, his, rose to view. It was too bright for E. to gaze on. When she entered the gate-way, she said it seemed to her the "gate of heaven," that she "would be content to go no further, but abide there forever." Then, and afterwards, she felt all effort to describe as unavailing. Though the mansion contained departments for all purposes of use and enjoyment, it seemed capable of being merged at will into one apartment. The precious things which sparkled above, below and around, did not weary, each bearing its own divine significance—many being types or hieroglyphics of matters appertaining to other planets. M's conjugal partner came to meet her. Of that heavenly recognition in its feeling and completeness, no word may be spoken. The beholder only said, "Hush,—be silent—it is not for such as I to remain in such a place!"

Mr. Allen was alone with us a little while, and informed us that he had lately been with a great company on a visit to some of the planets. Venus was the first he saw. For these things he said he was in some measure prepared, through his conceptions drawn even while on earth, from the accounts given in Harris' "Arcania," but he had learned that even in his present life he could be overcome by too much glory. The medium's powers did not permit of his imparting his experience further.

THE FAITH FLOWER.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

In the garden of beauty the faith-blossom grows
In the garden of beauty alone;
With the heart of the grape, and the lips of the rose;
And the song of the spheres in its tone.

And its petals have eyes, and its leaflets have wings;
And its voice is all tender and true;
And an inward delight is the song that it sings;
And its fruits with the seasons are new.

'Tis the flower of the Angels! they pluck it to wear
In the garlands they gather on high;
And the breath of its fragrance is music and prayer;
And its loveliness never may die.

But it grows not where Hate with his north wind is keen;
And the senses look vainly to find;
And the light of its beauty may never be seen
By the wise who in self-hood are blind.

And it withers from sight when the frost-spirit comes
From the Ice-lands of envy and wrath;
And the proud find it not, where their palace-built homes
Mark the death-miles of poverty's path.

'Tis the flower of the lowly, the poor and the weak,
The children of sorrow and loss;
And they find it alone who are lowly and meek,
In the garden that grows by the cross.

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