

# 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.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN. TERMS—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME II. No. 3.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, NOVEMBER 1, 1858.

WHOLE No. 15.

## TO THE PICTURE OF A SISTER.

PAINTED THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF E. ROGERS.

My sister;—each time I gaze within  
Those eyes of thine so bright and fair,  
And mark the contour of thy face,  
The beauty of thy chestnut hair;

Thy pouting lips will speak to me  
In tones that make my pulses thrill  
With wild delight; in vain I bid  
My wayward loving heart—Be still.

Thou speak'st to me in tones of love;  
Thou tell'st me of thy home so fair;  
Where all is glad and bright above,  
And all our dearest friends are there.

And Oh! Thy eyes do radiant beam  
With ecstasy and love divine,  
As, gazing in their liquid depths,  
I read each passing thought of thine.

There is a language of thy soul  
That beams from out that gilded frame;  
Thy words no mortal hand may trace,  
They beam within the heart—a flame.

Sister! what joy thou bring'st to me,  
Whilst in thy gentle eyes I gaze:  
And ever;—while on earth I live,—  
I'll chant for thee my sweetest lays.

And when I leave this lower world  
For thy blest, happy home above,  
I'll greet a host of happy friends,  
And bask forever in their love.

But sister, dear, I feel a pang  
To leave thy face till morning light:  
Another look,—a fonder gaze,  
And now my sister dear,—good night

L.

## "LILLY."

I saw her in the loveliest hour  
In all the month of June,  
She stood a flower beside a flower,  
Both doomed to perish soon.

The western sky was all aglow,  
With gold and purple light,  
And sweet as heaven's breeze did blow,  
From out the coming night.

She looking westward, silent stood,  
Then smiled as one who sees,  
Far off the beautiful and good  
In Heaven's Hesperides—

And then her white breast heaved and fell,  
I heard her breath a name,  
Ah me! from a deep pure well  
Of love, that murmur came.

I saw and knew, but could not speak  
What made my hot tears start,  
The rose was blooming on her cheek,  
But death was at her heart.

J. A. C.

## LIFE'S LABORS.

These are the inspirations and the lights  
That lead us on and upward—evermore  
We hear sweet voices, far in purple nights,  
Call from a starry shore—

Ho! workers in the harvest of the truth!  
Sow the world's wilderness with goodly grain!  
Plant the waste places with eternal ruth—  
The labor is not vain!

Be brave! be patient! break life's stubborn soil;  
Gok's Angel holds ye with a steadfast hand—  
The purple vintage of the summer-toil  
Makes beautiful the land!

Be brave! be noble! planting among thorns  
The future harvest of the world's broad rights;  
For lo! the fiery pillars of the morns  
Rest on the sunken nights!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

## HELENA MILES' HEART HISTORY.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

### CHAPTER III.

#### Helena's New Home.

Woe for those who trample o'er a mind!  
A deathless thing. They know not what they do  
Or what they deal with! Man perchance may bind  
The flower his step has bruised: or light anew  
The torch he quenches: or to music—wind  
Again the lyre-string from his touch that flew:  
But for the soul—Oh! tremble and beware  
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there!

Helena Miles opened her eyes on a fine autumn morning in a seven by nine chamber over Miss Thompson's cook-room. A large stove-pipe from the room below had heated the room to suffocation. Helena therefore raised the window at the foot of the bed, looking eastward, then lay back upon her couch to rest from the fatigue of the previous day, and to watch the old elms that were swinging to and fro before the window.

A rap at the chamber door, and a prim, measured voice saying, "Helena, are you up?" aroused the child from her morning reverie.

"Yes, I am up," she said, bounding out of the bed and throwing wide open the door.

"You were not up," replied Miss Thompson as she put into Helena's hand a folded paper. "Never again say you are up when you are in bed," and Miss T—walked in her peculiarly stately style out of the chamber to make room for Bridget who came in with a pail of bathing water.

"Aunt Jane walks and talks like a machine," said Helena, as Miss Thompson left the room. "Wonder if she ever loved to hop and skip and jump."

"I am thinking," replied Bridget, "that Miss Thompson never took a step that was't measured and never spoke without looking first at the words to see if they were all fixed up to appear well in society."

"But where did Aunt Jane get this letter, Bridget? Is it from mother? Wonder if Eddy has the measles and if Mary takes good care of the birds."

"Oh its meself that cannot answer your questions," replied Bridget; "for I can read no more than yeself."

Another knock and Miss Thompson, with her dignified air, walked unbidden into the little hermitage.

"Not dressed, Helena: and breakfast is ready. Have you read the rules?"

"What rules? I ha'n't seen no rules."

"What have you in your hand?"

"Letter from home—an't it?"

"No child, you may not expect a letter from home; postage costs money, and besides it is only three days since you left home.—Come to breakfast."

The child threw on her clothes, bathed her face and followed Miss Thompson to the dining hall.

At Miss Thompson's side a chair was reserved for Helena—just the place she did not want. She

glanced about the table and saw a multitude of eyes turned enquiringly upon her.

"This is the daughter of my neice,—a strange unmanageable child that I have volunteered to tame and educate."

Miss Thompson's introduction did not tend to give the stranger the most perfect home-feeling; but she sought to hide her mortification by turning to her loaded plate.

"Eat with your fork, child," said Miss T.; "none but vulgar people use knives after the food has been cut."

Helena laid her buttered knife upon the clean table cloth and strung her meat and potato upon her fork tines and commenced nibbling it off, supposing she was eating after the most approved style. But the outburst of a suppressed laugh from those at the table gave her to understand that all was not right.

In anger and sorrow Helena rushed out of the room, upsetting a chair and overturning a stand that impeded her onward march.

"Don't cry," said Bridget who happened to meet the outward bound.

"I will cry; it is just as unmannerly to laugh as to cry."

"Oh dear!" remarked Miss Thompson, "what a burden I have taken on my hands! I wish my mother's blood did not flow in that child's veins."

"A great burden, truly," replied Mr. Clark, a young aspirant for clerical orders; "but remember the proverb, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.'"

"I am not much in favor with rods," said Miss Thompson, "a steady, straight-forward course is my method of ruling."

"Well, I am in favor of whatever is recommended in the word of God."

Miss Thompson found the word of God against her and was silent.

Helena went to her room and gave vent to her feelings in tears.

"Come, darling," said Bridget, "Miss Thompson wants you to come to her room and bring the rules."

"What do the rules mean, Bridget?"

"And its meself that do'n't know that either, only its a long catalogue of musts and must'nts—must do this and must'nt do something else; but I told Miss Thompson that I would as soon give the Psalms to the birds to sing from as to give you that paper to eat and dress and sleep by;—I knowed so soon as I looked into your sweet face that you was just as wild as a bird on the wing. All the other girls have their rules on bits of printed paper, but Miss Thompson had yours written because she says you are an exception."

"What does 'exception' mean, Bridget?"

"Well, I does'nt just know; but suppose you are unlike everybody else, for Miss Thompson said you belonged to a decent family, but you was an exception. But take the rules and run—Miss Thompson is calling."



Helena presented herself at Miss T's door with the strange document in hand.

"Take a seat on that stool," said Miss Thompson pointing to a low stool at her feet.

Helena sat down, rested her elbows upon her knees and her chin upon her palms awaiting farther orders.

"Sit up child. Now listen."

"What are you going to say?"

Miss Thompson gave the girl one of her silencing looks then commenced reading—RULES—"Rise at five, make your toilet and study till seven.

Breakfast at seven, then repair to the kitchen and await the orders of the housekeeper.

At the ringing of the bell you will repair to the chapel for prayers, then to the schoolroom. At twelve you will walk with the pupils and teachers. Dine at one—work in the kitchen till two—go then to the schoolroom. From four till five you will walk again. From five till six repair your wardrobe. Tea at six. Work in the kitchen till eight, then go to prayers. At nine *precisely* you will retire."

When Miss Thompson finished the reading of the rules, she folded the paper saying, meanwhile, "Do you now understand the meaning of rules?"

"Yes, I guess I do," was the reply.

"Well, then, go to the kitchen and Mrs. Baker will tell you what to do, and be careful that I hear no complaints from *you* or about *you*—Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear; but I can't help your hearing complaints if they are made to you."

"What shall I do Mrs. Baker?" said Helena as she presented herself at the kitchen door. Mrs. B pointing to a pile of knives said "Go to scouring." The child thought of the ringing of the prayer-bell and then cast about to see how she could soonest dispatch the pile of dirty knives. She had seen ashes used for scouring purposes. She, therefore, filled from the stove a pan and crowded the knives into the hot ash-heap, and set about her task in good earnest. The ringing of the bell summoned Helena to the observance of the 3d rule. The horrible spectacle of knives and ashes presented itself to the housekeeper just as the chief actor in the scene was departing.

"Look at there!" exclaimed Mrs. Baker "isn't the girl a fool?"

This last remark opened a new chapter in the life of our heroine. She knew that she was unlike other human beings; but the why and wherefore she did not understand. Now the whole thing was plain. "Exception" and "fool" were synonymous—she was a fool.

Helena went to prayers; she tried to listen, but her eyes were upon the faces she met at breakfast and her thoughts upon the discovery she had made of her imbecility.

From the chapel she was sent to the examination room for an outfit of books, etc., and an appointment in some primary department of Learning. The gentle bearing and sweet voice of Mr. White attracted and quieted the turbulent child. He drew her gently to his side, spoke soothingly and encouragingly to the home-sick heart, then selected her books and with a blessing of hopeful words, led her to the schoolroom, the child wondering the while if Mr. White had found out that she was a fool.

Miss Johnson, a little sharp voiced, sharp featured woman was Helena's teacher. She took a general survey of the pupil and the pupil of the teacher, and it soon became evident that no affinity existed between the twain. From that moment both became positive and antagonistical. Miss Johnson said as plainly as actions can speak, "I will conquer." Helena just as plainly said "I *will not be* conquered."

Weeks and months went by and the pupil made but little progress in her studies. Her books were as often wrong side up as right; instead of solving mathematical problems she drew upon the slate the likeness of the vinegar-visage of Miss Johnson, and passed it about for the amusement of the scholars.

One day Miss Thompson ordered her to remain in the schoolroom till a sum was out-worked upon the black-board. Helena worked diligently hour after hour to no purpose. At last in a fit of desperation she sponged off the board and drew a capital likeness of Miss Thompson, holding in her hand the parchment containing the "rules."

The outraged woman resolved that farther forbearance was a sin and ordered the girl, with all her belongings, sent *immediately* homeward.

"Let me have the management of your *protege*, Miss Thompson," said Mr. White; "I am of the opinion that the right chord has not been touched upon that human harp."

Miss Thomson very gladly gave the unmanageable girl over to Mr. White. He gained her confidence and her affection; he made her the companion of his walks and his auditor while he read or talked. Together they explored the fields and woods, studying the history of plants, insects and minerals. Two years later Helena returned to the school-room, not an advanced pupil but a hopeful, quiet representative of the *Genus Homo*.

Long and close application to books had undermined Mr. White's constitution. A cough, a hectic flush and the light of his eye, plainly told that his earth-life was closing. Helena was his constant friend and companion. In pleasant weather they rambled together through the woods; when it was dark and stormy without, she brought flowers, plants and books to her teacher and friend, that she might amuse him and he instruct her. When the frost blighted the flowers, and the nights grew chill, Mr. White arranged to depart to a sunnier clime and a deathless kingdom. Early one morning he sent for Helena and taking both her hands in his he said:

"My child I have heard the call 'come up hither.' I shall soon obey. For you I would stay till you are strong and brave—armed and equipped for the Life-battle; but it may not be. The world will seem colder and life less charming when I am away. But I may not be *away*. If the dear Father will permit, I will return to guide and teach you still."

Helena made no reply, but throwing her arms about the neck of her benefactor, she gave vent to her sorrows in tears and sobs.

The next day the tolling bell told the villagers that death had opened to a pilgrim the Life-gate. The "Christian Watchman" said "Henry White had died without God and without hope;" but Helena Miles said God ought to have been there to hear how beautifully he talked of death and heaven, and to see how like falling into a sweet sleep he died.

All the villagers gathered about the grave, some from curiosity, others from a deep love for the good man.

When the coffin was lowered to its place of rest the procession of school-children passed about the grave to take a farewell look of the cofined clay. Helena paused a moment by the open sepulchre, then drew from beneath her mantle a wreath of flowers, interwoven with cypress, and kneeling upon the fresh earth, dropped them lightly upon the head of the coffin, then arose and walked silently away—Few eyes were dry save her's—she had no tears—the fount was sealed.

Every morning during the autumn, a wreath of fresh flowers was found upon the grave. During the winter, sprigs of cypress were scattered there.

One May morning the grave sods were found displaced and in their stead the golden moss and

blue violets were growing. The narrow house was bordered with shells and rare stones; at the foot of the grave a white rose was planted; at the head a cypress. A tiny basket containing a bird's nest, was suspended from one of the cypress limbs and a note was tied to the basket bail, containing these words:

"Here lies buried the only heart that knew mine, that understood and administered to my needs; that loved heart beats no longer, the hand that guided is palsied, the voice of rebuke, and of approval is hushed. Why then should I linger longer about the voiceless clay? I will not—Farwell."

Helena Miles had gone no one knew whither.

(To be continued.)

## AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

### Of the Origin of Forms and of the Laws of Reproduction as Exhibited in the Mineral, Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms.

To-day, man stands forth an abridgement of all forms; as we examine his anatomical structure, we find there is not one link in the chain missing which binds him to that immeasurable ocean of substance, of which movement and intelligence are inherent properties.

Man, by virtue of his construction, his combinations, his relations to kingdoms and forms beneath him, and the worlds that surround him, is forced to accept the thought of a CENTRAL POSITIVE MIND.

Accepting this thought man attempts to search out the origin of his existence, the purposes that existed, the relation of that existence to the CREATOR. Clearly man has had a beginning as an Electrical and physical mechanism, but has he power to reproduce the *life* that moves, controls, intelligently acts upon that mechanism? Our thought is that he has not. To us it is clear that *life is, life ever was, life ever will be*, but that human forms and all other forms are clearly inventions, conceived of and elaborated in the workshop of the Creator. A few queries more upon this point, and then we leave the reader to study and reflect upon the beauty, grandeur and sublimity connected with the subject of INVENTIONS as thus studied, and they are these: What is the universal, perpetual moving or motive power of all forms of animal lifes or of systems of worlds?

We answer, ELECTRICITY. Then is not the FATHER GOD an ELECTRICIAN? We answer that to us it is clear that he is. The reader may ask, "Is GOD ELECTRICITY?" We answer, No. The inquirer may ask again, "Is life, spirit, intelligence, Electricity?" We answer, No. You may ask, "What is life?" which question will receive due attention in its order.

To go behind the present order of forms or mechanisms, is to pass back to that epoch in the order of material unfoldings in which substance, movement reigned as it is said, in chaos, that is, prior to the commencement of that system of combinations from which has evolved with mathematical and unvarying precision, the vast myriads of worlds, universes, suns and systems of suns, with all the vast infinitesimal forms of life which now in their order move throughout all space.

Analogically and demonstrably true is it, that time was when suns, earths, universes and all of our present forms of life, were locked from the vision of mortal ken. To-day there opens before our outer and our inner vision, a boundless and immeasurable field of investigation; the soul is quickened, the "spirit" goes forth on the magnetic fibres of these myriads of worlds and of lesser forms, it catches the thought of a universal or psychometric language, linking all in one common tie of universal life, ever tending to more clearly comprehend



the laws of mind and matter, production and reproduction as written out in its outer form or case-ment.

Education has done much for the cloistered and privileged few in the past, but to-day we ask that this broader field be entered upon. Look upon this moving mechanism MAN. 'Tis an invention of the MIND. It reproduces itself. Startle not, gentle reader, when we suggest that what Mind has done in the past, Mind can do again. All around us are living, electrical mechanisms capacitated to reproduce mechanisms, not *spirits*, not *angels*.—Now what we want is a system of education so metaphysically fine that it shall catch the thought that it is possible to construct mechanisms capable of reproducing their like, but before this can be done the science of man culture, of human chemistry is to be thoroughly comprehended and applied.

Each and every form of animal life manifests itself, its inner life in harmony with the construction of its cranium. To us, manifestations are in harmony with laws of necessity, that are as fixed and unchangeable as those which govern the planets. It may be asked, "How can these forms of mechanism be changed?" We answer, through the laws of production, of generation, conception, concretion, attraction; seen and unseen influences are ever at work writing out on embryonic forms. No man, no woman knoweth as yet a tithe of that which pertaineth to their God given powers, or the elements and properties of Nature which may be introduced into the structural framework and fleshy covering of human and other mechanism. Man already knows something of the process by which he may produce and reproduce finer specimens of horses than those to day on exhibition; but, is he ever to remain so stupid that he cannot catch the thought that it were as possible to improve the human race? We think that the time is close at hand when an Educational Institution will be founded consecrated to the improvement of the human race.

It is full time that man and woman catch the thought that it were impossible to change a law or principle in Nature; that she as a mother is inexorable, unchangeable, and that to enjoy the highest, holiest, and most sacred of all relations in life, is to know of that science of combination, of union, of harmony, which reproduces its likes in every department of sentient, individualized or collective life. As we open our eyes to facts, we see that there are various forms of animal life exhibiting obnoxious and repulsive characteristics to a portion of the human family, while to other portions these specimens are attractive, used sometimes as pets, occasionally worshipped as gods and goddesses. Now the *Professor of Human Chemistry* has an extensive field of labor open before him; laws, principles unchangeable; combinations, proportions, sought out by the true chemist will reveal the origin, the necessity, the naturalness of the attractions and repulsions, which exists between individuals and races, animals of peculiar and marked habits tastes and proclivities. Races of men, animals, governments, religions, institutions of learning, when looked at broadly and analyzed thoroughly, will reveal their origin and their progress in harmony with the same laws that give birth, natural unfolding, tendencies to earths, universes, and systems of universes and suns. One set of laws and one set of principles govern the progress and development of worlds, atoms; and there is need of no miracle to account for the origin or reproduction of either. What parents, progenitors, cultivators need most to know and to feel, is the truth, the adamant fixedness of the laws of reproduction and the OMNISCIENCE and OMNIPOTENCE of the power of recombination of all substance beneath them, which is placed for wise, holy and divine purposes within their reach. Man yearns, struggles for wealth, for luxury, for happiness, for harmony; can he secure either while the compounds of his being are made up of the hawk, shark, fox, cat, snake, bull dog, bear, and other similar elements of the lower orders of animal life?

We do not believe that he can. As we look at this subject we feel that the hour demands the agitation of the whole range of sexual relations, of sexual interchanges, of marriage as a scientific and philosophic institution, based upon adamant laws. It has often been said that life is a mystery, that certain things, subjects, processes of nature belong only to God, and that it were impious for man to attempt to search them out. Our thought is that God withholdeth nothing from those who seek—even openeth to those who knock, and never turneth a deaf ear to those who intelligently enquire. To us, we look upon the Volume of Nature as upon an open book; that she has no secrets, that she never seeks to place beyond the reach of any of her numerous progeny that which she sees they can discreetly use or wisely distribute. She has her secret deposits of treasure, her whole internal structure is intersticed with diamonds, rubies, pearls and other precious stones; she is inlaid with stratas of gold, silver, iron, coal and other valuable minerals. She has waters and fruits for the healing of the nations, all of which are to be placed in due times and seasons in the hands of her children; but before this can be they must exhibit by a life of use, of practical application, an outer elaboration, their ability to comprehend the value of treasures already bestowed upon them.

For thousands of years man has had treasures of wisdom, storehouses of knowledge, granaries inexhaustible within his reach, and how little hath he profited thereby.

As we look at him he seems to us haggard, famishing, perishing, passing away. Perhaps some would say, looking at the human family in this light, that the grand scheme of populating and peopling this earth had resulted in a failure. But to us, not so—nay, far from it. Nations are born, grow, mature, decay. Empires have their seasons of infancy, puberty, outer birth, pass away and are known only as among the institutions that belonged to the past. As has been with all past forms of governments, all institutions of education—so must it be with the present; the old must give way and be superseded by the new, the finer take the place of the coarser, the positive take the position of the less positive.

Eternal progress is an inherent property of matter or substance, and he who would attempt to block or retard its wheels might with the same propriety attempt to stop the sun in its course, or hurl from his Electrical Center that Positive Mind that interlinks, interconnects and intercommunicates with all the products and mechanisms of his own hand.

T. S. S.

### PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER FIVE.

In this number we are to examine the subject of independent, conscious, clairvoyance, and give directions for attaining that condition. Perhaps there is no faculty of the human mind capable of yielding man more gratification than this, when it is fully developed.

But as yet very few individuals have had sufficient patience to bring this power fully under the control of the will, and but a small portion of the world, are even aware of its existence, but we will proceed to the directions for attaining or developing it.

If a person will sit alone in a darkened room, for an hour on particular days or evenings, of the week, and at the same hour of the day, for a sufficient length of time, the following phenomena will be presented, provided that he will be careful to keep his mind free from all subjects not connected with the object of his sitting.

First he will hear slight raps on the floor or furniture of the room, then he will feel slight shocks, as if struck by an electric spark, he will see bright sparks occasionally appearing suddenly and remaining but an instant, or darting like meteors across the room. Then he will see light clouds resembling the steam from boiling water in a dark night when the light of a fire shines upon it. These clouds will be at first about the size of one's hand and will remain only for a few seconds and then disappear. These spots or clouds will increase in size as the sittings are repeated, until a dark spot will appear in the center, which will also increase in size until it gives to the cloud the appearance of a wreath of white smoke. Finally the dark center will be of a bluish color as if it was composed of highly polished steel, till at last the wreath seems to disappear from around it, and the appearance is that of a mirror.

At first the small cloud, as above stated, appears only for an instant and then disappears, and again reappears; but its stay is prolonged at each subsequent sitting, and it sometimes attains a large size before the dark mirror-like spot appears in it.

As the sittings are repeated the mirror-like appearance becomes of a deeper blue and seems to be lighted up, as it were, and at length to completely surround the individual sitting. Darkish shadows will appear to pass through it with great velocity, generally at first from right to left; but as the sittings are repeated these shadows pass less rapidly and become more distinct until at last a complete human form will appear. The form will not remain long at its first appearance, but will linger longer and appear more distinct each subsequent sitting. It will not always represent the same individual, nor will only one form appear at a time, but sometimes it will be that of a male, sometimes that of a female. Sometimes several of both sexes and varying in appearance from infancy to old age.

As the sittings are repeated these forms will finally begin to speak or convey ideas to the medium as if they were mortal embodied intelligences. But the sound of the voice does not have that vibration or echo which accompanies the human voice; it does not appear to ring through the room as a human voice does. I use the word human for want of a better expression.

These apparitions will, if requested, do acts of kindness, not as servants, but as friends, doing that for you which you cannot do for yourself. So if one is requested to go and see what some friend at a distance is doing, it will immediately disappear and in a few moments reappear with the information required which in every instance will be found to be correct. Or if you have a friend who is also a medium, you may send him a message and request an answer, and it will be done as if done by some one in the body. I myself have requested one to go to Cleveland and tell a friend of mine there that I wished to see him at my house on the next day. On the next day my friend arrived and informed my mother, as I was not in when he arrived, that a spirit had requested him to come out as I wished to see him. But it must not be supposed that they will go at your bidding on all and every errand you may think proper to send them. They appear to be angels of mercy and if no benefit can be derived, or if some evil would ensue from complying with your request, they will refuse and you may seek in vain to compel them.

But this running on errands is not the only or the greatest benefit to be obtained. They will answer questions and give explanations and demonstrations on all subjects of philosophy and the sciences. I have known a person recover from a cancer by a particular day set by these spirits, although at the time they promised the cure, the patient was by her physicians and friends expected to die momentarily, and no medicine was administered after the promise was made. I have known a person cured of supposed consumption at a distance of more than seven hundred miles from the medium and without any visible agency, and several other instances of cure of diseases.

That which is most noticeable is the fact that these apparitions set the day of recovery and, without the administration of any medicine, so far as we know, the patients have uniformly recovered on the set day. I will also add that no person in the body attempted to mesmerize or magnetize these patients.

It must not be inferred from what has been said above, that this development cannot be had in circles, on the contrary we know that it can be. But the difficulty of forming a circle composed of eight persons whose minds will all be concentrated upon one object of thought, and who will all have patience to persevere, is an objection to making the attempt. Some will be desirous of hearing the raps, others will want to have the table move, and others will like to have the spirit influence some one of the number to speak, and the consequence is, that there is no manifestation whatever, or the circle ends in the development of some rapping, writing or speaking medium. When a circle can be formed of the right material, there is no doubt the development will be much more rapid.

In our next we will examine the subject of temporarily leaving the body and visiting places at a distance, and returning to the body again, the individual preserving the memory of the acts during the temporary absence from the body, and the means which have been employed to bring this faculty under the control of the will.

G. B. R.



## THE AGITATOR.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

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

OFFICE ON SUPERIOR ST., A FEW DOORS EAST OF P. U.

CLEVELAND, O., NOVEMBER 1, 1858.

Single Copies of the AGITATOR, are for sale at the Agitator Office, Superior Street, and also, by HAWKS & BROTHERS, at the Post Office, Cleveland, O.

S. T. MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones St., N. Y.; BELA MARSH, No. 14, Broomfield Street, Boston; A. HUTCHINSON, Cincinnati, O.; HIGGINS BROTHERS, Chicago, Ill.; BARY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

## JOHN ALLEN.

We made a sketch of our friend, Allen, but lay it aside to make room for the following truthful tribute to the deceased. The writer, however has omitted a few facts connected with his life and love labors, which it may be well to mention,

John Allen was born in Leyden, Mass., on the 11th of Feb., 1814. At an early age he studied for the Universalist ministry with Rev. S. Cobb, editor of the Christian Freeman, and preached in that denomination ten years. His wife, in a recent letter to us, writes: "In 1845, when I first saw John, he was struggling in Lowell, Mass., in behalf of the operatives, editing and printing 'The voice of Industry.'" Prior to that he published the "Social Reformer," and in the interim took an active and industrial part in the "Brook Farm Association," which he has ever since regarded as the happiest and most useful part of his life. In 1847 he was ordained by the "Boston Union of Associationists," to whom Rev. Wm. H. Channing was minister, and sent to Cincinnati to open there the "Church of Humanity." He preached there several months; he then gave a course of lectures upon "Social Reform" in Pittsburgh, Pa.

In October 1848, he was married to Miss Ellen Lazarus, a beautiful young lady of Hebrew origin. A few months after he purchased a farm on the Ohio river, in Patriot, Indiana, planted a vineyard, fruit and shade trees. But that was not the home of his heart—the home for which his cultivated wife yearned. The social atmosphere of the town is of itself enough to engender moral disease and spiritual death. A year since he left his farm, hoping henceforth to make it but a summer resort—a place to rest and recruit the physical man. He went with his family to New York, with the prospect of establishing himself in business in the city.

Some of our readers know that Mr. Allen was one of the firm of Allen and Underhill, who commenced the publication of "The Movement" last winter, in New York. He had looked to the establishment of that paper as the exponent of his thoughts—as the medium through which "Plundered Labor, outraged Virtue, crippled Justice, and out-lawed Truth" might be heard; but, for various reasons, the enterprise failed. To him it was a sad blow, the death of his long cherished hopes. We visited him a few days previous to his departure. He was then sick—racked with pain, yet his thoughts were upon the paper. He said, as we were about leaving him, "I have now no hope of reviving the 'Movement,' it is dead, but one thing I do hope, i. e., to discharge my obligation to the subscribers, I have written to Mr. B. to see if he can make arrangements with you to supply the subscribers." We acceded to his proposal, and if arrangements can be made, we will furnish the Agitator to the subscribers of the "Movement."

In the spring Mr. Allen returned to superintend the vineyard, and to arrange his affairs so as to devote his time and talents to the upbuilding of a

Christ kingdom upon the earth. When the day for his departure arrived, the good angel, Death, opened to him the way to that kingdom. When the wife and little ones were counting the days that would intervene ere they should meet, he was with them tho' unseen.

To John Allen, the world is indebted for great truths—to him we are indebted for counsel and sympathy. He is one of the few fearless souls who have stood nobly at our side in storm as well as sunshine; he upheld our hands and strengthened our heart when we were weak and faltering.

He has left a wife and five children, the youngest but one year old, the loss of the husband and father is indeed great; but he will still be with them to bless and counsel and comfort.

## TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN ALLEN, DEC'D.

The notice which has gone forth of the departure from our midst of a noble friend and brother, has vibrated with a shock of grief—a profound sense of unutterable loss, upon the hearts of thousands in this land. A cry has ascended from the coasts where the Atlantic dashes its billows, and the shores of the Wabash echo it back. From the whaler's hut whom he has redeemed from the slavery of intemperance, from New England villages, from the heart of great cities, and from the broad prairies of the West—from all places where his voice has been lifted for the exposure of evil, of social wrong and social misery; where he has struggled manfully as an apostle or a martyr may, in the cause of eternal truth and wisdom, for the establishment of the kingdom of heaven upon earth, a lament arises, and a questioning, as to who now stands ready, fitted in heart and intellect, to fill his place?

The son of a New England farmer, he drew in the broad, vigorous common sense which characterized him, from his mother Earth, whom he ever labored to honor, and to crown with coronals of beauty. Attaining, through the fruits of his own youthful toil, the time and means for pursuing a course of collegiate education, and hungering and thirsting for knowledge, he carried into the pursuit the enthusiasm with which his nature teemed, and eagerly garnered in the prizes of learning. He gloried in rocks ocean-lashed, and in mighty cataracts; amid such scenes his soul caught its hue and power—attained its hold on the Infinite. All Nature's notes were to him familiar music, and midst her wildest aspects, in unbroken wastes, he needed no other guide or compass than the Polar Star. His ardent young spirit went forth through all beautiful things, to bow itself in adoration before the Supreme Artist. Full of love for his fellow creatures, discerning the Divine in the Human, however its image might be obscured, he consecrated himself to the service of God and man, and casting aside all lower ambition, all desires of worldly aggrandizement, he became an apostle of the Truth. Living as did the Apostles of old, without thought for the morrow, "in privations often, in persecutions often," he braved exposure to heat, cold, or tempest. To fulfil an appointment, and speak the truth which was glowing within, he would cheerily travel on foot through the stormiest night of a New England winter. Though maligned and scoffed at, never subdued, but holding his ground in defiance of all obstacles, and again and again over-riding them, till he stood triumphant upon the column composed of the very weapons with which his enemies had sought to annihilate him; never weary with well doing, but ever standing with his armor ready, striving for "the prize of his high calling." "God satisfied" even when "Earth undone," he presents an example which every earnest promulgator of light should seek to imitate. In the early years of his ministry, he threw himself into the temperance movement, and hundreds of wives and

mothers have called down blessings on his head, for the fathers, sons, and husbands whom his instrumentality had saved from destruction. At Cape Ann, where he was stationed for a considerable period, he was enthusiastically beloved by the poor, sea-faring populace, and on returning thither, after an absence of many years, he was greeted with tears, and out pourings of gratitude and affection. To the anti-slavery cause he also lent his sturdy support, and edited a paper for some years with ability and success. But his intellect only attained its richest maturity on his initiation into the doctrines of Charles Fourier; in his theory of the Organization of Attractive Industry, and of Serial Association, he found the solution of the great Social problems which had perpetually haunted his mind.—From that moment all his energies of hand, heart, and soul, were unceasingly devoted to the promulgation of these principles, through the adoption of which he saw mankind redeemed—the heavens incarnated upon the earth.

Though disappointed in his most cherished schemes, and in his most arduous labors, though suffering and betrayed by the perfidy of those in whom he had most intimately confided, he was never subdued, but prepared with fresh hope and elastic vigor, to strike again, Anteus-like, into the thickest of the combat. Possessed of rare equanimity, and of a most Christ-like, universal charity, no ingratitude could sour, or prevent his doing and giving his all for friend or foe. Those will not forget him, who have sat wrapt beneath the magic of his eloquence, who have watched his eagle eye kindling with fire, or brimming over with emotion; who have seen the whole soul glowing out of the face, until it became transfigured with a glory from above, who have listened to his voice when uttering its deep heart notes, or its grand trumpet reveille, as it ushered in the dawn of the Lord's new morning. But those alone who have known him in the intimate relations of his own household, or who have claimed him as friend, can duly appreciate his worth. He has been called from our midst in the meridian glow of manhood, in the full vigor of his faculties, while he looked forward to years of active labor in his chosen field. Ill can we do without thee, my Brother! but we believe that thy soul is freed, that thy powers are untrammelled, thy capacities expanded to bear thee into a broader and higher plain of uses, where thou wilt nobly accomplish thy work. It is pleasant to know that thy body reposes beneath the shade which thou hast loved, at the spot whence, while thine eye would drink in the glorious panorama, which heaven and earth unfold to its view. Peace and loftiest Aspirations administered to thy soul, strengthening it to go forth inspired unto the world. Now, while the wild winds alone chant thy requiem, and the sun beams, and the starlight rest lovingly on thy grave, shall we not seek to prove, by word and deed, that to us thy life has not been given in vain!

We take pleasure in inserting, in our advertising column, the card of Mrs. S. E. Norris. We have had an opportunity to know something of her abilities, and believe that she has no superior as a clairvoyant. Her descriptions are strikingly correct and minute, always going back to the cause, and tracing step by step, the natural effect; her prescriptions are no hap-hazard guess work, but scientifically adapted to the system, and operate to the entire satisfaction of the patient. L.

WANTED.—Agents to obtain subscribers for the Agitator, and to sell "Sketches from Nature." A liberal discount will be made to wholesale purchasers of the book, and twenty-five per cent. allowed to agents for all money received on the Agitator or the "Sketches." Female agents are preferred.

Apply to this office.



## A LIKENESS OF JOHN ALLEN.

Mr. Waldack writes, "I will send you, in a day or two, a picture of our friend, John. Very happily, I made a negative of him on his return from New York. The picture has small merits as a work of art, but is a perfect likeness of our deceased friend. If any of Mr. Allen's friends should want a copy of his picture, I will send one by mail on receipt of 30 cents in postage stamps. This is only to pay the expenses, for I do not calculate to make profits on his likeness.

Yours Truly,

C. WALDACK.

Those who may want a likeness of Mr. Allen, may address, Chas. Waldack, Photographic Chemist and Operator, 20½, Court St., Germania Hall, Cincinnati, O. Mr. Waldock has our thanks for the one promised—will he send us four instead of one?

L. E. BARNARD has been lecturing upon Physiology in Clyde. He told strange things that had come in his way as a *physician*,(?) but the most wonderful was that the "Editor of the Agitator committed infanticide every year of her married life." A physician who heard the *gentleman's* remark, was shocked by the recital of our murderous deeds; but he would perhaps be surprised by a simple *truth*, which is that we lost but a few days in all those years, by illness, and have paid less money for medicine than he paid for hearing one of those "exposing" lectures; and now are doing more mental and physical labor than a score of women traducers have ever done.

THANKS to F. Haack and C. Waldack, for the valuable information their letters contained. They seemed to have anticipated our wishes in regard to the contents of the letters.

By the untiring energy of Mr. Toohey, the Tremont Hall has been refitted and furnished for meetings. The Hall will be free, and a collection taken to compensate the Speakers.

NOTICE.—There will be a mass meeting in Ravenna on the 30th and 31st inst. Those who contemplate attending the meeting, will be happy to learn that A. E. Newton, Editor Spiritual Age, designs being there.

A. E. NEWTON has been lecturing in the city. We did not have the pleasure of hearing him, but those who had, speak of the lectures as logical and exceedingly interesting.

THE Editor of the Agitator will speak in Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 7th. Letters addressed to the care of Mrs. A. Burtis will reach her there.

WE respectfully decline the new title recently given us, (Rev.) it belongs to black coats and white cravats.

MILO A. TOWNSEND.—"Sketches" sent by mail. J. E. Church Parker's Sermons, do.

MRS. MARY MARTIN.—Blessings for the blessing of CASH. May your purse be always as full as ours is just now.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Our Richmond friends may pay their subscription to Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Jones, or to Mr. Pierson.

MISSING.—The "Banner of light." Has the light gone out? If not, we should like to be *lighted* by its presence.

L. A. HINE.—We will "clearly epitomize" our "opinions" upon "the marriage question" in the next number of the *Agitator*.

PASSED ONWARD to the angel spheres, from his residence in Jefferson, Ohio, Leverett L. Barney, September 22d, 1858, aged 41 years.

## BORN IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

In Kingston, Delaware county, O., in the 25th year of her age, on Monday, September 27th, 1858, Maria C., wife of Alfred S. Van Sickle, after four days of severe suffering from erysipelas, passed from the first to the second sphere of existence.

May the bright angel spirit of our kindred sister guard her infant son, and sooth the disconsolate bosom of a sorrow stricken husband, and numerous friends, who mourn their early loss. We mourn not as those who have no hope, for we know when the dissolution of the body and spirit takes place, the spirit dwells in higher conditions of life and Immortality.

Maria has gone to her bright spirit home,  
Maria is free from all sorrow and gloom,  
She dwells in the bosom of love and mirth.  
Affection and Friendship attract her to Earth.

She visits her parents, her husband and son,  
Her brothers and sisters, and all that now mourn,  
Who mourn not as those in ages gone by,  
She meets with us here and we know 'tis Maria

WM. G. VANSICKLE.

LOVE.—Can that Love which is Omnipotent; which is not and *can not* be subject to any Law save that of its own being, viz: "The perfect Law of Liberty"—can *such* love stoop to claim immunity from human enactments? NEVER, NO—NEVER! And that love which manifests concern about freedom, betrays, at once, the *earthliness* of its origin and aspirations.

A. B. DEAN.

"GIVE WOMAN HER RIGHTS."—Joseph Treat, in his papers on Woman, frequently uses the above, and similar expressions. How did man get woman's rights to give? I, for one, will accept no such gift. My rights are inherent in my nature, and I want *no* power to *give* me a part of myself. I will risk "woman's rights," if man will exercise sufficient self respect to "keep within his own domain."

SUSAN E. NORRIS.

A. EVANS.—Thanks for your appreciation of our doings. We will remember your wish for a bound copy of the Agitator.

Will some "Philosopher," give us a lecture upon the philosophy of falsehood.

MISS RAYMOND—Your paper goes now to Fremont. Is that right?

W. P. HICKS.—The Educator is at our office for you. The postage on it is 37 cents.

MRS. SEVERANCE—The Report is sent; the delay was caused by our absence, and the "private" on your order.

SINGLE COPIES of the Agitator can be had at our office.

MISSSES A. and C. ROBINSON.—O. H. P. has sent you the "Sketches" by mail.

MRS. M. P. H.—The poem is in the Psalms of Life. We will publish it.

## AGITATOR RECEIPTS.

L. M. Boardman, \$1.00; Nancy L. Howes, \$1.00; John M. Prebles, \$1.00; Harriet Allen, \$1.00; Dr. W. Beach, 50c; Mrs. E. P. F. Bradner, \$1.00; Sarah W. Galbreath, \$1.00; Eliza Wickersham, \$1.00; Reuben Erwin, \$1.00; Isaac Trescott, \$1.00; Mrs. S. M. Turner, \$1.00; Mrs. Delia A. Swan, \$1.00; S. W. Shaw, \$1.00; D. A. Eddy, 50c; G. W. Shepherd, \$1.25; Mrs. Maria Hance, 50c; F. Thornton, \$1.00; Mrs. Emily Rogers, \$1.00; G. W. Reeve, \$1.00; Dr. H. Danforth, \$1.00; C. Ellis, \$1.00; Mrs. Polly J. Dutton, \$1.00; Aaron Evans, \$1.00; Mrs. S. M. Rogers, \$1.00; William Colburn, \$1.00; Dr. Atkinson, \$1.00; J. H. Phillio, 50c; M. H. Roberts, 50c; Mrs. Mary Martin, \$1.00; Gibson Tease, 50c; Charles W. Davis, \$1.00; N. H. Crowell, \$1.00; J. D. Moyer, \$1.00; Mary P. Haines, \$1.00; Mrs. Rebecca Howard, \$1.00; Mrs. C. S. Lewis, \$1.00; Alonzo Turner, \$1.00.

MRS. BROWN:—In the Agitator No. 10 is an article from me on "The Love Relations" to which is appended a series of questions which I purpose to notice briefly. I said "An *entire* abrogation of *all* marriage law and civil contracts, would remand the civilization of to-day to the barbarous licentiousness of the dark and dismal past."

You ask, "Do you believe in the law of progression? Where is your faith in humanity? Are the laws better than the law-makers?"

I do most earnestly believe in "the law of progression," because nature teaches it in the material world, and history and biography in the mental.

And my "faith in humanity" is based upon the validity of that law, which will ultimately redeem the world from the bondage of pride, lust and hate.

I do not believe the laws are as good as some members of society, but they are *better* than others, and hence exist as a necessity of the times.

And in the present, ignorant state of society an entire abolition of law is impossible. The only effectual way for the race of man to nullify all legal enactments, is to rise above the necessity for them, by a true system of natural education. So long as man is under the dominion of his propensities, he forges the fetters that bind him, and causes law to exist as a *necessity*.

There is no such thing as perfect freedom, below absolute purity.

I said "An entire removal of all external restraint, would fill the world with *Saints* faster than the Bible system of latter day Mormons." You ask, "Would there be more unwelcome children than *now*?"

Each person exerts an influence over others, and the statute law is designed to be the expression of the will of the majority. (I wish women were allowed to vote!)

And our laws to prevent adultery and the unbridled exercise of passion, tend to lessen licentiousness and thus decrease the number of "unwelcome children," for they are all the products of *lust* and not of *love*. But does lawever prevent crime? It did in Maine. Previous to the passage of the Maine Liquor Law, the Portland jail was filled with criminals, but one year subsequent, only one cell has been occupied, and that with demi-johns and brandy casks. And the influence of law to check the libertine is equally as potent. You ask, "Do you understand the marriage laws of Ohio? Will you please tell me if they are a terror to the evil-doer? Will you tell if they prevent, or only legalize and sanctify libertinism?"

I have examined the marriage laws of Ohio, but will not apologize for them as a whole; some of them are wholesome and some are hellish. I have no sympathy whatever, for a law that would bind uncongenial souls together, and thus blight the exalting influence of pure, conjugal affection. Our laws marry whoever are fit subjects externally, without reference to congeniality or adaptation, and *unmarries* them only for the blackest crimes, which some may be tempted to perpetrate to sever the union.

Such a law has my unreserved condemnation. But such is the undeveloped condition of society, that nineteen twentieths of all marriages are not purely harmonious, and hence a law to provide for offspring in cases of separation becomes necessary.

And the law giving the wife the right of Alimony for the support of herself and children in case of desertion by the husband, I respect as a wholesome enactment.

Our laws to prevent licentiousness, no doubt have a good intent and oftentimes a good effect, and thus lessens the number of "unwelcome children."

Law at most is but public sentiment at second hand, and though it appeals to fear, a base passion



of the human soul, yet in the present ignorant state of humanity, it tends to restrain the vicious, and provide for the effect of crime.

But when man shall be unfolded to greater purity, all laws, books of authority, and man-made institutions of every kind, will be outgrown and consequently unnecessary. So long as we are children, mentally and morally, let us not put childish things entirely away. But when we shall have attained the full-grown stature of manhood and womanhood, the teachers and class-books of youth will be superseded by more perfect wisdom. Education is the only true means of elevation, and it is useless for an individual to put off old garments and go in a nude state before the new are prepared.

You ask, "Do you think I could make for your soul a law that would be diviner than your own attractions?"

If my "attractions" lead me to trample under foot the rights of my neighbors, human laws may endeavor to restrain me, to also provide for the effects of my meanness; but if they are pure and holy, human laws are *repealed* with me, because light is superior to darkness.

But does the doctrine of "following attractions" tend to advance society?

I would not say to a drunkard or a rumseller, "follow your attractions!"

I would not say to a man-stealer, "follow your attractions?" I would not say to a Solomon or a David, "follow your attractions!" I would not say to Mormon priests or polluted libertines and courtézans, "follow your attractions!"

But I would say to a Jesus or a Henry C. Wright, "follow your attractions!"

No man or woman has a moral right to "follow attractions," unless they be just, so that they do not infringe upon the natural rights of others. A true rule to judge of the correctness of all teachings and practices, is their power and utility to advance society. And whenever, in the absence of true wisdom, the actions of man are mean enough to degrade humanity, it becomes our duty to restrain them by a wholesome influence and also provide for their effects by judicious legal enactments. For herein, is the basis of true elevation, viz: to prevent the excessive action of the propensities by wholesome restraints and at the same time unfold the higher faculties, so that ultimately the governing power will be *within* the individual then they will be moral naturally, and human laws with then will be obsolete.

Do not understand me as apologizing for our present code of laws, for my soul loathes and detests the present system of punishing crime. You ask "Would you have men legislate upon God's law?" No father than to provide for the effect resulting from the ignorance and abuse of "God's law." And when ignorance is outgrown, legislation will cease of a necessity, and not till then, "Can law-makers make a virtue of vice?" No quicker than they could transform a brutal Moses into a loving Jesus. The object is to prevent vice, and provide for its effect if committed.

"Can they make *wrong, right*?"

"No! God Almighty can't do it.

You ask, "Will love ever rule so long as lust is legalized and made a virtue? So long as the earth is peopled with the children of lust?"

Love never will rule supreme so long as lust exists *at all*, whether "*legalized*" or not. Let us endeavor to elevate society above it! then they will look back upon it with loathsome disgust. I abhor and detest all enactments that enslave, corrupt, or disfranchise woman. No one has a right to limit the aspirations of the human soul. I would not chain *love*, but I would prevent *lust*

Free Lovers say, "Every individual believes in

"free love" with his definition," then I'll give mine. I believe in the *free* and *pure* expression of every emotion and sentiment of the human soul. Pure love is untrameled by the debasing influence of sensualism, and hence it is "*free*." And true marriage is the perfect blending of *two* harmonious souls, for the supply of social, mental, and spiritual needs, and not of animal desires.

Am I Free Lover?

How can the mass of mankind practice "free love" so long as they stand on a plane of free lust?

Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

H. B. V.

REMARKS.—You would say to Jesus and H. C. Wright "follow your attractions." Who would have said to Jesus eighteen hundred years ago, "follow your attractions?" He was an outlaw then.

But few people to day think H. C. Wright a safe man in society. You are one of the few. The great difference is not so much in the persons, as in the opinion people have of them. The world stones and starves and crucifies her prophets and Messiahs, then comes forth to garnish their sepulchres and upon the doors of their earth homes writes their names "immortal."

You say, "the law will not, cannot make a virtue of vice." Does not the law make it in your estimation, a virtue for a man and woman to live together?

Isn't it, in your opinion, a crime for them to live together without the sanction of *law*?

If you will raise the curtain and take a look into some of the multitude of *legalized* hells, you will no longer talk about the great good the law is doing. There is a gospel to be preached to these spirits in prison—the gospel of purity.

*Marriage* has been desecrated in the name of Blackstone. I would not sanction evil-doing out of the pale of law, nor would I allow the libertine to go masked in virtue's borrowed robes. Call things by their right names; rebuke crime wherever found. You wrong woman in saying marriage stays the tide of licentiousness,—that it *prevents* "unwelcome children."

Allow me to speak for woman—for mothers. *It is not so*. Many a woman to-day would gladly rise from her degradation, but for the iron heel of the law that keeps her in the pit or starves her if she leaves it.

Let me beg you to read again the marriage laws of Ohio.—*Ed. Agitator.*

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

A POETIC LECTURE ON WOMANHOOD; inscribed to "Angel Woman," by WM. W. KARSHNER, Cincinnati. Price, 25 cents.

If the author wrote this in sober earnest he is a maniac; if it is a satire he deserves some credit. As we cannot determine the object of the writer, we will give the reader an extract hoping he will be sufficiently impressible to decide the matter.

Think not, kind Sisters, "*Woman's Rights and Sphere*" Is now the modern theme that you shall hear. Nay, verily! 'Tis a theme of higher source, One, (as sung above,) that Angels might discourse. The question then, Why call the Church a Bride? 'Tis simply this: a Bride, to be a Bride, Must love her Spouse at heart, must love him true, Must sacrifice her all his will to do.

"What! says one, "Woman bow to man at will! The mandates of his wishes to fulfill? Yes, 'tis so; it must, yea, it *must* be so, As we shall truly, plainly, clearly show. When woman gives herself to man, she then Gives all—body, soul, life—and doth declare That he and his, and he and *his* alone, Is her affections' true devotion's throne. Nor is this a matter of chance, *per se*, But stern necessity, Heaven's decree.

HENSHAW'S NEW SYSTEM OF COMMERCE; A cheap, safe and reliable Circulating Medium, adapted to the wants of the Working Classes. Banking upon the Basis of Productive Labor, by A. HENSHAW. Price 10 cents, Postage 1 cent.

For sale wholesale and retail at the Agitator office.

We can give no better idea of the work than by copying the note "To the Reader:"

It is something over three years since my mind became exercised upon the subject of suffering humanity, and to save, if possible, its victims from poverty, ignorance, crime, disorder and disease.—Nearly all reformers have failed in their humanitarian efforts, by lopping off the top branches of the Tree of Evil, while the trunk is left standing. Nearly all crime and degradation now in the world can be traced, either directly or indirectly, to the influence which "money" or property exerts over individuals and communities. The people of this age have become completely psychologized with the idea of wealth. It is the first thought that excites ambition in the aspiring youth as he goes forth from the parental roof, to mingle with the crowd of a busy world. It is the first consideration of the venerable parents upon their sons, or their daughters making choice for life. Is he or she going to marry well? Has their intended got property, or are their parents rich? Thus it is, they will reason among themselves, without giving the first thought to those laws of affinities, or adaptedness, so necessary to the conjugal relation, and thus lay the foundation of discord and unhappiness upon their children, and their children's children, and for ages yet unborn. To meet the exigencies of the times, and to relieve the wants of the age, the currency in question is offered for your consideration.

Should there be a sufficient number of individuals that can see and understand the practicability of this system of commerce, measures can at once be set in motion to insure the most favorable results.

HUMAN REDEMPTION; or A Plea for Humanity, from Humanity's Friend, by Dr. J. B. CAMPBELL, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Price 25 cents.

The Plea for Humanity contains many good thoughts and several fine poems from various authors.

FRUIT CULTURE; or a Guide to the Cultivation and Management of Fruit Trees, with descriptions of Fruits, and a variety of useful Miscellaneous Household Receipts; fully illustrated. By Thos. Gregg, New York; Fowler and Wells, publishers. Price, by mail, paper, 30 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

Fruit culture has but just begun to receive the attention it deserves, and we gladly welcome this work, as the matter it contains is well calculated to aid and instruct, and consequently benefit, the fruit-grower. Every person who has a tree, or ground enough for one to grow on, should read it. To be successful in fruit culture, as in anything else, you must know how to do it; and this book gives much information one cannot well do without. The price is so small that any one can afford it. There is no doubt but in all sections some fruits can be made profitable if judiciously cultivated.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS; a Pocket Manual of Cattle, Horse and Sheep Husbandry; embracing Directions for the Breeding, Rearing, and General Management of all Domestic Animals; Rules for the Improvement of Breeds; How to Insure the Health of Animals; and How to Cure their Diseases without the use of Drugs; with a chapter on Bee-keeping. By the author of "The Garden," "The Farm," etc. New York: Fowler and Wells. Price, paper, 30 cents; muslin, 50 cts.

The value of the large and expensive works of writers on the various subjects treated in this little manual, is undisputed; but there are thousands of readers who cannot well afford to buy them. To meet the wants of such is the purpose of this compact little volume of about 170 pages. It is just the thing—concise in its descriptions, clear in its practical directions, thorough in its treatment, and reliable in its statements. The keeper of a horse, a cow, a pig, a few sheep, or a flock of fowls, turkeys, geese, or ducks will find in it all that he needs, in language that he can understand, and furnished at a price that he can afford to pay. Even if he be interested in only one of the subjects treated—the horse, for instance—he can not fail to get the worth of his money many times over; to say nothing of "Rarey's System of Horse Taming," which he will find complete and illustrated in the Appendix. The chapter on poultry is particularly interesting. The whole work is handsomely got up and splendidly illustrated.

CORRECTION.—We copied a short article from the Clarion entitled "Love deeper than Prejudice." The printer neglected to give credit and we did not observe the mistake until we saw the article in the "Spiritual Age" credited to us. Will Brother Clarke forgive the pilfering?



## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## CHILDREN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Come to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look toward the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are birds and sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us,  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardend into wood—

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow,  
Of a brighter and sunnier clime  
That reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear,  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever was sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

## THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Aunt Tabby was a tawney, rough-looking woman, who moved into Elmdale twenty years before my remembrance. Nobody knew who she was, nor where she came from. She was rather free with every one's affairs, but was careful that her own should be a secret.

When she first moved into Elmdale she was a strong, healthy woman. She rented a small house in the outskirts of the village, and went out washing and selling roots and herbs which she collected and dried in the summer months.

Aunt Tabby had a remarkable faculty for finding out every body's business. She talked but little, asked but few questions, yet she so managed as to be the secret keeper and counsellor of half the people in town. Every birth, wedding, death, in fact, all events of note, were recorded in her book of remembrance.

After Aunt Tabby (every body called her aunt), had been in Elmdale long enough to know the heart-history in all the region, she told those she knew could not keep a secret, that she was born with the gift of fortune telling, and that she had kept herself secreted in our quiet town that she might not be annoyed by people coming to have their fortunes told.

Aunt Tabby's fame spread like wildfire, and in less than no time, half Elmdale was seeking out her little shanty. Aunt Tabby always had a doleful story of her own to tell first—how sick and poor she was, and how much time it took her to run over the cards; so of course they all paid her well. She could tell every man in the town his age, occupation, and who he did or should marry. It seemed very wonderful for she did not remember of ever having seen many of the persons before.

The old lady became the town oracle; no one thought of getting married, of making a bargain, or going a journey, without first consulting her. Our good minister was often seen cutting across lots to her, house though he told us she was another "Witch of Endor."

When I was about fifteen I thought it was time I was consulting Aunt Tabby about my future; so I collected all my pennies, and taking some half dozen girls into my confidence to help keep my secret, I started with them for the fortune teller's.

We found the old woman on a bed in one corner of her smoky room. She looked up in surprise to see such a swarm of school girls, for her customers had been grown people, and they brought no listeners to their fate.

"What do you want, girls?" she said.

"Why," said I, jingling my pennies, "I want my fortune told."

"Poor, foolish child," she replied, "your fortune will come of itself."

"But I want you too tell me what it is to be—will you?"

"I shall tell but one more fortune," she replied, "that is my own."

"Tell it to us," exclaimed half a dozen voices, "tell us your fortune!"

"Well, give me a drink and I will," she said.

All rushed for the water, for her fate had been such a mystery to us that we were intent upon seeing the veil lifted.

"Now be quiet, girls," she said; and we all became breathless that we might not lose a single word.

Taking another drink of water, she commenced by saying, "Well, girls, I remember when I was young and good looking as any of you—when I would have scorned the thought of ever being a fortune teller. When I was a child my father died and left me a few hundred dollars in money. I afterwards had a step father, but I did not love him. He was a good man, but he was stern and exacting. He did not love children, and but for my money, he would have sent me away from home; but he wanted the money to use, so I was barely tolerated. When I was eighteen I wanted to get my money and get away from home; so I went to consult a gipsy fortune-teller upon the best method of procedure. She pretended not to know anything about me, but she told me all my troubles, and what a bad father I had, and what a capital offer of marriage I was just going to have, and the old sybil advised me to accept the offer, as it was the only thing that would secure my happiness. Well, sure enough, the very man, with red hair, she described, asked me to marry him. I, of course, thought I was the luckiest girl alive, and said "Yes."

We were married, and I gave him all my money, and in less than a month he divided it with the gipsy and was missing. I then learned that he had a wife in England, but was destitute of money, so could not go to her. He and the fortune teller planned to get my money, and they got it, and left me to take care of myself. My step father hinted that he did not want me there any longer, and I did not care to stay where I was known. I came to Elmdale and resolved to learn, like the gipsy, to tell fortunes, that I might get back my lost money. It was wrong in me, but my misfortunes had soured my disposition, so I thought to get money as I had lost it.

You all know the rest. I came here and found out the names and ages of every one who had lived here, so I could make believe to tell their history by cards. Now girls you can have just such fortunes as you choose. You can be good and kind and learn to get an honest living, or you can be sour, like me, and get a husband for a home, as I did, and then find yourself without money, a home friends, or husband."

We went home with the best lesson we ever learned. Since then I have been telling my own fortune, and making it as I go along.—From Frances Brown's Sketches.

## THE CROOKED TREE.

A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "Somebody trod on it, I suppose, when it was a little fellow." How painfully suggestive is that answer. How many, with aching hearts, can remember the days of their childhood, when they were the victims of indiscreet repression, rather than the happy subjects of some kind direction and culture. The effects of such misguided discipline have been apparent in their history and character, and by no process of human devising can the wrong be now rectified. The grand error in their education consisted in a system of rigid restraints, without corresponding efforts to develop, cultivate, and train in a right direction.

## FRANCES D. GAGE COOK.

Our little friend, Frances, of Richmond, Ind., took a head-downward leap into a new well a few days since. When she found herself in two feet of water, she, like a sensible child, called out for some one to come down and bring her up. Mr. Haines in going down, lost a pencil from his pocket, Frances picked it up and brought it to the light, and presenting it to the proprietor said, "Here is thy pencil, thee would have lost it but for me." Half the grown girls would have fainted at the very idea of a cold bath; but little Frances went on with her business as if no one had been frightened even by her fall.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

NOTE OF ENQUIRY.—Will you tell me whether Cora Barry is the personification of all diabolism? The little I have read of her writings, tends to lessen still more my confidence in Newspapers, as reliable sources for information on any unpopular Reform. As a general thing, if an individual will believe the exact reverse of what the secular press publish concerning Reformers and their principles, he will arrive nearer the truth. These magnanimous editors ought to try and remember the words of a Book for which they profess to have great reverence, that "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." If all liars go there, I fear that few editors either secular or religious will escape.

REPLY.—Cora seems to us unlike most human beings; but we had not thought the difference owing to any superhuman likeness. She persists in wearing short hair, short dresses, in thinking as she must, and of speaking her thoughts when Truth will have utterance. She is young, brave, earnest and honest-hearted. Is this what you call diabolism? You will differ from her in some religious points. She will differ from you just as much.

GENEVA, Oct. 4, 1858.

DEAR H.—You will find enclosed one dollar for which please send to my address the Agitator for one year.

You expressed a wish to know if your patrons would sustain you in issuing the Agitator weekly. Its earnest reformatory tone and spirit is exactly to my liking and I know of no friend whose weekly visits would be more welcome than the Agitator, unless it were the "Agitatress," and I shall give it my most hearty support, and shall do what I can to induce others to do so also.

I believe it would be cheering to the hearts of many in Geneva if you could soon find it convenient to visit us again and agitate the great sea of thought on those vitally important subjects which it seems to be your mission to advocate.

Yours for reform,

J.

Is your faith firm? Is man yet to be redeemed? O, when? How little regard for right; I fear the priests and politicians will work the ruin of the nation; but individuals will be saved yet—a glorious band!

Go on, and God bless you "and the like o' you." Excuse my familiarity—I feel half acquainted with you. Truly yours, E. F. C.



WARREN CHASE'S address for some weeks will be, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

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