

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. 16.

HELENA MILES' HEART HISTORY.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

CHAPTER IV.

The Return.

I have a work—
The finger of my soul shall point it out;
I trust God's finger points it also out.
I must attempt it; if my sinews fail,
On my unsheltered head, men's scorn will fall
Like a slow shower of fire. Yet if one tear
Were mingled with them, it were less to bear.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Two days after Helena's mysterious disappearance from Miss Thompson's boarding school a span of jaded horses, attached to a rickety old stage-coach, halted before the Miles Cottage, and Helena, with boxes, bundles and a bird-cage was set out upon the side walk. It was evening and the family had gathered around an old oaken table in the sitting room. Mrs. Miles was darning stockings and rocking the cradle. Mr. Miles was reading in the Anti-Slavery Standard a thrilling account of the capture and rescue of a young slave girl; and the children were earnestly and anxiously listening and waiting to learn the result of the ill-fated girl.—The door softly opened and Helena, with a huge bundle in each hand, stood before the listening household. Her faded shawl, soiled dress and sun-burned face gave her much the fancied appearance of the captive of whom Mr. Miles was reading. The meeting was sad and joyous. Eddie clung closer to his mother and asked if "that strange-looking girl was the one father had been reading about?" Mary and Kitty sprang with open arms to embrace "sister Lena," as the children called her.

The dilapidated dress, the ominous bundles, together with the not very flattering reports that from time to time had come from Miss Thompson respecting the "head-strong child," served to chill the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Miles; but deep filial affection will plead for the erring and prompt the heart to welcome the returning prodigal. Helena saw at a glance just how and where she stood in the home-hearts; but she had resolved upon a course to pursue and nothing could change her purpose when once out-lined by her own hand. Without ceremony, therefore, she threw aside her outer garments and commenced an examination into the household affairs, to know what changes had been made in her absence. The baby was awakened from its dreamings, Carlo aroused from his bed of straw, Lilly Gray, with her feline family marshaled for criticism, and the bird-cages brought out to the light. The singing and crying; talking, growling and purring of the medley crew, was not altogether unlike a disorderly menagerie.

At length Mrs. Miles turned criticiser and questioner and Helena auditor.

"How is Aunt Jane?" Mrs. Miles asked.

"She is well," replied Helena.

"Where is your trunk, Helena?"

"I have none; I packed my traps and trinkets in these boxes and bags."

"But you *did* have one—where is it?"

"Oh, yes! but I bequeathed it to Aunt Jane, as a token of my *dis*-approbation of her system of school teaching."

"It isn't for *you*, my child, to sit in judgment over Aunt Jane. She has been twenty years a teacher and knows better than you *can* know what course of teaching is best."

"Does she know what I love to eat better than I know? or has she, after an experience of twenty years, learned that one can love one book and learn from it, and another hate the same thing? If she *has* learned this simple fact, why does she censure me for not learning Arithmetic and another for not possessing my skill in drawing? If she knew half as much about some things as my little Canary knows she would let the pupils sing their own songs, and not compel them all to sing hers, or to eat and drink what she loves; learn from the same books; and say her prayers. Nature has not made two leaves alike, nor two persons to think the same thoughts, and I'm not going to quarrel with her nor with Aunt Jane. I have left them to decide their matters as best they can."

"I am of the opinion," said Mr. Miles, "that Mr. White has been of no great advantage to you."

"Well, father, there is a diversity of opinions upon many subjects; but, as I am growing sleepy, we'll not get up a discussion to-night."

Next morning Helena went to the kitchen and set herself quietly to knives and tin scouring—her *favorite* occupation, she said. She was as happy and contented as the swallows that were nest-building in the eaves, till the mail brought a letter from Miss Thompson, painting in glowing colors, Helena's strange conduct and unceremonious departure. Mr. Miles read the letter to Helena and awaited an explanation. But she was as silent as if her lips had been sealed 'till Mary exclaimed:

"Why, Leny! did you take your clothes in little bundles and hide them at an old black wash-woman's?"

"No," she replied; "Aunt Jane has made a slight mistake, I took my things in *big* bundles and two at a time, and hid them in them in the hollow of an old black stump, and then went and hid behind it till the stage came along."

Mr. Miles smiled at the "slight mistake" that Helena or Aunt Jane had made, but concluded that neither had intended to deceive.

"I suppose you will return and finish your education," said Mrs. Miles.

"Rather think, mother, that my education is finished in *that* school. I graduated there—minus a diploma or honors, however."

Helena left the room with a determination not to listen to any arguments favoring a return, and her determined tone and manner convinced Mrs. Miles of the absurdity of urging a compliance with their wishes.

"What is to be done?" said Mrs. Miles, raising her tearful eyes to her husband's.

"Do, Kate? Why send her back to be sure. Do you suppose she is always to conquer?"

"You know, Charles, it will be useless to compel her to return; she had better go her own way. Let nature be her teacher instead of Aunt Jane."

"Well I suppose she must go in the winding path *you* marked out; but I would not like to be responsible for the consequences."

"You talk jestingly, husband; but she *is* going just the way I marked out. She feels like a homeless soul, because no heart welcomed her home. I accept the sorrow and mortification I suffer as the legitimate consequences of my transgression. I wish I alone could receive the reward of my crimes; but the Lord has visited my sins upon our child."

"Come, come, Kate, don't preach these new-fangled notions any longer; I am resolved that Helena *shall* go back. I will take her destiny into my own hands."

"Upon you, then, let the consequences rest," replied Mrs. Miles.

Helena overheard the conversation between her parents and then went to her old haunts to meditate, to plan, to prepare for the execution of these plans. The forest trees were garlanded in living, breathing beauty; the birds were building nests and singing as sweetly as if life had neither care or sorrow. The musical little stream went its way winding along the valley to find a home in the sea. Every nook and rock wore the same familiar aspect as in the years departed; but Helena was not the same,

"The glory of her youthful dream was changed,
It was not darkened, but its colors grew
Intense with living light; she was estranged
From her wild joys, and though she still was true
To her first loves of nature, she had found
A stranger spell that mantled her around."

Seating herself upon a rude bench in the shade of her favorite tree, Helena began to mark out her own destiny.

"This little stream," she mentally said, "has out-marked its own course, why may I not mine? The birds are free and independent—why should I be chained and, like a culprit, be sent back to my prison? Even this poor dumb tree puts me to the blush. Its life is in harmony with nature; in its glorious beauty it stands alone; its roots are planted firmly in the earth and its green branches are stretching heavenward. These trees and waters, birds and flowers, shall be my teachers. Like them I will out-work my own destiny. He alone who paints the flowers and limits the stars, shall set to my soul bounds. Aunt Jane *shall not* conquer me—that is a *fixed* fact."

Helena went home a changed being, sobered but not subdued. A great thought had been born—*individuality*.

"Have you concluded *when* to return to school?" asked Mr. Miles a few weeks after Helena's return. "It seems absolutely important for you to prepare yourself for self-maintenance. I am unable to do anything for you, and Aunt Jane writes that she is anxious for your return."

"She wishes to try her hand again at the conquering business," replied Helena. "I am ready to go—almost anywhere."

Next day the same old stage coach drove away from the Miles Cottage and Helena was gone—people supposed, to Miss Thompson's boarding school; but her heart-book had not been read through.

(To be continued.)

Amusement—Its Relation to Health and Religion

This heading outlines the subject matter of a lecture delivered in Chapin Hall by Mr. J. H. W. Toohey, to the Spiritualists of this city on Sunday evening, Oct. 10th. After reading from the Bible, Mr. Toohey said, in substance:—

Religion is that expression of the soul by virtue of which it re-affirms its love for the Deific and Unitary side of nature, which being venerative in essence binds and refines the affections until they become devotional in manifestation and pious in character. Accordingly, in all ages and nations there have been pious and devout men and women, persons living in the true light of spiritual fidelity and devotion: whose estimate of the great Central and Artistic Essence is not to be valued by the mere name "Jehovah," "Jove" or "Lord," but by the enthusiastic veneration called into being through these centralized convictions of the religious soul. The moral of history therefore is to teach respect for all expressions of the religious sense, since they all have a common motive in manifestation and a common purpose to serve.

This may be illustrated in considering the known division of Christendom into Romanism and Protestantism as each has indiosyncracies peculiar to itself, though much in common with each other. Romanism being historically the oldest, expresses itself in spirit and form, and prides itself on faithfully representing the primitive convictions of the early christian believers, it being in genius and manifestation devotional, emotional, imaginative, and artistic. The proof of this is seen and felt in the forms of its worship; the wording of its prayers; the dress of the church, the priest and the altar, as well as in the attitude of the communicant and the confession of the penitent. All these attest the presence and power of *sentiment* rather than reason, and may fitly enough, therefore be termed the religion of emotion and the development of the affections. In contradistinction to this, Protestantism is the offspring of the intellect and addresses the head, through the manifestations of reason, and is therefore often called the religion of the intellect. It is not necessary to argue this at length, since the custom of sermonizing, reasoning, discussing and demonstrating points of faith clearly enough proclaims the genius of Protestantism to be the offspring of reason, logic and authority. These two developments of historic religion are extreme in character, and antagonize each other in manifestation, making it necessary that a third form should be developed by the genius of Providence, to mediate between, in order to harmonize both. This we conceive to be the mission of Spiritualism—a mission made necessary by the conflict and antagonisms of the age, as well as by the catholicity of its principles and teachings.

Coming as it does between the extremes of Romanism and Protestantism it extends a hand to each, and professes to unite the best culture of both. It is not assumption therefore, but a natural development of its genius, when it aspires to the sensibility of a Madame Guyon and the devotion of a Fenelon; making it consistent and natural to unite the most seemingly opposite element of character; thereby marrying philosophy to poetry; science to religion; mimicry and learning, *honesty* and business, *all* in the same person. This, however is its *possible* and culminating expression, rather than its present and popular development.

This statement of position will explain the purpose of the present lecture, and excuse if need be, the attempt made to unite the pleasure of amusement to the devotion and consecration of religion. This has been attempted before and with but partial and indifferent success, if we are to attach importance to the sneer and censure of the ecclesiastic. Remembering however, that "omittance is not quittance," the thoughtful will say: no amount of partial failures can authorize a positive and final conclusion. We return to consider the relation of amusement to health and religion.

To define Life however—deep, broad, generous upgushing—universal life, would be to attempt the impossible, since any and all definitions of so diversified and sublimated a thing must lack significance to some member of the human family, as "all members have not the same office." Practically however, life may be divided into two worlds, and named the world of comedy and the world of Tragedy. The first represents the instinctive, impulsive, impressional and spontaneous phases of experience, the passions and affections being the primitive forces, in all such developments. Naturally

enough, cheerfulness, mirth, humor, sociability and frolic, follow in blissful succession.

The second represents the thoughtful side of life, and observes and calculates the consequence and results of all such experiences, being at times cool—collected, sarcastic, witty, revengeful and destructive. The one has love for its pivotal and cardinal fact, the other has dissent, dislike and suspicion as the inspirers of its genius.

The one corresponds with the Springtime of life, and is expressive of Youth, the other is significant of experience and represents Age; and these in the drama of life mate and check mate each other—the common purpose being the correction of each. Youth would banish Age from experience, and make life a perpetual Springtime, while Age ever anxious to correct the follies of Youth, works hard at the impossible, in attempting to put old heads on young shoulders. "The gravity and profound conceits" of conventionalism have this object in common; but "Young America," like the young of all times and climes, prefers to court folly while it flies, and grow wise with the seasons. These elements, though seemingly conflicting, are elective in their affinities and constructive amid the purposes of life; because they not only provoke mirth and cheerfulness, but sustain the banter and by-play necessary to develop fun and laughter. This last expression of the laughing god, may be—nay, often is—offensive to the sensitive mind, because too oft the offspring of an impulsive and reckless nature. It delights in any development that will stir the sluggish blood and give zest to the occasion—no matter whether it be the tearing of a board from a neighbor's fence, or the tearing away of his or her reputation. No matter, though, "pleased by a rattle and tickled by a straw," its delight is equally earnest and sincere. It takes in and makes use of, the high, the low and the middle of life, and is seldom a "respector of persons." To laugh in this way and enjoy its charming melody, is not, as many think, a trifling thing, either in execution or effect, for it is capable of the most musical finish and delicate modulation—being at once the voice and expression of joy unspeakable. Truly unspeakable, since most persons laugh their deepest and best merriment at that curious combination of words or things, which, climaxing all commonplace and sensible expressions, ultimates itself in hearty and prolonged mirthfulness. Oft in that deep, heavy laughter, which, coming in gleeful chorus, shakes all of a man found between his hat and boots, only to make him the more reflective and conscious of the wealth of life; indeed, its very absurdities polish into diamond lustre the ruder phases of society. Truly has it been said, that "the man who cannot laugh, is not only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem"—since to ignore laughing is to ignore the soul of all amusement.

Its non-recognition, therefore, in the present make up of society, and its very feeble and partial development in our educational, theological, and business relations, is a great defect, as it often suggests the necessity of *private*, and forces the young into forbidden pleasures, thereby rousing the aged counselors to a corresponding but severe expression of repudiation and condemnation. And thus one extreme follows another and in time develops contempt and egotism. This sad reverse of the royal reverence the soul should cherish for human nature, is not the only ill that flesh is heir to, through our mistaken but popular ignorance of the comedy side of experience; for facts, stern and inflexible, demonstrate that much of the sickness and insanity common to our times, is caused by our neglecting the amusements and recreations of social and artistic life. It should be borne in mind, therefore, that all church associations and business relations that ignore mirth and repudiate laughter, are, however well intended, conspiracies against human nature, physical health and social harmony.

In illustration of this, the medical journals of this country inform their readers, that "from a table illustrative of the occupations and civil condition of the insane, it appears that farmers and laborers, whose natural and healthy employment might be thought to bestow almost an exemption from this malady, afford no less than 20 per cent of the whole number. The mercantile class, whose anxieties and feverish speculations might be supposed to irritate the nervous system far more than the unvaried and steady occupations of the farmer, yield only 3 per cent; while among the female patients, the monotonous tone of an indolent or

merely housewifery occupation seems to afford a parallel case to the agricultural, the number bearing as high a proportion to the whole as 42 per cent.

The proof here is so apparent, that he who runs may draw the natural inference in favour of an energetic employment of all the faculties of the mind, that a healthful and life sustaining functionality may be given to the brain; and the proof becomes accumulative, as soon as we attempt to analyze the occupation of the former—the laborer and the housewife—since the monotony of their calling, the isolation from recreative society, naturally enough single them out and make them the culminating excesses of a defective civilization.

When to the isolation of the common domestic home is added a tame and daily sameness of experience, need we wonder that excessive tea, coffee and whiskey drinking is common among the working men and women, in order to arouse the mind and sustain the sinking energy? Need there be any wonder that every kind of stimulant is put in requisition to rouse the system, including the popular but destroying narcotics, tobacco, snuff and cigars. No! There should be none, since an isolated life, monotonous experiences and excessive labor fully explain the sad results and painful defects of past and present civilization. To correct these defects, by mastering the causes that call them into being, cannot be accomplished in a month; but much can be done through the ministry of cheerfulness and laughter to "drive dull care," with all his insane and drunken tendencies, away! And never will Temperance become a power in the land until means and methods are invented and sustained, by virtue of which, innocent but mirth-provoking amusements can be made cheap, and easy of access to the people. To ignore this conclusion, is to trifle with the well being of society, and remain blind and insensible to defects, in spite of a sad and destroying experience.

Why should not man laugh? Laugh! deep, loud, and long? He is the only creature capable of such experiences, and should be taught to consider it one of the crowning excellences of his coronated manhood. Natural history authorizes the statement, and human experience demonstrates its truth; for Stephens informs us that, "Democritus, who was always laughing, lived over one hundred and nine years, while Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty." Truly does he add, that "laughing then is best; and to laugh at one another justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us."

The relation of amusements to health can be judged of best, and only after we comprehend the physiological and phrenological mysteries of the "house we live in," and this branch of the subject is therefore dismissed for the present.

Of the relation of mirth and amusements to the religious and devotional mind, much might be said, as reform was never needed more than here. As it is, we can only say, that a continuance in opposition to the mirthful and recreative, is not only a great, sad mistake—it is a crime! Theological teachers are becoming sensible of the fact, if we can rightly comprehend the statement of Henry Ward Beecher, when he told his congregation it was "better to laugh—even in the church—than sit like the remains of one taken from a mummy pit." This is some compensation from the son for the defects of the father, who, during his ministry in Boston, tried hard by preaching to close the only theatre in the city. Since that day, however, theatres have been multiplied, and places of amusement have been called into being, until a new epoch is predicted for the drama, and the stage stands side by side with the pulpit in popular favor, and ere many years will divide the honors by sharing the labors of—having reformed the manners of the age and the customs of society. In no event, however, can laughter be lost sight of, for if it is denied its natural expression, it will take some crude and absurd method of making itself felt. The Quaker made a like mistake with the more popular Churchman, when he ignored music; but all-compensating Nature has punished them, by mixing melody and the tone of song with their language of protest and exhortation. The repudiation of music to-day by the majority of Quakers is a thing of form and *cant*, rather than positive dislike; and not a few of the more juvenile sisterhood drink in inspiration from the tones of a piano, though the same instrument may be kept in the back chamber on the fourth story. Nemesis still

lives, however, to vindicate the ways of God to man, and correct the errors of human experience. Accordingly the lyceum system of popular lecturing—a kind of half way between the pulpit and the stage, is fast passing away. It came into being only when the drama was unpopular, and will for the most part disappear when the ripe genius of a better civilization can invent and sustain a healthy system of amusement and recreation. In the meantime every person should cultivate an acquaintance with the mirthful and fun-loving side of life, that his health may be good and his religion natural; for excessive sensibility and morbidness of feeling, is the result of disease, and disease only, tho' the inspiring and producing cause may be religion, theology, social isolation or business exclusiveness.

And the religious communicant will contribute his peculiarities, for they will reappear in spite of church cast and ecclesiastic custom. An incident in the life of the Rev. Dr. Brown of Haddington, Eng.—the well known author of the "Self Interpreting Bible," will illustrate how the *absurd* may run through and mingle with the life time of the most pious. A descendant of the Dr. informs us that Dr. Brown was so *bashful* that *six years* and a half were spent in courtship, ere he found courage to ask for a *kiss*. One evening, however, he said, "Janet, we've been acquainted now for six years and mair, and I've ne'er gotten a kiss yet; do you think I might take one, ma bonnie girl?" Just as you like, John; only be becoming and proper wi't." "Surely Janet, we'll ask a blessing." The blessing was asked, the kiss was taken, and the worthy man, perfectly overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed, "O woman! but it is *gude*—we'll return thanks."

Differing in phase, but not in religious sincerity, was the Irish beggar, who on getting a half crown (two shilling and six pence sterling) from a gentleman, said to him, "Muccha! God bless you! may every hair in your head turn into a mould candle to light your soul to glory." His exclamation illustrates his nation and religion. Quite otherwise was the exclamation of a Yankee, who, after he visited the famous picture galleries of Europe, complained of his misspent life while walking with his companions, but on seeing soap and candles over a door, suddenly stopped in his speech and disappeared into the shop; when as suddenly returning relieved his friends of their surprise by informing them that "seeing soap and candles over the door, I thought I'd just drop in to see what *tallow* was selling at the pound." This man's religion was commercial and he spoke accordingly. The *blunders* of the press occasionally remind us in the most innocent way of the comical idea of life: thus an exchange paper some years ago, in speaking of the growing importance of Memphis, Tenn., says; "The population amounts to 6,000 persons and 65,000 bales of cotton." In like manner a learned professor in describing Albany, says: "It contains 6,000 houses and 25,000 inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the street." M. M. Noah of New York, once explained his loss of election as Sheriff, by asserting that "all who expected to be *hung* and all who *ought* to be, united against him and made a tremendous majority." There was much truth probably in this humorous statement if understood politically; but much more in the remark made by Mrs. Partington, who after looking attentively for sometime at the Court House in Boston, said to her son, "Ike, that is the *place* where *justice* is *dispensed* with."

But these illustrations must suffice to show that humor, wit, fun and laughter lives, moves, and maintains its being in all departments of life and will inspire mirthfulness at the expense of any and all, without being a respecter of persons. And also suggest to all theologically educated persons, the absurdity of ignoring or antagonizing amusements; since "religion never was designed to make our *pleasures* less." Let all therefore learn to laugh and enjoy the pleasure of cheerful intercourse; not to grow fat, for that is a *pig's* luxury—but to keep a cheerful and happy spirit, in a strong and healthy body.—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

When you see something mysterious in your neighbor's conduct, you have no occasion to get astraddle of his fence to watch the movements in the yard, and thus solve the mystery. True as figures. If everyone minded their own business alone, they would find, not only they had got quite enough to do, but that there would be less quarreling in the world—"a consumation devoutly to be wished!"—all bigots and wrangling politicians please notice.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

PAPERS ON WOMAN.

NO. IV.

Woman must take her rights! "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!" Man is good, but he loves power. He is good, but he will not willingly let go his hold. Woman must compel him. She must not only, not help him continue his tyranny by giving him the excuse of her consent, but she must herself assume the responsibility of vetoing that tyranny, by making it impossible. She must do, so that he cannot do. She must break fetters so that he cannot bind them. Why should she not? Standing on the same vantage-ground with himself why should she not say? "The heavens are free above me and I am free! Execute thine own will and do all that thy heart listeth, but lay no hand upon me! I am equal to my own ordering. Henceforth I bear not any yoke."

To fail now, to stop on this threshold, is to be craven. Not to dare is to be a slave and to be worthy to be one. There is but one thing for us; either to belong to the race of heroes, or, to go with the cowards. If we will not call our souls our own, then ought we to be glad to bear the stripes till they should lift us into manhood. Shame, reproach, yea, and utter disgrace heaped upon us, should do us good. The herd of vulgar minds can never rise except as they are goaded. Pricks and stings are the only argument. For woman to falter here is to seal her doom. Her slavery will be as eternal as her existence until she has courage to say, "Hands off! I rebel!"

Woman must take the question of her slavery entirely out of man's hands. She must not leave it at all to him. But she must decide it,—decide it past all intervention in favor of freedom. "Where there is a will, there is a way," and woman must have that will and open that way. True, it is easier said than done: but still it can be done and must be. Woman can do anything she pleases short of overstepping her own rights and wronging man's. Within this limit she can accomplish absolutely everything she undertakes. She can do it in spite of man—and more—with his consent!

If woman wanted to vote and was in earnest about it, she would vote. The simple fact that she does not vote is incontrovertible proof that she does not want to vote. Or, if she wished to hold office she could do that, and man would vote her the office to fill. Or, if she insisted on owning half the land she could do it, and he would let her—rather than take the consequences. Or if it came to the question of occupations, he would let her follow any she chose even if she did not leave him *one* to claim as his own.

Laws? Who cares for laws? *Man* would not when he had the whole of womankind against him! Custom? That is the very thing woman would be after, to make a new custom—the custom of her having something to do with this creation! Public opinion? Aye! The precise point which settles all, that whatever the people are in favor of is bound to win, however it may conflict with law or custom; and therefore if the people are in favor of woman she will win, though it must be over the ruins of all laws and systems!

What the majority call for, is always done. This is in accordance with the very genius of republican institutions. Here in Kansas the other day at the election of corporate officers in a newly made town, the women turned out *en masse* and voted. As for the men, some of them were willing and the rest had to be. But so the majority ruled. In Northern Ohio, and in Massachusetts colored men are allowed to vote. It is against the law but the people will it and the people's will is done. Even

slaveholders are willing a colored man should vote; Vallandigham ousts Lewis D. Campbell from his seat at Washington; but not till it is shown that he owes his own election to one vote, and that the vote of a negro. The slaveholders hate the negro; the Supreme Court decides that he is not a citizen of the United States; but yet the Democratic Party wants help and Vallandigham goes to Congress. So will woman vote, hold office, and even go to Congress whenever the people say so—when ever a majority shall be in favor of it. Public opinion will over-ride the law; will be the law.

Then all that woman needs to do, is to convert or compel her own family to her demand for her rights. Men are fathers, brothers, husbands, sons; let woman constrain *these* to accede to her claim, and she has achieved her victory. Let her win over the heart of him who begot her existence, not to wrong his child: let her entice the affections of him who lay in the same cradle with her, to come back to his sister as in the days of old; let the spell of her love hold him true, who uttered his vows to her as they stood together at the trysting place and who afterwards clasped her as his bride; let her continue to call out the tender devotion, the filial gratitude and pride of him who in childhood looked up to her as mother, and her work is done! Nay, (for there are as many women as men,) let her convert but *one* man to her want—let her but persuade her wooing lover, and she is crowned! Who says that lover could not be gained? Who says that he would not still be of the two the *most* a wooer. And as if even all this were not enough, let her convert herself her own sex—and still then she is crowned! Only let all women be brought over, and there are already men enough to make a majority, and that majority will rule. Woman won, all is won.

Then let women not ask, but take. Rather, let her ask and take. Let her reach forth her hand and lay hold of her own. Let her take possession of her fore-doomed provinces. Let her not spend her life in vainly waiting for what shall never come to her; but let her clothe herself with salvation and become her own Providence of good. Let her be—Creator!

And let her say to man, O! friend! why should I not be at home in a world that is my own? Why was all this beautiful nature spread out if not for me to enjoy? I will go where my heart draws me; I will drink in sweet where I find it; I will scale the mountain's top; I will hide in the depths of the earth; I will play with the ocean's mane; I will grow till I touch the stars: I will be greater than the sun and moon; I will put this nature under my feet. For all this I will trust to myself; I will not be beholden to any. The winds ask not when they shall blow, nor any more do I ask direction of them, nor even of thee. But I am equal to my fate. O, friend! born with me to this equal walk of life! Destiny leads on and I follow.

Twin Mound, Kansas.

JOSEPH TREAT.

NOTE.—The name of this voting town ought to be chronicled—this town where human beings vote. It is Bloomington, Douglas County, Kansas. And soon there will be another one here—another just such town, only more so. In a few days when Twin Mound shall be created a town, not only will the women vote for officers (all of them who wish to,) but ten to one, some of them will be officers!

J. T.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, the once brilliant editor of the Boston Courier, writes to that paper a beautiful letter of two columns, which concludes with the following fine pathos:

"For me the problem of immortal life or eternal sleep will soon be solved. The great carevansera is in sight; the steps which conduct me to its portel will be few, and, I trust, unfaltering.

"Nightly I pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

CLEVELAND, O., NOVEMBER 15, 1858.

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L. A. HINE AND THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

In the October No. of the People's Paper, Mr. Hine, the Editor, gives, at considerable length, his views upon the "Marriage Question" and concludes by saying: "We think the reformers of the age must ultimately plant themselves upon the philosophy of these articles."

Mr. Hine's opinions are his personal property, and no one should dispute his right to those opinions or to the expression of them. But we claim the right of dissenting from his views upon this question, and we wish to criticise them. If an excuse for so doing is needful, it may be found in the following item which appeared in the paper of the same date:

"MRS. H. F. M. BROWN AND HER WORK.—This noble hearted and talented woman is editor of the *Agitator*, of Cleveland, Ohio. She has established a paper on a permanent basis by her own untiring energy. She is an eloquent and most instructive lecturer on questions pertaining to the Marriage Relation, and whether we differ much on this question, she can tell from an article in this number, and we can tell when she shall as clearly epitomize her opinions. We consider her a genuine woman in all feminine qualities, and without a rival in intellectual sagacity."

Those who know that Mr. Hine spent several days with us and that much of the time was devoted to the discussion of the marriage question, conclude that our "intellectual sagacity" consists in keeping people in ignorance in regard to our opinions upon this—the question of all questions—marriage. Those who know how long and earnestly we prayed and struggled for freedom from the marriage yoke, and how untiringly we are now working for a change in the laws regarding the rights of married women, will not suppose that to our own soul we have been true if we accept Mr. Hine's "articles" of faith.

But we wish to copy the most objectionable portions of them and make a few comments thereupon.

Mr. Hine says:

"We believe the union of the same man to the same woman should be for lifetime, because, 1, When the two are drawn together by the tenderest ties, disunion is the greatest violence that can be committed against the affections. 2, When the two have come into the most secret of human relations, dissolution is tantamount to desecration, and expressive of what should be sacredly private and exclusive, and with every rightly constituted person is felt to be a degradation of human nature, involving shame, humiliation, and the keenest self-reproach."

Who ever heard of a disunion "where two are drawn together by the tenderest ties?" Any "desecration" in living together when the parties are *not* drawn together by holy ties? Any "degradation" in a loveless union? Has Mr Hine any conception of the "shame," "humiliation," and "self-reproach" felt by the soul that realizes the terrible truth that *only* a priestly mockery has united it to another soul?

"The divorce of husband and wife diminishes the public reverence for Marriage and home, weakens the sentiment of chastity, diminishes the mutual devotion and constancy of the married, and

more than many other causes, serve to unsettle general morality and social order. Divorce, as also other forms of separation, robs the children of parental education and protection, and compels them to go forth unnatural orphans, overwhelmed with shame, chagrin and self-conscious disgrace."

In England divorce is hardly known. Are the people of England happier in the married life than in America? Do they hold more sacredly the marriage relation? Are they more moral there than here? Read the terrible records of domestic wretchedness; Count the inmates of the foundling hospitals and the number of single women supported in Christian lands by *married* men. Facts will answer. Ask Byron, Milton, Shelley, Dickens, Bulwer, Mrs. Holmes, the woman of sorrow; Shakespeare, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Bulwer and the poor broken-hearted L. E. Landon how they regard the marriage institution? if the English laws brought to their homes contentment—to their souls peace?—if the marriage bond was to them a sacred thing?—if it was kept inviolate? If some of these martyr-poets are permitted to speak, they will shock the law-abiding world by the terrible truths they will reveal. The laws of N. Y. grant divorce for adultery only. Are the people of N. Y. more moral than elsewhere? are there fewer domestic feuds? is the family altar less frequently demolished? If it is so—if humanity has no standard higher than Blackstone—then let us pray to that saint to continue his watchfulness over the world. Let us canonize him and make yearly pilgrimages to his sepulchre and water with tears his sacred dust. If some of our law-loving and law-making men had been present at the creation of Adam and Eve, they would no doubt have suggested to the Creator the propriety of Statute laws to prevent a "fall." What a blessed thing it would have been to us poor, depraved creatures! And what an improvement on God's laws! Had we been there we most certainly should have ventured a suggestion—that but one sex be created. A vast amount of gossip would be saved thereby:

"We believe, that when man and woman unite in marriage, it should be under the conviction and unalterable resolution to continue the union at all hazards and under all circumstances, come pain or pleasure, weal or woe, because, 1, The duties and responsibilities of marriage are such as to require the greatest precaution, the most thorough mutual acquaintance, and the clearest apprehensions of the consequences before forming the alliance, and every facility afforded for divorce, relieves the young, to some extent, of the necessity of previous care."

If Mr. Hine's wife or sister in an unguarded hour, or in blindness should take a false step, by his reasoning he would have them continue in evil-doing at all hazards. If his darling daughter in her innocent, ignorant years, sells herself for a home and finds that home a hell hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, he would have her there remain. No matter though the divine spirit protest against it; no matter if the hopes of life be blighted and of heaven destroyed; there let her remain. The man the world calls her husband, may be the veriest brute alive, she may loathe him; but what of it? She should hush the voice that is pleading for mercy and deliverance, and, to use one of Mr. Hine's expressions—"tough it out."

"We believe than if either of the married parties should become so much dissatisfied as not to continue the relation, he or she should be free to leave home, property, children, with the other party, and go out solitary and alone."

No matter what causes the dissatisfaction, or how incompetent the other party is of educating and providing for the children, leave them and go out into the world "solitary and alone," to receive the curses of souls like our friend Hine's.

Mr. Hine is not quite content with his own maledictions and so he says:

"God send that all married parties may continue to hug their chains through life."

It would have been a little more modest in brother Hine had he said "God please allow me the blessed boon of hugging *my* chains through life."

In conclusion we would say that we wish, if those wicked words *were* to be written, another hand than Mr. Hine's had written them. They would have disgraced the Pope of Rome in the Middle Ages. Mr. Hine has been one of our model men—one of our saviors; but, in our estimation, he has taken a long step downward, and we mistake the man if he does not begin to feel that to his own soul he has been a traitor. But while he prays for the perpetuity of "*marriage chains*," we will pray that he may know something of the holiness of a true, *chainless* marriage—of a marriage strong and enduring, because no natural law has been outraged. We will pray that L. A. Hine may be converted to the truth, and his eyes opened to see the terrible disease, discord and degradation that is engendered by false marriages, and the love, beauty, harmony and multitude of blessings that are consequent upon a soul union—divine marriage.

THE READER will see by Mr. Clark's notice, that he designs publishing a third number of the Register and Almanac. Those who wish to know where the sun sets and where the Spiritual stars shine, will of course send for the Register. If any of our friends find it more convenient to send to our office for the book they can do so; but we would like the names as early as possible that we may know how many to order. An Almanac is not always regarded valuable after it has seen twenty moons.

SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859

On or before the first of January 1859 I shall publish No. 3 of the Spiritual Register, for 1859, a neat pocket companion of thirty-six pages; facts for skeptics and enquirers, Ancient and Modern Spiritualism, its uses and abuses, Free Love, Reforms, short articles of interest to all, names of lecturers and mediums, general statistics of Spiritualists, etc., etc. This little work is an annual, the only one of the kind ever published, and the last number was extensively quoted by the popular press. Will all lecturers and mediums, editors and spiritualists throughout the country, please report as early as possible? Dealers and others will immediately send their orders with advance payment as the work will not be sent out on sale, and the edition will be limited to previous orders. Mailed free, five dollars a hundred; fifty for three dollars; fourteen for one dollar; single copies ten cents.

Address,

URIAH CLARK, Auburn, N. Y.

The notice of the Chagrin Falls Convention is too late for this No.

The Western Anti-Slavery Fair will be held at Salem, on the 24th and 25th of December next.

THREE LECTURERS.—Mrs. L. V. HUNT is engaged to speak the coming year in Geneva and Madison, O.

Mrs. E. WARNER has just concluded her engagement with the Milan friends and, John the Baptist like, is going out into the wilderness to make straight the crooked places. Her address is Milan, O.

Mrs. E. A. KINGSBURY is, at present, in Philadelphia. The illness of her sister has called her away from her Ohio friends.

These three noble apostles of Humanity are worth more to the world than a legion of idle, weak-brained fellows who are trying to *talk* and *write* woman into her sphere.

WM. DENTON has returned from Kansas to spend the winter in lecturing upon the various reforms of the day. He may be addressed, Cleveland, O. Care A. Cridge.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JTST PUBLISHED.—The Illustrated Phrenological Almanac for 1859. By L. N. Fowler, 308 Broadway, New York. Price 6 cents per copy.

The Christian Spiritualist, a Semi-Monthly Journal, devoted to the elucidation and defence of the Spiritual Philosophy, Macon, Ga.; Dr. L. F. W. Andrews, Editor. For one copy per annum, (cash) \$1.50; four copies \$5.

We hail with joy the appearance of a Spiritual paper from the sunny south; but the editor is a little paradoxical. He says:

"With the various *isms* which some fanatical convention-mongers of the North have managed to mix up with Spiritualism—always to the reproach of the latter—such as Abolitionism, Woman's Rightism, Free-Loveism, Swedenborgianism, &c., &c.—we shall never affiliate. On the contrary, we shall oppose all such erratic manifestations as beyond the legitimate end and aim of the new Philosophy."

Then, in the same article, he says:

"With this brief exposition of our purpose, we invite the co-operation of all those who dare investigate the *truth* for themselves, and follow where *truth*, when found, will lead them."

Supposing we, in our searching for "*truth*," find that woman is in bonds, deprived of her inherent rights, shall we be silent? If we find negro slavery a curse to master and slave, must Truth be voiceless lest the good doctor refuse us the hand of fellowship? In our investigations we may find that Baron Swedenborg and Charles Fourier uttered great truths—what then? Will our brother refuse to "affiliate" with us because we do not receive truth through his channel?

We "dare investigate" all "*isms*," knowing that truth will stand the furnace-heat and error will be destroyed.

THE ANALYST; a Semi-Monthly Journal, devoted to Temperance, Progress and Social Improvement, is published in this city by J. A. Spencer & Co., at No. 197 Superior street. Terms—Single copy, 75 cents; club of five, \$3.50; club of ten, \$6; club of twenty \$10.

The Analyst is good looking, fine appearing and respectable in size. Success and long life to it.

WESTERN WATER CURE JOURNAL, is published monthly at the Forest City Water Cure, Cleveland, Ohio; 25 cents per year. James E. Gross, M. D., Editor.

"Prove all thing," is the watch word. When all things have been proved the next injunction will be "Hold fast that which is good." The Journal is a neatly printed and ably conducted paper. It is time Water Cure Journals were classed among Religious Literature, for cleanliness is twin sister to Godliness.

AGITATOR RECIEPTS.

J. A. Tracy, 50 cts; Mrs. W. L. Robinson, (by O. H. Price,) \$1.00; Mrs. E. Allen, \$1.00; John L. Roberson, \$1.00; Mrs. Julia Johnson, \$1.00; Annie Richards, 50 cts.; John Nobbs, 50 cts.; Annie N. Champion, 25 cents; S. S. Nichols, \$1.00; Dr. P. Mason, \$1.00; A. B. Hunter, \$1.00; R. P. Timmins, \$1.00; T. E. Tabor 50 cents; Mrs Charles B. Sawyer, \$1.00; Abigail Kellogg, \$1.00; H. E. DeGarmo, \$1.00; Jane A. Banks, \$1.00; Almon Roff, \$1.00; Helen Norton, \$1.00; Julia A. Goodel \$1.00; Eugene Hutchinson, \$1.00; J. C. Bowke, \$1.00; (is the name right?) H. B. Ford, \$1.00; (\$1.00 has been sent to the Vanguard office) A. H. Reading, \$1.00; George Hutchinson 30 cents; Laura Denslow, 25 cents; Mrs. Flora Lake, \$1.00; Mrs. Wm. K. Silcox, 25 cents; Fitch Adams, \$1.00; W. E. Braman, \$1.00; Mrs. Catherine Sweet, \$1.00; B. B. Jackson, 1.00; Mrs. Helen Richmond, \$1.00.

"FREE CONVENTIONS."

DEAR AGITATOR—As the subject of Free Conventions, in their relation to society, has recently elicited some thoughts in which I have felt somewhat interested, I shall be happy to offer a few observations in connection therewith.

Objections are raised against holding such conventions: which appear to arise from the supposition on the part of the objector, that when they are called as "Free Conventions," Spiritualism is to be the great or only theme to be considered; and that it relates to nought but the "scientific demonstration of Immortality, and all other questions are side questions."

Now, that Spiritualism presents facts in proof of man's individuality, subsequent to the dissolution of his corporeal structure, we have no disposition to deny; but that *this* is all to which it relates, we are very much inclined to doubt. As a mere *ism*, however, it may with some sense of propriety be said, that this is all there is of it; but as a Philosophy, founded in the constitution of man's being, must it not comprehend *all* that pertains to his spiritual well being and unfoldment? And what is so well calculated to promote spiritual growth as harmonious social surroundings; and especially, harmony in the home circle? Where there is lack of such harmony, why should not the investigation of the cause thereof be encouraged? We are naturally constituted social beings. From this does much happiness flow, (where the circumstances admit it) and by virtue of it is our spiritual welfare greatly enhanced. Who is there would have this quality of their being obliterated? Unfortunate indeed, must that one be, who does not experience its pleasure. By virtue of it are we enabled to hold sweet counsel together—to form associations that time cannot destroy. Friends!—Associates! How it thrills our bosom with joy to think of the many happy seasons we have spent in pleasant conversation with them! Yes, this social feeling is in-born with the spirit! It is a divine expression of our being! And yet how sadly are its holy obligations disregarded! Instead of that unity of feeling, harmony of interest, friendly reciprocation, and consequent universal happiness which would attend its just regard, what do we see? Social inequality, abject poverty and misery all around us! The denial of sacred rights, and consequent discord and wrangling rise up before us! Slavery, prostitution and vice bear an iron sway!—And what a condition for a high spiritual culture!—and what must be its effect on unborn generations? Can it be that those who are suffering in consequence of "man's inhumanity to man"—who are bowed beneath the galling yoke of bondage, and those who are living in a state of domestic and social jargon, are happily situated for rapid advancement; and for the transmission of harmonic qualities to their progeny?

Now, were it not for the social ties characterizing us, I am unable to see how it would be possible to establish an intercourse between this and higher spheres. Is it not the same which is the basis of social life *here*, that is involved in such intercourse? As spiritual beings, (for this is the rudimental sphere of spirit life) do we communicate with each other; and if the just obligations arising from our social nature are not duly appreciated and fully observed, I can see no reason why the investigation of the claims of such obligations and the cause of their disregard should not come as legitimately within the sphere of Spiritualism as anything could; for certainly it bears a close relation to our spiritual well being.

If discord and feeling of enmity had sprung up between the inhabitants of Earth and the angel hosts o'er hovering them, would the investigation of means to bring about a better understanding of the

just relation existing between them, be considered a "side question?" Yet this state of things prevails among us, and the principles of sociality, and the obligations arising therefrom are the same in either case; and why this a "side question?"

Spiritualism is the philosophy of Spirituality. Mankind are spiritual beings; and why should not Spiritualism apply to them in *all* the departments of their being, bearing, as they do, a reciprocal relation, so that if injury is wrought in one, the others are called to so sympathize, that they are also affected. Why should the physical, social, intellectual and moral relation we sustain to other things and beings be considered a "side question?" Such relations are founded deep in the constitution of our nature; and why not be free to investigate, or at least to allow others to, the cause of the physical defects, social inequalities, intellectual weaknesses and moral grossness, so extensively prevailing in our day; and the means of removing the same?

I presume no one has any objections to these "other isms standing or falling on their own merits," as indeed, *every* "ism" should be regarded according to its worth. And for this reason may we encourage these free conventions; for here there is an opportunity, for those who are disposed, to investigate their merits and agitate their use, which may show them not to be so much *side questions* as some are inclined to suppose.

You who strive to live only by the light of the past, need not fear that free conventions will enable "fanatics" to turn the world upside down and destory good and the true. No; but they may possibly succeed in calling you from your beaten paths, by inducing efforts on your part to expose the "fallacy" of their sentiments standing in opposition to theories and systems which have come down to us from long ago. And in these efforts you may get faint glimmerings of light which may expose some of the follies and absurdities of these long venerated theories and systems. At the same time, however, you may call *them* back, in their new flight to more earnest thought, by which *they*, too, may become better acquainted with the great wants of their nature; and thus may you be of mutual benefit to each other.

What a blessed privilege is this—the freedom of thought and free discussion; and what glorious results is it destined to work! But, how little has it been appreciated in ages past! As from time to time a few have so far dared to maintain this right as to step beyond the sectarian bounds whereon was written "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" carnage and bloodshed has been the result of such want of appreciation. Yes, in imagination methinks I see the gory ghosts of slaughtered millions rising up as a testimony against its denial!

And *you*, who would labor for the inauguration of a new age wherein justice shall be recognized as a divine element of humanity, but yet do not feel called upon to advocate these "other questions," work in the manner that to you seemeth best; and in your efforts will we "bid you God speed." But as there are those who see the need of their agitation, why seek to silence *them* in *their* efforts for reform? Is there not enough for all to do, to allow each to work in his own sphere? Because you may occupy a particular stand-point and see things accordingly, must all others with their mouths in the dust, keep silence, or speak only at your bidding? In short, because you may see no need of the conventions under consideration, or because you have been disappointed in finding that they have not been devoted to one particular subject, and would refrain from issuing their calls, have, therefore, those who are disposed to, no right to call them? If they *have* this right and *do* call them why complain because thought there finds an expression befitting the call? It is *not* that they "*despise* the world" that they speak earnestly of prevailing corruptions; but rather, that they "so love the world" that they would expose that which is cursing it!

If there are those, however, who would yet cramp the free-born mind—stifle the energies of thought, and would give their reasons for so doing, allow them the privilege, i. e., let them give their reasons; for if tolerating inborn liberty is detrimental to society's interest we should know it.

Thine for agitation,

Marion, O.

G. B. F.

Extract from a Letter to a Universalist Minister.

MY BROTHER:—By the ties which recognize the universal brotherhood of man—by a love of Humanity—by that humanity itself—I do not feel that I need give any excuse for writing you, and will only say that I do it from an internal desire to do so. Though I have seen you but once, in that once seeing I read you as one loving his brother, and through this love, worshiping God—for how can man worship God except he love (worship) the works which God has made? “If man love not his brother whom he hath seen,” and who is “made in the likeness of God,” “how can he love God whom he hath not seen?” My being goes out in a sisterly recognition to each one in whom I discover this great love principle, and I fain would take them by the hand and bid them “God speed,” knowing that appreciation, however humble, is a powerful stimulus to great and noble deeds in the hearts of the good and true.

God is not only a “God of love,” but he is “All in all,” that is, he is in all things, and all things are a part of him. It is written, “Prove all things and hold fast that which is good.” Now we can only prove the Truths of God by God, for no one can be judged except by his peers—for if the judges be not on the plane of the judged, how can they recognize the feelings and circumstances that brought forth the result? Since “God is all in all,” and *all* is God, every being has just so much God in him as he has being, and as no two beings are exactly alike—on the same plane, or peers—it is written “judge not,” yet we are to *prove all* things, and we can only do this by the standard of Truth in our own being. That standard God *himself* has planted there—is a *part of himself*, and if we hold ourselves *free* then will our proof be true to our plane of being, and can only change as our plane changes or expands by development; but you perceive this cannot take place if we bind our being to some external “text book” or standard. All Truth is God’s truth, and all the falsities of creeds and education cannot change it, though they may greatly change their victims.

Which is more sublimely the word of God, that which he has written with his own hand on every blade of grass, on every bud and leaf, in every floweret’s cup, in every bird, beast and insect, or in and through the being of his crowning work—man; or that which the hand of man has inscribed in a Bible, a Koran, a Zenda Vesta, or a Shaster? Tell me, my brother, truly and frankly, were it not for the falsities of education would we not any of us blush to take any book as a ground of faith, to take any one’s word as law and gospel—to take the example of any being as the standard of our life? We are to take from any book—from any one’s word—from any one’s life, *all* that comes to our soul’s consciousness as pure, loving, true and good, and make all these a part of our own lives—not because of its origin, but because we have “proved it,” and found it good. We all know that had we been educated in any other sect, the bible of that other sect would be as sacred to us as the old and new testament now are.

I well know, from experience, the power of educational prejudices. It has been but a few years since I *feared* to talk with any one who did not take the bible as a sacred book—with what dread and pity I looked upon him who doubted its Divine origin; so much so that I could hardly think he belonged to the same brotherhood, but I had not then learned to rest upon the bosom of the Infinite—I had not then learned to trust the Divinity of truth—had not then come to know that Humanity was Divine—had not come to feel that “God is All in all.”

My brother, it is a blessed trust thus to rest, to live and move and have our being in God—to know

that truth is Divine and Immutable—that error or evil comes of ignorance—are negative and cannot live where the radiant light of Truth falls on the soul, any more than darkness can have a habitation where the sun shineth, or cold can congeal where the glow of a fervent heat scorseth. There is no *actual* error; then our great work is to bring truth to shine in dark places. All bondage must fall before her kindling ray, ere the soul can expand into the fullness of light, love, joy, Heaven.

ELVIRA.

BRACEVILLE, Ohio.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN:—Since my arrival in this part of the “Buckeye” State I have had the pleasure of perusing a few numbers of the Agitator. I did not know until then as a paper bearing that name had made its appearance, advocating the Harmonial Philosophy. I am glad to find that one more is added to the list, and hope that the number will continue to increase until the whole world shall be converted from the thralldom of Sectarianism to a belief in more consistent and rational truths. Such will be the inevitable result if men and women will stand up boldly and fearlessly in defence of the Truth and Justice, casting aside Bigotry and Intolerance, accepting consistency and reason.—Many noble souls are now working in the field of Reform and many are daily being added to their ranks. The bold stand you have taken in upholding and sustaining the truths of Spiritualism, is well worthy of praise. I thank God we have a few noble-minded women who fear not to battle against the absurdities of old creeds and dogmas that have so long bound down in fetters the minds of the people and more especially the Rights and Privileges of Women.

It is that time they should arouse and sever the chains that in past ages have held them in servitude, and show to the world that *they* have rights that must not be trampled upon—that they are politically, intellectually and spiritually equal to man—that they are capable of producing the same amount of benefit to the Human Race as man, and that they will exercise those powers in opposition to all mankind.

Your readers would, probably, be glad to learn of the progress of Spiritualism in Port Huron, Mich., my former residence. Six years ago there was not the slightest evidence or sign of a Spiritualist in the place. It was seldom spoken of; and when any person dared to advocate its truths, he was considered insane and steps were immediately taken to procure him or her a department in the asylum. Although quite a youth, I was a firm believer in its teachings. Many a time have I been consigned to the fiery elements of an orthodox hell by my Christian friends. The ignorant and bigoted wondered that their God, in his wrath, did not end my existence and send my soul into his heated furnace to be roasted and damned through all eternity. Whether the God of the Spiritualists had more power and influence than the Christian’s God, or whether their God’s time was so occupied in gathering together his scattered flocks that I escaped his notice, I cannot say; but here I am, in this sphere, enjoying good health, and as yet, no signs of a dissolution of the spirit from the earth form. In spite of the opposition that the cause has met with, it has triumphed, although the pulpit was fierce in its denunciation and hurled forth its anathemas, using every means in its power to crush and mangle the truth, still it lives and progresses.

Sometime ago a lecturer from Battle Creek, Mich., delivered four discourses on Spiritualism, which were phonographically reported for the paper published in that place. The report was inserted and lo! the result. The Orthodoxy marshaled out their forces and demanded an explanation, threatening to utterly annihilate the editor and his paper

if they ever again found him guilty of publishing anything favorable to Spiritualism.

The Editor being a very timid person and a subject of slave oligarchy, not daring to disobey orders from such high authority, he came to their terms, which was reserving a corner in his paper for the special benefit of the church and through which they can give vent to their feelings.

It is surprising and hardly creditable that men and women in this so called land of freedom will thus be controlled by the priest and church. But it is nevertheless so.

Thousands in this country bow down in chains and worship the cursed god of Popularity. But there is a brighter day dawning. In the above place many have cast off the shackles that held them to a false and popular theology and stand before the world as free-thinkers and earnest seekers after truth. May angels assist them in their glorious undertaking. May you always find ready hands and willing hearts to aid you in that noble enterprise—the emancipation of the human race.

B.

Thanks for thy earnest wishes, my stanger friend. Thy prayers have been anticipated and answered. *Ed. Agitator.*

INVITATION.

Of all earnest souls I would ask, has not the time fully arrived when action as well as agitation is demanded? How long shall we be looking into the clouds for instruction, and receiving “line upon line, precept upon precept,” and still continue to ask for more—more, as if we had nothing to do but receive; that the angels had taken all things into their own hands, and we had nothing to do but express wonder? I would suggest, if it must not be very interesting to spirits to leave the abodes of the blest, and like so many missionaries, come to this sooty, smoky, dusty, rattlety-bang world of ours, and amid the horrid din that surrounds us, pour volleys of earnest thoughts into our minds for the elevation of the race, and in return we keep up a continued prattling about the immortality of man, and what we have seen and heard concerning spirits, and their mission earthward, while the work is left undone; not even measures of co-operation considered, or even tolerated, by which their teachings may be carried into practice. Is it not a fact that in regard to our teachings, we act like so many children of the wilderness when in the presence of the Governor of state? Conscious of his superiority, they stand with eyes and mouth stretched, and when told their duty to one another, look each other in the face, laugh uproariously, and rush pell mell one over the other, out of sight. Is it not a wonder that Spirits do not get heart sick of their mission to us, and leave us in blissful ignorance? But I sat down to write an invitation, and I do hereby cordially invite all those, of whatever sect or order, sex or color, to join in an association of Humanitarians, who have an earnest desire to “show their faith by their works,” and to work like brothers and sisters, uniting heart, head, and hand, in doing away with the evils that afflict the race.

Ignorance cries for wisdom, shall it have it? Woman asks for disenfranchisement and equality shall she obtain it?

The chains of slavery clank upon a soil dedicated to freedom; the slave’s plaintive moanings are borne upon every Southern breeze, asking redress; shall the institution exist?

Our Republic has been transformed into an Oligarchy; shall it continue?

Our penitentiaries are schools of crime, where convicts graduate; shall there be reform among the convicts?

Impoverished and helpless old age implores our charity; shall our hands be extended?

Dependent infancy, destitute and wayward orphanage demand our protection and guardianship; shall their cry remain unanswered?

Rulers and law-makers, you who have so often lisped the “dear people,” what say you? will you show by your works that the people were dear unto you? or will you show yourselves base hypocrites unworthy of further confidence?

For one, I propose that in every township or county, associations be formed for the purpose of investigating every way and means for the purpose of righting the wrongs of society; and

that annual conferences be held, and delegates from each county be chosen to attend that conference, that the greatest possible unanimity of action be had, and that every blow given by the association to a wrong, may vibrate throughout the nation. Let our meetings be characterized by order, freedom of speech, toleration, and as far as possible, unanimity of action.

How many Humanitarians will declare themselves ready for action, and immediately commence the work of association in their own township?

A HUMANITARIAN.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

Not long ago as a farmer was driving to this city, he was stopped by a boy who asked him "if he knew anything of a woman being drowned around there?" at the same time showing him a bonnet and shawl, which he said he "found on the canal bank." To the shawl was pinned a letter which told the whole; the same sad and oft repeated story of one who, "had loved not wisely but too well." It was the last wail of a broken heart, written in a simple truthful way and addressed to a sister in Michigan. She had loved and been deceived; had left a sunny home and all the friends bound to her by the ties of nature, for the love of a heartless villain, who after sating his passion, cursed her when she appealed to his honor to fulfil his promises, and left her among the dissolute and abandoned of her sex to gain a living at the price of that virtue of which he had robbed her. She had lived in this way till her life had become so loathsome and hateful to her, that existence was intolerable, and then turned to the only alternative to hide her shame from the scorn of an uncharitable and unforgiving world: and in the indifference of despair

"Mad to life's history
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world,"

she rushed into an unknown but welcome eternity.

And this is only one of the many aching hearts that pass unnoticed into a voiceless oblivion with an anguish that the world cannot appreciate and has no charity for until they are gone; then it makes a item for the daily papers and they quote those beautiful lines of Tom Hood:

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath."

that is all, perchance as it is read it causes a sigh from a sympathizing sister, and a suppressed breath and momentary pang to all, at the thought of a fallen fellow being's untimely death. But the world goes on the same; the heartless deceive and the trusting are betrayed, and the Magdalene with her sin-stained brow and brazen cheek haunts the street at night and sells her charms and her very life blood without a blush. O who can tell the tormenting agonies and miseries of these lost and fallen sisters! What terrible histories might be written could we know the smothered feelings of their hearts; for they, too, were once good and pure, and shrunk in horror from one like themselves; but one false step alienates them forever from the pure and self-righteous of their sex, and no after life of virtue or morality can do penance for past weakness and wrong-doing; and, urged on by the taunts and contempt of the less tempted and unfortunate, no wonder they curse God and humanity and sink into the deepest hells of degradation and infamy.

And what becomes of these murderers whose victims lie in every country churchyard and city cemetery, and beneath the cold waters that so often make the suicide's grave? Are they less welcomed or respected in society? are they shunned more by the pure and virtuous woman? is there a silent recoiling from them as if even their presence were contaminating? Strange inconsistency! It is not so. Their companions greet them with a smile of approbation, and the world calls them "fast young men" "sowing their wild oats." But she who erred in weakness, not in sin, finds herself

forever an outcast and her name the by-word for shame and the coarse jest of the libertine. Who says the life of a prostitute does not find the deepest repulse in her own soul and that she accepts it only because despair forces it upon her? And yet who wonders that she smothers the holy feelings of her heart and goes forth with curses, the betrayed, to betray; for no Saviour comes to bid her "Go and sin no more;" and at last when the misery of life becomes darker than the mystery of death she writes in her own blood the tragedy of a broken heart and a blighted and disappointed life. Then

"The scornful lips and the woe worn face
Smooth down into childhood's peaceful grace;
The guilty here spurned the child of sin,
But the angels there bid her welcome in;
Dark is the vision I've pictured thee,
What hast thou done that it may not be?"

Cleveland, O.

S. A. H.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

RICHMOND, Ind., Oct. 20th.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—You have so kindly extended your invitation to the children to write to you that I felt encouraged to try my best, knowing that you will not look for perfection in a letter from me, as I am but twelve years old. I read your niece's letter and was much pleased with it. I know of a great many things that I would like to tell you about, but must not mention them all for fear I will tire you. I have never traveled much, but I have a pleasant home and kind friends, and plenty of pretty books to read, and I take the Agitator and Little Pilgrim. We have a flower garden and beautiful woods near by, where I go to gather wild flowers in the Spring and Summer, and where I get plenty of nuts in the Fall. I go to school, too, and intend to become a well educated woman some time; then I hope that I shall be able to write you more entertaining letters, though I am sure you are so kind to the little folks that you will take an interest in my childish thoughts. Perhaps you will have the patience to listen to the story of a dear little pet I had. It was a beautiful Canary bird; it was eight months old—we had all loved it very much, for it made the summer mornings seem more beautiful with its music, but when the autumn flowers began to bloom in our western woods, it died. My brother, who is nine years old, made it a nice little coffin, and we made it a grave under a pine tree; this we lined with mullen leaves and strewn flowers thick over the coffin before we filled it in with earth. A young lady friend of ours wrote a little poem and gave it to my brother, on the death of the dear little bird, and don't you think it pretty?

Good by for prose writing,

EMMA CAMMACK.

TULLY TO HIS BIRD.

Rest here our beautiful birdie
In this your lowly grave,
Where evermore green above you
These gentle bows may wave;
We loved and will not forget you
But from death we could not save.

We cherished you in your lifetime.
And were sad to see you die;
But here will the wind harp murmur
Your requiem lovingly,
And your bed the dew-drops moisten,
When the stars look from the sky.

And then will the snow in the winter
A spotless covering spread,
When the leaves from the trees have fallen
And all the flowers are dead;
And your cousins, the snow-birds, come singing
And flitting about your bed.

NOTE.—Thanks, dear Emma, for your letter.—We regret the loss of your bird; and know how to sympathise with you for we had a similar loss in the long ago. The only difference is, ours was a robin and it took to itself wings and flew away. Frances

Brown wrote a sketch of it in her "Sketches;" but she did not tell half the truth about the wonderful creature. Wish your friend would write a sweet, little poem upon our great loss.

NOTE TO THE READER.—One of our juvenile readers wishes we would "say something funny." We have a large quantity of "funny" stories laid away in our brain that we will tell just so soon as we find time; but for want thereof we have been scissoring the Cincinnati Times. If the following items fail to treat the reader to a good laugh we shall hardly dare try our pen at the business.—Ed. Agitator.

A LAWYER asked a Dutchman in court what ear marks a pig had that was the subject of dispute:—Vell, he had no ear marks 'cept a very short tail!

"Do you think you are fit to die?" asked a mother of a neglected child.

"I don't know," said the little girl, taking hold of her dirty dress with her dirty fingers and in specting it—"I guess so, if I aint too dirty."

AN old negro, crossing a river from a dancing frolic, lost his oars, and came near being swamped. In terror he fell on his knees and exclaimed, "O, Massa Lor, if you're ever gwine to help old Ira, now's the time!"

SPEAKING of children, a Western New York correspondent mentions a neat little speech of a "four year old." His mother was hugging and kissing him, as mothers will, and said to him as mothers will say: "Charlie, what makes you so sweet?"—Charlie thought a moment; he had been told that he was "made of the dust of the earth;" a happy thought struck him, and he answered with a rosy smile; "I think, mother, God must have put a little sugar in the dust—don't you?"

MRS. BROWN:—There is something beautiful and exalting in the idea of spirit-visitation—something to which the heart involuntarily clings, with a devotion too fond for utterance. The following beautiful gem of poetry, that breathes over the soul a melody alike harmonious and eloquent, was written some fifty years ago, and deserves to be preserved:

"It sometimes chances, in this world of woe,
That lovely flowers in gloomy forests grow,
Which freely lend their sweetness to impart
A sense of pleasure to the stranger's heart;
They come to cheer and bless, like showers of rain,
They fall in mercy on the parched plain,
And bloom in beauty, fair as though the light
That shines from heaven had never been from sight.
These flowers are emblems of the angels fair
That oft appear, man's lot to bless and share;
He dwells within a dreary forest wild,
No cheering sun has ever on him smiled,
His way is hedged with thorns, his soul is sad—
He spies an angel in love's vestment clad;
Kind words are spoken, and his grief has flown,
His heart is cheered—for he is not alone;
An angel ministers to him, and points above,
Bidding him cast his care on endless love.
He lifts his eyes to heaven, and there behold,
The azure sky, touched with a tinge of gold,
Giving him promise of a brighter day,
A life more calm, more clear his onward way;
And angels, too, appear when Death comes nigh,
To wipe the bitter tear from Sorrow's eye—
They whisper of that bright and blessed shore
Where pain and suffering will be no more.
Oh! there are angels near us all the while,
That guard our homes, and sweetly on us smile!
They minister to all—sometimes unseen—
And change life's desert to a living green."

The following is from the writings of the immortal ROGERS, and its sentiments, in point of consoling beauty, is seldom surpassed:

"Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where once their friendship grew,
And Heaven and Nature open to their view!
Oft when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well."

It is such sentiments alone that can give immortality to the names and writings of ancient poets.

Windsor, O., Oct., 1858.

S. P. LELAND.

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