

The Agitator.

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

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

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WHOLE No. 39.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[The following poem was written by a little Quakeress in New Brighton, Pa.]

TO MISS HARDINGE.

In the silence and the hush to-night,
With thy sweet voice chiming through,
With the soul at rest, and the world shut out,
And only Heaven in view—
I could hear the angels whisper low,
"Believe her she is true!"

While I listened still, the wavering air
Then grew soft with the tender flow—
Of the music of the angel choir;
It seemed to come and go
Like the dying perfume of the flowers,
So soft it seemed and low!

Then the room with its light and forms died out,
And I saw thy face alone,
But the human look had passed; and there
An angel glory shone,
And I knew their music swelling through,
Each rich and silvery tone!

Now lying here in the stillness deep,
I hear in the hush profound—
The angel music once again,
And tears start at the sound;
For a father's form is in the music,
Of the bright ones crowding round.

To-morrow I know I shall put aside,
The thoughts that on me throng,
And in the din and noise of life,
Loose the angel's holy song,
Yet to-night I bless thee—in this hour
I cannot think of wrong!

THE THREE PATRIOTS. . . . BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Amid the raging of tempestuous night,
Where springs which feed three rivers well,
On snow clad summit of an alpine height,
There met three men of blood like Tell.
They held the fate of millions in their hands,
And laid with subtle art their daring plans,
To throw from noble shoulders tyrants yoke.
Their rugged brows and flashing glance,
Their restlessness of speech and action spoke
Of cannon's boom, and clash of lance,
Few words upon the mountain stillness broke,
Unanimous they cried, "advance!"

To arms! to arms! the hoping nation rush,
From mountain gorge, and flowery dell,
Oppressive tyranny in dust to crush.
The peaceful farmer hears the swell;
The chamois hunter on the alpine sides
Swift as an arrow down the glaciers glides;
The shepherd pasturing goats upon the rocks,
Hears from below the mighty voice,
And throws it through the crags with aching shocks,
Until each chasm and rock rejoice,
And seems that every alpine mountain rock
In cadence to that anthem's voice.

As river long restrained by damning force,
Breaks from its chains on night of rain,
And loudly muttering in thunder hoarse,
With maddened torrent sweeps the plain;
So slumbering long 'neath tyrants hateful power,
The nation's fearful, wild awakening hour—
To ashes fell the trembling tyrants throne,
Borne downward by the frenzied flood.
"Freedom to all our peaceful nation's homes;
Freedom to all, or price of blood."
In peace the shepherd on the mountain roams,
And peaceful rise the smoke from million homes.

From small beginnings grandest hist'ry flows,
As little springs great rivers feed;
The rolling ball at every motion grows,
So does the truth in onward speed,
Until it flows into a shoreless sea
Up to the throne of the Infinity.
Thus does reform commence on night of blood,
Thus rings through rugged minds its voice,
Off from a rolling stream of steaming blood,
Where martyrs to the truth rejoice,
That they are standing where the sages stood,
For giving truth and right their voice.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

THE BIBLE:

IS IT OF DIVINE ORIGIN, AUTHORITY AND INFLUENCE?

BY S. J. FINNEY.

THE INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

If we are spiritual individualities, if we possess souls, (and I contend we do,) then those souls must be organisms, and therefore are subject to spiritual organic laws, just as the body is governed by organic physical laws. Indeed, it is clearly evident that the organic physical laws, are only the modes of the action of our spiritual natures. For instance, it is not the eye—the physical eye—which sees, for, remove the soul, and though the organism of the eye still remain as perfect as before death, yet no sight takes place. The conscious power which sees through the eye as a window, is gone, and with it vision is fled. So with all our external senses. Therefore, the body derives all its power from the soul—from the spiritual nature—and hence the laws of the body, are only the modes of the action of the soul, and consequently, the laws of man's spiritual nature are as inflexible as the so-called laws of his physical nature. Now man's religious and moral nature is the sum of his spiritual being, and therefore, must be governed by inflexible, immutable laws. If, therefore, man's physical laws are only the outward manifestation of the modes of action of the soul, then, as a necessary result, every spiritual or moral sin is always and everywhere invariably and inevitably attended by adequate effects,—effects deleterious, and which are determined precisely, by the nature and extent of the sin which caused them. For, outrage any organic law of physical life, and pain or disease and ill health will inevitably follow such outrage; as for instance, put your hand in a flame of fire, and hold it there a sufficient time, and all its beautiful parts and functions will be destroyed, and no power can restore it. All the sacrifices of Paganism, of Judaism, and of Christianity combined, cannot prevent the natural results of the relation which the flame as a cause, sustains to the hand as its victim, and to its destruction as an effect. And no amount of praying can restore the lost hand. No "atonement" will prove effectual here. Sacrifice the bodies of never so many goats, or bulls, or firstlings of the flock, or noble reformers like Jesus of Nazareth, it is all in vain. Immutability is stamped upon the whole constitution and course of things, by its great soul, and no scheme of mythological theology can interpose any effectual barrier to the constant operation of the great law of Justice—*cause and effect*. If Divinity is visible anywhere, it is in the immutability of *cause and effect*. I regard this law as an unmistakable revelation of the Divine Will and Wisdom.

No sane mind will deny these positions. And now we have a foundation, laid by God, on which to stand while we examine the doctrine of the "Vi-

carious atonement," which teaches, that, for the obedience and personal sufferings of Jesus, called Christ, man's sins may be forgiven, and man thus saved from their natural and legitimate effects. At first sight, it is evident, that this idea can find in nature anywhere, no support. Not a single fact, law, or principle of any species or grade of existence, inorganic or organic, can be brought forward to its support. *All nature gives this doctrine, in its face, the lie. Pain is God's great teacher*, which hedges us in on every side. It is the sword of light, turning all ways to keep the way of the tree of life, to guard its every channel. Like an angel, it kindly stands in every way, and smiling, points us to our being's end and aim—happiness. She is ever true to her mission. And she never pains but to bless.

But this doctrine of "atonement" teaches us that Divine Justice accepts an innocent person as a bloody sacrifice, to expiate the sins and crimes of a guilty race, and to reconcile God to man, to assuage the Divine wrath. Accordingly all Christians wind up their prayers with "Lord, save us, for Christ's sake." Theologians often tell us that all deserve damnation, and in their prayers acknowledge that *they*—especial subjects of grace as they are—ought to be in hell with Dives, and also tell God that if He were just with them *they would be*, but go on to thank God, that, though Divine Justice would damn them, yet they are to be saved for the sake of Jesus Christ—his sufferings and death. But let me ask, Is God such a bloody monster as to be pleased to save guilty wretches because a few hireling high priests of (blasphemous assumption) His own chosen people butchered an innocent reformer? Now this is just the pith of the doctrine. I well know what are the miserable apologies made to this objection, by priests and *churchians*. They tell us that Jesus voluntarily offered himself as a propitiation for the sins of the world. Suppose he did, what must be the character of a God that could accept the sacrifice? None but a God of the lowest appetites and of the grossest passions, such an one as is found in the Mosaic mythology, bending with delighted nostrils over the stench and greasy effluvia of burning goats and bulls, could accept such a sacrifice.

What relation is there between the sufferings and cruel death of the gentle Jesus, and the sin of Eve's eating an apple four thousand years before? Or what relation is there between the sins of the whole world, and his sufferings and death? We are taught in the Bible, as I have shown, that the sins of the world may, or rather *are* expiated by Jesus's personal sufferings and crucifixion. Now let me ask, by what attribute of Divinity, or by what law of Justice, or by what principle of Nature, can such a sentiment find support? It is clearly a gratuitous mythological assumption, without a single jot of justice. The sins of the whole race forgiven—expiated—blotted out in the blood of a murdered reformer!! *It is awful*. And then to be told by the

bible and the creeds that this same Jesus is God himself—the “very and eternal Father, in whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily,” makes God both a liar and a suicide; for the Bible tells us that God said to Adam and Eve, “in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou, not I, shalt surely die;” and again, in another passage: “The soul that sinneth, it, not God, shall surely die.” But the doctrine under consideration, perfectly contradicts and nullifies both these passages, and then teaches us that God himself, instead of punishing guilty man, incarnates himself in flesh, on purpose to be hated, despised, persecuted and murdered in order to save man from the Divine wrath, and so prove God a liar. God tells man he shall die if he sin, but instead of executing His threat, commits suicide—deliberate predetermined suicide. Now I defy any theologian, who accepts this doctrine, to escape this point. But we are told that it is through faith in Jesus’s sufferings and death, that we are saved. *Faith in a lying and suicidal God!*—(according to this theory). Who but a demon can have faith in such an insane and demon God? No supposititious speculations can make this theory other than what I have here set it forth. This doctrine contains the idea of the forgiveness for sins, through the blood, and for the sake of, the righteousness of Jesus. It is the doctrine of imputed righteousness. Now let me ask, what natural relation has the blood or righteousness of Jesus, to a man’s sins, actually committed? Can that blood wash out those sins? No. They are already eternal facts in the life, in the memory and on the state of the man’s soul. As causes, those sins produce their natural and inevitable effects, and nothing can unmake them. Man may outgrow them by a life of after goodness, but their effects have been wrought upon him, and he has felt them, and so, Omnipotence itself cannot blot them out. God CANNOT DESTROY A FACT. God cannot unmake the law of cause and effect, for should he make an effort he would only thereby acknowledge its authority. For his effort—his action—would simply indicate something to be done, and therefore some method or means of doing it; and hence would be a prima facie acknowledgement that an effect, viz: the destruction of cause and effect, was to be accomplished, or produced by his action, or effort, which action or effort is the “cause” of the desired effect. So, therefore, as God cannot destroy the “law of cause and effect” he cannot forgive sin, he cannot blot out sin’s effects through the blood or righteousness of Jesus. An example of goodness may inspire us to goodness, but no murder can expiate a sin. Can two wrongs produce one right? If not, how can the death and personal sufferings of Jesus expiate sin? But what is the real relation of Jesus’s crucifixion to the world? How should we interpret it? I answer, it interprets itself. He was butchered for teaching doctrines which were heretical to those which God’s own chosen Priesthood (I mean the Bible God) had been taught to regard as Divine and Infallible, and that, too, by the whole Old Testament; and was butchered by those very Priests who, according to the Old Testament, were the God appointed expounders of his word. They hated Jesus because he nullified the principles of the old law, by substituting opposite ones in their stead, and for expressly doing away with some of the most cherished dogmas of Judaism, and so deep and deadly is their hatred, that they murder him who uttered them. And yet if this doctrine of “atonement” be true, these hireling and murderous priests were the greatest benefactors of the race, for they were the principal agents of perfecting and executing a scheme of salvation most stupendous, in which the murder of an incarnate God constitutes the crowning act in the great plan. *Glorious Priests!! blessed Benefactors of the world!! Holy*

was your mission and faithfully executed! May the songs of the redeemed in heaven eternally chant your praise! May your names dwell like honey on the pious lips of all christians for whose eternal salvation YOU MURDERED GOD. I had nearly forgotten Judas. But I must pay him a tribute likewise. If this doctrine be true, Judas, the great betrayer, ought to have the highest seat in the kingdom of glory. Judas! thou chosen of God for the completion of the stupendous plan of salvation, in company with thy illustrious brothers—the high-priests—great is thy merit. May pious souls venerate thee for thy mission’s sake, for with a kiss, fit emblem of thy glorious deed, didst thou serve the race, by delivering up unto thy God appointed brothers, the High and holy Priests, an incarnate God, and for this hast received only thirty pieces of silver, and the curses of all Christendom. Thou oughtst to have received a pension for life, and a Vicegerency in Heaven, for but for thy great work God had not been butchered, and so the world had not been saved. Such is the homage Christians ought to pay to Judas and the high priests, as principal agents in this “great plan of redemption.”

LETTER FROM MRS. BURTIS.

COTTAGE REST, ROCHESTER, Oct. 9.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—If you can spare a small space in your ever welcome Agitator—which comes freighted with pearls and precious gems—permit me to ask your numerous readers, if they are fully aware that there is one school where reformers and particularly Spiritualists, may send their children to be educated, and every faculty of the soul of the child developed and unfolded—even the hidden and dormant energies can find a congenial soil wherein to flourish and expand—where Love, sympathy and kindness predominates; no chastisements or punishments known—rewards nor flattery for well doing; but every soul acts upon its own consciousness of right from the promptings of his interior Nature. Love being the *helm* and *anchor*, by which to guide and make permanent the foundations upon which to build beautiful characters and lives of usefulness. Pupils’ minds are never stultified or surfeited by committing to memory from books other men’s words; but, by familiar conversations, and interrogations upon all elements of science, agriculture, mechanics, or whatever else in the catalogue, to fit for usefulness in life together with the aid of maps, charts, &c. Profound problems are solved by pupils themselves, and therefore indelibly stamped upon the soul’s tablet throughout all coming time.

With this faint and imperfect description of a model school, though yet in its infancy, I will now inform all who are desirous of patronising it, where it is situated. It is located near the beautiful village of Jamestown, at the foot of Chautauque Lake, in the midst of a rich farming country; remarkable for its picturesque and rural scenery, and especially for its salubrious and perhaps unequaled healthy atmosphere; being some seven hundred feet above the level of Lake Erie. It is called the Jamestown Institute, Chautauque Co., N. Y.; established by Dr. O. H. Wellington, a man who appears every way calculated to fill such a station, and who performs his mission with persevering faithfulness in all its departments, who, with his amiable and lovely wife and daughter, win the hearts and affections of their pupils to them, thus all are happy under his roof. It is greatly to be hoped, that some agriculturist may be induced to buy lands adjacent for the benefit, not only of themselves, but that the pupils may have ample scope for their love of agriculture to be thoroughly cultivated and extended beyond the Doctor’s present boundaries of land. Is there not some one to join him, heart and hand in this noble and long needed enterprise?

The coming winter, it is proposed by many, (and the Doctor has consented thereto,) that a class of adults be formed, for three or six months, to have for their object general cultivation; but to have especial regard to the wants of those wishing to teach, study medicine, agricultural chemistry, geology, anatomy, physiology, &c., and cultivate in all the ability to communicate ideas on all elements of science.

Many there are who very much feel the need of just such an inestimable privilege; and I have no doubt but his large and commodious accommodations will be full, and all who think of availing themselves of such an opportunity would do well to communicate with him soon, as the winter draws near. Thine, SARAH A. BURTIS.

THE ANCESTRY OF JESUS.

We copy the following from the Apocryphal Testament. After learning the history of Jesus’ parents and grand-parents, his remarkable mediumship is no longer a marvel.—[ED. AGITATOR.]

The blessed and ever glorious Virgin Mary, sprung from the royal race and family of David, was born in the city of Nazareth, and educated at Jerusalem, in the temple of the Lord.

2 Her father’s name was Joachim, and her mother’s Anna. The family of her father was of Galilee and the city of Nazareth. The family of her mother was of Bethlehem.

3 Their lives were plain and right in the sight of the Lord, pious and faultless before men. For they divided all their substance into three parts:

4 One of which they devoted to the temple and officers of the temple; another they distributed among strangers, and persons in poor circumstances; and the third they reserved for themselves and the uses of their own family.

5 In this manner they lived for about twenty years chastely, in the favor of God, and the esteem of men, without any children.

6 But they vowed, if God should favor them with any issue, they would devote to the service of the Lord; on which account they went at every feast in the year to the temple of the Lord.

* * * * *

1 But when he had been there for some time, on a certain day when he was alone, the angel of the Lord stood by him with a prodigious light,

2 To whom, being troubled at the appearance, the angel who had appeared to him, said;

3 Be not afraid, Joachim, nor troubled at the sight of me, for I am an angel of the Lord sent by him to you, that I might inform you, that your prayers are heard. * * * Anna your wife shall bring you a daughter, and you shall call her name Mary.

* * * 11 She shall neither eat nor drink any thing which is unclean, nor shall her conversation be without among the common people, but in the temple of the Lord; that so she may not fall under any slander or suspicion of what is bad.

12 So in the process of her years, as she shall be in a miraculous manner born of one that was barren, so she shall, while yet a virgin, in a way unparalleled, bring forth the Son of the most High God, who shall be called Jesus, and, according to the signification of his name, be the Savior of all nations.

13 And this shall be a sign to you of the things which I declare, namely, when you come to the golden gate of Jerusalem, you shall there meet your wife Anna, who being very much troubled that you returned no sooner, shall then rejoice to see you.

15 When the angel had said this, he departed from him.

CHAPTER III.

1 Afterwards the angel appeared to Anna his wife, saying; Fear not, neither think that which you see a spirit;

2 For I am that angel who hath offered up your prayers and alms before God, and am sent to you, that I may inform you, that a daughter will be born unto you, who shall be called Mary, and shall be blessed above all women.

3 She shall be, immediately upon her birth, full of the grace of the Lord, and shall continue during the three years of her weaning in her father’s house, and afterwards, being devoted to the service of the Lord, shall not depart from the temple, till she arrives to years of discretion. * * *

6 Arise therefore, and go up to Jerusalem, and when you shall come to that which is called the golden gate (because it is gilt with gold,) as a sign of what I have told you, you shall meet your husband, for whose safety you have been so much concerned.

7 When therefore you find these things thus accomplished, believe that all the rest which I have told you, shall also undoubtedly be accomplished.

8 According therefore to the command of the angel, both of them left the places where they were and when they came to the place specified in the angel's prediction, they met each other.

9 Then, rejoicing at each other's vision, and being fully satisfied in the promise of a child, they gave due thanks to the Lord, who exalts the humble.

10 After having praised the Lord, they returned home, and lived in a cheerful and assured expectation of the promise of God.

11 So Anna conceived, and brought forth a daughter, and according to the angel's command, the parents did call her name Mary.

SHAMAH.

Several of our correspondents ask, Who is Shamah? Shamah was the son of a noble family living in the mountains of Algiers. At the age of six years he was stolen and sold into slavery. He subsequently purchased himself and, by the aid of a good Jew, was educated at Kabyle College, at Algiers. Having heard much of America, its free institutions and humane(?) laws, he comes here in "search of freedom."

We subjoin a part of a letter written by Shamah to his brother soon after leaving his native land for ours, which may give a slight idea of the character of Nature's own Child.—[ED. AGITATOR.]

OFF THE ISLE OF CARVO, JAN. 15, 1852.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I am once more a pilgrim. The white terraces of our beautiful city—the dearer mountains that shelter and protect our home—lie far behind me. I am a voluntary exile from all that is dearest on Earth. I have bound myself with the iron of a great purpose. I must work out the problem for myself. I must know, I must unfold the power of transmuting basest passions, and making them pure. I must extract justice from wrong, knowledge from ignorance, love from hate, and strength from weakness. If there is in Earth or Sea, in Heaven or Hell, an alchemy invested with such a power, I must unfold it. I must endow myself with it. The work is pressing on me forever; and it must be done, even though I cast my soul into the crucible, and consume myself for the good of mankind.

To know the true relations of man with man, in Government, and in society, and peradventure to open yet unseen principles and powers of good—this is the work to which I am called; and by this act of alienation, I consecrate and devote myself anew. New powers, means, hopes, capabilities are opened before me, in the new world to which I go. I will clothe my soul in greatness equal to its high mission. I will be worthy to match with the truly developed man—the native-born American.

I cannot distrust the divinity that urges me on. Have these beautiful hopes been my thought and theme, my day-dream and my night dream, from boyhood up, to be ever resolved into nothing? Can anything that is truly native to the soul die? No. They have become part of me. They are me. The angels* that walk beside me, to write down all my actions, know it; and they continually feed the engrossing idea.

I know by everything that I see that there is, and must be, a true human freedom. These great words are written every where; and even when a little child I read them. They spoke to me in the singing waters of the Shellif; they called to me from the thick cloud that bound the forehead of Jujura; they were written on the starry skies of Irak; they came to me in the spicy breath of Yemen; and even the grim sands of the desert were lighted with their golden lettering. In the song of birds; in the bloom of flowers; in all that is beautiful and good; in all that is great and free; in all that is perfect and harmonious, they have spoken

to me—but most of all in the human being. Yes; in the very constitution of Humanity, I have heard a voice—I have seen a light—I have read a history, which to the man, himself, was neither seen, nor heard, nor understood; and I know that there is in it capacity for all this good—a power perfect to crown it. And there have been moments when I have looked into the light of a clearer Heaven—into the beauty of a happier Earth; and I know that they are not to come, but to be unfolded; for as the perfection of bloom and fruit is in the seed, so is the perfection of Humanity in itself; and the day is near at hand for the opening thereof.

It is pleasant, my brother, to think that even at this distance thou canst hear and understand me. The chord of love is true and strong; and it reaches out unbroken from thee to me. Our spirits take hold of it; and though great waters lie between us, they freely meet, and mingle together. Send your thoughts to me freely; and they shall go back refreshed; for they are kindred angels; and joyfully I entertain them.

I cannot express all that I see and hope, both for thee and Pouley. We were severed through many years; but all the great future must reunite us.—With every rising, and every setting sun, I bless Allah, that he has given you both, to be so near to me. It would have been much to have found you, as the beloved children of my mother—that mother whose angel spirit has shone forever in me, shedding the light of Heaven on my dark and troubled life, and making me strong enough, in the hard ways I have traveled, to struggle through, and leave them all behind. But I have found much more—companions—friends—dwellers of my inmost.—Whatever I may get of good, is not for me only, but for these and that precious sister, whose powers are now so truly unfolding.

But I cannot disguise from myself the great loneliness I feel. Shall I find any who will be to me what thou and Youley are? I have, as yet, seen no woman, besides her, who is at all a companion to me. Shall this want of the soul, that craves the closest union, with what is equal, and yet most unlike itself, be answered, also? Among all the fine and noble women of that highly favored land, will there be one who will truly come within the narrow circle of this yearning heart, blessing it selfishly, that it may grow larger and more generous in the companionship? I often ask myself this; and who shall answer me? My nature tells me I must have companionship in marriage. Otherwise I could not tolerate it. How will it come?

* * * * *

There are some things, my brother, of which I long to speak, and yet I almost fear to whisper them, even to thee. I am perplexed with conflicting opinions; but I fear lest my ignorance and immature judgment should mislead me. Nevertheless, it is due to our friendship that I should speak freely. Certain things have passed under my own observation which I hardly dare to think of, least I should commit some involuntary wrong. I will not be in haste to censure; and though my faith is somewhat shaken, I will not yet surrender it.

Smile not, O Hassan, when I tell you that I have almost decided for myself that the crew, or working men of this ship are *not* Americans, though they certainly bear a very strong resemblance to them, and speak the language almost like natives. You remember that Mr. F. has so often told us, that *all* the American people are free and equal.—They are created so; so they live, and so they die. I imagine that these men who are employed by the Americans, may have been captured from some of the surrounding nations. It is quite possible they might have been savages, on whom the great people made war, for the purpose of leading them up to a finer civilization; and their lives have been generously spared for this purpose. The theory is a noble one; but still I doubt the utility of the system, as they have reduced it to practice, for the discipline of this ship really does not seem to be a true outbirth of the Declaration of Independence; and yet what less than this could we have reason to expect? It certainly seems more like slavery than freedom. But I myself am only just emerging from barbarism, and how should I judge what is best for so great a people?

Have you ever thought what it would be to find a country whose people are all equal—all free—all enlightened? They must be as a Nation of Gods. New models and measures of greatness must be prepared for them. There can be neither slave nor tyrant among them. They can tolerate nothing low or servile, nothing unjust or unkind; for every

act of man, in the perfect freedom and purity of his nature, must be essentially good and true.

REAL RELIGION.

The real religion of the world comes from women much more than from men,—from mothers most of all, who carry the key of souls in their bosoms. It is in their hearts that the "sentimental" religion some people are so fond of sneering at has its source. The sentiment of love, the sentiment of maternity, the sentiment of paramount obligation of the parent to the child as having called it into existence, enhanced just in proportion to the power and knowledge of the one and the weakness and ignorance of the other,—these are the "sentiments" that have kept our soulless systems from driving men off to die in holes like those that riddle the sides of the hill opposite the Monastery of St. Saba, where the miserable victims of a falsely-interpreted religion starved and withered in their delusion.

I have looked on the face of a saintly woman this very day, whose creed many dread and hate, but whose life is lovely and noble beyond all praise. When I remember the bitter words I have heard against her faith, by men who have an Inquisition which excommunicates those who ask to leave their communion in peace, and an *Index Expurgatorius* on which this article may possibly have the honor of figuring—and, far worse than these, the reluctant, pharisaical confession, that it might perhaps be possible that one who so believed should be accepted of the creator,—and then recall the sweet peace and love that show through all her looks, the price of untold sacrifices and labors,—and again recollect how thousands of women, filled with the same spirit, die, without a murmur, to earthly life, die to their own names even, that they may know nothing but their holy duties,—while men are torturing and denouncing their fellows, and while we can hear day and night the clinking of hammers that are trying, like the brute forces in the "Prometheus," to rivet their adamantine wedges right through the breast of human nature,—I have been ready to believe that we have even now a new revelation, and the name of its Messiah is WOMAN.—Dr. Holmes, in *Atlantic*.

IK MARVEL said in an address before the State Agricultural Society, in Hartford: "There is something worth living for besides money. That is very good, but it is not all. With the rest let us raise a crop of good ideas. While you are a farmer, remember that you are a man, with duties and responsibilities. Live down the old brutal notion that a farmer must be uncouth, uneducated and unthinking—a mere plodder.

You are brought into immediate contact with the great heart of civilization. You cannot get out of the buzz of the toiling world. The thrill of the wonder-working wire, and the rumble of the locomotive, (the thunder tread of nations) come to your once secluded hill-side.

Move toward a better life. Do not keep you boys corn-shelling in the long winter evenings. Make your farm a place that your sons and daughters cannot help loving. Cultivate the trees—they are God's messengers. Don't say that you care nothing for looks. You do care, else why did you build that two story house, with blinds and a cupola into which you never go. Or why did you, years ago, carefully brush your coat, and pull up your shirt collar, when starting on a Sunday evening to visit the good woman who now shares your home?

Care much more for books and pictures. Don't keep a parlor, into which you go but once a month, with the parson or sewing-society. Hang around your walls pictures which shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the lonely waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the still home-stead shall come across the desolation, bringing always light, hope and love.

Have no dungeon about your house—no room you never open—no blinds that are always shut.

Don't teach your daughters French before they can weed a flower-bed or cling to a side-saddle. And daughters! do not be ashamed of the pruning-knife. Bring to your door the richest flowers from the woods: cultivate the friendship of birds; scorn the scamp that levels his murderous gun at the blue bird or robin. Study botany, learn to love nature, and seek a higher cultivation than the fashionable world would give you.

* It is a popular belief among this people, that every man has two angels, who always accompany and keep a record of his actions.

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

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

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

CLEVELAND, O., NOVEMBER 1, 1859.

REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS.—Frances H. Green; Frances E. Hyer; S. J. Finney; Cora Wilburn; G. B. Rogers, M. D.; Hudson and Emma Tuttle; Mary H. Willbor; T. S. Sheldon; Sarah C. Hill.

Those who receive a specimen copy of the AGITATOR, may understand that they have been invited to subscribe for it and obtain subscribers.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

DEAR READER: It was on a clear, frosty morning, the 6th of Oct., that I found myself and baggage snugly stowed into a car by our very efficient police officer, Clark Warren. What a famous institution the city police is! We could better dispense with ministers and marketmen.

Casting about the crowded car and finding only strange faces, I gathered up my garments to avoid a tobacco bath, rested my feet upon a package of books and said to myself, "Let us take a few notes, comment and criticise at pleasure; it will help vastly to pass the day."

The "All aboard!" was a signal for tears, farewells, kissing and parting. This world, I said, is much like an April day; shadows and sunshine, smiles and tears, make up the day in April and the day of life.

The steam charger, at the word of command, marched monarch-like forth with its long train, and we went whirling along the iron highway. The wide world has no better road, car, or more faithful managers than may be found between Cleveland and Columbus. Every one seemed to be possessed with the spirit of safety. A child at my elbow said to her brother, when the cars suddenly stopped, Don't be afraid, Charley, no one was ever hurt on this road.

Apropos, what charming preachers children are! The love and faith and trust I saw manifested by these children, Charley and Mollie, were blessed lessons to me. While their nervous mother was fretting and fault-finding with whatever came in her way, the darlings had a good word and smile for every one. When, toward noon, they wearied, locked in each other's arm, they fell asleep. We, the on-lookers, blessed the better faith these sinless ones have not unlearned.

"And other days come back to us
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn."

Toward the going down of the sun our steam horse halted in Delaware. I found there a friend with a conveyance to take me to his home, a distance of eleven miles. The roads were shockingly rough in consequence of recent rains; but a new BARN was to be dedicated, and I was honored with an invitation to speak on the occasion. A young Methodist clergyman assisted in the services by question asking. He seemed gentlemanly and like one enquiring the way to Truth's Temple.

On the morning of the 7th, my friend, Van Sickle, was up with the dawn to return me to Delaware on my way to Richmond, Ind. From six to eight, on a cold autumn morning, are not pleasant riding hours; but with borrowed robes I managed to enjoy vastly the rough ride.

At 8 o'clock A. M. I took a seat in a car for Springfield en route for Richmond. The cars on this road are old and dirty; but the speed exceeded that of an ox team; the hope, therefore, was of making considerable progress before midnight.

I continued my old business of taking sketches and commenting upon the goings and doings of my fellow travelers. A fine looking mulatto woman, with a blue-eyed baby, occupied a seat on my left. Her gentleness and lady-like deportment attracted my attention. She left at a little town on the way. The conductor saw her gathering up baskets, baby and bundles, but made no attempt to aid her. I was quite in love with the lady, and only awaited an opportunity of expressing it; it offered now, so I took the sleeping child in my arms, fondled it, and handed it out to the mother. I rather think a gentleman passenger envied me the sweet smile and "Thank you" she gave for the baby, for when I prepared to leave the cars, at the next station, he was very officious in aiding me, with less baggage and no baby. My contempt for his treatment to the colored woman was so great I refused him the "thank you" even. What a shocking curse color is!

A young man and woman were my neighbors in the cars. Both had black hair and eyes. They should have been brother and sister; but they were husband and wife, (in law.) They had been wedded, perhaps, ten days—there was no mistaking that fact. The husband was all love and devotion;

the wife listened *patiently* to the soft things uttered. God never joined two like temperaments. Ten years hence one or the other will join the great army who are asking freedom from the galling chains. What God hath joined together man will never put asunder.

No person interested me so much as a young man before me. He had a pale, thin face; large, dark restless eyes, and a sort of woe-worn and poverty pinched appearance. He took from an old valise the miniature of a sweet-faced girl, and, half hiding it with a red silk handkerchief, he gazed long and intently upon the picture. Two *unschooled* young ladies were before him. They glanced at the worn garments of the young man and then at the likeness he held, and straightway commenced a senseless giggle and comments upon his "lady love." The youth seemed pained by the reckless remarks and changed his seat. The *fashionables* had not learned that human hearts beat proudly, divinely, 'neath "linsey-woolsey." They could not see the thoughts of earth and heaven, the forgotten joys, the fresh sorrows that very image it may be called up. Time may teach these ladies terrible lessons; they will then pluck the barbed arrows from a brother's heart and heal his wounds.

At evening I found myself safely housed with a White family in the *friendly* city of Richmond. A fainting, famishing soul never fared better than I fared, and a cup of coffee and a cozy nook are seldom better appreciated.

Coffee has been ignored by most medical men and cursed by half the reformers, but I bless the inventor of coffee and the cook who will not ruin it by browning and boiling.

Saturday morning, the 8th, was the time the Friends of Progress had appointed for the commencement of their meeting. [A report will be found in another column.] We, therefore, a little band of humble truth-seekers, gathered together to compare notes and to ask "What shall we do to be saved?" The meeting, like Richmond meetings usually, was one of interest; not a few strong hearts and working hands are found in and about Richmond. Sunday night William Denton spoke upon MARRIAGE. He told terrible truths—told them bravely and well—told them because suffering humanity made the demand upon him. My woman's soul blessed him for all he said; but I was prompted to say, "William Denton does not know—cannot know—the wrongs, the misery consequent upon a false marriage, as woman does. Man has law upon his side; maternal love and sorrow are strangers to him." But *man* can talk no better than Mr. Denton talked. A few prudes sneered, and guilty men cursed the lecture; but outraged woman and honest men thanked the gods for a Denton with a heart, and voice to think, feel and speak.

I had an appointment, on Thursday evening, the 13th, in Cottage Grove, distant from Richmond sixteen miles. Drs. O. and Mary F. Thomas kindly offered to convey me there in a private carriage. I accepted, with thanksgiving, the offer. The day was as gloriously grand as Nature could possibly produce. Our way led through woodlands and beside murmuring streams. Next to a few good souls I love best the woods and waters. To me they speak of Heaven and God; indeed, I know no God but what I see and hear in "the leaf tongues of the forest and in the flower lips of the sod," and if Heaven is as beautiful as these October forests, I shall be happy and contented there. I wonder that the lovers of music and of the beautiful so seldom go into the fields and woods to listen to the water song and to the bird notes among the boughs; wonder people so seldom visit the galleries where Nature has painted and hung such gorgeous pictures. October has on exhibition splendid specimens of God's work—such beautiful colors and so charmingly blended! I have visited a few fine galleries of Art, but have seen nothing to equal the living, spirit-inspiring paintings I saw between Richmond and Cottage Grove.

Mrs. Thomas held the reins while her other self talked with me upon the facts and philosophy of spiritualism. Mrs. T. several times jestingly said, "I use my own judgment—never yield to spirit dictation." But suddenly reining up the horse she said, "I think we must be wrong—I *feel* as if we were." "Oh, no," said the Doctor, "I have been over the road before; drive along." "Not another step," she replied, "till I am certain we are right, for I am *impressed* we are wrong." And we were on the wrong road. The anti-spiritualist was well impressed.

The consequence was, we had four extra miles to ride. I did not regret it, for thereby we saw another forest enrobed in crimson and gold.

Jonathan Swain, a venerable Friend, and his good wife, opened to us their door and gave us a Quakerly welcome. After meeting, our friends' musical son set us into a dancing mood. I very graciously asked Friend Jonathan to lead in a cotillion. "Thee must excuse me," he replied, putting his Quaker boots firmly to the floor as much as to say, "Be quiet;" but there was a something in that good man's soul that never joined the Hixite Quaker Church—a spirit there that listened lovingly to the sweet toned instrument.

Friday morning the 14th, the time of parting came. Drs. O. and Mary Thomas returned to Richmond, I took a hack for Oxford, then the cars for the North. The ride seemed long

and lonely; but I managed to pass the day tolerably well. A well-dressed, good looking drunken man, and a ragged, half-grown boy were passengers some fifty miles of the way. The boy thought to be *manly* by chewing tobacco, and seeming delighted with the wicked and simple jargon of his companion.

Mrs. Cox, of Richmond, told me she peddled matches, because she found thereby, so frequent opportunities for preaching to the people. I wondered if there was not a fine opportunity for a sermon. Who would preach to that boy? Who would warn him of his ruinous way? The ladies turned away in disgust, and the men looked on in silence. I saw the way clear for me, so after casting about to find the most accessible way to the heart of my auditor, I called him to me and enquired the name of the next town, the size, &c. The lad seemed delighted to give me the needed information. I succeeded in inspiring him with the feeling that he was of some importance in the world. Now for the sermon. I thought, how shall I begin?

"Is that man your father?" I asked.

"My father! no m-a-r-m—not mine."

"Has he children?"

"Yes, lots on 'm."

"Will they be sorry to see him come home drunk?"

"Wall, I rec'on so, for they are mighty smart feeling folks."

"Has he a wife?"

"Yes m-a-r-m."

"What does she say to such a husband?"

"O, nothin' now. She used to blow away like blazes; but that's no use, so she dont say nothin'."

Poor crushed spirit, she says nothing now.

"Do you drink whisky?"

"Not I."

"I am sorry you use tobacco; you will want brandy, by and by," I said.

"Oh blazes! no I wont. I've chewed ever since I was knee high."

My sermon was cut short by the call, "Galion."

From there I went to Marion, a clean country city on the Bellefontaine Railroad.

Mrs. W. met me at the station and took me to her home, and very home-like it seemed, for our homes had been the same. But strange changes have come to us both since then.

Mrs. W. left me—my home—a few years since, for a new home, with the chosen of her young heart. She was but fifteen then, and an orphan. For one so young, she had seen many dark life-pictures; but Fortune presented the sunny side of life and Hope promised much—alas! too much.

At eighteen she was a widow with two children; at twenty, childless; at twenty-one a bride again, hopeful and happy. May the Fates deal gently with her hereafter.

I have spoken in Marion three times, to audiences large enough to convince me that all Marion is ready to listen to woman's plea for woman. Wish the men were as ready to go to the ballot box and make righteous laws, as they are to hear the infamous ones condemned.

Monday, the 17th, I hope to reach the Agitator office. I shall bear along with me blessed memories of kind words and love-deeds. I hope to work better and longer for the legacy bestowed by loving hearts, bequeathing, thereby, to the world the wealth I have in keeping.

FRANCES BROWN.

OBITUARY.

The young spirit of EMMA, daughter of J. and Sophia Stickney, was freed from its mortal tenement at their home in Concord, Lake county, Ohio, September 4th, 1859, aged 22 years. Our sister had a long and painful sickness (lung fever, resulting in quick consumption,) which she bore patiently to the last. She was a young lady of rare musical attainments and promise, and of sterling integrity of character that endeared her to a large circle of friends. She died a Spiritualist, and remained in the full possession of her mental faculties till the last moment, and was not only willing to leave earthly scenes to join her spirit friends who were waiting to bid her welcome on the other side of life's river, but anxious to taste the glories of immortality. As the hours wore on, her spirit vision was opened to the sight of spiritual things. Half an hour before death, after awaking from what appeared to be a trance sleep, and finding that she was still bound by the chains of mortality, she was disappointed for a moment, but again resumed her resignation and conversed cheerfully with those around her of the spirit friends she had met with, and of the beautiful realities of that land to which she was fast tending; but more particularly of an own brother who had gone before, and of a sister friend who had recently passed away; and earnestly pleading with the friends around not to sorrow for her departure—for, said she, I will come back and be with you again. Her mind was clear, calm and strong, up to the moment her freed spirit joined the loved ones gathered around to waft her to the better home. There was a humility, a simplicity, a grace, in the midst of all her troubles, that marked her conversation and actions; a beautiful tenderness, that sheltered the meaneast from a brilliant wit; so peculiarly lovely when employed, as it sometimes was, to avert the great tide of grief and sorrow from those left behind. What a glorious age—what a season for rejoicing, when the young as well as the old, can calmly and considerately meet the messenger and arrange for their departure. We feel she is not lost to us, but gone before, where her sweet voice is tuned to noble themes, and that she will come back and aid and help us in our life-journey here, and assist other spirits who minister to our needs. Her work is now in a better home, and we can but say, Father, thy will be done.

NEWS ITEMS.

A. D. RUGGLES is sick in New York. His friends have little hope of his recovery.

WE were from the office when the last number of the Agitator was issued; the consequence was several mistakes.

The printer made two articles of one—the letter from "B" and our reply.

A mistake was made in the price of the Banner and Agitator. All right now.

S. J. FINNEY will spend the month of November in Boston and vicinity. He is a good speaker, and worthy the support and sympathy of reformers.

LIZZIE DOTEN'S LECTURES published in the Banner of the 22d ult., were worth a year's subscription of the Banner. May that brave, working woman live to repeat those same sermons to a Cleveland audience.

THE present address of L. Judd Pardee is P. O. Box 2234, Cincinnati. He will receive subscribers for the Agitator.

S. B. BRITTAN has become one of the editors of the Banner of Light.

J. R. M. SQUIRE, of the Banner is soon to start for Europe. He will continue to write for that paper.

L. B. MONROE has retired from the editorial department of the Spiritual Age, and will devote his time to lecturing upon the reforms of the day.

OUR co-worker, Mrs. Hyzer, is soon to furnish our reader with a series of articles entitled "The freedom of Love, and the love of Freedom."

MR. MANSFIELD, in speaking of Mrs. HYZER in a letter from Philadelphia to the Banner, says:

"Mrs. F. O. HYZER, that highly-gifted and good lady, spoke at Sansom Street Hall last Sabbath—her subject 'Woman's Mission.' The house was full; and the manner in which Mrs. Hyzer acquitted herself, would have done credit to a Webster. With one consent it was pronounced the most able lecture ever delivered in Sansom Street Hall."

HENRY WARD BEECHER CHARGED WITH HERESY.—The Puritan Recorder is out in sack cloth for the sins of Mr. Beecher. He has, as the Recorder says, openly abandoned the doctrine of the inevitable and eternal perdition of ungodly men. Verily the world moves.

Look out for a rich repast in the next Agitator. Among the things to be published is "The Impartial Father of the Prodigal Son," by Manly Darius. "The Philosophy of Spiritualism," by Dr. Rodgers; an important letter from L. Judd Pardee, and another of Mary Willbor's poems.

THE question everyday comes, "when may we expect as weekly paper?" So soon as our list will warrant success. Thus far our printers have been promptly paid, but we dare not venture an increase of expenses.

THE Fraternity Lecturers already engaged are Phillips, Geo. Sumner, Whipple, Emerson, Beecher, Frederick Douglass, Chapin, Mrs. Lippincott, Bayard Taylor, Curtis, Higginson, Garrison and Carl Schurz.

WENDELL PHILLIPS' Fraternity Lecture, delivered at the opening of the Fraternity Course, in Boston, on the 4th of October, is the bravest, grandest thing conceived by human heart or uttered by human lips. Mr. Phillips is to prepare it entire for the Standard. We will give it to our readers, and all the reported lectures delivered before the Fraternity.

THE Vanguard and Good Time Coming have closed their labors for the present. Want of support has compelled the proprietors to take this much-to-be-regretted step.

Mrs. Cridge will continue to send out the "Gem," to the young. No paper is more needed, none should be better sustained.

THOSE who wish to read "Violet," can have the Agitator from the commencement. It is a story of rare merit.

A correspondent says "Gerrit Smith's views of divorce has haunted me these three weeks that I have been burning with fever."

Mr. Smith is strangely inconsistent. He talked well about living the *higher* law, and in the next breath seeks to persuade the people that legalized unions, however revolting to souls loving truth, should *never* be broken. He seems to hold sacredly marriage slavery, and then sends money to purchase ammunition to abolish chattel slavery. Which is productive of the greatest amount of misery, black or white slavery?—the binding of men and women without the sanction of their souls, with permission to transmit their own vices to the world, or selling the bodies of men to men?

F. L. WADSWORTH has been some days in Cleveland, lecturing in Chapin's Hall. We Clevelanders are often charged with being severe critics. There may be some truth in the charge. It is certain that we sometimes feel that to commend a lecture would do injustice to the public; but of Mr. Wadsworth there is but one opinion. He is a sound, sensible man; a fine speaker, and an earnest, faithful worker. From here he goes West and South. He will bear with him the good will and blessings of all who listened to him, and we expect he will leave with us the promise of another course of lectures.

THE wife of L. E. Barnard has petitioned for a divorce on the ground of personal abuse. If the petition is not granted there is no justice in the Summit County Court.

A correspondent from Oswego, Ind. writes: "Doctor L. B. White departed this life the 18th of Oct. He was an ardent believer in Spiritualism, and a warm advocate for doctrines of progress and improvement."

We had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Dr. White, but the kind and hopeful words that he has sent us from time to time, has strengthened our faith in humanity. Blessed be his memory!

WE will furnish missing numbers of the second volume of the Agitator, and the volume entire for 75 cents—or one dollar and pay the postage.

LECTURE.—F. L. WADSWORTH, an Inspirational Speaker, will Lecture in Chapin's Hall, on Sunday, October 30th, morning and evening. Mr. W. is one of our best speakers and it is hoped the Hall will be crowded.

THE POOR.

The autumn with its chilling frosts and searching winds, is here. Winter is at the gate warning us to lay in food and fuel for his stay. Mothers are looking to the wardrobes of their little ones—furs, flannels, boots and overcoats will be called into requisition. But what of God's poor?—the houseless, breadless poor? Have they been looked after, or remembered even? We know worthy women who, with sorrow-laden hearts, are looking Winter and Famine in the face. One is about as easily eluded as the other. They have, by washing and sewing sustained themselves and those dependent on them through the summer, but the demand for wood and warm clothing they cannot meet. Who will aid them? Who help them to bear the burden of life? Let those who have means look about and see what they have to give, and who are the destitute. People in the country can often donate wood and provision. Why not do so at once, and make glad suffering souls. If any one has aught to bestow—if only cast-off garments—and does not know the needy, we will, with pleasure, point to several families worthy and destitute. We trust this appeal will bring blessings to the suffering poor.

PASSED FROM EARTH.

We learn with deep regret, that little Anna, the only daughter of our friends, Mr. & Mrs. Van Every, has gone before her time to the Green-Wood of Souls. The Father plants in the Earth mould his immortal germs. Here they should grow and mature before they are prepared to be "transplanted to the upper Hesperides;" but an adverse wind has chilled the unfolding bud, and, as our afflicted brother writes, "from the other shore a silvery voice is now calling us thither."

May the blessed faith the parents of Anna have so long cherished and so faithfully preached to others, be like healing balm to their wounded spirits.

FRIEND MOREHOUSE:—Did thee not make a mistake in the heading of thy article which appeared in Number 37 of the Agitator? Viz:

"The tendency of *Spiritualism* to Retrograde."

Should it not have read—The tendency of *Spiritualists* to Retrograde?

I believe that the doctrine of *Spiritualism* is as immutable and eternal as God himself. *Professed Spiritualists* may retrograde, and the sow that has been washed, return to her muddy pool; while the bright star of *Spiritualism* leads onward and upward, never backward.

I like your views as embodied in your letter, and hope to hear from you often, through the columns of the Agitator.

Would to God that there were more, who dared to beard the lion (Orthodoxy) in his lair. Yours, W. S.

Proceedings of the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress,

Held at Fairmount, O., Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d, 1859.

[The following are but a part of the proceedings of the Ohio Yearly Meeting. Our paper was nearly ready for the press when the Report came, consequently a large part of it must be omitted. We regret the necessity exceedingly.—ED. AGITATOR.]

MORNING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order by Isaac Trescott, one of the Clerks, who took that opportunity to remark, that although the heavy rain this morning has caused this session to be smaller than it would have been, yet he never felt more confidence than at *this moment* in the final success of our cause, that we could not reasonably expect that the stream of popular theology and conservatism could immediately be arrested in its course. To breast the current, required great firmness and integrity; to change the *conservative past* into the *reformatory future*, required steadfastness of purpose and energy of zeal. All over the country, both in the East and in the West, reformers that have become

truly baptized in the pure waters of eternal truth, were concentrating around this movement. And although neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet yet he perceived that we should have a good Yearly Meeting. And that this movement was one of the great instrumentalities to relieve us from the shackles that the conservatism of the past is imposing upon this age.

The Clerk was followed by Zephana Stone, of Ashtabula county, with remarks of a general reformatory character, and by Zenas Edwards.

The call for the meeting was read. Rachel Whinery and Isaac Trescott were appointed Clerks for the ensuing year.

On motion, a General Business Committee of seven was appointed, viz: Hannah F. M. Brown, of Cleveland, Enos Hilles, Reuben Erwin, Mary Griffith, Ellen Morris, Lewis Morgan, and J. H. Toohey, of Cleveland, Ohio.

On motion, Esther Harris, Emeline Fawcett and Isaac Trescott were appointed to correspond with such associations as are in sympathy with us in our movements.

Eloquent remarks upon the necessity of educating our children and youth in the principles of truth, purity and progress, were made by Hannah F. M. Brown.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Two resolutions were offered by Zenas Edwards, and discussed by I. Trescott, Z. Edwards, Enos Hilles, C. Whittacre, H. F. M. Brown, Reuben Erwin, Zephana Stone, Samuel Myers, and others. After singing by two Friends, adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.

Addresses were made upon Slavery, general oppression, national caste, &c., by Jehu Holliday, J. H. Toohey and others.

SUNDAY MORNING, NINE O'CLOCK.

The meeting again convened. The following essay was read:

We, the American people, are a fast and an energetic people. Electricity and steam have overcome time and space to such an extent that the most Utopian ideas of speed seem not impossible, whilst time is regarded as lost that is not spent in activity for some avowed purpose. The rage for wealth produces a desire to accumulate rapidly a vast amount of treasure in the least possible time, for it is quite too tedious a process to gain wealth by slow degrees. The intellect is overtaxed in order to acquire the most knowledge in the least possible time; hence our school rooms are but hotbeds, bringing forth mentally exiguous plants, which are from thence transferred to the seminaries and academies, where they are sustained by the same kind of nourishment, and drink at the same mental fountain, until they become too tender to bear the transplanting into the rougher though more genial soil of every-day life, where they might, under a different and less hurried system of education, have grown as hardy perennials. The sallow face and meagre look of the student tell of the vigor of youth wasted in gaining an amount of knowledge which would better have been obtained by slow degrees, than thus to barter health and life away. The wily politician knows that in his craft the "race is to the swift and the battle to the strong," hence he would move the earth were it possible, by the rapidity of his motion, and those in sympathy with him unfurl their banners and cry "Onward! onward!" for Republicanism or Democracy. The journalists, too, are expected to furnish something strange, something exciting, to gratify the reading community, for they, too, must be exhilarated and move rapidly onward, or the world will apparently leave them in the rear. The moralist must have new matter at each succeeding meeting, or the audience weary with the dullness of the lecturer, and the sameness of the lectures, and it is remarked, "He is behind the age." The religionists, too, are carried by the whirlwind and storm. Revivals like the storm-cloud in its wrath prostrate the feeble and those unable to withstand the shock. From all this rapidity of action in business, in education, in politics, in morals and religion, does the spiritual in man find respite to commune with the spiritual existence of God the Father. The good within every individual seeks to assimilate and hold converse with the source from whence it originated. As the body of itself cannot sustain the body, so neither can the soul sustain itself without its appropriate stimula. But as the spiritual is rarely as active as the sensual, it is lulled into quietness, whilst the senses are roused to their utmost vigor.

Perhaps the activity in the physical world would be well, were it not so all engrossing. The spiritual asks, but is rejected; seeks to bless, but is oft-times denied. But when cares and anxieties are laid aside, its ministrations tend to elevate and inspire. Then is there peace and joy and harmony in the soul, for, as a good and true man has said, "Prayer, whether conscious or spontaneous, a word, or a feeling felt in gratitude, or penitence, or joy, or resignation, is not a soliloquy of the man, not a physiological function, not an address to a deceased man, but a sally into the infinite spiritual world whence we bring back light and truth. There are windows toward God, as toward the world. There is no intercessor, angel or mediator between man and God, for man can speak and God hear each for himself. He requires no advocate to plead for men who need not pray by attorney. Each soul stands close to the Omnipotent God, may feel his beautiful Presence, have familiar access to the All Father, and get Truth at first hand from its Author. Wisdom, righteousness and love are the Spirit of God in the soul of man; wherever these are, and just in proportion to their power, there is inspiration from God. Thus God is not the author of confusion, but of concord; faith, and knowledge, and revelation, and reason, tell the same tale and so legitimate and confirm one another.

The Business Committee reported a series of resolutions, which were accepted for general remarks and discussion.

The balance of the morning and afternoon sessions were spent in discussions and addresses upon the principles contained in the series of resolutions. Among the speakers were Samuel Myers, J. H. Toohey, H. F. M. Brown, Wm. Holliday, Dr. A. Brooks, Enos Hilles, John Holliday, Isaac Trescott, Ellwood Patterson, J. H. Gould, Jonathan and Hannah Thomas, Ellwood Longshore, Ellen Morris, Sarah Garretson, Ellis Johnson, Zilpha Barnaby, C. Whitacre, Zenas Edwards, Emeline Fawcett, Ann Hambleton, Lewis Morgan, Reuben Erwin and others.

Song by Miss Rockhill.

EVENING SESSION.

An interesting lecture upon the insanity of farmers, farmers' wives and their help, and the necessity of cheerfulness in the home circle, was delivered by J. H. Toohey, who was followed by Isaac Trescott upon the beauties of that religion, which, instead of going to the far-off future to create its Heaven, applies itself to every-day duties of life, thus bringing celestial joy into our own families.

During the whole of the day and evening the house was insufficient to hold the people who desired to attend the meeting—to listen and to participate in its discussions—and the need was felt of a larger house in which to hold our meetings.

OCTOBER 3—MEETING MET AT 9 O'CLOCK.

The series of Resolutions, &c., which had been heretofore discussed in the *general*, were taken up in the *detail*, were altered, and amended, and discussed by most of the speakers who had spoken before, and most of them unanimously adopted by the meeting.

Resolved, That whenever the Bible sanctions, or inculcates sentiments adverse to human liberty and equal rights, we discard its teachings as neither divine nor authoritative, but we will accept it as any other book, subject to enlightened reason and thorough criticism.

Resolved, That war, hate, drunkenness, licentiousness, murder, slavery, oppression and robbery are the legitimate offspring of oppressed and enslaved women. It is therefore our duty to strike from her limbs and soul, the chains put on her by *law, custom*, and sham christianity, and place her on a perfect equality with man.

EDUCATIONAL.

Whereas, It has been considered good sense to declare "that all men are created free," and "entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," therefore

Resolved, That life to be truly *free*, must be the gift of healthy and loving parents, in order to make liberty from disease and sickness a fact, and the pursuit of happiness a practical possibility.

And whereas, The necessities of life confirm the testimonies of experience in favor of a healthy body, as a true basis for a natural and progressive education, therefore,

Resolved, That any system of teaching that works on and forces the mind at the expense of the body, is injurious to the young of *both sexes*, and

should be discountenanced by every friend of progress.

Whereas, We as ever hold to those immortal sentiments contained in the Declaration of Independence that all persons are created with the inherent right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, therefore,

Resolved, That we as friends of human progress, use our influence, socially, morally and intellectually, so far as we individually in our judgments deem it right, to secure the immediate and unconditional abolition of chattel Slavery from our land and from the world.

Resolved, That the subject of Spiritualism is well worthy of the candid and rational investigation of all who love truth, and wish to be consistent friends of Progress.

On motion,

Resolved, That the proceedings of the meeting be offered for publication in the Anti-Slavery Bugle, in the Cleveland Agitator, and such other papers as will publish them.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the proprietors of this House, for its use by the meeting.

One of the clerks announced that all the business before them was now disposed of—but that he felt too much thankfulness toward those over whom he had been called to preside, not to express his gratification at the cheerfulness with which each one had contributed to make this one of the most harmonious yearly meetings which we had yet held.

The kind and courteous bearing of all who had participated in the proceedings of the meeting demonstrates the fact, that men and women having great variety of sentiments can meet and express their opinions freely, without marring the harmony that should prevail. After further remarks by J. H. Toohey and H. F. M. Brown, the meeting adjourned as usual.

RACHEL WHINERY, } Clerks.
ISAAC TRESCOTT, }

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING

Of the Friends of Progress, held in Richmond, Ind., October 8th, 1859.

The meeting commenced according to appointment, with a small audience at first, but which steadily increased in size throughout the meeting; and the last sitting was held in Starr Hall, the largest in the city, which was well filled. We have had a good time, a strengthening of all that is good and pure in the soul; a building up of our faith in the ultimate redemption of humanity, from the evils that now encumber the world. Wm. Denton and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Cleveland, and Miss Thomas, of Cincinnati, were present, and gave us of their stores of thought and inspiration. Jonathan Swain read an excellent address upon the true relation of the sexes in the business departments of life, Orthodox Theology, the true Sabbath, Woman's Wrongs and Children's Rights, Slavery and Intemperance, were among the things discussed. Spiritualism, what good has it done? was ably discussed by Mrs. Brown. Much good feeling was manifested by all present, and we all felt that it was good to be there.

A communication from the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends was read, and its words of sympathy and encouragement were gratefully accepted.

The Meeting adjourned to meet on the second Saturday in October of next year, to which all laborers for humanity's sake are most respectfully invited to come and give of their thought for the good of man.

SAMUEL MAXWELL,
MRS. AGNES COOK,
MRS. CROCKER,
Corresponding Committee.

HORACE MANN said—"I know of nothing more distressing than a large-hearted, noble, expansive-minded woman, linked to a petulant, little-souled, contemptible man—a genuine woman united to one of those sordid and sensual men who are a libel on the race." Horace was right.

AMID and above all contentions is heard the voice of the Harmonial Philosophy. From afar it comes with the voice of song. How musical are its divine harmonies! "Like a gush of sweet sounds from a golden land," for whose regenerating waters the world has been forever faint. From distant stars it comes diffusing animation and beauty everywhere, like the morning. It sounds like the gospel of true religion—more solemn than the last murmur of the storm-blast among the hills; than the singing of the low winds among the grasses upon the ocean shore. —A. J. Davis.

BROKEN.—Alas! little does the world know how a broken heart is hidden under a cold and stern demeanor in the face, little does it dream of the anguish that is stifled by the rigid lip of pride, or what feelings lie buried, but painfully alive forever, in the hearts of those whom it looks at daily, as monuments of hard unsympathising selfishness. It is written "every heart knoweth its own bitterness," and that concealment has been ordained by the same wisdom which have given to us a knowledge of the fact.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

[Copy Right secured.]

VIOLET.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

CHAPTER III.

School time has come again, and I don't know that I am sorry, for I am beginning to feel very much interested in study.

Mother says she has found me very useful, the past week in holding the baby, wiping dishes, sweeping and dusting.

We expected to have a very pleasant time at vacation, but our holiday season was saddened by the death of our dear Grandpa. It makes me feel very sad. It seems to me, I feel his last kiss even now on my cheek. When I entered his room I found him propped up by his pillows; father, mother and aunts were all weeping. Soon as Grandpa saw me, he put his hand out and drew me toward him for a farewell kiss. Oh dear! it seems so lonely to live without my dear old friend. When I hear little girls calling, grandpa, it makes me start and choke. It was so nice to be petted by him, to sit on his knee, with his hand resting on my head, while he permitted me to lay mine upon his breast. Our grandpa seemed very fond of us, and seemed to try to interest us in many ways. At times on going to school, he would meet us, and stooping, would spread out his arms saying: "Come buss your dear father." That's the word he used when he wished us to kiss him; and he taught me to say, dear father, and dear mother. Some of the girls laugh at me for it; but I don't care much if they do. Mother says I must never blush for doing right.

Our little Ella is growing very fast. Every one who sees her says: "What a lovely baby!" And well they may, for she is so waxen white, and her large, soft, brown eyes give her the appearance of having just awakened from sound sleep. Nothing could be lovelier than the brown hair lying in little curls on her fat neck, or falling over her dimpled cheek, with such a pleasant expression, as I cannot describe. She is always smiling at us, cooing when we go near, and what is better still, she never cries when we take her, or if strangers speak to her.—Miss Manton says, I seem to think our little sister quite perfect; and well I may, for she is as near perfect as can be. Father looks so glad to see her, when he enters the room; he says she is his little sunshine. It sounds very pleasant to hear him say so. How I wish he thought *me* his sunshine! I'm so noisy, I suppose if he said anything about me, it would be that I'm his thunder and lightning, or his trip-hammer, or his blunderbuss.

He sometimes calls Carrie his sunshine; I should think he might, for she is so winning and pleasant, so lively and exceedingly quiet withal. When she wants her way, she does not talk about it as I do, but perseveres, cheerfully and steadily, until she conquers. Mother calls her her singing-bird; and every one seems to love her.

Whenever any one visits our home, father shows them the inside of her trunk.

"Here," he says in a pleasant tone, "isn't every thing in perfect order? Look at her shoes, all neatly put up in her nice partition bag. Now look at Violet's; see the contrast," says he as he opens my trunk; and you will hear the company laugh heartily as they respond: "Well, everything is in admirable confusion here! It looks like a museum. See here are bits of colored paper, old drawings, stones, shells, pieces of old flowers, torn books, broken paint boxes with the paints scattered all around, broken slates and bits of pencils, half worn baby socks, and little green shoes, all mixed in a heap with her clothes."

Carrie's baby house is in complete order, while mine, mother says, looks as if the witches had been playing with it. Even when Carrie plays in the sand, she returns to the house just as clean as when she went out; the dirt doesn't stick to her, but has quite an affection for me, an affinity as they call it, of the earth, earthy. I am always playing in it and it seems to like me.

I don't know as father ever can do any thing with me, as Aunt Katy told mother the other day, when I came in the house with my skirt torn half off. I really do not wonder that she said so, for I always happen to tear my clothes when she comes. Mother looked very much discouraged, to see my new school dress rent so badly; I think I had not worn it but a few days, when, in playing "catch," I ran against a board of the garden fence which was loose. It is strange, I never see any nails, or boards. I'm always falling or running over somebody, and if any old lady comes to visit mother, the first thing she does is to move out of my way, and if I come near, she will cry—"Take care of my corns," or, "Oh dear! Violet, you are always getting on my feet," or, "If there's any body I dread, it's Violet, for she's always jumping into your mouth."

Last week I was hurrying to school when I ran against the iron ball of the railing belonging to the steps of Mrs. Brown's house. I was thrown down with great force, striking my temple and hurting me badly. Mrs. Brown came out of the house saying—"Poor little dear! are you hurt?" So she took hold of me and helped me in the house, bathed my head, gave me water to drink, then brought me out a piece of cake to eat. I thought myself fully compensated for the fall, by the kindness. Blessings on that dear, dear old lady, I shall always love her. Through the day, in school and two or three times in the night, my mind would say, "Poor little dear;" I loved to use the expression, it was like a pleasant tone of music. I think it did me good, for it really seemed as though she loved me.

I'm a very wild, noisy, restless little girl, (not very little either, for a lady told me the other day, I should soon be as tall as my mother.) When I forget how old I am, I am quite destructive and curious, as to every one who come in contact with me; I never am content with my playthings until I see the inside to know how they are constructed. Mother has rarely anything nice brought to her, but I am uneasy until I know where she has placed it. I like to look in the chimney to see how it is put together; and go down to the roof of the house to see how the spout is joined. I love to go up there at sunset, so I can see the bright clouds moving across the bright blue sky; then it is so pleasant to look in the street, every body looks so

funny, so small, just like the faïres I have read of.

Somehow I always forget father's commands with regard to my going on the roof. After returning from school last night, I thought I'd just go up for a little while to see the sunset, when I said to myself, "What a good view I could have here of the street, where I could remark everything going on." After resting a moment there, I felt tempted very strongly to go down to the edge of the roof, so did not remember the warning father gave me. I went first to one corner, then the other; while I was looking around I thought I saw a gentleman cast his eye toward me, but as he walked along very leisurely, I concluded that I must be mistaken.—Very soon I heard father call, "Violet." I looked up and perceived him beckoning to me. I walked up very carefully; when near my father, he extended his hand to assist me in; then he talked very seriously, and asked me if I knew what I deserved. I remembered well his promise, in case I disobeyed him, and in that respect received just what I expected, a good whipping and an "early to bed." When I thought seriously about it, I could not blame him for his fears, although I had none, and it was quite difficult to understand why he had any, unless it was because he is older, and can perceive danger where I do not dream of it. I cannot say it will make me better as to climbing, for it is so natural, I forget all commands when the temptation is presented to me. I make a great many good resolutions, but when I am enjoying myself, away they all go, like little birds, just let out from their cage. I suspect my memory is a little shorter than that of common girls. Mother told Aunt Katy of me, who called me "Tom-boy," and said she knew of a boy whose clothes would just fit me, and mother said she would have to resort to something of the kind if I didn't reform in my ways. I hope I shall be different sometime or other, but I possess so few virtues and so many faults, I don't know how I can improve. I dislike sitting quietly, but for a short time; but I am very fond of reading, and I think *soberly* much more than any one knows of, and I often have beautiful thoughts too, but were I to attempt to describe them to any one, they would go right away from my mind. I can sit and shut my eyes, and the loveliest pictures I ever saw come up before me, and I think they are going to stay with me a little time, but I open my eyes to the day light, and its just like a half remembered dream, still I think they have a very happy feeling.

I love to attend school very dearly in winter, but when the pleasant days of spring come, the green grass and flowers, and long hot days of summer, I would much rather be out of school in the country, or even at home. I love to work, too, I love to sweep; mother says she always knows when I do the chambers, for the furniture is moved into a different place. Mr. Fowler visited our school the other day, and the first thing he said, when he put his hand on my head, was—This girl is very fond of change, is not very quiet, &c. I thought it was quite true.

It is as natural for me to climb, as it is to breathe. Brother William says I can balance on the fence better than one half of the boys. I enjoy life exceedingly, every day is new to me. I have one of the pleasantest homes ever a child had, and the best and kindest of parents, also, a darling brother and sisters. We have very pleasant times together; there's William, Annie, Carrie, Susie and our precious baby, Ella, six of us; just enough to have a good time. I do pity little girls who have no brothers and sisters, they must be so lonely, with nobody to work or play with; why, when we retire at night, we lie and tell stories to each other until we talk ourselves asleep.

How it rained yesterday; it was like a torrent! As we were coming home from school, it rained the hardest. I wore a navarino bonnet, and before I reached home my crown was washed out entirely.

I remember when I was a very little girl of a severe storm. It rained quite hard when we started for school, but mother did not think it best for us to remain at home, for we were well protected with homespun plaid woolen dresses, high aprons, pantalettes like the dresses, stout shoes, cloak hood and mittens; so there was not much danger of taking cold, unless we were very careless. The storm increased very rapidly, and when it was time to return home at night, it was violent. Father was there with the umbrellas, and we thought we could get along nicely under his protection; and so we did, until we were turning the corner of the Parade. I being the youngest, father took me in his arms, holding an umbrella over my head. The other he gave to sister Annie, and told her to walk beside him. Just as we were turning the corner, there came a strong gust of wind, which rendered father almost unable to stand with his burden. As he was trying to close his umbrella, the wind blew sister Annie across the street, lifting her up two or three feet from the ground, for she held on the umbrella tightly as she could; finally she unloosed her grasp, and the umbrella lodged in the top of the railing of the Court House, while Annie found herself in the bottom of a mud puddle that looked quite like a little pond.

Mary Hart asked me to day if I did not hate the rain. "Not I," I answered. I love the stormy day, as well as a sunny one, and winter as well as summer. The weather is always pleasant enough to have a good time.

She said she did not think so. Then she asked me if I did not dislike to go to school; and said she wished it could be vacation all the time. She seemed very much surprised that I did not think so. I told her it was to me like ever so many holidays, I had such a pleasant time at home, and go around so much.

It has been raining again all night; and I never seemed to hear it with such ears before. The pattering music was so sweet I could not choose but listen to it, rather than sleep. And here! what have I done? The rhythm has come back again, only to flow out on paper. Ah, Violet! poor naughty Violet! writing rhymes! What will Aunt Katy say now? She who is always telling me in her rough way, that the jingle of "Them Lines" would sartainly spile me. I could not help it any more than a bird could, when I sang this song of the—

SUMMER RAIN.

All alone at midnight waking,
Hear I on my window pane
Tapping, tapping, gently tapping,
Summer's singing dancing rain.

Now upon the house top hear it,
Patter, patter, soft and slow—
Like the pigeon-birds a walking
On the icy crusted snow.

Faster, faster, now descending,
Like a King in angry mood,
Tramping down the monument
Where the angel, Peace had stood.

Fiercer now the rain is pouring—
Madder sounds the thunder's roar;
Hissing, darting, like a serpent,
Bolts the lightning through the door.

Slower, slower—gentler dropping
Softer sings the pensive breeze
Gone, all gone the trace of anguish,
Tossing wildly 'mid the trees.

Quick I open wide the casement,
Grateful breathe the chastened air,
Welcoming the bless'd moonlight,
Joying in the quiet there.

O, I love the gentle tapping—
Tapping on my window pane—
And I love the Storm King's murmur—
O, I love the midnight rain.

[To be Continued.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE; A New Pocket Dictionary and Reference Book; Embracing Extensive Collections of Synonyms, Technical Terms, Abbreviations and Foreign Phrases; Chapters on writing for the Press, Punctuation and Proof-Reading; and other interesting and valuable and interesting information. By the author of "How to Write," "How to Talk," etc. Price 50 cents.

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F. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Milan, O., the 6th and in Cincinnati, the 13th, 20th and 27th of November. He can be addressed at Cincinnati, until the 27th.

DR. JAMES COOPER'S address is Bellefontaine, Ohio.

FINNEY'S LECTURES.—We will mail single copies of Finney's Lectures for three cents; twelve for twenty-five cents.

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Oswego every Sunday in November; in Providence, Dec. 18th and 25th and Jan. 1st and 8th; Memphis, Tenn., in Feb.; St. Louis in March. Applications for week evenings will be attended to.

Address box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE GREAT STRASBURG CLOCK.—Henry C. Wright in a letter to the Liberator, thus describes the great clock in Strasburg Cathedral: The priests and militia have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock, from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about 30 feet wide, and 15 deep. Around me are many strangers, waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes of twelve. The clock has struck and the people are gone except a few whom the sexton, or head man, with a wand and sword, is conducting around the building. The clock is struck in this way: The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or little boy, with a mallet, and over this dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, and that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet above the dial, in a niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands the figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and turns and glides, with a slow step around Time. Then comes out an old man, with a mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell that echoes through the building, and is heard all around the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on ready to perform his part, as the time comes around again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some 20 feet higher still. It is thus: There is a high cross with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck, one of the Apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows and walks on around to this place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows and passes on. So all the Apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow, pass on. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside of the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1581, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it stood out of repair.

WHAT HE MUST BE.—A young man, while undergoing an examination for the purpose of being admitted to the bar, was asked:—"What are the Constitutional requirements which render a man eligible to the office of President of the United States?" He answered:—"He must be forty-one years old, and a mighty good democrat."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. The "Thinker," by A. J. Davis, will be out in Nov. We have the promise of 100 so soon as they are out.

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