

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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VOLUME I.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.

NUMBER 11.

From the National Era.

TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed: "I fain would see
How three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth; the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain,
Alike the righteous and profane
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured: "is it meet
That blindfold Nature thus should treat
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sister of the street.

"Beware!" I said, "In this I see
No gain to her, but loss to thee:
Who touches pitch, defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
And a voice whispered: "Who therein
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's peace win?"

"Who there shall hope and strength dispense,
And lift the ladder up from thence,
Whose rounds are prayers of penitence?"

I said: "No higher life they know;
These earth worms love to have it so,
Who stoops to raise them, sinks as low."

That night with painful care I read
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said—
The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I turned in weary quest
Old pages, where, (God give them rest!)
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and guess'd.

And still I prayed: "Lord let me see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me!"

Then something whispered: "Dost thou pray
For what thou hast? This very day,
The Holy Three have crossed thy way."

"Did not the gifts of sun and air
To good and ill alike, declare
The all compassionate Father's care?"

"In the white soul that stooped to raise
The lost one from her evil ways,
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels praise;

"A bodiless Divinity,
The still, small Voice that spake to thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!"

"Oh, blind of sight, of faith how small!
Father and Son and Holy Call—
This day thou hast denied them all!"

Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul—and the Three are One!"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast,
The monkish gloss of ages past,
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered: "Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three,
Thy riddle hath been read to me,"

J. G. W.

—Mrs. Swisshelm of the St. Cloud Visitor, says: "The woman who has learned and practiced the art of coquetry to get a husband, is not going to quit the business when she has him. She who can marry a man for a living, or sets herself about catching a husband as a means of getting one, has got that far away from the path of purity, that she will find it quite as easy to go forward as to turn back."

—Within thine own bosom are the stars of thy destiny.
—Schiller.

Religion and Generation.

The Sectarian world is leaving 'no stone unturned' to extend its influence. Probably it never before put forth such vigorous efforts. The "Revival" has swept over the land like a whirlwind. But as to any evidences of the spread of a *Christ-like* religion, they are wanting. The people are just as selfish, and as much in the dark concerning the laws of their being, and perhaps more intolerant and sectarian than they were before. *Such* a Religion might pervade every household in the land—it might "cover the earth as the waters cover the great deep," and still the slave would drag his chains—the widow and the orphan weep in sadness and poverty—the poor laboring classes wear out their lives to gain a meagre subsistence, and enrich their mammon-loving employers. —War would still blow his blood-stained trumpet, calling nations to battle, and earth remain the theatre of crime, want, oppression and wrong. Such a Religion has no element of Justice and Righteousness in it; and therefore it stands directly in the way of the redemption of the world. Over the prostrate ruins of this false and heartless religion, must Humanity march to her deliverance. Call us *infidels* if they will. My reply is, *Not* to be infidel to such a religion, is to be false to God, Truth, and Humanity!

Still I will insist upon a "Pure religion and undefiled"—a Religion of Righteousness. But as this embodies the elements of Justice, a living Faith and true Progressive life, it is infidelity to the sectarian, petrified, and God-dishonoring churches. They make a belief in their vapid, absurd creeds—in their irrational, nightmare orthodoxy, more essential than practical goodness, and an honest, noble life. In fact they make a belief in their dogmas, the *only* road to salvation—which, at best can only be reached by one in a thousand—the remainder, the vast myriads of the race being doomed to everlasting damnation. To illustrate still more palpably the inconsistency of these self-styled Christians—these 'people of God' we have but to look to their wholesale propagation of human beings—two thirds, or nine tenths of whom are to go down to endless misery. Thus they continue to furnish victims for hell—are therefore hell propagators—hell-builders. By 'multiplying and replenishing the earth,' they are multiplying and replenishing hell. If the doctrine of endless misery be true; then in God's name, or rather in Humanity's name, let there be no more propagation—let not another child be born on the face of the earth, to run the chances of such a damning doom! I would say in the language of the Dialogue between the Bigot and the Shaker:

"Go, then, enlarge your scheme for man's salvation.
Or else, in God's name cease your propagation."

The speech of Julia Branch in the Free Convention, at Rutland, contains some important truth as well as some error. There will have to be a New Race born, ere high-souled men and harmonious women can tread the earth. Hence, there must be love-children—the product of design and an enlightened understanding—not of repulsion and chance. Wo-

men must therefore be free—self-owned. Far-reaching and terrible are the fruits of this wholesale haphazard propagation. Here is the place to begin Reform. This will be 'laying the axe at the root of the tree.' "If mankind were wisely generated, there would be no need of regeneration." A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." In rearing animals, men are particular that proper conditions exist. The more symmetrical, healthy, and well-proportioned they are, the better their offspring. The same laws govern the human animal. But it does not seem to be so regarded. For, however ugly, knotty, ill-proportioned and diseased, *physically*—however mean, sordid, narrow-minded, and discordant, *morally*, men may be, they seem to consider themselves especially commissioned to people the earth and thus perpetuate their abominable "ugly pictures," not only to the fourth and fifth, but to the fiftieth generation. Even a drunkard of the vilest character—a murderer, a debauchee, a money-monger, may propagate his like, and thus send curses through unborn generations. I am glad the Marriage question is under discussion, and hope it will continue to be discussed and investigated till none but forms of Symmetry and Beauty shall walk the earth!

MILO A. TOWNSEND.

New Brighton, Pa, July 4, 1858.

True Heroism.

Let a man *dare* to be brave, and the obstacles in his path will vanish as mists before the morning sun. It is a constant fear of contumely, that makes him shrink from the performance of conscious duties, and prevents him from ferreting out others which manliness requires he should. "The thing I most fear, is *fear*," says Montesquie. To the coward, every nook is an ambush, where dread beasts lie, ready at any moment to pounce upon him; every shadow outweighs the substance—every wrong habit becomes a "necessary evil."

He who, for the first time, realizes the importance of this heroism of the soul, awakes as from a distempered sleep. Before, it was night; a night without stars. Now, he basks in the sunlight. Those lofty purposes which before were veiled, now irradiate his existence with a divine halo. His life is *fragrant*. Where'er he goes, his influence is beneficial. He carries about him a holy magnetism—the wand that transforms by a touch, the evil to good. He is a hero—though not of one battle or many—yet of a thousand good and immortal deeds.

That virtue which dignifies the soul; and lifts it above the thoughts of the grovelling multitude; which prompts to generous efforts to lead the flooding millions out of the "valley of the shadow of death," is true heroism. It shone like beacon-lights in the "dark ages" It bears fruit now. Long ago it embellished the character of a Chinese sage—thrilled the being of an humble Jewish carpenter's son—nerved the hand of an Athenian philosopher to grasp the deadly cup of hemlock—and bade the Italian astronomer take courage in his dungeon. Jew or Gentile, Christian or Infidel he may be a true hero.

Heroism is a thing to be considered in relation to

the day as well as the deed. It does not imply servile imitation. No one can wear the honors which another has achieved in manly strife of whatever kind. He has a part to act in this drama of life which to put upon another, is to turn it into a farce, and play the clown in the comedy. He that tries to wear another's virtues without having *grown* to them, is like a child donning the clothes of a well-developed man.

True heroism acts with deeds as well as words; and when example is divorced from precept, it leaves a "splendid wreck." It is like taking the fragrance from the rose. It is the echo to the strong voice which makes the echo.

But that spirit which is brave in a mean thing; which skulks behind the fortress of Party, Idea, or Sect,—and levels its artillery of abuse at a Young and Struggling Thought,—is not heroism, but arrant cowardice.

The hero disdains cant: he loves fresh thoughts too well to be satisfied with adulterations; he seeks not Emolument: he leaves that for the vain-glorious; he covets not wealth: Mammon's mine is for the time-server to delve in; but he strives for the wealth of all that is lasting here and immortal hereafter. Poor though he be, as the world goes, yet he is far

"Richer than rubied Olys, arun-cliffed."

True heroism bids Woman follow where Genius beckons. Though she may never excel in the intellectual realm, why should she be the slave of dictation?—Heroism demands for her as for man the largest latitude to make the greatest possible achievements.

Finally, whoever works for the weal of humanity with all the cogency of noble precept and the power of lofty example, fulfil a righteous calling and is worthy the title of hero and benefactor.

CHARLES W. RICHARDSON.

Agitator Communications.

Individualism.

BY MISS. S. C. HILL.

Who does not prefer the stately forest tree that is rearing aloft its giant trunk, and stretching its long arms heavenward, to the parasite that procures its nourishment by absorbing the life blood of the former, even though it be a plant of rare beauty—wondrous in its confirmation and structure? The one inspires us with an independence that lifts the soul above its ordinary plane into the regions of the grand and sublime; the other, by contrast, excites only a feeling of weakness, of dependence—nay, almost of contempt. Not unlike these two symbols of weakness and power, are the men and women with which our world is peopled; but alas! how few noble trees! how many dwarfed and stunted growths! how many human parasites! True here and there we behold some majestic oak, some heaven-defying pine, giants of the human wood, on whose heads the first gleams of morning, and the last rays of evening light, shed a halo of glory. The contemplation of such, cannot but warm and expand the hearts of the gazers, and stimulate them to strive bravely to climb higher and inhale the free atmosphere which is the life element of great souls. Yet the very admiration with which they inspire us, is humiliating evidence that sadly neglected has been the culture of the soul-garden, else instead of here and there one that had arisen triumphant over opposing agencies, far above its fellows, *whole forests* would wave in rich luxuriance and lofty grace. With anxious solicitude we ask, must it always be thus? Must great and noble souls be only the meagre exception, while physical weakness, spiritual and mental imbecility, vice and crime are the rule? Must humanity, with all its sighings and groanings, its graspings and aspirations after a higher life, be forever doomed to disappointment? Must Disease and Poverty forever laugh to scorn the cherished utopia of the philanthropist; and earth that, with a just and natural social system, might be a very paradise, remain the theater of wrong and outrage, of

blighted hopes, of betrayed trusts, the home of broken hearts? Must Alienation and Misanthropy forever hold sway over the minds of men, while Fraternity stands afar off weeping o'er the defeat of her most cherished plans for human redemption? In short, must all our aspirations after the good, and true, and beautiful, be indeed a mockery; or are they indices of what we are to attain to in the glorious Future! To these queries the hopeful, trusting soul replies, "Life is not all a stupendous failure." The dreams of the philanthropist are not idle fancies, but prophetic glimpses coming to his intuitional nature, assuring him most unmistakably that all his bright ideals will one day be actualized.

Society is groaning under the accumulated ills of ages. The bitter fruit of a false social system, inaugurated by our remote ancestors, and intensified by their children and children's children, is ours. The world has long, long endured it, seemingly unconscious of its evils; yet with the increased light of the nineteenth century, comes a spirit of unrest that will not be lulled into passivity. A cry has been raised for the removal of existing evils, that will not be hushed. The quiet, order-loving conservative, perceiving all this, sighs for the return of the good old Past, and deprecates the advent of any thing that shall awaken agitation, lest, in the general ferment, he may be deprived of his wonted repose. Poor soul! would that he might be aroused from his stupidity and with the poet, right bravely sing:—

"Let agitation come, who fears?
We need a flood, the filth of years
Has gathered 'round us, roll them on;
Who cannot stand, had best begone."

In remarking upon the errors of a false social system we would not forget the many giant wrongs in the political and ecclesiastical world. History presents one grand panoramic view of these, relieved only occasionally by great and noble deeds. Yet what are all the darker phases of human action but the legitimate outgrowth of false social conditions? Not a tyrant ever lived who did not derive his first lessons in oppression from the society in which he was reared. Not a criminal ever perpetrated an outrage that he was not taught, either directly or indirectly, by the society which moulded his character. Impute as many of his vicious proclivities as you will to hereditary descent, this only dates the origin of the evil a little farther back, and leads us to ask who made his parents what they were.

In view of the appalling fact that society is in many instances but the primary school of criminals, we would, inquire wherein consist the errors that have made the world what it is? Is not the catalogue of crime in so-called civilized society much longer and blacker than among the free, wild men of the forest? It most assuredly is. What has wrought this difference? Left solely to himself, the better elements of man's nature are as spontaneous as his baser ones. It is only when he is roused to resistance, and stimulated to retaliation, that his propensities take on such monstrous growth of Oppression, then, growing out of the assumed right of one individual to exercise sovereignty over the body or mind of another, underlies every conceivable evil, and upholds every tyranny. Remove this prop, and the whole fabric falls to the ground, and the soul is left free in obedience to the beautiful law of progressive development, to unfold into a divine humanity. By what agency is so desirable a result to be attained? In thunder tones we would reply "Individual Sovereignty."

Yet how can we be our own sovereigns so long as we allow others to think, feel and act for us, and are content to be ourselves, the mere appendages of those who presume to prescribe for us our appropriate spheres?

Our Revolutionary heroes asserted a glorious truth when they declared "all men were free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of

happiness;" yet did they appreciate the full force of the words they uttered? Does any one, even at this day, appreciate them? They meant to disclaim, in strongest possible terms, the right of any nation to rule over them; and, doubtless, some of their leading spirits had a tolerably clear conception of what constitute the essentials of civil and religious liberty; yet how limited the views of the masses! The stringent laws enacted for the restriction of personal liberty, by Massachusetts and Connecticut, and indeed, most of the states that took part in our memorable struggle with the "mother country," clearly attest how circumscribed was the area of their spiritual horizon.

Step by step the world has advanced. She has outgrown many monstrous absurdities; yet others remain to be disposed of ere the glad song of redemption is sung. The days of the Inquisition are ended. We no longer hear of the banishment of Quakers, or the hanging of witches, except as matters of history, and the notorious blue laws no longer disgrace our statute books; yet with the latter, hath also, the spirit of all these persecutions vanished? Would it were so; but much of this same inquisitorial spirit lurks in the bosoms of the people of to-day; as every apostle of new truths can attest, and although somewhat sublimated and metamorphosed to adapt itself to the nature of the times, the careful observer fails not to detect in public sentiment, one of the Protean shapes under which it is capable of wielding a more potent influence than when it was concealed behind instruments of torture, and worked those engines of cruelty that could merely crush the bones, lacerate the muscles, and destroy the lives of heretics. Yet shall the reformer, because the votaries of the past will bring to bear upon him so powerful an engine as public opinion, if he dare stand up in the dignity of his self-hood and give utterance to sentiments he feels will be the very bread of life to many a starving soul, shall he, I ask, falter in his heaven-appointed course? Shall he, through fear of his fellow men, or an assembled Universe of such as they, strangle the new-born thought ere it be given to the worlds. Let him, rather, send it forth with his blessing to be an evangel of love and harmony, of wisdom and purity.

The history of the world presents a few individuals who have thus lived to the truth, who *dared to be themselves*; and they stand as imperishable monuments upon which the world gazes in profound admiration. And well it may, for to such it owes nearly all the absolute progress it has ever made. Not that there do not exist very many who deplore the present imperfections and inharmonies of society, and sigh, and dream of millennial days, yet there hath ever been and still is need of earnest workers, whose lives attest the purity of their faith and the beneficence of their philosophy. The exigencies of the present times seem to demand more of those practical reformers than those of any previous day, for, in conformity with the universality of the law of Progress, mind as well as matter is becoming refined, and a wider field is open for the diffusion of truth than ever before. We who are confident of possessing latent powers, that may be of service in the coming crisis, must arouse and gird on the armor of self-hood, and go forth to the conflict with brave hearts and firmness of purpose, and victory will be ours.

Let every woman, who feels the chains imposed upon her by tyrant custom, resolve to break them, cost her what it may, that she be, not the miserable self she now is, but that beautiful Ideal she is pleased to style "the woman of the future." Let man, too, the slave of passion, of prejudice, and of ignorance, resolve to be his own sovereign, that he may become himself as he *will* be, when, free from all the tyrannies that now weigh him down to grossness and sensuality, he shall walk the earth beside his queenly sister, a very giant in physical strength and manly beauty—a being fit to hold converse with the immortal gods.

WARREN CHASE may be addressed at No. 14 Broomfield street, Boston, Mass., after Oct. 1st.

Can Woman be Independent?

In law, the husband and wife are one person; that is, the very being or legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage, or is incorporated and consolidated into that of her husband, under whose wing, protection, or cover, she does everything; so she is called a *feme covert*, and her condition is called her *coverture*. This destruction of her independent existence is justified, either on the score of her alleged inferiority to man, and her consequent incapacity to act independently as his equal, or, on the ground of policy—the necessity of having a ruling power in the family, and its concerns.

But, in England, (whose common law is ours,) the queen consort is a public person, exempt and distinct from the king, and does not lose her separate legal existence. She can purchase lands and convey them; has a right to a separate property in goods, and to dispose of them by will; may sue and be sued without joining her husband; may contract with him as with any one; in short, in all legal proceedings, is looked upon as a single, and not as a married, woman. Sir Edward Coke says, the reason of this is: "Because the wisdom of the common law would not have the king to be troubled and disquieted on account of the wife's domestic affairs, therefore it invests in her a power of transacting her own concerns without his intervention." Where is woman's inferiority? Why not queens need ruling as well as other women? Why deprive them of "protection and cover?"

Are they naturally more capable of "transacting their own concerns" than other women? Why should the common law "trouble and disquiet" other men in looking after the wife's affairs, and excuse kings?

If "protection" is woman's right and man's duty, why are queens and kings exceptions? Ah! it is all simply a "legal fiction." J. W. T.

West Union, Iowa.

GRASSHOPPER FALLS, K. T., July 5th, 1858.

WELL, MRS. AGITATOR:

Last Wednesday night, while on my return from Leavenworth City, I was thinking of home, Cleveland, and "the *Agitator*," wondering if it was yet alive, and what I had been doing to help sustain it, together with various similar reflections. On my return here I was handed your Monthly, and if ever a paper was hailed as a "God-send," it was the *Agitator*.

After leaving the Forest City, Mr. Cody and myself came by way of Indianapolis to St. Louis, and then by boat to Leavenworth City,—and, by the way, if any of our friends think of coming to this Land of Promise, and should come on the river, they will do well to obtain passage on the Kate Howard, Capt. Jas. S. Nanson. He is the most careful officer I ever knew. The river was low and pretty full of obstructions, and when the boat ran during the night, the captain was watchman *all night*, and one night especially, when a boat got on a bar, he stood by and gave directions until the boat was off, and did not quit his post until afternoon, having eaten nothing since the night before. Honor to whom honor is due.

Leavenworth City is a fast place, and men are determined upon getting rich there at all events. Real estate has been held at almost fabled prices. Rents are enormous. For a room such as I had in Cleveland, the modest sum of four hundred dollars would be charged. This state of things will pass away, and Leavenworth will take on a more healthy system in future. In coming to Leavenworth, up the Missouri river, one sees much that interests and instructs. The proud, high and picturesque bluffs ascending hundreds of feet above the river, with their naturally carved pillars and bastions, and caves with now and then a solitary pine or fir tree standing like a sentry on guard.

The towns and cities of Missouri are not what they should, or will be. Booneville is decidedly the handsomest city on the river, and is in a rich and populous portion of the State.

I left Leavenworth on the 18th of April, for this place, and passed over some thirty-three or four miles of beautiful rolling prairie, seamed with streams and timber. You approach Grasshopper Falls from the East, upon a high rolling "divide" which is the east bank of the river, and overlook the village; and for miles in every direction, you behold houses, and cabins dotting the prairies and close to the streams and the timber. It is a beautiful sight, to look abroad over this fair land, and think that not far in the future, this whole land will be filled with homes of happy and free children of a pure regenerated humanity.

This is the best place in the world for the establishment of the Union Home Movement, and will no doubt, be so used with benefit to all parties connected with this method of aiding their fellow men to a home on this earth of the Great Universal Father.

Much of the excitement in the Territory is kept up by designing men who could not be noticed were it not for their notorious conduct. This will pass away, and Kansas will be rich, prosperous and happy.

I do hope the time will come when letter writers at the East, will give more facts which concern the resources of the Territory, instead of inditing inflammatory articles for this or that party. It would tend to develop a better, higher and holier principle in those who come and instill it into the minds of those already here.

There is enough vacant land for the many millions who are now out of employment in the States. Kansas says "come," "the spirit and the bride say come," and when they do reach the place, they feel like saying, "Lord it is good for us to be here."

Such is my idea of this country, and it is almost universal. We have here, as in all new countries, the ague and fever, either the first or second season, and then a person grows healthy and hearty. The atmosphere is very pure. Fresh breezes from the mountains blow almost all day, rendering the hottest days here more endurable than on the breathless shore of Lake Erie. The thermometer in the hot days has ranged on a mean average at 7 A. M., 70; 2 P. M. 81. The coldest time was on the 11th June at 9 P. M., when the mercury indicated 55; the warmest was the 30th, when in the shade it stood at 94°. This is Kansas weather, compare it with the hot, oppressive atmosphere of a dry breezeless day on the Lake Shore, and then come here and expand your lungs and chest and be made as it were anew, unto life.

Yours, truly,

S. WARD SMITH.

Married Women in Kansas.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—I know you will be glad to publish so noble a statute in favor of the rights and independent existence of Married Women, as this which I enclose to you from Kansas. And I know that all who take the *Agitator*, will be glad to read so fair and just a law as this; and will hail it as a bright promise of that better day coming, when the integral justice of a human being shall be done to woman, in all the relations of life. Very soon come that day, to the mother, sister, daughter, of the race.

Kansas leads all the States: do I claim more than the truth, when I ask, if she does not lead the world

AN ACT

To Protect the Rights of Married Women, and in Relation to the liabilities incident to the Married Life.

Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Kansas:

SECTION 1. That the property, real and personal, and which any woman in this Territory may own at the time of her marriage, and the rents, issues, profits or proceeds thereof, and any real, personal or mixed property, which shall come to her by descent, devise or bequest, or the gift of any person except her husband, shall notwithstanding her marriage, and not be subject to the disposal of her husband, or liable for his debts.

Sec. 2. That any married woman, while married, may bargain, sell and convey her real or personal property, and enter into any contract in reference to the same, as if she were sole.

Sec. 3 That any woman may, while married, sue and be sued in all matters having relation to her property, in the same manner as if she were sole.

Sec. 4 That any woman may, while married, make a will, but she shall not bequeath away from her husband more than one-half of her property, both personal and real, without his consent in writing.

Sec. 5 That if any married woman die without will, one-half of her separate property shall become and remain the absolute property of her husband, the other half shall descend to and be divided equally among the children of such married women.

Sec. 6 That any married woman dying without will or issue, her property shall become the absolute property of her surviving husband.

Sec. 7 That any married man dying without a will, one-half of his property, both personal and real, shall descend to and become the absolute property of his surviving wife, the other half shall be equally divided among his children.

Sec. 8 That any married man dying without will or issue, his whole property both personal and real, shall become the absolute property of his surviving wife.

Sec. 9 That in case any married man shall hereafter deprive his wife of over one half of his property by will, it shall be optional with such married women, after the death of her husband, to accept the conditions of such will, or one-half of his whole estate, both real and personal.

Sec. 10. That any married woman may carry on any trade, and perform any labor or services, on her sole and separate account, and the earnings of any married woman from her trade, business, labor or services, shall be her sole and separate property, and may be used and invested by her in her own name, and she may sue and be sued as sole, in regard to her trade, business, labor or services, and the proceeds thereof may be taken on any execution against her.

Sec. 11. That any woman who shall have been married out of this Territory, shall, if her husband becomes a resident in this Territory, claim all the rights, as to property, which she may have acquired in any other State, Territory or country, or which she may have acquired by virtue of any marriage contract or settlement made out of this Territory.

Sec. 12. That nothing contained in this act shall invalidate any marriage settlement or contract now made, or to be hereafter made.

Sec. 13. That in all marriages hereafter contracted, the husband shall be liable for the debts and liabilities of the wife contracted before marriage, to the extent of the real and personal property he may receive with or through her, or derive from the sale or rent of her lands, and no farther.

Sec. 14. That such liability of the husband shall not be extinguished by the death of the wife.

Sec. 5. That when any woman against whom liability exists, shall marry and has or acquires lands, judgement on such liability may be rendered against her and her husband jointly, to be levied on such lands only.

Sec. 16. That when any judgement is rendered against a husband and wife for the tort of the wife, execution on such judgement shall be levied on the land of such wife, if she have any.

Sec. 17 That the separate deed of the husband shall convey no interest in the wife's lands.

Sec. 18. That all laws inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed, and this act to be in force from and after its passage.

[Signed,]

G. W. DEITZLER,

Speaker of House of Representatives.

C. W. BABCOCK,

President of the Council.

Approved February 11, 1858.

J. W. DENVER, Acting Governor.

La Porte, August 2, 1858.

New Laborer.

MRS. BROWN:

The good people of La Porte have been recently entertained by able and instructing lectures from Mr. Sanford Niles, a bold and efficient speaker, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Talmadge, a trance-speaking medium of no inconsiderable power. Mrs. T. gave some remarkable tests, which confirmed the believers and mystified the skeptics.

Mrs. T. and her brother are to be joined this fall by Mr. T. who is an efficient healing medium.

They will undoubtedly do a great work in the way of removing the clouds that have obscured the religious horizon from time immemorial.

Yours, very truly,

FRANK E. NAVINS.

—Under all circumstances of life stand fast! Would you wish to live without a trial? Then you would wish to die but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must go into deep water, and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character—if you would know their whole strength, of what they are capable, throw them overboard!—over with them! and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves.

The Agitator.

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

CLEVELAND, O., SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.

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"THE TENDENCY OF SPIRITUALISM."

I find an article in a late number of the Christian Freeman with the above caption. It is from the pen of Rev. R. N. Wright, a Universalist Clergyman. His first proposition is "That spiritualism tends to looseness of sentiment, and to unsettle faith in the divine authority of the Scriptures." What does Mr. Wright mean by "looseness of sentiment?" I used to hear similar charges preferred against the Universalists. Hasn't our brother been borrowing orthodox clubs? That Spiritualism unsettles faith in the divinity of the "Scriptures" is true to a great extent. Many people have lived in the dead Past, have gone back to Jerico, Jerusalem, Sinai and Olivet;—to a Moses' God, to ask what is true, what is righteous. And these very souls have, in God's name, bought and sold human hearts, bung women and burned men! With the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, they have strewn the earth with the slain and dyed the seas with their brother's blood. Spiritualists, I hope, reject the war and slavery God. He is not the God I worship. All that is good, and beautiful, and true in the Bible I accept, not because it is in the Bible, but because it seems worthy of my acceptance.

Our brother says: "They cannot be the real friends of humanity, who labor to unsettle faith, and to destroy confidence in the revelations of the Bible." What are the "revelations" of the Bible? Who will reveal to us its teachings? Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Baxter and Whitfield, have been regarded as good authority. They had confidence in the Bible, and the world has canonized them for the doctrines they have taught—for the Bible-creeds they have written. What do they say? That God, for his own glory and pleasure will doom to hell forever a large portion of his children.

Calvin taught, (and found his teachings in the Bible) that innocent children would "suffer the pains of hell forever." Rev. R. N. Wright preaches the salvation of all the world—including these burning babies. He therefore is no "friend to humanity." Calvin holds the balance. He has been weighed and found wanting.

Mr. Wright thinks "Spiritualists have no well defined system of belief." That is true thank God! We have no creed save what God has written upon the rocks, the stars, the winds, and the waters. We call no man master. We have no Pope or priest to say to the soul seeking light, "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go." I am a Spiritualist; but I have never—and the dear Father helping me—will never yield my self-hood to men or women in or out of the form. Of what use is my judgement if I yield it blindly to another? What seems unworthy of my acceptance I reject without asking if the prophets of olden time, or the laws and creed venders of to-day are responsible for the falsehood. Whatever presents itself to me as a truth, that will loose the spirit fetters and aid me to live a true life I will accept with thanksgiving. It matters not whence it comes. A beautiful truth may fall from the lips of Moses, Mahomet, or the Pope of Rome—the gentle wife of Joseph, or her son the persecuted Nazarene.

If I must endorse "dead men's" creeds and bow to Pagan altars let me throw myself into the arms of the Mother of Churches, and pay a priest for the care-taking of my soul.

The new Christ-child has not come to glorify the Gentiles and wear himself a kingly crown. He, too, is stable born. His mission is to tear up the old foundations, to clear away the rubbish and to prepare for the upbuilding of the Humanity Temple where Wisdom, Love, and Justice will be ministering spirits.

Mr Wright says: "The tendency of spiritualism is to a species of infidelity. Who are infidels? The Orthodox

say the Universalists. John Murray was stoned and starved for his infidelity. The wine-cup would be passed by our brother at any pious communion table for his infidelity. God's principle houses would be closed against him for the same reason: his children are not invited to join with the children of "Evangelical Christians" in a 4th of July celebration in consequence of the infidel tendency of the father. Rev. N. R. Wright, "Thou art the man—the infidel!"

Mr. Wright concludes his malediction upon Spiritualism by citing the testimony of Joel Tiffany in the June No. of his monthly, and then goes on to laud Mr. Tiffany for his honesty in exposing this "moral and religious atheism" of the Spiritualists. Mr. T. has seen, as all may see, much to deplore and ignore among Spiritualists. But is Spiritualism responsible for the undeveloped condition of humanity? I remember with sorrow and regret, some deeds of damning depravity among the advocates of Mr. W.'s blessed faith: but is Universalism responsible for these deeds?

I would as soon think of denouncing Newton's theory of gravitation because some of his followers drink brandy, and advocate the horrible doctrine of total depravity, as to repudiate the communications of Spirits because some who believe the same thing do not come up to my standard of morality and orthodoxy. Toleration is a rare virtue. Universalists and Spiritualists should not be found fighting against their brothers for the sin of heresy. It comes with an ill grace from those who have been tried and found guilty of the same crime.

But if Mr. Tiffany has implicit faith in the teachings of the Bible, and repudiates Spiritualism for any cause, he has changed vastly of late.

He is the first person I heard raise his voice in praise of Spiritualism—first to recommend "circles"—first to denounce the "divinity of the Scriptures." Whatever he thinks now I bless him for shaking my faith in the dogmas of the dead past, and for blessing my soul by the assurance that the dead are not dead but live, love, and watch over us for good.

PHILANTHROPIC CONVENTION.

We have received a printed copy of a call for a Convention to be held in Utica, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of September to consider the "Cause and Cure of Evil."

About three hundred names are attached to the Call; but not one name from Chicago, Cleveland or Buffalo. Why is this? Are we out of the pale of Humanity? or have we enough to do at home without linking hands with the East to aid in the great struggle against Crime and Wretchedness.

Cleveland was only waiting to echo the Call, and bid a God speed to the Eastern Searers and Saviours; but no call came to be answered. However all of us who call God Father, and man brother, send to the Utica Convention kindly greetings; and we send our earnest wish also, that they "Come over and help us."

THE EDITORS PLANS AND WHEREABOUTS.—I have been receiving from the East, West, and South, letters of invitation to lecture or attend contemplated conventions.

Some ask my "terms for lectures:" others when I will be with them. The 11th of September I design attending the meeting of Progression Friends in Richmond, Indiana. The 26th of September I am to speak in Cincinnati O. On my return from Cincinnati I will speak in some of the towns on the road between Cincinnati and Cleveland if week-day evenings will answer the purpose.

The 2nd and 3rd day of Oct. I expect to fulfil an engagement in Kirtland O. The 2nd week in Oct. I start westward—may go as far as Chicago.

In Nov. I hope to go to New York.

I have thus outlined my future to save the time of replying to individuals.

Those wishing to hear me speak may write me as early as possible, then I will make my appointments. If the friends will furnish me a house I will lecture and take whatever may be contributed, or they may make other arrangements if mine are not in accordance with their wishes.

YES.—A gentleman of rare intellectual culture writes that he would like to "aid in stirring up things," and asks if we have room, and wish him to write a series of articles upon the "Philosophy of God and his relation to Man?"—Yes, of course, but regret that the gentleman, like our good correspondent "Veritas," wishes to appear incognito. Several correspondents are giving character to the Agitator, while none say to the authors "well done good and faithful servant."

Editorial Items.

L. A. HINE has been in the city preaching the gospel of labor and land reform. He has been preaching with his hands, we judge, for with the aid of his wiser half, he has this season grown and gathered from one-fourth of an acre of ground, forty-two bushels of strawberries. That is not all. Mrs. Hine is the care-taker of her children, cook, laundress, etc. Mr. Hine publishes the People's Paper, writes books, lectures, and tills the soil. God will probably bless working reformers. If He does not, they will bless themselves who dignify labor by honest industry.—The world has quite too many drones, and it is a lamentable truth that not a few of them are among the would-be-reformers. We are soul-sick of the men and women who lounge and eat the bread of idleness, and talk meantime about reforming the world.

OUR thanks are due to Joseph Treat for his papers entitled "Woman;" to "Veritas" for his articles upon "Government;" to Dr. Rodgers for his last package upon "Spiritualism;" to G. W. Selby for the "Divorce" papers; to T. S. Sheldon for his 'Scientific' communications; to the Spirits and to John M. Spear, for the "Sketches of the Lives of Great Men;" (part of them already published;) and to various other persons for short articles in prose and verse.

We also thank a friend who is an English and German scholar for his promise to translate a series of letters which appeared sometime since in one of the leading Journals in Germany.

THANKS to the friends in Marango, Ohio, Cottage Grove Indiana, Kiantone, N. Y., and to the Committee of the North Collins Yearly Meeting, for invitations to attend their conventions. The want of health, strength, or a wish to be with them is not our excuse for declining their invitations. Previous engagements only prevent our attendance. The blessings of heaven and the attendance of good earth and heaven angels be upon and with you, friends.

MR. CRIDGE says that out of eleven female typos in his employ, but one succeeded in learning the art. If he will call at the Ben Franklin Job Office, he will find a girl under seventeen years, putting into type the Agitator communications. Boys have been doing the work and some sad blunders have been the consequence.

We begin to take heart now that a womanly hand is at the head of the Agitator printers.

NO. TWELVE, will close the first volume of the Agitator. Several hundred subscriptions expire with that No. We hope those who have so nobly and kindly aided in our new enterprise will still hold out to us the helping hand.—Read the prize list and send a subscription list and order for prizes.

MARRIED—The Age of Progress, of Buffalo, N. Y. to the "Spiritual Age," of Boston, Mass. May the union of the Ages prove a long and happy one. Mr. Albro is an earnest and efficient worker in the humanitarian field. Mr. Newton's readers therefore, have gained by the union.

J. M. HOLLAND writing from Zainsville, Ky., says the cause of spiritualism is taking deep root in that soil.

He has been lecturing there to houses filled with earnest truth seekers. He promises the Agitator a list of subscribers from that region. We would like to Agitate that dark pit of chattel slavery. Send along the names, brother.

NON SUBSCRIBERS who receive a copy of the Agitator, may understand it as an invitation to subscribe.

Literary Notices.

The Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, including four Sermons, by Theodore Parker.

Published and for sale by Oliver Johnson; 138 Nassau Street, New York; also at the Antislavery offices in Philadelphia, and Boston. This is a valuable and interesting book, and should be possessed by every one interested in humanitarian movements.

MUSIC.—"Answer to Gentle Annie." Words by Miss H. T. Young; Music by J. P. Webster. Published by Higgins Brothers, 45 Lake-st., Chicago, Ill.

This is a song sweet and simple as an angel's lay. Buy and sing it, then "lift up thy bowed and weary head and feel the balm of healing fall."

REV. MRS. JENKINS.

At the recent meeting of the Ontario Association of Universalists, New York, Mrs. Lydia A. Jenkins, the celebrated female preacher, received the fellowship of the Association as a preacher of the Gospel.—

"This is the first instance in our denomination, and we think in the world, where a woman has received a formal license of Letters of Fellowship as a minister of Christ. It may strike many as a novel proceeding as indeed it is. We have not a doubt, however, as to its wisdom or propriety. Mrs. Jenkins is a very talented and acceptable preacher. Her situation being such that she can devote her time to the instruction of the people on the important topic of religion, why should she not be authorized to do so in the name of that denomination whose doctrines she most ably and successfully advocates. We have sanguine hopes of great good growing from her efforts in the ministry. She labors in whatsoever direction she is called. Her address, as also that of her husband, Rev. E. S. Jenkins, is Marengo, Wayne Co. N. Y.—Ambassador.

The Universalists are justly proud of the new minister. But when she first asked a "Letter of Fellowship"—first asked permission to go forth a "minister of Christ"—there was not a little discussing the propriety of the thing. Thomas Whittemore the Editor of the Trumpet, put on his theological glasses and held council with old Mr. St. Paul. Both the gentlemen concluded that Mrs. Jenkins would be out of her sphere in the desk. If she had a soul to be saved, or wished to know a great truth, there was her husband, the 'Head,' let him attend to all her spiritual wants. But fortunately for Mrs. Jenkins, and fortunately for humanity the Christ-spirit lives and is sometimes positive to the St. Pauls of ancient and modern times. Now that the minister of Christ has surmounted the obstacles in her way, and compelled the Church to respect her rights and her high calling, the Ambassador can see no good reason why she may not preach. Who can? Blessed be this spirit of Progression! For humanity there is hope. *The World* has at last awarded to woman the right to preach a risen Jesus.

FRIEND HEWETT:—The day has at length arrived when each and every reformer of any note, is called upon (by the very condition of things) to clearly and distinctly define his position. This is imperatively so in regard to "Free Love;" for justice demands that each and every one should build upon his own foundation and bear the burden of his own acts, therefore you will have the kindness to fully and distinctly define your position as set forth in the following passage—"Man and Woman never should be married in any such way as by the fact of marriage, to give either party any power to interfere with the perfect freedom of each other"—and oblige your friend G.

REMARKS.—We fully endorse a remark in the note to Mr. Hewett. "G." says, "justice demands that each should build upon his own foundation. Not only justice but God demands it. He created us individualities. Had He intended us to think other men's thoughts, He would have so constituted us, that we should see things just alike.—Now we see as unlike as we look. How else can it be? Spiritualists have no creed, (we pray they may have none save that written by God in the soul), consequently no one is responsible for his brother's ideas upon any subject. Speak for thyself and to thy soul be true, is our motto. I hope Br. Hewett will fully explain his position to "G." If the whole paragraph to which "G." refers, were given, it might throw light upon the subject. Here it is—

"Man and woman never should be 'married' in any such way as by the fact of marriage, to give either party any power to interfere with the perfect freedom of each other. The moment such power is granted that very moment desecration comes—the nobility of Womanhood and Manhood takes a step downward; neither rests in the confidence of the other; but there is, at least, a virtual falling back upon the 'strong arm of the law,' as it is called, and making that the tool of the tyrant will."

CONTRIBUTORS must be patient and bide their time. We have a good store of mental food on hand for the reader but unfortunately the Agitator is but a moderate sized sheet, and appears but twice in a month.

READ the articles in the "Children's Corner."

Notices of Meetings.

There will be a Grove Meeting to continue three days, commencing on the 17th day of September, at the MAGNETIC SPRINGS, Kiantone, Chautauque Co., N. Y., to consider the following subjects:—

1. The great wants of the present age.
2. The need of a greater degree of Freedom.
3. The purposes and plans of the Spirits World.
4. A Divine Commerce.
5. Homes of the Future.
6. Regeneration and Generation.
7. The Culture of the Soil.

Able Speakers from Boston, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and other locations are expected to be present to address the meeting.

P. S.—As the meeting is to be held in a grove, visitors, that can do so, are advised to provide themselves with such conveniences as they can command. Ample Hotel accommodations can be found at Jamestown, Fernsburgh, Fontoniell, and Kiantone Centre, with conveyances to and from at reasonable rates.

For the Association of Unionists, J. M. STERLING.
T. S. SHELDON.

S. P. Leland will speak at Auburn, Sunday, Sept. 5th, Bainbridge, 6th; Russell, 7th, Munson, 8th; Chardon, 9th; and will attend the "Pic Nic" at Thompson Centre, 11th and 12th.

O. P. Kellogg, of Newton Falls, will address the friends of Spiritualism, at Geneva, on Sunday, Sept. 5th, and at Shalersville, on Sunday, the 19th.

MR. CRIDGE writes that he expects to be here the first of September, with a view of getting out the regular issue of the "Vanguard," as soon as possible.

Wanted! Wanted!!

Facts are wanted to prove the editor of the *Agitator* is a free-lover. I have been a very long time hunting them up; but, somehow, when I get my hands upon them they are not there. My last resort has been to the newspapers;—they won't lie when they talk against free lovers. I thought one day I had found them for certain, so I called Tom, Dick, and Harry—my dear, dutiful boys—and told them to tell everybody they met in bar rooms, groceries, and meeting houses, that the editor of the *Agitator* was absolutely a free lover. Tommy says, (he is his mother's own child,) "Why mother, I just as lief speak in meetin' and tell it, as not; and I'll just take the *Herald* along, and I'll read what Mr. Powell says." "Mr. Powell!" says I; "who is Mr. Powell? and what does he say?" So Tommy gets out the *Westville Herald*, a paper printed away up in Indiana, and reads what Mr. Powell says.—He says he has been taking the *Agitator*, and has found out positively that the editor is a free lover, "Proof upon proof, strong as Bible testimony," said I.

"That's real good," said Dick, "but then 'tisn't true because Mrs. Brown hasn't mentioned free love but once in the paper, and then she said 'Love was free and it wasn't.'" "Never mind that," says Tom, "we'll tell the story for a fact." But just as we got the story well agoing, the editor of the Michigan City *Enterprise*, who reads the *Agitator*, too, comes out and says:—

"Now this is downright injustice, in our opinion, to the worthy editress of the *Agitator*. After linking Mrs. Brown's journal with a sect whom, we are confident, it has not the remotest connection or sympathy with, it portrays, in all its deformities, the evil practices at Berlin Heights, leaving the reader to infer that Mrs. Brown is their organ and champion.

We have not time to enter into details respecting Mrs. Brown's religious belief. Enough to say, she is a Spiritualist—but we have never seen, in all her writings, anything which brings reproach upon morals, or is destructive to civil and religious liberty.

Personally a stranger to Mrs. Brown, we, however, deem it a duty to speak a word in defense of the absent."

We all felt a little green when we read what the "*Enterprise*" man said.

"What next, mother!" said the boys. (They always

come to me when they get to a dead stand still.) "What next, mother?"

I thought a minute, then I said, "Like as not, that Mr. Wright is a free lover himself." "Oh no, mother," said Tommy, "that isn't the way 'tis done. It is free lovers who cry out against free lovers, just as a thief cries out 'stop thief!' Booth Bragg is a free lover, but he knows just how the thing is done. When he goes to a place to preach, he takes the opportunity to speak against the abominations of free lovers, and proposes to publish what he *knows* about them. (They would be awful truths if he should tell the half HE *knows*."

"Is that the way?" says I. "That's the way, mother," says Tom. Then in comes Harry, all out of breath, and, throwing down a paper, he says "If that don't beat all! Col. Walker complimenting that *City Enterprise* man for blowing up Mr. Powell, for calling the editor of the *Agitator* a free lover!" "What's that?" said I; "who is Col. Walker?" "Why he is the man who edits the *La Porte Times*, and is going to Congress. I wish I voted in the ninth district, I'd go against him, straight!" "What does he say, son?" I asked. "Read for yourself, mother," he said, throwing the paper into my lap. Here is just what he did say:

"Very good, Mr. M. C. *Enterprise*. We admire your gallantry in defending a worthy and talented lady. Such is Mrs. Brown, of the *Agitator*. She will find friends wherever her writings are known."

"It is no use to do anything more," said I, taking off my glasses—'tis no use; we know the *Agitator* is a free love paper, and that Mrs. Brown is a free lover, but we can't prove it."

We waited a few days to see what new developments would be made. My Tom, who is a *thinker*, wrote, meantime, to the editor of the *Westville Herald*, to comfort him; and then he just *accidentally* mentioned a few things that he *thought* he knew about a lot of free lovers. The next day out came the *Herald*, with all the facts—enough to kill any one who will be killed. Hear how bravely he talks! He says:

"Friend Wright, of the Michigan City *Enterprise*, thinks we have committed an error in classing Mrs. Brown, of Cleveland, with the 'Free Lovers.'

We have no desire to wrong Mrs. Brown or any one else, but she certainly mingles too freely with that tribe to cause no suspicion to rest on her. She labors too freely by the side of Henry C. Wright, E. L. Rose, and Mrs. Branch, all of whom are decided 'Free Lovers,' to allow us to say that she is without the pale of this great iniquity.

The *Agitator* published Mrs. Carrie Lewis' vindication—a most notorious 'Free Lover,' who left her husband and little family, in the State of New York, last fall, to take up her abode at Berlin Heights, and who was pursued by her husband and friends, and taken back to her family—and added to it by still vindicating her."

"Done at last!" said my three boys, throwing up their hands in glee—"Done at last—the thing is fixed!" And so we all thought, and I felt easy again. But there is no peace to the righteous, as the Bible says. The next thing I knew, Mrs. Rose come out in the papers and said she had no faith in free love. H. C. Wright's books all give Mr. Powell the lie. Mrs. Branch says she never saw the *Agitator* nor the editor. Mrs. Lewis says she never saw Berlin in all her life,—and her "*little family*" say they opened first their eyes in Cleveland, and have never seen the "State of New York." Mr. Lewis stopped money-changing and sent Mr. Powell up, as if he had been but a sky rocket, for lying so about him and his family. So you see the matter has ended just where stories are apt to, if you stir them a bit. Now what I want is this—I want facts that will show to the world that the *Agitator* is a free love paper, and the editor a free lover. Any one who has any to communicate, will confer a favor upon the public by sending them to

Their humble servant,

MRS. GRUNDY.

GOSSIP GLEN.

P. S. No matter if you cannot prove the facts. The say-so-family is pretty good authority, Mrs. G.

Extracts from Letters.

I feel a strong and earnest protest in my spirit against such coarse and passioned *libertinism* as many professing "Free Lovers" show in the spirit of their writings.

I abhor those who would entice children (of any age) into a life of sensual indulgence.

A thousand blessings on you my brother for the expression of that "earnest protest." It is sadly needed. Nothing is so discouraging, so heart sickening, as to know the holy names, of Freedom and Purity are so often used as a cloak for selfish vicious indulgences. L.

Mrs. Brown—There are a hundred questions in my mind I believe, that I want to ask *somebody*, but will not annoy you with all of them now at least. Is our glorious cause still flourishing in Cleveland? or has it received a permanent "set back" from the agitation and division (if I may call it so) which has occurred since the world renowned meeting at Ravenna. I should very much like to know the true state of feeling existing there. As I sit thinking of the past, present and future, the question arises, what has become of the Sterne st. advocate of our dear Philosophy? where are those that stood as pilots of our gallant craft to guide her safely through storm and tempest to the land of peace and love? are they yet willing to act their part? what though the deep thunders roll fiercely through our sky and dark storm-clouds threaten to overwhelm the life-boat in which we sail; still we must have courage and not give up the ship.

You, my sister, have enlisted nobly, and right nobly do you steer the little bark entrusted to your guidance.—Woman's heart and hand are needed in the work of regeneration; needed to stand by her brother that when his stern nature droops, then may woman, the mother of the race, take her place and battle fearlessly for the right, for those principles which are dearer to her than life itself. M. B. L.

Mercia dear, to most of your interrogations my reply is "I do not know." The "gallant pilots" never forsake the ship as long as a soul to be saved is there.

For the word of cheer sent to the pilot of my canoe accept thanks. We encountered a few shoals and rocks, and a few storm clouds have at times threatened destruction to our craft; but they have proved only a bluster of noisy squalling clouds. Rather think we shall reach the port in safety.

The following is a reply to a letter of enquiry respecting the price of Dr. Cooper's pictures. It is a private letter, but the *public* ought to have the reading of it; therefore I give it without asking him—"With your permission sir, I will expose the petty fraud practised upon you."

If you, reader want a spirit picture, write to Dr. James Cooper, Bellfountain O, enclose him 25 cts for the picture and 6 cts. for return postage.

Mrs. Brown.—As regards *disposing of pictures*, I do not make a business of it, and if I did, at the price I am allowed to charge by the Spirits, I could not make anything by the time I would spoil a few sheets of paper; but as I sit for all who write to me enclosing the fee (25 cts and stamps) and have given sittings to many who have given no fee; but have made fair promises, and I may safely say that *not one* has responded to the letters and pictures sent, and I have understood that at least some of these pictures have been recognized. I am now frequently in receipt of letters containing only one stamp, and many none, requesting pictures, saying that if they get likenesses, it will pass for the cause, and I will be sure to have many orders (like their own, no doubt) from their neighborhood, but saying nothing about compensation for paper, return postage, &c. I should have given it up long ago, but they (the spirits) will not permit me to do so. I now answer no letters unaccompanied with a stamp, and I believe I shall have to make it a rule to require two stamps, for I am poor, my family is far from small, and paper and envelopes cost money. All that is required, is for the person sending to appoint a day and hour for the sitting, sending the name, age and sex, of the person they desire to have a picture of. There is, necessarily, many failures, but also many good tests given.

J. COOPER.

Send me the "Unwelcome Child." I have a new hobby, it is Babyology. I am thinking of turning Colporteur and distributing the writings of H. C. Wright. There is here as everywhere a wide field for missionary labor. I have a very good co-worker in W.—

"W." is Flora's husband. How many women who advocate Wright's gospel can say I have a good co-worker in my husband.

SOUL AND BODY.—The soul and body are as strings of two musical instruments, set exactly at one height; if one is touched the other trembles. They laugh and cry, and are sick and well together.

NOTICE.—Miss S. M. Johnson, of Medford, Mass. is about to visit the West as a Trance-Speaker. She is highly spoken of in the East. She will be at the Utica and Kiantone Conventions. Those wishing her services can address her at either of those places previous to the meetings. The last of Sept. she will be in Cleveland.

CALL HEARD.—The N. W. Excelsior has heard our call for the names of the "vagabond mediums," and given the names of two of them. One writes and speaks; but the excelsior thinks if he would turn his attention to his development as a *paying* medium, and endeavor, (or even evince a desire,) to liquidate board bills, borrowed monies, etc., he would merit, and probably receive more confidence from those who have been his friends.

Mr. T. is not alone in this want of development. Too many *self called reformers* are lounging about hoping the "cause" will support them. The cause is asking *working* men and women—it refuses to support or countenance drones.

Landscape Painting.

Mrs. LAURA FRANKENSTEIN of our village, paints very charming landscapes pictures. At her rooms a few days since, we saw two pieces which she had lately finished that would compare favorably with the works of artists of the first repute in this country.

One of these is from nature; a scene in the ravine of the Cuyahoga River, below what are known as "the big Falls." It is admirably true to nature; so that one can almost feel himself in the cool moist atmosphere of the gorge among the rocks. He sees the deep pool where anglers resort, and fancies how refreshing it would be to bathe his head in the water as it breaks in bubbling beauty over the boulders of the channel.

The other is a fancy sketch, but natural, finished and pleasing. The glow of a sunset sky is reflected in the placid surface of a lake broken in the foreground by the ripple of a boat and oars. The mountains in the distance are seen through the slight haze in an autumnal atmosphere. The picture is extremely beautiful. Connoisseurs whose judgement in such matters is much better than ours pronounce both these paintings to be of superior merit, and are divided in their preferences between them. Both have been sold, as we learn, the smaller for \$100, the other for \$150.

Mrs. Frankenstein finishes her pictures with elaborate care. The trees in the distance are not merely green trees, but in trunk and figure and foliage have the characteristics, of their species. The water bubbles and sparkles upon the canvas like a living stream. Even the little flower at the observers feet, is finished so as to have its individual being and character to the eye. But no particle of effect is sacrificed to minuteness of detail.

Without pretending to any critical connoisseurship, (though we have seen and examined many landscape paintings by artists of celebrity) we have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that Mrs. FRANKENSTEIN's paintings would entitle her to a high rank among the artists of the country.—*Summit Beacon*.

Thank you, Mr. Summit Beacon, for commending Mrs. Frankenstein's pictures. I too have been delighted and benefited by the living, breathing beauty of her life pictures. One of them has long been my teacher—my study companion.

She has painted some fine pen pictures for the Agitator; but she receives no credit for them, simply because she withholds her name.

Miss Sarah J. Pellet, the reformer, has turned up again. She proposes to forward to California a consignment of 5,000 marriageable girls from the New England States. They are to be consigned to the various divisions of the Sons of Temperance, who are to provide for their wants, husbands included.—*Exchange*

Miss Pellet a "reformer." A "reformer" going with a cargo of girls from the New England States to California to be sold—sold soul and sinew—for husbands!

Call the woman by some other name. Reformer is too holy a name to be linked with the bargain and sale of human souls.

"Five thousand marriageable girls" going to California homes—going with a woman, to be sold by a woman! God be merciful to New England girls, and send missionaries among them to teach them the sacredness of Marriage—to teach them that is a crime against their own souls, and humanity, "to be consigned" and traded away like beasts of burden.

Of what stuff is woman made who will coolly sell herself or sister at the matrimonial mart? Mrs. Stowe's Legree would blush at the thought of engaging in such a nefarious business. Oh Matrimony! what crimes are committed in thy blessed name.

—An aged bachelor being asked if he had witnessed a public execution, replied, "No, but I once saw a marriage."

RIGHTS OF WHITE WOMEN AND COLORED MEN.—The House of Representatives in Connecticut has, by a bill of 112 to 94, allowed colored men to vote. They voted down a proposition for white women to vote by a majority of 127 to 82.—*Vanguard*.

"The same committee that reported the negro suffrage bill has proposed another amendment to the constitution, which requires foreigners to remain in the State of Connecticut twenty-one years before they are allowed to vote.—*Cin. Eng.*

There is hope for woman if the voters begin to feel and acknowledge the humanity of the colored man. Let us then work on, hope on, and pray for the falling of our fetters.—*Ed.*

Callie Nicholson.

Our good friends, the Nicholson family, have been sadly afflicted by the loss of their youngest child. She was a beautiful human bud. I remember her as a sweet angel presence—a child-preacher discoursing justly, elegantly upon beauty, innocence, truth and purity.

A link that bound her family to earth is loosed and one that draws them to heaven is added.

We give below the extract of a private letter from our sorrowing brother, as it will give to the many friends of the family the particulars of Callie's Birth day in Heaven.

Harveysburgh, Aug. 16th.

DEAR HANNAH:—We are all in sorrow.—Our darling daughter Caroline, (Callie,) has gone to the Angel World she had been troubled much with headache for a year past—For the last month the pain increased and resulted in inflammation of the brain—for three weeks she lay prostrate in suffering. All was done to give relief which was thought worth the doing by friends and attendant physicians.

She ceased to breathe the external air on the morning of the 12th, at five minutes to one. She was 12 years of age on that day. So her birthday in Heaven will be the same date as her birthday on earth. She was truly a good child. Never to my knowledge told an untruth or attempted to deceive. Always kind, always industrious, filled with life, energy, pleasantry, and love. With her own hands she planted the seeds and diligently cultivated the plants in a chosen little garden under the window of her bedroom. When the flowers were in fullest blooming the Angel came and called her away. Her sisters gathered a profusion of her own flowers, and her beautiful form in the plain neat coffin was pillowed among them.

The funeral hour of meeting was two o'clock on the 13th—a large number of people gathered. Liberty was given to any who felt impressed to speak, to do so. A friend by the name of J. Clark made a few good remarks; Then the coffin closed with much weeping—borne to the hearse—and a line of carriages half a mile in length followed to the Village Churchyard. The coffin rested above the grave, the company stood around in silence, and it was again announced that liberty was granted to any who might have an earnest word to speak. Laroy Sunderland stepped to the head of the coffin, and delivered a very appropriate address. Another pause, and John Thorn, a Minister of the Society of Friends delivered a very beautiful and feeling discourse to the children and young people present.

Laroy Sunderland then thanked the multitude in behalf of the mourners for their kindness and sympathy manifested so generously on the occasion.

Saying it would do him some good to remember and think of the scene when returned to his home in the East; stating also, that it was the largest funeral, and the greatest manifestation of sympathy and tender regard that he ever saw at the funeral of a child.

Then a prayer, solemn and impressive was offered up by Wm. Horton another Minister of the order termed Friends. We knelt upon the grass beside the newly made grave, and fervently prayed, whilst tears dropped from eyes on every side. There seemed one grand mingling of all hearts into complete sympathy, and a forgetting of all divisions and boundaries of either Sect, or opinion.

Thus have we given back to earth the external form of our dearly loved Callie. Thanks for the glorious light shed by the gospel of spiritual light, knowledge and truth.—We mourn not as those who have no hope and yet we do mourn. Oh! it is hard for parents to yield children to the early grave. It ought not to be—and like the calm and gentle germs—we too, may learn obedience, by the things which we suffer, that so in the better day coming, it may not be so, but that all may live on the earth, to the complete fulfilment of the mission of life upon the earth, and pass then quietly, and with great peace to all the friends left behind. VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

"The Coming Woman."

Several allusions having been made to the prospective womanhood of the "good time coming," I sought in the secret chambers of my own mind, to discern the lineaments of character which should distinguish it from the womanhood of the past, and the conflicting features which mark the same element of humanity in the present transitional phase of the world—When lo! before me in a vision of light, was revealed a woman all radiant with beauty; the harmonious proportions of whose entire being indicated strength and power, adequate to the just and equal fulfilment of each and every function of her nature.

She stood erect; Truth and Love were the principle ornaments of her person, and yet she was not unmindful of the lesser adornments. She spoke not of unfavorable conditions in external life, of corrupt associations and evil surroundings—nor yet, of debasing entailments of earlier or later progenitors. The approbation of the wisdom principle in her own heart was, to her, enough of wealth—a sufficiency of joy. When those in lower states of development approached her, they instinctively felt she had no need of them and went their way, while with inexpressible tenderness she bestowed upon each a look of sisterly companion and maternal love. She contemplated the vast Universe of God, feeling that in the bosom of the Infinite Father she sustained endearing relations to all his children, even the most insignificant. Her pure spirit was ever aglow with desire for the good of all.—To invade the rights, or neglect the welfare of any, would be to mar her own happiness. In the seeming discordances of individual interests, she beheld the partially unfolded harmony which should ultimate in the unity of humanity; and with affections and aspirations allied to the Infinite, she concentrated the energies of her life to the perfection of her own being, and to the development of those who in the progressive scale of unfolding, had reached the sphere of her influence.

A. B. DEAN.

Hudson, Aug. 22.

MRS. BROWN.

Dear Friend.—The Agitator is securing for itself a position among the reform papers, which it truly deserves. Truth must be free; thought must be free; expression must be free. Limit either, by creeds, forms or authorities, and the wheels of progress are clogged and impeded. The Agitator has no "tress hoops," no "so far shalt thou go and no farther." That is if knowledge and truth are the objects, and humanity and rights the subjects of thought and expression. This is as it should be. Let each one who speaks be responsible for what he utters. Still you are not bound to give publicity to gross, palpable untruth and error, because some unprincipled mischief maker should present it for publication. No, not by any means. Freedom, strictly speaking, applies or refers only to positives or Reals, as Rights, to Truths, Principles; not to their opposites, wrongs, errors, theories or opinions, all of which, strictly speaking, are unreal, are only apparent, and therefore have no just or equitable claims. You therefore as Editor, have an undoubted right to admit or reject articles presented for publication, seeing as you were the object, the design of the writer.

Respectfully,

A. UNDERHILL.

HINT IN BEHALF OF SPIRITUAL LABORERS.—Bt. O. L. Sutliff, our earnest co-laborer of Ravenna, Ohio, was out one evening, not many months since, when, at the close of a moving lecture, a gentleman walked up to him, took his hand with a hearty shake, and exclaimed, "I can't talk; you can, and here's five dollars for you to keep on talking!"—*Clarion*.

That "fine fellow" was paid in the right place. Mr. Sutliff is an earnest-hearted worker, and he should be remunerated for the life-bread he deals out so liberally to the starving.—*Ed. AGITATOR*.

It is not necessary that your flower garden should be full of all kinds of plants and flowers, but it should be neat and well kept. It is the cultivation, rather than the kind of flower, that makes it attractive.

DOUBT is at once the richest and poorest of potentates, for he has locked up immense wealth in his treasury, but he cannot find the key.

The Divine Home on Earth.

MRS. EDITOR:—

The following "paper" comes to me for publication in the Agitator, through a friend of mine, who is a medium for communications from the Higher Degrees of Human Existence. It relates to a subject in which I have been deeply interested for more than twelve years, and very especially so for the last six years, viz: The institution of a New Home for the Human Race, on this *physical globe*. I therefore, communicate it with much pleasure for your columns, and especially so, because it proposes to begin the Home on the basis of *interior principle* and from the *inner* expressing the *outer*, which seem to me, the true order of nature. But what I may have to say farther in elucidation of the communication, shall follow the paper itself, which I have recommended to the careful and searching attention of thereader. It is entitled

THE LAW, AS A BASIS OF HARMONY, IN THE HOME, AS A CENTER.

Love is the fulfilling of Law. Love is Life. Life is the development of Law. Law is progressive; consequently Life must be progressive, and Love, also, to meet the wants of progressive life.

Love, in order to unfold as a *principle of life*, must have the Wisdom to raise it to action. The two, meeting and blending, constitute Truth. The *basis* upon which Law rests, then, is Truth. In order to get this basis, the two elements Love and Wisdom, must *meet, blend and reciprocate*, to get a truthful expression, which, when formed, constitute a MODEL. This model being conceived, and brought forth in the interior, or sphere of *thought and sympathy*, must have its most outward expression, in the material, or Earth-Sphere. This expression being first given by Spirits unclothed, or without the material form, must then be embodied in the material, as the base, or foundation, upon which to rear a superstructure, whose DOME is the last, or highest expression of ARCHITECTURE, in the seventh or highest Sphere, where the building being complete, will find its complete and perfect expression, in the highest development in the earth-sphere, which is the *conjugal relation*, where Love and Wisdom are conjoined to induce a perfect blending. Hence comes the highest form of Truth, as a *Basis of Action, in the Home, the Center of Life, Eternally*.

In the true order of progress, the period has dawned in the Earth-Sphere, when an expression is demanded for a *Model Home*, where those who can assimilate, can co-operate, and thus indicate, (to those who may be ready to receive the same,) the *Law of Harmony, the Basis of a True Life in the Homes*.

First, then, through all the departments of life, to the ultimate, the unfolding of this principle to mortals, constitutes the "Marriage of the Spheres." The messengers must go forth announcing the "Marriage Feast." All who are prepared to accept the Truth *in the love of it*, will come from the four points of the compass, and sit at the table where Love and Wisdom will preside, to give to those assembled, a *full expression* of the love and wisdom, acting in unison—clearly indicating the necessity of *immediate action*, as the law is expounded—thereby opening, beautifully clear to the delighted vision, the "highway cast up, for the redeemed to walk in," who have arrived at heaven's portals, through "great tribulations," clothed with the garments of Truth, which is made of the Love and Wisdom. They will welcome as co-laborers with those who have served as their Teachers in the Sphere of Harmony.

Thus will the "Marriage Feast" be celebrated; and the action will ensue. The Edifice will be completed, and the Builders thereof, will enjoy in full fruition, the fruits of their faithful and untiring labors, even unto the end.—*Such are Redeemed! Such are Saved!*

The *Organization of the Human Race* is manifestly the grand idea of the foregoing paper—a subject of the very first importance, and of the deepest and most intrinsic interest. But in order to realize this great idea, it is absolutely necessary to *begin at the beginning*—at the very center of principles and of action—at the center of life and its relations. Keeping then, this idea distinctly in view, and recurring to the above paper, it will be seen that the proposition is, thus to commence the *Great Constructive Work of the Future*. It is no mere outside affair, though it may include the outside; it relates not *primarily*, to the circumference of things, though the circumference is, of course embraced in the great mechanism. It is the doctrine of *Center and Centralization*, as affording the essential and necessary conditions of creative elaborations. Without such *centralized ideas of action* then the race may not hope for redemption; but with them, it may hope for "all things." Now the most central principle, or elements of man's nature, or of God's nature is *Conjugal Love*. It is most central, because it is the *creative element*—creative potency being the highest and most interior power of man or God. The "Home" then, should begin and be continued perpetually, created and recreated, eternally through the potency of *Conjugal Love*. And it

will be seen that such is the proposition of the "communication."

But *What is Conjugal Love?* In degree it is Spiritual, or celestial, not animal or sensual. In relation it is *Dual*—the blending of *two souls*. In results it is creative of ideas, thoughts, forms. Hence it is the great *stimulus to all action*, which is one of the great leading idea of the paper referred to.

Then, again, in order to realize the Divine Home on Earth, the very thought itself must come from the *World of Causes*—the interior, or Spirit World, and from the highest degree of that world. In other words, it must come from *personal intelligences* who once lived in this degree of nature, which we now occupy—from the superior minds who have passed on to more perfect states of life and of thought. It must come from that world because the *higher* always controls the *lower*, and gives, positively and directly, to the lower; while the lower, simply expands to the gift. Man, in the lower degree *cannot save himself*, because he is in a state of vacuum—negative exhausted. He *needs to be filled* with life and thought. And who shall fill him? None but Spiritual beings can or will do it. And those who are most interior or unfolded in, and enjoy the bliss of *conjugal love in the Heavens*, are they who can and will do it most effectually; so that, through *Spirit Aid*, we may hope for the True Home on Earth, as the *basis* of a still more perfect one in the heavens themselves. In other words, the Spirit World now seeks and designs to complete, and give full expression to the Divine Home in the Heavens, by *basing the same on Earth*, as one would rear a temple or house on the solid globe. This is a thing which has never yet been done, on this earth, simply because the epoch had not before transpired, *when it could be done*. Everything takes place according to *natural law*—each thing in its own time and way. The natural earth itself, and man, too, who is the crown and glory of the earth, have now arrived at that point in growth, which renders the institution of Home, a feasible thing; and the Beginning, as an actual and tangible reality, is now about to be! But it must begin at a point, as nature always begins; and not only that, it must always begin in the interior of *two spirits yet in the flesh*; and then, from these, as a focus, flow our *organizing other Dualities*, and their "grouping" them in degrees, — finally combining them into "series of groups,"—all in Divine Order — making, as the last great fact in the interior, the Complex or Circular Family, which is the Interior Home, or "Home of the Soul." This is the Spiritual Architecture. It is soul, or life-building—it is *construction of the highest character*. And this being fairly commenced and having proceeded to the requisite extent, for the beginning of outer elaborations, or Domestic Edifices, these will be planned and executed, in due order of time, place, and form, to correspond with the *Interior Architecture*, which like the spirit in the body, goes before the body, to elaborate and give expression to the same.

In conclusion, let me inquire of one and all who have been for years now, passing through the "fire and the flood" of *interior discipline*—whose souls and bodies both have been "put to the torture" for a *mighty purpose*, which perhaps has been *enigmatical* to themselves,—who among you is ready to begin the *New Life* on the basis of these interior principles. *They that are ready*, let them *speak*—let them *act*, for the time is at hand.

S. C. HEWITT.

The Dead are raised.—Mr. P. H. Wheldon, of Belvidere Ill., makes a statement in the *Standard*, which he offers to substantiate by credible witnesses besides himself. He affirms that his child has been literally raised from the dead, by spiritual influence, through the mediumship of Mrs. Merwin. Mr. Wheldon says: "I have an infant son now fourteen weeks old, who, when about three weeks old, was taken with spasms, of which he had over thirty. To all appearances he was dead—quite stiff—so much so that the friends commenced to lay him out. But the spirit controlling the medium would not give the child up, but told them to pry its jaws open, and let the medium breathe into his lungs. This was done—the child caught breath, and from that moment commenced to recover. It is now a healthy, happy child."

—He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

—Do not ridicule a thing because you do not happen to understand it. Your own ignorance may be the only ridiculous thing, all the while.

The Children's Corner.

A word to the Young People.

You will be glad to know that your invalid "aunt Etie" has gained sufficient strength to write you. I too am glad for you have been kept a long time in the "corner" with only a few bits of mental food. I wish some lover of children (who does not love children?) would write for the children's corner a series of Biographical Sketches and a series of articles on the laws of life, commencing with the mineral. Some of the juveniles have called for articles of this kind. Who will answer?

Frances Brown promised something for you in each number of the Agitator. She has not kept her promise. Her excuse is that she has been preparing you a book for the Holidays. It is finished now and sent to the printer. Wonder if she will have any other excuse for forgetting you.

Oh, here comes an article! Just the thing wanted! I was going to tell you that England and America ceased quarrelling some years ago. Recently they have been warring, and now comes the news of their union. They were married by proxy. Our bachelor President and Mrs. Victoria joined hands in their stead. I wonder what Prince Albert will think if he sees the tender greetings that are sent privately under the sea to and from his wife.

When a young English boy heard the news of the marriage he picked up his pencil and drew a fine picture of the Queen and President reaching out hands of kindly greeting, then he has wound up the cable into a priestly form, and stood it up to unite in one the twain. The illustration I cannot give you but the writing accompanying it nicely printed with a pencil you can have. Here it is:

UNITED IN THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY on the 7th inst., Miss England of the Eastern Hemisphere and Mr America of the Western Hemisphere, by the Rev. Mr. Telegraph. R. Cowill.

Oh! Love! where wert thou fled?

Oh! Love! I thought thee dead

This many a year;

But now with glad surprise

Brimming my heart and eyes

I find thee here.

The cold and sleety rain,

Pattered upon the pane

And o'er life's sky,

The dreary clouds flew past,

Driven before the blast,

And night seemed nigh.

But now the warm young Spring

Doth golden tresses fling

Into the balmy air,

And all my soul goes forth

To welcome the new earth

And sunshine fair.

Oh! Love! where wert thou fled?

Oh! Love! I thought thee dead

This many a year;

But now with glad surprise

Brimming my heart and eyes

I find thee here.

H. P. FAIRFIELD.

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The degradation of Man, the destiny of Woman, and the rights of Children, will be subjects for discussion. We hope thereby, to right some of the wrongs that are cursing our world.

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To the True and the Brave, to the lovers of God and Humanity EVERYWHERE, we extend the hand of fellowship, hoping to be recognized as a worker in the Master's vineyard.

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For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

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