

The Agitator.

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

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

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WHOLE No. 13.

LOVE.

BE NOT WEARY FRIEND AND BROTHER.

Be not weary friend and brother!
Say not heart and strength are failing;
The great mark of Love and Lover
Is, that they are all prevailing.

Things, inspired by earthly forces,
In the path they take, may falter;
Love, that runs in heavenly courses,
Takes a road it cannot alter.

Weak and pale, and earth-ward tending,
Tir'd Ambition flags its pinion;
Love, with tireless wing ascending,
Gains the heights of heaven's dominion.

MAMMON SEEKS FOR EARTHLY TREASURE.

Mammon seeks for earthly treasure,
And in secret chambers folds it;
Love's dear gem, no place, no measure,
In the Universe can hold it.

It will sparkle in the fountains
Shining in the morning light;
It will glance along the mountains,
In the smiling star-beams bright.

In the poor man's cottage lowly,
In the monarch's lofty tower,
Finds the bosoms of the holy,
Every where their life and power.

Keep it marching; keep it flying;
Let no chains, no prisons bind it;
There's no fear, no pain, no dying,
To the happy souls that find it.

ADIEU!

ADIEU! ALL OUTWARD FORMS, ADIEU!

Adieu! all outward forms, adieu!
Arise within, the good and true!
Let shrines and gorgeous temples fall,
And Christ, the Love, be All in All.

The seal of all the past is broken;
The light hath come; the Work is spoken;
Love is the Christ; 'tis Love constrains,
And Christ the Love, within us reigns.

Oh Christ! on earth thou could'st not stay;
Thine outward form hedg'd up the way;
The outward Christ must first depart,
That men may find Him in the heart.

Oh friends! the outward Christ resign,
And let the inward rise and shine;
Find Him within; and finding there,
Thou then shalt find Him every where.

ROCKPORT, MASS.

W. S.

Remember me not in the Song and the Wine.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

When, like a stream in its musical flow,
The days and the years all fleetly go,
And thy soul in its gladness is dancing,—
And eye unto eye with love-light is glancing,
When wine cup and song yield the senses delight,
And hearts beat responsive, fond, joyous, and light,—
Remember me not when such glory is thine;
Remember me not in the song and the wine!

And when the proud world, thy praises are hymning,
And the beaker of Life with rapture is brimming,—
When Earth for thee hath a charm and a chime,
And soul speaks to soul in rhythm and rhyme,—
When fortune her choicest garland doth twine,
Then link not thy fame, or thy name unto mine!

But when round thy soul lone midnight is stealing,
And Hope's guiding star dark clouds are concealing,—
When Love like a bird, hath folded her wing,

Forgetting to soar, forgetting to sing,—
When sorrow enshrouds thy soul like a pall,
And life's honeyed cup is brimming with gall,
Remember me THEN, when in sadness you pine!
REMEMBER ME NOT IN THE SONG AND THE WINE!

HELENA MILES' HEART HISTORY.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

CHAPTER I.

The Unwelcome Child.

The heart is like an instrument whose strings
Steal magic music from Life's mystic frets,
The golden threads are spun thro' Suffering's fire
Wherewith the marriage-ropes for heaven are woven:
And all the rarest hues of human life
Take radiance, and are rainbow'd out in tears,
As water'd marble blooms a richer grain.

GERALD MASSEY.

"A nice little girl, Mrs. Miles," said aunt Judy, Mrs. Miles' faithful nurse, as she folded a wee bit of humanity in a coarse flannel blanket and tucked it closely to its mother's side. "A nice little girl."

Mrs. Miles made no reply to the remark of the nurse; but a deep sigh revealed to the maiden lady a new truth—that the "nice little girl" had no welcome to that mother's heart.

"Your three daughters are pretty near of an age; but they will grow up together like birds in the same nest." "Yes," replied Mrs. Miles, "and bird-like they may fly—no one knows where." Mrs. Miles turned her face to the wall to hide her tears. Aunt Judy adjusted the pillows; smoothed out the counterpane; re-arranged the autumn flowers in a vase upon the stand; put back the coarse muslin bed curtains to let in the sunlight, then tiptoed out of the room to give vent to the multitude of thoughts, that, for the last ten minutes, had been gathering in her prolific brain.

"Lordy sakes! What is the world coming to, Mrs. Currier?" exclaimed the nurse as she met Mrs. C. in the kitchen.

"What is the matter? Isn't Mrs. Miles comfortable?"

"Yes; no. She is comfortable and she isn't. Strange world, Mrs. Currier; No body is glad of a baby. It didn't used to be so. Poor little thing! I pity it."

"Poor thing, truly," replied Mrs. Currier. Any child is poor, however rich the parents may be, if there is no room for it in the mother's heart. The world will always seem cold to the little thing, for the mother has already planted thorn seeds in its path: they will take root, and with bleeding feet the child will go through the world."

"Oh them new fangled notions of yours are all nonsense. What odds does it make to that child if it didn't happen to be wanted?"

"You hav'nt been a mother," Mrs. Currier said.

"Well I know that; but hav'nt I been a child?"

and I know it doesn't matter to me whether I was or was'n't welcomed. But after all I don't blame Mrs. Miles for she is but twenty-one and this is her third child; but then what did she get married for?—and she run away, too, to get married—so they say."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Miles, who had been all day to the town meeting.

He threw off his overcoat and glancing about the room, said, "What news? where is Kate?"

"Mrs. Miles is in the bedroom," replied the nurse; and as for news she has another daughter."

"Daughter," soliloquized the father, while a shade passed over his pale face. "Yes, daughter, and the mother seems sorry enough, too. Want any supper, Mr. Miles?"

"No,"

"Sick, are you?"

"No."

"Then what is the matter?"

Mr Miles made no answer, but after pulling off his boots and warming his fingers, he stole softly into the room of the sick wife.

"Kate," he said, bending over the low couch, "How are you?"

"As you see me," she replied.

"They say we have another baby."

"Yes another. God be merciful to the child."

"What is the trouble Kate, anything the matter with the child?"

"No, Charles; but I have been wondering who would care for these children."

"He who feeds the ravens will feed the babies," was Mr. Miles' answer.

"But the raven feeder will hold us responsible for the beings we have called into life."

"Well, do not always be borrowing trouble, Kate, I shall manage matters so as to support you and the children."

"That may be, Charles, but with my arms full of children I can do nothing to help you; and, beside it is a crime to school children in poverty, and, perhaps send them, as I was sent, orphans into a heartless world."

"It is a pretty child, Kate," said Mr. Miles, as he uncovered the baby's face to divert the mother's attention from her fancied or real sorrow.

"Yes, a 'pretty child,' but its beauty together with its inheritance of tears and poverty will be its curse. Something tells me that a life of misery awaits this child."

Remorse or sorrow suggested silence to Mr. Miles, and so he walked out of the room saying to himself "I wish this terrible prophetic gift had been withheld from Kate. She has pleasant paths marked out for Mary and Kitty; but for this new-born baby she has a horrible zigzag road."

"I wonder what the Gods in the lower regions intend to do with the child!"

(To be continued.)

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOVERNMENT.

NUMBER TWO.

LAWS AND THEIR PENALTIES.

Laws are the rules of government, the forms or modes of its operation; they are the *modus operandi* of the governing power, and also the rules of conduct imposed on the party governed. In an Absolute Despotism, the primary object of law is to secure the safety of the governing power, to establish its supremacy over its subjects, and to ensure their subjection. In this form of government the laws are necessarily *ex-parte*, instituted and enforced by the governing power alone. In their construction the subject has no voice, and in their operation no influence whatever. He is simply the passive subject of their infliction. Hence, disaffection to the government, or resistance to its tyranny and oppression, is the highest crime in a Despotism. All its laws are arbitrary, the offspring of the Executive. The Legislative, the Judicial and the Executive are united in one individual. The will of the sovereign is the supreme tribunal.

In a Pure Republic, the primary object of law is to secure the full and perfect *legitimate* freedom of each individual composing it; this is done by restricting each and every one to his own natural sphere, within his own lawful domain, so that he shall not trespass on the rights of any other. These laws apply with equal force to each individual, and operate in the same manner on all. They govern the whole by governing each one individually. No one can overstep his bounds, or seek greater liberties than are naturally inherent in all, without restricting those of some other one, and infringing on the rights of all. Hence, the perfect liberty of all is secured by the rigorous restriction of all to their own legitimate province. Hence, also, the observance of the Divine rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," is the highest social law. The observance of this rule by each individual would constitute the Pure Republic.

Penalty is an indispensable accompaniment of all laws. It is the love of the good secured by obedience to law, to which is superadded the evil and pain consequent on the breach of it. Was there no penalty attached to law, the suffering of which was consequent upon its breach, or was the result of its breach the same as of its observance, there would be no inducement to abide by it, no cause for its observance. If pain was not the consequence of putting the hand into the fire, its destruction would most likely be the result; but by punishment for a breach of law, we are continually urged to obedience to it. The penalties attached to human laws are of two distinct kinds, and correspond to the two general forms of government in which they exist.

In the Absolute Despotism, they are arbitrary and usually tyrannical, revengeful and vindictive. Their primary object is to secure the government, and not the peace and rights of the governed. Hence they are usually *destructive* of the offender. Death is the penalty of most crimes and of *all* that are directed against the government. Their whole potency is derived from fear; and the laws are maintained by brute force alone.

But in the only true human government, the Pure Republic, there are but two ends to be attained by punishment, security of the state, and the reform of the criminal. These only are its legitimate aims, and for these purposes alone is it instituted. The true penalty of a broken law should be, and is, reformatory. To this end, it

must be the natural consequence of its transgression. It must flow from it as effect from cause; and this relation must be recognized by the criminal. He must be brought to self-condemnation, as the cause of his own suffering; then he will be brought to self-reform. To this end, also the penalty must be sure, inevitable. So long as there is a hope of escape the risk will be run. Only when the punishment is known to be inevitable will the full efficacy of law be attained.

Therefore, justice is the only attribute of law. It knows naught of mercy, cannot pardon. Any interference of mercy (so called) in the administration of law is arbitrary, unjust, dangerous, and inadmissible in a wise and perfect government. By justice is not understood revenge or vindictive infliction of punishment, but giving to the offender the *exact* deserts of his doings; the perfect rewards of his works. To pardon or release a criminal while he is such, i. e. while he is not reformed, is to do an injustice to the state, to each individual in it, and to the criminal himself. His punishment is reformatory; reformation is the end of its institution and the principle design of its infliction. Punishment is fundamental reformatory power, and to release him from it, is to remove from him the means of reformation; *it is to sanction his crime, and confirm him in his evil course.*

Though the law knows no pardon of a criminal, as such, it nevertheless regards reformation as the extinction of criminality, and as the end of punishment. It regards the offender as criminal so long as he remains antagonistic to it, but no longer. It does not punish an innocent person nor one repentant; reformation is the signal of release, because it is the destruction of criminality. Those laws then which punish crime in proportion to an assumed magnitude, continuing it to some arbitrarily appointed period, and releasing the prisoner without reference to reformation, are lamentably imperfect, and glaringly inefficient in their operation. Let the duration of punishment be determined by the state of the criminal, and terminate with his reform; and the salutary effect would be instantly observable in society. A criminal is such until he reforms, and no longer; and if he is punishable at any time during his criminality; he is so *during its whole existence, and not one moment longer.* To send a criminal for a certain term of years to the penitentiary, and then release him though he be more criminal than before, is a gross wrong to society. And to confine the criminal in a situation where the inevitable consequence will be confirmation in criminality, is the most flagrant injustice to him. His right is reformation, and justice demands it. Revenge is no attribute of law. Judicious punishment is reformatory; vindictive—never. Such punishment, (and such only) is reformatory, as is seen to be the natural result of sin, and is known to be as inevitable as doom. Such is the Divine Government. In it, all govern themselves, and all offenders receive the just reward of their doings. In it there is nothing arbitrary, nothing tyrannical, nothing revengeful. It is the INFINITE REPUBLIC and all its members are free. God governs us, but through our will and not by force. Yet is the penalty of his law as sure as the transgression, and there is no possibility of escape there-from.

In this philosophy of law and its penalty, is discovered a truth that may serve as a clue to reformers, to prison superintendents, for the construction of a criminal code more perfectly adapted to the wants of the age, and for the administration of penal discipline.

But not so much for these, are these papers designed, as for parents and teachers, and all those who have the care of children. If the principles above enunciated are correct, they furnish some

invaluable hints to parents for the government of children. First of all, they should make their laws as few and simple and natural as possible. Much evil, we are convinced, is caused by too many and too trifling rules imposed on children. We are too impatient and too exacting; too easily annoyed and too hasty in our reproaches. A few simple and fundamental rules, such as tend to develop pure principles, check mischievous habits, and curb an over-exacting selfishness, the observance of which develops self-control and self-denial are also necessary. We should aim more at *their* improvement and permanent good, than our own comfort or pleasure in our exactions of our children.

In regard to the punishment of children, my sisters, allow me a few words. Punishments are necessary, nay most beneficial to children. First of all make your punishments, as much as possible, the *natural* results of the disobedience of your child. Teach him the truth that every wrong act must be inevitably followed by suffering and degradation; and enforce these lessons as occasion requires, by a practical application of them to himself, in your reign of love in the family. Cause the little offender to *see* that he has offended, how and in what, then let him *see, feel* the natural results.—Let him learn to associate one with the other, crime with its penalty, as cause and effect, as they really should be; and accustom him to feel his own responsibility for his acts, and his own instrumentality in bringing on the punishment. Avoid, as much as possible, all arbitrary interference between the crime and its penalty, and never be known in its infliction as the immediate author of it. All vindictive or revengeful chastisement hardens the offender. Your only aim is his reformation. And let the penalty be more the loss of your affection and caresses than any corporeal punishment inflicted. If the atmosphere of your home is love, this will be sufficient. Let the withholding of your maternal confidence, the daily caress, the nightly kiss be his greatest dread; and *never* restore him to your favor until he repents and returns to you wholly broken and subdued. Never suffer your maternal tenderness to overcome your merciful justice.

O, that we could practice this simple rule, that we had sufficient self-government thus to govern our little ones. O that we were so pure, so gentle, so loving, so just and so wise, that the withdrawal of our smiles would be regarded by our children as the greatest of evils, and the return of our favor as the dawn of heavenly day. VERITAS.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NO. IV.

It has been ascertained by experiment, that if any number of persons, say eight, will sit around a table in a manner that each may lay his or her right hand on the left hand of his neighbor, while all hands are laid on the table, and will do this once or more in each week, on regular stated days or evenings, at particular hours of the day, (i. e. every sitting should be on the same days of the week, and at the same hours of the day,) and will continue to do this for a sufficient length of time, raps will be heard. If the condition of the circle, as this is called, are unfavorable, it will take a greater number of sittings than it will if conditions are favorable. At first the raps may be very light, and may not be on the table, but in some other part of the room—on the wall, floor or furniture, with occasionally a rap on the table. But this depends on the condition of the persons who form the circle, as it sometimes happens that the raps are heard on the table and quite loud, almost at the first sitting.—As the circle continues to repeat its sittings the

raps will increase in loudness and regularity, until questions may be asked, and answers received by means of an alphabet.

It should be observed, that when a circle has been formed, none of its number should be absent from any of its sittings, until the objects of the circle have been attained. The members should always sit in the same relative positions, until the phenomena is produced. By "relative position," we mean that if A. sits with his face to the east, has B. on his right and C. on his left—this position should not be changed. If by accident any of the members should be absent, his or her place should never be filled by another person, unless he or she has permanently left the circle. In that case a new member may be appointed, but always, if possible, of the same sex. In this case, however, the development of the circle will stop until the new member has been brought to the same condition as the rest of the circle. It is not meant that if the above rules are not strictly observed no phenomena will be produced, neither is it claimed that the circle must be composed of no more nor less than eight individuals, that no other means can be used to develop a medium; we only claim that this mode is the best, and that eight persons form the best circle, especially when there is an equal number of each sex. When this is the case, they should sit alternately as to position. It frequently happens that persons are developed spontaneously, i. e., when they are not aware of having made use of any means to produce this condition. All that we know of this is, that the condition is consequent upon some constitutional peculiarity. This shows that there may be every degree of natural development, from the most perfect to those in whom the power is almost wanting; and the fact is further proven by the circle, in which some will become media in a few sittings, while in others it will take many months.

When the raps have become perfect enough to enable us to receive answers to questions, all the influence will generally appear to be concentrated upon one individual, and if he or she is absent from the circle, no communication can be obtained. If, in that case, the circle only meets for the purpose of asking questions and obtaining answers through this medium, and especially if the time is devoted to the gratification of persons that are not members, the development of the circle will be at an end; and here let me say that persons not members, and especially weak minded individuals who are disposed to ridicule that which they do not understand, should not be admitted into the room where the circle is sitting. But if the circle continues to sit, undisturbed by adverse influences, it will soon become apparent that a change is going on; the table around which they sit will be lifted up and let fall at the request of the members, and questions will be answered in this way, and this when no one visible is touching it.

Some of the members will feel a numbness in one or both hands, a dull pain in the arm, extending from the shoulder to the elbow, and a sense of weakness and trembling in the fore-arm, and a feeling as if a bandage was wrapped tightly around the wrist. These will become writing media. Others will feel slight shocks as if struck by an electric spark; this will become more intense, until on questions being asked, the hand will be raised and let fall, involuntarily, in answer; these are called vibrating media. Others will become unconscious or speaking media; and still others will have the feelings and ideas of persons who are either living or dead; these are said to be in rapport with these persons. We will describe them in their proper place.

If the circle continues sitting after the development of the rapping medium, it will be found in a

short time that the table will move at the request of any one in the circle; but at first, only when the medium has a hand laid on it, then only one finger, then when only touched, by some part of the clothing, then when there is no communication except the floor, and finally, only the atmosphere—the table being suspended in the air several feet from any individual, without any visible agency.

It may happen that in forming a circle, none of the members will be of the proper temperament for rapping, in which case only a few raps will be heard, and the members will be developed in other phases of mediumship.

Although the raps are always heard first, as a general thing, no long communication can be obtained by them in presence of a writing medium. This is not always the case, as I have known some who were spontaneously developed, who united rapping, writing and moving, in the same individual. Nearly all rapping media are also moving media when fully developed, and all vibrating media are writing media.

If the circle continues its sittings, it will frequently happen that some of the media while in a conscious state, will become sympathetic, and will feel as if attacked with such diseases as any of the members or other persons present may happen to be laboring under at the time, such as catarrh, rheumatism, and the like. Others will be unconscious, and in this condition will personate certain individuals either living or dead; this is called being in rapport with these individuals, or spirits; and the more similar the temperament and phrenological development of the medium to that of the individual with whom he is in rapport, the more complete will be the personification. They will come in rapport with the bodies of diseased persons and will describe all their pains, by having similar pains in their own bodies, and will give about the same description of the disease that the diseased person could give of himself, judging simply by his own feelings. This has by many persons unacquainted with the nature of it, been supposed to be clairvoyance; but to call it clairvoyance is clearly a misnomer, as there is no seeing about it. The medium simply feels as the person feels with whom he is in rapport, and does not judge of disease from seeing the diseased organs. This rapport frequently extends to the organs of the brain, so that the ideas of the patient are imparted to the medium, and if the patient has an idea of any medicine or other means which he thinks would benefit him, the medium has the same impression and prescribes accordingly; so that the patient might as well prescribe for himself, were it not that the medium is frequently in rapport with the minds of others as well as the patient, which adds to the number of ingredients in the prescription, so that I have frequently known the most medicinally incompatible substances—usually herbs or roots—jumbled together in the same recipe. Of course if any one is cured by such a prescription, it is a matter of the merest accident. The condition therefore, so far as the sensation is concerned, is merely a physical rapport—a kind of magnetic condition—not a clairvoyant one. Perhaps we may call it physical Psychometry. Clairvoyance is sometimes combined with this condition; and in that case the medium sees the diseased organs, and may see a remedy. At all events the clairvoyance supervenes upon the physical rapport, and when it commences the rapport ceases, so that the medium prescribes from his own impressions and not from the minds of other. Some persons in the circle become clairvoyant without passing through this state of physical rapport; there are others who are only affected mentally, i. e., the mind only comes in rapport with the minds of others, who are still living,

and others whose minds are only in rapport with the dead. We say only in rapport with the dead, because such is their claim, and they express ideas which the surviving friends recognise as ideas which would appear to arise only to a spirit, from the recollection of scenes which had passed while the spirit was still in the body.

As this subject will be more fully discussed as we proceed, we will here leave the circle for the present. In our next we will proceed to the examination of what is called conscious clairvoyance, and the means of obtaining this condition. In these cases, the clairvoyant is conscious of all which is passing around him, and retains the memory of what he sees, as in the natural state.

G. B. R.

PREPARING TO DIE.

From thinking of the above subject, life, with many, is continually shadowed with the terrors of death, and, instead of being life, real, earnest and joyous life, it becomes a ghostly phantom hovering on the confines of the unreal, neither tasting of the joys and comforts of earthly existence, nor being able to find rest in the contemplation of the future. We do not need to prepare to die. What we do need is to prepare to live. Life is the all-important thing, the only "solemn reality" with which we have anything to do, or about which we need to concern ourselves.

Men lean too much on the past, and turn their mental telescopes too much on the future. They are busy in preparing themselves to die and in looking for salvation hereafter, when the truth is, that, "now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." There is no other time when we can possibly find salvation. Now, is all the time we ever shall know. Eternity! what is that but an indefinite prolongation of the now. So we cannot prepare to die, except by preparing to live. If we prepare to live, and do live worthily as rational and social beings, death is of no account to us; we shall die as we have lived, and it will be well; yes, well.

Neither need we concern ourselves about immortality. This question is made altogether too prominent by all classes of believers therein. Of what importance is the question whether I shall live after death, when compared with the question "am I living now, is my life a true life, am I sustaining true relations and performing the functions of a human being truly, or not?" "Do I live? or only breathe, eat, labor and sleep?" That is the question after all. The demonstration of that is worth more than all the demonstrations of immortality ever given. If I do live now and on truly, and am immortal, it will be well with me always, because it is and will ever be well with me in the now; and, if I am not immortal, who will say it is not better for me to thus live while I do exist, than to do otherwise? As an individual, I think less on the subject of immortality than formerly.—Not that I believe less in it, not that I desire less to live on after death than before; but that I believe more in living now, and have a stronger desire than ever to live truly before death. So, I repeat—life is the all-important thing, the only solemn reality; to prepare to live should be the most prominent thing; and, if we know we are not living truly—true to our own souls wants and aspirations, it is the sheerest folly to defer our hopes and labors for amendment to another and future sphere of being, for at last, we shall have to begin where we are, on the highway of progression. Right here and now is the place and time to begin; and if we and the world are not prepared for the highest life we see, why, we should go to work and prepare for it as soon as we may.

J. W. T.

West Union, Iowa.

THE AGITATOR.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

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

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

DEAR READER :—I spoke in Columbus Sunday, the 12th inst. The friends of reform there are not great in numbers, but great in strength and in commendable zeal. I had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent and chaste discourse from Professor Dayton, through the organism of T. G. Foster, while in Columbus. Two years ago I heard Mr. Foster speak in Cleveland. He was then regarded as a good trance speaker; but the change in him has been very great. Then he was tearing down, demolishing time-worn creeds and denouncing old dead dogmas; now he is up-building the Truth-Temple.

Monday the 13th, Mr. Foster, Dr. and Mrs. Fowler and myself, went out to Pleasant Valley to congratulate our friend T. M. Ewing Esq. and his hopeful bride upon their heart union. We found them in a fine cottage among the forest trees away from the din and discord of the city. At evening their friends came in to see them and us. Mr. Foster or some good spirit, gave us a lecture upon the philosophy and sacredness of a true marriage. We went away better and happier for the interchange of thoughts with our stranger friends.

Our next place was Harveysburgh, the home of Valentine and Jane Nicholson. The late departure of their darling daughter to the "Greenwood of Soul" has cast a gloom over that once unbroken household band. There is an empty chair and a dear missing face at the home altar; they listen in vain for the buoyant step and the joyous laugh. No marvel that they are sad; but it is the poetry of sorrow, for they know she has only put on angel robes to appear at the court of Heaven.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

The meeting of the Friends of Progress is doing its work here. It commenced on Friday the 28th, in one of the most commodious halls in the State. The attendance, judging from the telegrams, is much larger than at Utica. The most perfect order and harmony has characterized the meeting.

A full report will be given our readers by the secretary, though it may not reach Cleveland in time for the forth-coming paper.

The friends of progress hereabouts are strong in faith, lovers of truth and good earnest working men and women. The only thing that seemed out of place was the want of respect shown the strong minded men. They were there in great numbers waiting, but not clamoring, for their rights. Like good patient souls they looked on and listened while the women talked and made laws. A woman was secretary, I was vice-president; women were in the majority on the business committee. Wonder if the men will not call a convention to consider the propriety of asserting their rights.

Rev. Mr. Gage, the pastor of the Universalist Church in Hamilton, O. has been one of the principal speakers at the meeting. Upon all subjects introduced, he has been quite as radical as any one who has spoken.

This meeting, probably, will not come under the head of "Free Love Convention," for the words "free love" have not been spoken by the friends or the opposers of the cause we have been pleading.

A gentleman by the name of Miller, is dying in the city of consumption. He is not a "spiritualist" though a very spiritual man. He sees and converses with the departed spirits as though he were a spirit disrobed of his garments of clay. This morning he said to his wife, "I see Mr. ——— preaching to a large congregation. How well he looks, and how beautifully he is talking." I see no reason for doubting the things he saw and heard. Why not preach "to the spirits in prison" in the next sphere as well as in this?

Sunday the 20th. I expect to speak in Cincinnati. From there I go to Cleveland. Adieu.

GEORGE C. HOLT, a trance speaker from the west, lectured morning and evening, in Chapins Hall, Sunday the 19th inst. The attendance was good—much interest and gratification were manifested.

A GOOD TEST.

While in Illinois recently, I went to Gage's Lake, leaving an appointment to speak in Chicago on Sunday. Saturday Mr. Higgins heard that I was ill, and fearing that the appointment would not be met, asked Mrs. Wood, a medium, if I would be in the city by Sunday. "Yes," was the reply; "Mrs. Brown will be in the city—she will be here soon." I had never seen Mrs. Wood—did not know her place of residence, but as soon as I arrived in the city, a strange desire to see Mrs. Wood took possession of me. I asked Miss H. if she would go with me to see her. She at first objected, but by my earnest solicitation, consented. We went—found her yet entranced talking to Mr. Higgins. I entered unannounced, Mrs. W. arose, took me by the hand, (her eyes were closed) and, turning to Mr. Higgins said, "She has come." When she awoke she was surprised to find company, and we, who had been conversing upon various subjects, were introduced and shook hands.

A PROPHECY—AND SOMETHING MORE.

SUTTON, N. H., Aug. 8, 1858.

MR. NEWTON—SIR :—I write in obedience to spirit-impression, of things about to happen, that it may be first published to the world from the Spiritual Age.

A new political party is about to arise—suddenly—suddenly—like the rising of the wind. The star of its platform will be the star of freedom. It shall prevail, and rule the councils of this nation, and many things opposed to the spirit of universal freedom, shall be stricken down.

Also I am impressed to take the Spiritual Age, and accordingly herein enclose one dollar for that purpose.

Truly yours,

FRANK CHASE.

This last impression is of some worth to A. E. Newton. We trust that same spirit will visit the country—look into peoples pockets and impress some good soul to send the Agitator a "dollar."

AGITATOR RECEIPTS.

Jeremiah Smith, 50c. Wm. G. Vansickle, 50c. G. W. Bowland, \$1.00; Otis Hinckly, \$1.00; Anna Otis, \$1.00; Mrs. Anna Maria Gatchel, 50c; L. T. Hagar, \$1.00; H. B. Lawrence, \$1.00; H. Heindel 50c; Asa Perrin, 50c; S. A. Alvord, \$1.00; Byron Picknell, \$1.00; J. Swain, \$1.00; Seth Henshan, \$1.00; Prudence Alexander, \$1.00; F. P. Thomas, 50c; Henry Williamson, 50c; L. D. Williamson, \$1.00; Hiram Gregg \$1.00; G. Britton, 25c; B. A. Virden, 25c; Robert Simichron, \$1.00.

Why is it?—Four southern papers have asked the Agitator to exchange; some of them are pro-slavery papers. It is a promising sign of the times—pro-slavery men of the south asking the north for abolition papers.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the friends of human progress will be held at Laona, Chautauque Co., New York, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 8th, 9th, and 10th of October next, to discuss questions relative to the elevation of the human brotherhood. All persons without reference to sect, creed, or color, are invited to attend.

From the place of meeting to Freedonia is one and one-half miles, and from the latter place to Dunkirk is three miles. Conveyances from either village to the place of meeting may be had at all times.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Levi Baldwin,	Eliza Ann Felton,
Calphurnia Straight,	John Case,
Sarah Phelps,	Eliza A. Baldwin,
Warner Felton,	Leander Phelps,
Eliza Ann Adams,	Calphurnia Ramsdell,
Alburtis Straight,	Julia Case,
D. S. Ramsdell,	Thos. Adams.

CORRESPONDING COMMITTEE.

Joanna Carter,	Thos. Adams.
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SPEAKERS.

Henry C. Wright, of Boston,	Andrew J. Davis,
Mary F. Davis,	Giles B. Stebbins,
G. W. Taylor, and others.	

Ample provisions will be made by the Committee of Arrangements for the accommodation of persons from a distance during the meeting.

FARMINGTON, Sept. 20 1858.

Mrs. BROWN :—Please make the following appointments through the Agitator. We will attend the Mass Meeting at Kirtland, Oct. 4th and 5th., at Mentor 7th., at Madison 9th., Geneva, Sunday, 12th., Ashtabula 13th., New Lyme 15th., Parkman 17th., Chagrin Falls, Sunday 19th., Newton Falls 22d., Ravenna Mass Meeting 25th. 26th.

Friends at Hudson, Akron, Cuyahoga Falls, and other places in that vicinity, will receive visits from us during the month of Nov. if desired.

Our address will be at Farmington until the middle of Oct. after that time at Ravenna until Nov. 1st.

Thine,

S. P. LELAND,
A. B. FRENCH.

Proceedings of the Annual Meeting of the Friends of Progress, Held at Richmond, Wayne Co., Ind.

Agreeable to notice previously given, the Friends of Progress, convened at Starr Hall, September 17th, 1858, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The house was called to order by W. Schooley. A motion was made to appoint a business committee, whereupon W. Schooley, Mrs. Moody, and others were appointed to constitute said committee, and report to the next meeting. A motion was made to adjourn until 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

W. Schooley called the house to order—the Business Committee reported the names of Johnathan Swain for President; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, for Vice President; Harriet Allen, for Secretary, and R. Shreve, for Assistant Secretary; with which report the meeting united, and they were accordingly appointed. After which the meeting went into a discussion as to the propriety of devising some means whereby a fund may be raised to compensate lecturers, to enable them to visit the different localities within the verge of this meeting, in order to promote the cause of *Truth and Reform*; but no definite conclusion was come to, and it was referred to a future sitting, after which remarks were made by various individuals present.

Adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting met according to adjournment; the President called the house to order.

The Rev. Mr. Gage, a Universalist Minister, being present was invited to address the meeting, which he did in a highly interesting and instructive manner; deprecating the inconsistencies in the various sectarian organizations. After which Mrs. Brown, of Cleveland, made a few remarks; when a motion was carried to adjourn until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

MORNING SESSION.

The President being absent, the Vice President called the house to order. A number of resolutions were drawn up by the Rev. Mr. Gage and presented for the consideration of the meeting, with the intention of discussing them at the different sittings, and, if deemed proper, to be adopted before the close of the meeting. Mrs. Brown also offered several which were referred to a future sitting. The audience was highly interested in listening to addresses from Mrs. Brown and the Rev. Mr. Gage.

Adjourned until 2 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting assembled at the appointed hour. The President called the house to order—a communication addressed to this meeting was read. The Rev. Mr. Gage next addressed the audience in his usual happy style, presenting to the consideration of those present, many of the evils which afflict society, and concluded by portraying, in glowing colors, the results, that always follow obedience to the laws, both mental and physical, of the Great Father of the Universe,—when a motion was made to adjourn until 7 in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The hour having arrived, the President called the meeting to order, and no particular business presenting itself, Mrs. Brown delivered an address of 1½ hours length, portraying, in an impressive manner, the wrongs practised upon defenceless woman, and also dwelt at some length upon other evils which grow out of our false social system. After which remarks were made by numerous individuals present. A collection was then taken up to defray the expenses of the rent of hall. When a motion was carried to adjourn until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

MORNING SESSION.

The President called the house to order. Mrs. Johnston, of Dayton, O., delivered a short address in the Trance state, next Mrs. Carver, of Cincinnati, gave a beautiful address in the Trance state; portraying the beauties of the Harmonial Philosophy. After which, the subject proposed at a previous meeting, relative to establishing some organized plan of raising means to carry on the work of reform, was again introduced, and elicited considerable discussion. The following persons were appointed, S. Michell, Mrs. Brown, Dr. Routh, S. Maxwell, Mrs. Moody, and Mrs. Cook, who are to constitute a committee to take this matter into consideration and report to next meeting.

Adjourned till 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Having met pursuant to adjournment, the President called the house to order.

After hearing the report of the committee appointed at last meeting, the following persons were appointed as a standing committee for the ensuing year, in the different localities to correspond with each other, and do wherever opportunity offers, what they can to promote the cause of reform:

RICHMOND—Mrs. Cook, W. D. Schooley, S. Michell, Mrs. C. Crocker.
COTTAGE GROVE—Jonathan Swain, Edwin Gardner, Emily Phenix, Mrs. Gardner.

SUMMERVILLE—Dr. Alexander, Mrs. J. Randall, John Clark, Mrs. Alexander.
 GREENSBORO—Seth Hinshaw, Mrs. Martin, Mr. Ventres, Mrs. Coffin.
 DAYTON, O.—Dr. Thomas, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Longstreth.
 EATON—Mr. Dennison, Dr. O. S. Leavitt, Mrs. Leavitt, Mrs. Dennison.
 NIGHTS TOWN, Ia.—Mr. Routh, Mrs. Routh, N. Ballenger, Mrs. Robinson.
 GREENFIELD—Dr. Hall, Mrs. Hall.
 DOUBLIN, Ia.—Mary Hunt, Mrs. A. B. Smith, J. Huddleston, Mrs. S. Pinkley.
 CAMBRIDGE CITY—J. Morton, Mrs. Morton.
 HUNTSVILLE—J. Orin, Z. Beason, Mary Orin, Elizabeth Frazier.
 CADIZ—J. W. Bond, Mrs. Bond.
 NEW PARIS—J. L. Braffett, Mary Gray.
 PENNVILLE, Ia.—J. Mendenhall, Enos Lewis, Elizabeth Wright, A. O. Gray.
 HAMILTON—Rev. A. Gage, Winchester, J. Puckett, Mrs. Puckett, H. Hiatt, D. F. Diggs.
 BELLEFONTAINE, O.—Dr. J. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper.
 WESTVILLE—R. Mortow.
 CLEVELAND—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Mr. Cridge, Mrs. Cridge, A. B. Ward.

The following resolutions offered by Mr. Gage were unanimously adopted:

We, the friends of progress, believing that a higher individual and social destiny is possible to the race, are in favor of every reform in theory and practice which gives promise of aid in achieving that destiny; and we are opposed to and will oppose every existing or proposed practice, profession, theory, custom, or organization, which hinders or retards the work of reform. Therefore,

Resolved, That we recognize as the basis of all individual and social well being, the fact of the solidarity of the race, and the right of each individual to think, decide and act for himself, or herself, upon all subjects of human interest, present or prospective.

Resolved, That we regard free discussion, and full toleration essential to the development of truth and the eradication of error, to the preservation of the rights of individuals, and of the race.

Resolved, That we recognize in modern Spiritualism, in the opposition to land monopoly, in the Woman's Rights movement, in all forward Church movements, in Anti-Slavery movements, in the agitation of the marriage question, in the pleading for the rights of childhood, and in all the agitations in behalf of humanity, aids to the achievement of universal progress and integral reform.

The following resolutions by Mrs. Brown were also unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the tendency of Spiritualism is to elevate, harmonize, humanize and christianize the race, by teaching the Brotherhood of Man, the Fatherhood of God, and the individual sovereignty of the human soul.

Resolved, That equal rights of men and women, politically, socially, and religiously, is one of the fundamental principles of reform.

Resolved, That the rights of children be considered and respected—their rights to good, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual organizations.

Next Mrs. Harris delivered an address in the Trance State, after which Mrs. Brown addressed the meeting relative to a foregoing resolution concerning the rights of children.

Here a motion prevailed to adjourn until evening at seven o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

The President called the meeting to order. Mrs. Carver addressed the meeting relative to the beauties and truths of Spiritualism, in a most powerful and impressive manner.

Several other persons gave short addresses, when it was proposed that we adjourn, to meet at the same place near this time next year, if permitted; and thus our meeting closes, with a great degree of good feeling—all uniting in the feeling that it is good that we have been together.

Signed, on behalf and by direction of the meeting,

JOHATHAN SWAIN, President.

HARRIET ALLEN, Secretary.

QUERY.—Is the use of the title "Rev." one of the customs which "retard" the progress of individuals towards independent thought and action?—L.

Yes.—SUSAN E. NORRIS.

DEATH OF JOHN H. W. HAWKINS.—A private dispatch has been received in Boston announcing the decease of the well known temperance lecturer, John H. W. Hawkins. He died of Cholera morbus, at the residence of a son, in Parksburg, Pennsylvania, at the age of sixty years. Mr. Hawkins, it will be remembered, many years ago, with a number of companions in Baltimore, quite suddenly reformed his drinking habits, and commenced a crusade against rum-drinking. This was the commencement of the Washingtonian movement, resulting in the reclamation of thousands from the downward path of intemperance.—Mr. Hawkins has within the past quarter of a century, lectured in all parts of the United States, and has generally been quite successful in his efforts to benefit his fellow man.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—I was much disappointed at not meeting thee at the Progressive Friends' Meeting in Pennsylvania; but perhaps thou wast doing more good elsewhere.

I did not find them just as I expected. They are getting strong in numbers and I fear will soon have a character to sustain which will cripple them and stint their growth. I hope my fears are groundless. O! what care is needed to "keep the eye single" that we may see truth in its simplicity; that we may not be bound in and way, or shrink from the examination of all subjects. O! that we were free as nature intended us to be; that we could trust the dictates of her wisdom. We must rid ourselves of this fear; for the day has come when all things will be tried as with fire.

Let us fight valiantly; I have prayed for the armour that is necessary for the battle. Dear sister, thou hast no doubt felt the need of the breast-plate of faith. God be praised, strength is given his dependent children; nor do they grow weak in consequence of their dependence.

Thy Friend,

A. C.

MRS. BROWN:—Accept the enclosed and send on your paper. We hail it as one that has put aside the shackles that bound us to the blood stained altar of public opinion. One that no longer believes in theories and creeds, without the performance of deeds. We know that human ingenuity is being racked, to invent anathemas vile enough to satisfy the misled minds of earthly bigots. I am glad there are some noble spirits for whom their contumely has no terrors. Grateful thoughts are welling up from myriad souls, that perhaps dare not breathe them forth in expression. But the age of silence is fast passing away. The angel of truth which has hitherto been crushed and chained, has come forth with an invigorated moral energy that the world scarce dreamed of. My prayer is, that as one great family we may be guided by the light of truth and justice. That humanity may be freed from the superstitious thralldom that for centuries has been imposed upon it; that prejudice—that lurking demon that has poisoned the joys of social life—may be swept from our land! That the wild and gloomy fantasy, that things endowed with reason shall be doomed to slumber forever in mental night, be done away. May the dawning light of a better day illuminate and bless earth's erring children. Thine for the right,

Parkman, O.

MARY N. TODD.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Like the pleasant rippling of the pearly rivulet to the ear of the thirsty traveler, come words of encouragement and sympathy to the lonely soul; and when the tyranny of society—the heartless philosophy of a false theology—the unnatural and cruel restraints of laws which bid us love by rule, and make merchandize of the deepest and holiest affections of our spiritual being—turn our aching hearts in upon their own misery for the consolation denied them by the arbitrary selfishness of the world, Oh, how soothingly falls upon the soul the unexpected kind word of sympathy! the spontaneous commiseration of a congenial spirit. How I thank you for your kind words of hope—so delicately and yet so earnestly tendered. They give me a better opinion of human nature.—They indicate there are some, at least, who will not bow the servile knee to time-honored errors and absurdities—who are willing to accept the inspiration, rather than the egotistical dogmas of superstition and bigotry; that there are some on our fair earth who have souls, natural and feeling souls, to whom the opposed and desolate heart may turn for sympathy, when the cold and formal world

would offer but insulting advice and self-inflated reproaches. But, alas! how few there are who are willing to listen to the voice of God within them. How few there are, who have the moral courage to act out their own convictions of right and truth, in the face of our world of prejudices and contradictions; and how few there are of the one thousand millions of men and women now on the globe, who are not bound hand and foot to some system of religious error and bigotry, to whom the voice of nature contains no music, no teachings, no wisdom. That there are a few, however, indicates the dawn of a better day—the rising of the sun of a true religion of righteousness, whose rays shall illumine the darkness of ignorance and superstition in which mankind have been so long enshrouded. May the full radiance of that glorious orb haste to its meridian. Those, only who have felt the utter desolation and darkening of their fondest and brightest hopes, whose hearts, like mine, are bleeding with an untold sorrow, and whose affections have been chilled and frozen in the summer of their existence, can appreciate the consoling impression made upon my heart by your kind, sympathizing, and hope breathing letter. My heart blesses you beyond the expression of language.

Though the cherished memories of past experience may ever pall the spirits with gloom and sadness, the consciousness that others feel for us and with us, will remove the morbid selfishness of grief, and open the heart to the influence of sympathy and love. Resignation and hope are the offerings of sympathy and remove the sharp edge of selfish grief and despair.

How I long to be satisfied beyond a doubt of our future existence and identity. I could wait with comparative cheerfulness the few months or years which still chain me to earth. My faith eagerly embraces the doctrine of spiritualism, but my reason demands its demonstration. The opportunities hitherto thrown in my way for its investigation have been few; hereafter I shall seek them, instead of waiting for them to seek me. I am impressed with the conviction that ere long I shall receive such demonstrations as will increase my faith to a certainty. How earnestly I desire this consummation—this removal of the load of doubt which has so long weighed down my soul—I need not assure you.

W. H.

HAMBLEN, Ohio, Sept. 13, '58.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—In two or three words, I will say we had quite a good meeting at Thompson, yesterday, and the day before. It is the first meeting of the kind I have attended, and I found considerable difference of opinion on the subjects presented.

Messrs. Leland, Clark and Kellogg, Mrs. Hunt and others, were present.

I advocated the cause of little children, at which some fastidious women took umbrage; but many other women and men, strangers as well as friends, thanked me for thus fearlessly giving utterance to a speech of the kind, saying "it was what was most needed."

I am to speak in this place to-morrow night, at E. Chardon the night after, Middleford the 19th, Parkman the 26th, and at East Trumbull on the 3rd of October. Yours for Truth,

E. A. KINGSBURY.

Which kind of agitation is the best?

A friend writes, speaking of her daughter—she has for the last year been living in the midst of religious revivals, and designing priests, who exerted all their powers of eloquent persuasion to induce her to join their church. They failed, yet her mind was greatly exercised upon religious subjects; but upon coming home and seeing the

Agitator, said it contained truths more beautiful than anything she had heard under her former influences. I send you her subscription for the paper.

There is nothing in all the beauty of this world which is not dross, compared with the rubies and diamonds of spirit life. I have not one lingering aspiration to stay another moment only to tell my story of higher and better life. I know I enjoy life as I never did before. I know I never occupied a position so entirely adapted to my nature and taste, as I do now; but after all, I have drank deeply at the purer fountains of spirit life, and the worlds charms dissolve like those views which waste away and give place to lighter and more glorious visions. I have listened to the music of the upper spheres and the gutturals of this world have lost their charms for me. I have plucked the wreath of principle from the brow of Deity and have drawn inspiration from the inner temple of God. My attractions are all for the internal. I am insulated from this world's attractions, and yet, do not misunderstand me, I see more beauty now than ever. I pluck from the rose bushes of mind to-day, flowers of more fragrant odor.

Yet I want to leave and go up higher. I pine for sympathy and freedom as the hart for the water brook.

Go on my dear sister Agitator. Stir up the stagnant pools of mind, and thy reward shall be in heaven.

Thy mission is a glorious one. Thou art proudly riding on the storm winds of human destiny. May thy bark reach its anchorage in safety. May Truth be thy pilot, Faith thy polar star, and Love thy mantle with which to clothe poor naked humanity.

PORTLAND, Sept. 16, 1858.

DEAR AGITATOR.—Having attended the Collins yearly meeting of Progressive Friends, I send you the Resolutions adopted there, so that if no one else has furnished you with a copy, you can have them for publication if you wish, as the people greatly need to be baptized with the pure spirit of Radicalism.

H. C. CROUCH.

Thank you, friend H. The Resolutions are excellent; just adapted to the needs of the times, consequently adapted to the Agitator, but there is not room for them in this Number.

PAPERS ON WOMAN.

NO. II.

There are two sides. If woman has rights, so she has duties. We will stand up for her; but we will not let her evade any of her own responsibility. We will come to her rescue from the wrongs she has suffered; but we will not shrive her for not playing her part. Against man we will defend her, but not against herself. She must acquit her own obligations; Her very rights denounce her work. Hear, O! Woman, what the future calleth to thee! Listen to the voice of the Ages!

"The finger of Destiny hath writ it! Thou art not to be a pet, nor a plaything. Thou art to be the ruler of the world! Thou art thyself to become all angel; and then thou art to lift up thy brother, Man. On thy sea ride the fates of all his empires; in thy bark are carried the souls of his unutterable multitudes; thou art that infinite ocean to which he is flowing! Arise, gird thee to stand at the helm!"

Woman owes her first duty to herself. She owes goodness, greatness, development; she owes herself intellectual education, moral culture, spiritual and aspirational growth. As man, she owes herself the possession of all manhood; as woman, the

wealth of all womanhood. She owes herself an individuality—her perfect nature being called into action, and rounded out into its largest and fullest proportions. She ought to be more than any personage of historic times, or even any Myth of the days of fable—and she will be! Jesus, Plato, Pythagoras, Confucius, Zoroaster, Boodh—all these will yet sink beneath the sky, and Woman will rise to fill their places!

She owes a duty to man; and one she can never perform, if she perform not this other to herself. She owes him co-operation in all his great duties. She owes him intellect, heart, and soul—all these improved and made efficient. She owes him all that she has in common with him, and all that is distinctly her own, to aid him. He is her father, brother, lover, son; nature hath joined their living fates; and she ought signally to serve and save the oneness. She is as well holden to bless him as he is to bless her.

She owes a duty to her children; nor this can she even approach to fulfill, without that same other duty done to herself, on which all hinges. She cannot transmit what she is not. It is simply that herself is born over again; it is the clear meaning of a word with no meaning—Re-production. And then, what great and infinite voices, from her own maternal heart, and from this waiting world of the hereafter—the silent, shadowed realm of the Unborn—do ever call upon her, both day and night, to fear how, and of what she becomes a mother! Forever, woe to more than her, if the die with which she stamps be unworthy! Woe to the future before if herself be not greated and perfected, for handing down to posterity, in this perpetual sacrament of existence!

She owes a duty to society, and the world. She is a part of society, and a citizen of the world; and to each she owes the duty of a part to the whole. She belongs to the race, and it belongs to her to help elevate that race. It is hers to aid in redeeming it from the evils which now crush out its life and destroys its happiness. It is hers to labor to put an end to the reign of War, Slavery, Intemperance, Sensualism, Poverty, Ignorance Error and Crime. she is to go forth as an apostle, preaching everywhere the the evangel of love, and sowing through all lands the seeds of knowledge. She owes the world her tongue, and her pen. What man may do for the advancement of his race, she may do. And at once, the whole earth as a vineyard, is open to her working!

Woman! talk not only of Man, but of thyself.—He hath wronged thee; but yet, these are thy duties. He hath taken away thy rights; but yet, here is thy work. Thou shalt not save thyself from it by casting all blame upon him. It still remains that there is something for thee to do. Have respect to thy powers, and the possibilities of thy being, and let them not go without use. Arise, and to thy labor!

And thou, O! Man, all the more give Woman her rights, that she may do. Fear to stand between her and her duty! But strike off the shackles with which thou hast bound her; so that she may help thee, and thou mayest help her, work out the salvation thou and she both need.

Twin Mound, Kansas.

JOSEPH TREAT.

CORRECTION.

In arranging the appointments for A. B. French and myself, a gross mistake was made in the time. Will you please correct it? They should be as follows: Kirtland, Oct. 2d and 3d; Mentor, 5th; Madison, 7th; Geneva, Sunday, 10th; Ashtabula, 11th; New Lyme, 13th; Chagrin Falls, Sunday, 17th; Newton Falls, 19th.

Yours, &c.,

S. P. LELAND.

UTICA, N. Y., SEPT. 15, 1858.

DEAR AGITATOR.—The echoes of the volcanic explosion (as Brother Davis calls conventions,) the shock of which was felt in Utica, are still rolling in the distance, and through the pulpit and press are doing their work, as thou art thine, in agitating the great ocean of mind without which agitation, stagnation and death would ensue. We did have a good time, although the combustible material was not fully ignited and the explosion threw out only words tolerably well mixed with ideas. The convention was not as large in numbers nor as well conducted as several that we have attended in Ohio this season, but it had more talent, more leading minds and more odd sticks and eccentric geniuses; more public speakers and more that wanted to be such; but less candid listeners and less earnest and anxious enquirers after truth,—more hobby riders and more hobbies, but it was all well. On the whole, the effort was eminently successful and will no doubt accomplish the object of its author, A. J. Davis who was the leading genius in the whole movement, and certainly no person could have done his work better or given more satisfaction than he did. It was a great triumph over the conservative orthodoxy of this old hunker city, where the pious ones even in their prayer meetings as I was credibly informed, tried to incite a mob to drive us out and break up the convention. Perhaps they would have succeeded had not the civil authorities of both county and city stood ready to quell it and protect us.—I have long known that our civil law and even our politics are far in advance of our christianity in this country, and all know how corrupt they are, especially the politics. If the clergy could have directed the energies of Utica, they no doubt would have raised a mob and routed us if no other force could have succeeded; we had good assurance of this—but it was a glorious triumph of reformers and will do a great work in emancipating mind from the thralldom of superstition in Utica; for both pulpit and press have failed to lie it into what they told the people it would be. The only ridiculous or foolish acts or words exhibited by any of the participants from abroad were by the few who defended the Bible, and in part or whole opposed the general tenor of the movement and such was the case in the audience; a few loafers whose time was only valuable to eat tobacco and drink Lager beer, were often impetuous and anxious to select speakers or change them and highly delighted with nonsense or mistakes; these of course were benefitted some, but so little that we cannot yet see the effect. No speaker advocated lust, licentiousness, or pas-sional "Free Love," but many of the evils of these and some of their causes were plainly pointed out, and these no doubt, as usual, came so near home to the enemies to social reform that they will cry louder and louder against it as *free love*; but the honest and candid are getting their eyes open and perceiving the cause of this alarm; even women who claim the right of personal ownership will not be long misunderstood when the good people see that every licentious scamp in the land connected with the press, the bar, or spakers stand have a slur or vulgar attack upon them; if they were of them, they would not attack them; a house is not more divided against itself now than of old. I came from N. Y. to attend the convention, and now return and soon to Boston where my friends can reach me by letter after Oct. 1st. till Jan. 10th, 14 Broomfield St.—I would have written you at length and particular in relation to the convention but you will see other reports and not need mine.—I have many other persons and places to notice when I can get time.

WARREN CHASE.

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; it is surely true that celestial graces do no best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness, too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that the "world knows nothing of its greatest men," but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, that "die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.—Hilliard.

I WILL NOT FORSAKE THEE.

BY ALLIE.

They say thou hast sinned ; that thy forehead,
Though fair, wears the signet of shame,
That though beautiful, thou hast no longer
The wealth of an unsullied name.
I grieve that from virtue thou'st fallen,
Unblest, Death were better than Love,
But, alone 'mid the scorner's swift arrows,
I will not forsake thee, poor dove.

Lie thy sin-branded brow on this bosom,
Where it laid when as pure as my own ;
Shed here thy hot tears of repentance,
In pity I'll not cast a stone.
Poor fallen one ! friends will forsake thee,
Thou art by thy great sin undone ;
Yet one friend thou wilt need to stand by thee,
I will not forsake thee, dear one.

New Sharon Me.

THE LIFE BOAT.

Do you see that little barque that has just launched out into the great ocean of life, to battle for the right, reaching forth its tiny whisperings to breath hope and life into woman's despairing heart ? The craft is small, its timbers somewhat frail, but growing stronger in proportion to the "material aid" from strong hands and willing hearts.

It seemed as though it would never be able to breast the storm, the dashing waves and angry waters of public opinion, which beat so heavily against it ; yet it has, and will yet become a great *Life-Boat*, in which many hungering souls will find the bread of life to satisfy the deep yearnings which have been so long welling up, asking for food and raiment.

Look again, and you will see a woman, small in stature, but great in soul, standing at its helm ; the oars, too, are in her hands, and though it would seem the demand would be too much for her strength, her spirit never wearies in well doing. No ! for now she is true to the interior promptings of her own nature, lives her own life in all its high and holy purposes. God like and woman-like, she will stem the raging torrent, and though the storming may beat against her little barque, and arrows dipped in poisonous slander may be sent quivering to her heart, they will miss their aim and never reach their destined station, but rebound to those who sent them. And though they may use their power and influence to overturn this boat or send it adrift upon some lonely island, their endeavors will only give more strength to the hands and vigor to the heart of its earnest commander.

Bear up then, my sister, under all the trials that await thee. Friends, such as the world knows not of, will be near thee ; angels will be thy co-workers and lend a helping hand when clouds o'er-spread thy mild blue sky, and seem ready to burst upon thy devoted head. As we look upon this tiny barque gliding along, we cannot but prophecy for it a rare success. How gently and quietly it sprang into existence, set its tender feet on this green earth—where bloom alike the rose and the thistle—before being launched out on the broad waters. O, how those thistles pierced the tender flesh, as it was starting on its thorny road alone. But soon came helpers ; friends in need and deed. They saw the new born craft struggling to gain its native element, and they joined hands, like sisters and brothers as they were. They lifted the barque and carried it a short distance to the ocean of life, gently did they set it on the bank and quietly it was launched into the broad waters ; soon its sails were spread, as the morning zephyrs passed along, now its banner is slowly unfurled, as it steers its onward course, and lo ! a bright winged angel comes floating over this banner, with pen in hand, she traces this name, "THE AGITATOR."

Braceville 1858.

MERCIA.

THE events of youth are stamped in the memory of age, as ineval footmarks made in clay are preserved in stone.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

As "Charlie," a little black eyed girl, "Charlie ! —a girl ?" do I hear you guess ? Yes "Charlie," a name she gave herself some three years since. But as you have broken the connection of my narrative I must commence again.

As "Charlie" a little black eyed girl of five summers sat musing one day, she suddenly broke out with a torrent of questions, as dear little children are very apt to, about spirits, their condition and mode of life ; among which were these :

"Ma, do spirits ever walk and sit down ?" Having received an answer to this, and after a moments calm thought, she followed it with another of "Do they have a body ?" to which she, herself, immediately replied, "They must, or how could they sit down ?"

So, my little readers, you may see that this little girl is more of a philosopher than many who have grown to the years of manhood or womanhood ; who, in thinking of spirits, regard them as beings without a body—a mere mist of something, or nothing, they know not which. They speak of them, or hear them spoken of, as walking or sitting, or more frequently, flying ; and would conclude that they must have a body to do this, if they would ask questions thoughtfully, like little "Charlie."

And now to close, I will just add a single verse from the Bible, which is this : "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." From this, I suppose Jesus, the great Reformer, wished to have men and women, like you, little children. Be good, kind, and affectionate, and ask questions, and not be satisfied till you get a clear and reasonable answer. By asking questions and thinking about them, you, and we of older years, are making ourselves strong, and good, and wise, which will develop within us, and among us, a condition of harmony, which is a heavenly condition, or heaven.

G. B. P.

THE BOY FOR THE TIMES.

We like an active boy—one who has the impulse of the age—of the steamboat in him.

A lazy, plodding, snail-paced chap, might have got along in the world fifty years ago, but he don't do in these times. We live in an age of quick ideas ; men think quick, eat, sleep, court, marry, and die quick—and slow coaches are not tolerated. "Go ahead if you burst your boiler !" is the motto of this age—and he succeeds the best in every line of business, who has the most "do or die" in him."

Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times ; be up and dressed always, not gaping and rubbing your eyes, as if you were asleep ; but be wide awake for whatever may turn up, and you will be somebody before you die.

Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act, but think quickly and closely, and when you have fixed your mind upon an object, spring to the mark at once.

But above all things be honest. If you intend to be an artist, carve it in the wood, chisel it in the marble—if a merchant, write it in your ledger. Let honesty of purpose be your guardian star.

☞ A HOME QUESTION.—A little girl whose mind and heart we are trying to educate, sometimes repays us by teaching us. The other day she said : "Father, — says that if boys swear, God will burn them up in fire and brimstone forever ; but I told her God would not do that for that would be worse than swearing. And it would, wouldn't it ?" What could we reply ?—*Spiritual Age.*

MANY persons seek Heaven, who do not seek virtue.

SHE IS AN ANGEL NOW.

"Mamma, my poor little head hurts so bad !" exclaims a little girl of only four summers, as she rests her head on her mother's bosom.

"Darling, I am very sorry. Show me where it aches most."

"It hurts all over, mamma," she lisps, while tears trickle down her pale cheeks.

"Poor little angel ! She knows not what death is.— Her mother gently smooths her curling locks ; for gently mother, thou knowest what pain and sorrow are.

"No use now, mamma. No use, for I forgot all about my head, and you would too, mamma, if you had been with me just now." The parent's eye glistened, her lips quivered and her voice trembled, as she said softly :—

"Where was my sweet Mary ?"

"O, mamma, it was so beautiful ! and the angels were dressed so pretty ; the brightest dresses you ever saw, mamma. When they all saw me they ran to their harps and played the sweetest music you ever heard. Indeed, mamma, everything was so beautiful and bright. I whispered to one of them not to stop playing until I brought my mamma to hear it !"

The mother's lips moved not, for she well knew the messenger of death was there, and the angels were ready to snatch her breath from her bosom.

The child raised its soft eyes to its mother's, and smiling, whispered, "mamma, will you sit here and listen to the music for a little while, till I go and see what the lovely angel wants with me ?" Her blue eyes closed so tranquilly, and she whispered—"good night ;" and fell asleep !—*Selected.*

THE POOR BOY.

Don't be ashamed my good lad if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips, or smell the fumes of tobacco in your breath. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions ; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. Love God, my boy, and if you are poor but honest, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and addicted to bad habits.—*Selected.*

THOMAS PAINE'S GRAVE.

Mr. James Charlton writes from Canada West— "In Ballou's Pictorial of May 1, 1858, the following paragraph appears :—"A correspondent of the Manchester Mirror, who has been visiting the grave of Thomas Paine at New Rochelle, N. Y., says the monument at the grave is a mark for sportsmen as they pass by—the engraven profile of the deceased, and the inscription, bearing the marks of from fifty to seventy-five bullets !"

"Much has been written, and more has been talked, about Freethinkers lacking reverence, but when and where did they ever evince such a total absence of sentiment as is made manifest in the disgraceful acts of those dastard Christians who thus outrage the great dead, and wantonly desecrate the last resting-place of the man who left them freedom for a legacy, and before whom living, they would not have dared to lift their puny heads ? All the dead are sacred to me. "Passions are hushed before that stern repose," and the natures that would brutally invade the sanctity of the tomb are incomprehensible to me. Holy is any grave ; but holy of holies is the grave of the bold and fearless defender of human rights—the single minded, unselfish lover and benefactor of his race. Orthodoxy, which imputes to God an eternity of revenge, is but consistent when it seeks to imitate him, by pursuing with imbecile hate its great assailant beyond life. And this is its latest reply to Paine, who pedestalled upon 'Common Sense,' 'Rights of Man' and 'Age of Reason,' commands for himself the admiration of the noble and true-hearted everywhere, who love the fearless, the strong, and the upright man."

SOMETHING TO LOVE.—The human heart has of course its pouting fits; it determines to live alone; to flee into desert places; to have no employment, that is, to love nothing, until death lays his little finger on the sulky thing, and all is still. It goes away from the world, and straightway, shut out from human company, it falls in love with a plant, a stone—yea, it dandles cat or dog, and calls the creature darling. Yes, it is the beautiful necessity.

If they who wear the chains of creeds once knew the happiness of breathing the air of freedom and of moving with as unencumbered spirit, no wealth or power in the world's gift would bribe them to part with their spiritual liberty.—*Channing.*

Life is what we make it. Let us call back the images of joy and gladness, rather than those of grief and care. The latter may sometimes be our guest to sup and dine, but let them never be permitted to lodge with us.

Truth should not resemble a bitter almond which is good for our health, but from which our lips draw contemptuously; it should rather resemble a sweet almond, which is equally salutary, and which pleases kings, fair women and wise men.—*Sadi.*

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