

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. 29.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A DREAM.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

Yester night a dream of beauty
Stole into my quiet brain,
And I fancied I was roaming
O'er my childhood paths again;
Hand in hand with little brother,
Loving as two mated doves,
We went building wee play-houses
In the little elder groves.

On our floors the green moss-carpet
Spread, as soft as rich Brussels;
Flowers bloomed in paddock roses,
Gathered from the woody dells;
Concave barks made into cradles,
Lined with feathery milk-weed down,
Served to quiet our rag babies,
With my non-maternal frown.

Cows, made out of crook-neck squashes,
Seaming real in our play,
Ruminated on the pasture
Stretching from our door away;
Dandelion blossoms fashioned
Into pyramidal grace,
Aping rolls of yellow butter,
In our pantry found a place.

All the mimicry of world life
Lived I over once again,
All the blemishes of world strife,
Which has on me left its stain,
Fled like night before the morning
In that rosy tinted dream
Of the days when life's young sunlight
Shed but brightness in its gleam.

When my cup of joy seemed fullest,
And I saw my mother stand
Beckoning from the low-roofed cottage
To me, with her pale thin hand.
Like white wings, bare feet flew onward,
Skimming grass and daisies o'er—
One more bound and I should meet her
Waiting for me in the door!

Then the birdling at my bosom
Nestled, waking me from sleep,
And I passed from child to woman
At that hurried, flying leap!
I woke to feel life's duties
Press upon the dream child free;
Woke to quiet the wee darling
Clinging trustingly to me!

Woke to know the old brown cottage
Long has been in ruin laid;
In its place a stately mansion
Sits among the locust shade,
Strangers tread our dear old play ground,
For our little household band
Now is broken, sadly broken,
By relentless Change's hand.

Two, arrayed in snowy garments
With white wreathes about their head,
Went away; one to the bridal,
One to join the spectral dead,
All the rest are widely parted,
But the union hour will come
Full of joy as in my vision,
In the spirits final home.

WALNUT GROVE FARM. April 15, 1859.

Workmen of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know when to strike.
And blessed is he who can divine
Where the real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
O learn to scorn the praise of men!
O learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons us the road. —Independent.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

THE BIBLE.

IS IT OF DIVINE ORIGIN, AUTHORITY AND INFLUENCE?

BY S. J. FINNEY.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

And now let us come to the New Testament writings. Is there any historical evidence, outside of the books themselves, to show that they were miraculously composed and written? That the authors were "infallibly inspired" of God? I affirm that there is not a single page of such history. I will prove this also by the

ADMISSION OF "CHRISTIAN" SCHOLARS.

Let us ask first, in what language was the New Testament written? It is commonly thought that it was all written in the Greek. But let us see what are the facts in the case.

Dr. Robinson in his Calmet says: "It has been maintained by many that Matthew wrote his Gospel in Syriac, and that it was afterwards translated into the Greek, whether by himself is not certain, though it is highly probable." He further continues, "the time when this Gospel was written is very uncertain." Again he says, "It has been much disputed whether it was written in Hebrew or Greek. The unanimous testimony of ancient writers is in favor of a Hebrew original, and that it was written for the Hebrew christians. But on the other hand, the accuracy of this testimony is drawn into question; there is no historical evidence of a translation into Greek. Critics of the greatest name are arraigned on both sides of the question." [See Robinson's Calmet, article Mathew.]

Again, "It is unequivocally affirmed—Matthew wrote his Gospel while in Judea, but whether in the Hebrew or Syriac language, then common in the country, or in the Greek cannot be determined."

So too, of the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is in our Greek testaments as if original in that language, though it is strange that God should send a people a revelation in any but their own language. Syriac at this time was more spoken by the Jews than the Hebrew. "Origin," says Dr. Scott, "and some others are of opinion that it was written in either Hebrew or Syriac." Now, reader, what is your "opinion" about it.

My opinion is, that it is absolutely certain that our Divines don't know in what language their Bible was written, at least a part of it, or when it was written. Dr. Davidson is also in the fog on this subject. He seems to think it was a mixture of several languages; of Hebrew, Greek, Syriac and others. See Vol. 2d, p. 1—4. We often hear from the pulpit, and see published from the religious press, a great deal of talk about original MSS. of the New Testament; and of appeals to them by Doctors of Divinity to settle their texture quarrels; but all this talk about original MSS. is either pious

ignorance or pious fraud, for, according to the best church authorities, there is not a single MSS. in existence prior to the fourth century; and according to some church writers, there are none prior to the sixth century. All the MSS. now in existence are only copies of other copies, and so on for three or five centuries of the church history. Take the following from christian writers as proof.

Davidson's Bible Crit., vol. 2, p. 12; "The autographs of the New Testament have perished irrevocably. What material the writers made use of can only be conjectured."

Again, on the 38 page, he says: "It is somewhat remarkable that no trace of these autographs, or of primitive exemplars, can be found in early history. Writers living very near the time of the Apostles, do not speak of or appeal to them."

"A passage has been often quoted from Tertulian's Works, as referring to the autographs." He speaks of "*authenticae literae*"—authentic letters. But it is certain that this father did not intend the autographs, else he would have appealed to them in his writings against Marcion, and so saved himself the trouble of a lengthened argumentation. A single reference to the *originals themselves* would have proved Marcion's falsifications. But Tertulian did not so terminate the controversy; and hence it is fairly inferred that the autographs were not known to be in existence. The same remark may be applied to Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and other Christian Fathers. In their disputations with *Heretics* they never dreamed of appealing to what must have been an infallible tribunal—the *originals*, but they reason and adduce proofs as if they knew nothing of autographs." If the "Fathers" knew of any such autographs, would they not have taken and kept them, and used them to convert the world around them.—See Davidson's, vol. 2; p. 40—43.

The following is an extract from Marsh's Translation of Michaelis—a profound christian writer.

"No MSS. of these writings (the New Testament books) now in existence, is prior to the sixth century, and various readings, which, as appears from the quotations of the Fathers, were in the texts of the Greek Testament, are to be found in none of the MSS. at present remaining;" * * "and in our common edition of the Greek Testament are many readings, which are not in a single MSS., but are founded on mere conjecture." * * "The confusion unavoidable in these versions had arisen to such a highth that St. Jerome in his preface to the Gospels, complains that no one copy resembles another."

THE NEW TESTAMENT CANON.

Again, let me ask: when was the New Testament Canon began and completed, and by whom, and where? History gives us only conjecture on this subject. Various opinions are entertained by eminent scholars on this *very important* part of our Bible's history. We can find no sure or satisfac-

tory data to rest upon. Take the following quotations as proof.

Mosheim, the great Ecclesiastical Historian of modern times, says, in vol. 1; p. 72: "As to the time when and the persons by whom the books of the New Testament were collected into one body or volume, there are various opinions or rather conjectures of the learned; for the subject is attended with great and almost inexplicable difficulties, to us of these late times."

Also, Dr. Lardner, in his work on the Evidences of Christianity, declares that, "Even as late as the sixth century the New Testament Canon was not settled by any authority that was considered decisive or that was universally received; but christian people were at liberty to judge for themselves according to the evidence, concerning the genuineness of writings proposed to them as Apostolical."

Dr. Davidson, vol. 1; p. 34, says, there was a collection of some of the New Testament books as early as the first half of the third century; but that six books, viz: the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Apocalypse, the second Epistle of Peter, that of Jude and the second and third of John, were not received as inspired, as canonical. But while that subject is thus obscured by the conjectures of the learned, and the contradictions of historians, there are yet some indications, quite significant, that the Council of Nice was the most important, as the instrument of settling the Canon of Scriptures; notwithstanding it is quite certain that after councils remodeled the doings of the Nicene Council.—Many books adopted by the earlier councils as Divine were rejected by the later ones, as spurious; and often books were admitted into, or thrown out of the Canon, by most meager majorities. These Councils were held during the dark ages, by the Catholic Church, and nearly all the history of their doings is, therefore, obscure. All the evidence we have, in church history, of the Divinity and credibility of the Bible, is drawn from the Catholic Church, in deepest ages of her darkest corruption. There was no Protestant Church, until after the great Reformers—Zwingle and Luther. Still, a few facts have leaked through the Church which are indicative as to the method of Bible making long ago practiced by it. The disgraceful quarrels of the Clergy and Bishops in the councils assembled to decide upon church doctrines, and to pass upon the canonicity of Scriptures, throw an air of burlesque the most ridiculous, on their piety, and on the sacredness of our Bible, the fruit of their decisions. Just think of God's giving an indispensable revelation to the world, to save it from eternal death, and then leaving it in the hands of a set of men "who held it as a publicly adopted maxim that it was not only lawful, but commendable, to deceive and lie for the sake of piety and religion."

Dr. Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia Christi Amarecana, book 7; page 442, informs us, that Eutychins, an author of the first ages, in his account of the doings of the Nicene Council, relates, "that, upon the letters of Constantine summoning the Council, there were no less than two thousand and forty-eight Bishops came to town, but that, in consequence of their gross ignorance and errors, the Emperor, on the suggestion of Bishop Alexander, of Alexandria, singled out but three hundred and eighteen, who were all of them Orthodox children of peace; and that by the Emperor's happy choosing and wielding of these 318, the orthodox religion came to be established."

The decisions of this Council were, therefore, only the opinions of Constantine, a bloody tyrant Emperor, whose hands were when he entered the Synod, dripping with the gore of several members of his own family. Of course, he wed out all het-

erodoxy—that is to say, he sent off all whose opinions were opposed to his own. Such is orthodoxy; and God deliver us from it.

Constantine has been lauded to the skies by the Protestant clergy; but I do not hesitate to say, that Constantine, the Great Christian Emperor, was one of the most superstitious, and bloody of men. History proves it. Read Dr. Lardner or Gibbon.

WHAT CONSTITUTES TRUE MARRIAGE?

Had I more of egotism in my mental structure, I might, perhaps, deem myself competent to answer this question satisfactorily; as it is, I only hope to suggest thoughts that may aid in stirring up the murky waters of social life, that their motion may purify them.

It is proverbial that, "Poets are born—not made," and so it is with heroes, sages, patriots, thieves, murderers, suicides and demagogues.

The more intelligent have learned the fact, that in the advancement of society more depends on right generation, than on dogmatical theories of regeneration.

Individual organization is the guiding star of destiny. Hence the relation that ultimates in infant specimens of the "genus homo," lies at the basis of the true reformation of the world.

Therefore true marriage is the Archimedian lever that shall overturn the evils of society, that peace, purity and justice may guard the bright hopes of men and angels.

Retrospectively, there is little to cheer; but forward in the dim distance we see the faint glimmerings of the "good time coming."

A vast proportion of the world at present, believe in and practise polygamy. This doctrine grew out of the base passions of man coupled with the idea that woman has no rights of her own, whatever.

Ancient religions invested man with lordly power, and woman submitted of necessity to the ravages of lust and tyranny. Jewish rites and ceremonies virtually denied that women had any rights at all; Christianity with its three bachelor Gods and the bachelor Paul as an expounder, was little or no better in this respect; and modern law-givers class women, negroes and idiots in the same catalogue.

The God of the Bible threw his divine sanction around the institution of polygamy, by allowing it to exist unrebuked. The patriarchs are allowed any number of wives, and thus Adam had one, Abraham two, Jacob four, David a large but indefinite number, and Solomon who was wisest of all had seven hundred, but poor Jesus didn't have any, and St. Paul was a surly old bachelor.

It is strange to behold the various views of the sexual relations, that have grown out of the Old and New Testament. Mahomet who admitted the sacredness of the bible, and claimed himself as successor of Jesus, limited the number of wives to four; christian countries limit the number to one, but sanction polygamy in other countries over which they exercise control; the mormons set no limit to the number of wives, and the Shakers won't have any. The Christian Perfectionists who organized some twenty-three years ago under the leadership of Rev. J. H. Noyes, a graduate of Yale College, and ordained as a Presbyterian minister, denied the right of marriage in any way whatever, and they advocated omnigamy, the marriage of all to all, though of course limited to their own church; but they allowed of special companionships formed by affinities and adaptations of nature and position, but denied exclusive appropriation. They allowed the mother to choose the father of her child by the attraction of love, and the fitness of his nature to become such.

But when we take a retrospect of the Deities men have worshiped we find they differed as much in their social relations as common mortals do. In Grecian mythology the gods themselves married, and thus their twelve leading deities were six males and six females. Their whole number of deities comprised about thirty-three thousand.

What a convention when they were all convened in one mighty council! Not a "free love convention" however, for I suppose they did not "perambulate the country without their wives and husbands."

But with the exception of some mythological accounts, worshippers have represented their God as a Free Lover of the gross and sensual stamp. The "records" contain no account of his marriage, yet according to the Christian bible he had one son; according to the records of Buddhism he had another whose name was Godama, and the record of the Brahmins shows that one of their deities has been incarnated nine times and they expect he will be again.

But as in all ages the character of the deities and nature of their revelations have corresponded to men's conceptions, so we may conclude that when we have discovered a true system of marriage, the gods will be "all right." We have no criterion to judge of what constitutes true marriage, but the laws of nature as stamped on the material universe and ultimated in the mind of man.

Aside from war and casualties, the number of males and females is nearly equal; hence we conclude the monogamic marriage is natural and therefore true. The principle of attraction which we find in the lowest depths of nature, uniting particles to form substances, works through all nature and finally ultimates in the love principle in man; hence we conclude this to be the basis of marriage. But blind, passion, impulsive love is not by any means an invariable rule of action to guide us in forming marriage relations, but is a basis upon which to rear the marriage altar.

The human mind is possessed of two distinct and leading elements—Love and Wisdom. Love is the basis upon which is reared the harmonic temple of true marriage; Wisdom is the builder that fashions the temple in harmony with the laws of physiology and mental science, and decorates it with the fair diadem of peace, purity and justice.

Marriage as a relation is designed for two important purposes—the happiness of the parties and the rearing of offspring.

An individual may find his or her mate in a first cousin. Love says, "You are married;" but Wisdom says, "Not so, for true marriage takes into account the offspring, and the offspring of such unions are often idiots, deformed or predisposed to insanity." Mere impulsive love as a guide in forming marriage relations is decidedly blind, and rushes on regardless of consequences.

The office of wisdom is to take into consideration the law of temperaments, the adaptation of the parties physiologically and mentally; and while it allows love to determine the happiness of the parties it would counsel them to heed the voice of nature speaking through her immutable laws, that the offspring may have whole bodies and sound minds. Persons who are predisposed to insanity, who have disease that may be entailed upon offspring, or in brief, who are in any way whatever incapacitated to be the parents of healthy children, have no right to enter a relation that may result in them.

We take great pains to improve our stock, and but little to improve ourselves. Parents who cannot generate children that are better specimens of natural development, physically and mentally than themselves, ought to know more of what consti-

* See the Penetralia, page 149, by A. J. Davis.

† See Gibbon's Decline and Fall.

tutes true marriage, to say the least. Let children be rightly *generated*, and let parents make home the most attractive place on God's green earth, and we may expect to see with the rising sun, the ushering in of "The good time coming." The sexton's report of the city of Cleveland for 1858 shows that of 1113 deaths, 459 died under *one year*, and 273 under five.

Who shall determine the cause of all this? But lest I may incur the disapprobation of prudes and numskulls, I forbear saying more on this point.

But another vital point in the institution of true marriage, is the equality of rights, and the disposition of each to recognize the rights of the other.

The parties should enter the union on equal terms, each recognizing the rights of the other, and maintaining their own.

When under the teachings of St. Paul, the tyrannical power of despotic law-givers, or the saying of priestly mumeries, the woman enters the marriage relation the cringing slave of man's lordly power, we may expect earthquakes in the social world sometime. Individuality ought not to be surrendered at the dictation of priest or magistrate. And laws that require of woman the surrendering of name, of her body and soul, to the possession of man, savor of the dark ages when God ruled with an iron sceptre and gave man the same authority over his wife.

The corner stone of the harmonic temple of true marriage, should be Love, Wisdom, Justice, Equality.

And now, reader, that I have failed to answer this question I fully realize; but if I have succeeded in stirring up even a ripple of thought, I am amply repaid; and that you may *think*, I ask again, What constitutes true marriage?

Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

H. B. V.

A "SIDE ISSUE" IS IT?

It was the opinion of an eminent American Philosopher that if each individual in community would earn his own living no one would be obliged to labor more than four hours each day.

At times while looking at children engaged in sportive play, following their natural inclinations, symmetrically developing their physical organism, thus securing a "sound body for a sound mind," how often has the above thought occurred to me! If we examine their diversified, playful exercises, we cannot fail to see therein an adaptation to the great purpose of life. Listen to the gleeful laughter of that little party on yonder hillside as it swells the morning breeze, and trace the relation it bears to the development of their little lung-cells and the relation these bear to the development of other portions of the body, by affording the requisite surface in their delicate membranous structure for the blood to pass over in the reception of its charge of vitality to convey through its arterial channels to the innumerable points in readiness for its reception.

But how frequently through a misconception of gentility on the part of parents, arising from ignorance of the laws of health and mental growth, do we hear children, especially girls, whose every fibre is attuned to the sweet music of nature—whose gushing, bounding desires are in accordance with her harmonies, admonished to keep within the house lest they become coarse. As they seek to mingle their voices with those of the feathered songsters, on a bright sunny morning, when from distant hill and deep ravine—from bubbling brook and river side, creation unites in one glad anthem, this parental check must chill their affection, quell their delight and stint their growth.

If we but watch the sports of childish exercise with care and interest, and reflect upon their use in the economy of their unfoldment, we cannot fail

to learn somewhat of the necessity of regarding the desires which spring spontaneously from the constitution of *our* nature. As our capacities of thought enlarge we feel more the responsibilities of life, and should seek to act well our part in the great drama of existence. But in laying by "childish things," the demand for a diversity of exercise is not destroyed. The adult presents the same complexity of organization that the child does, each part demanding its due proportion of exercise; yet how little is this thought of, or rather, how little is the thought practically applied.

As so many in the civilized portions of the world are standing on the plane of acquisitiveness, we witness a desire so strong for the accumulation of wealth that the rights and interests of others are almost entirely unheeded. Humanity crushing monopolies, and a damning system of slavery are institutions in America (to America let us confine ourselves for here there is an ample field to explore) that should mantle the cheek of humanity with the blush of shame, and fill the heart of the philanthropic reformer with anguish, calling for noble efforts in their labor of love.

Four millions of Humanity's children are subject to purchase and sale like mere cattle in the market; and like them, too, to be slaughtered, though by lingering torture—to be worked up, bones, sinews, and muscles, into dollars and cents to enrich the coffers of their masters, who are blinded by their own *seeming* interest.

But let us come nearer home, and examine the legalized systems of slavery and robbery characterizing the North. Now, dear reader, do not be startled by the position I am taking, for the misery, degradation and unsatisfied soul yearnings so extensively prevailing will bear me out. Boast of the privileges of the North! when by virtue of law the proud aristocrat may monopolize a large portion of man's *natural* domain, of which he can make no use; but which is to lie uncultivated until the enhancement of its value by the laborious toil of the hardy pioneer, in improving the surrounding country, is a sufficient inducement to him to dispose of it by sale; and that, too, perhaps, to these same toiling ones, thus taking from them an amount for improvement of their own, the benefit of which they, themselves, are justly entitled to. This would result from the improved social condition arising from the greater immigration thither, encouraged by the prospect of building up free homes which should be afforded by the land system of Nature.

The disposition to monopolize is not confined to the land speculator alone. Let us examine the condition of our tradesmen—the relation existing between the employer and the employee. A mechanic has become interested in the thoughts and ideas that are agitating the public mind, and wishes to devote a certain amount of time to their investigation, and consequently fails to fill the allotted time each day in the work shop, but yet works sufficiently to keep within his earnings in defraying his expenses, and think you his employer would be satisfied? If so you have only to be a little observing to undeceive yourself. But meeting with discouragement in this course, he determines to attend to the wishes of his *master* during "working hours" and devote the evening to his favorite subject. During the fore part of the day, however, the subject in which he is interested is continually before him. As he turns and examines it in its various phases—his thoughts being clear—his conclusions appearing just and reasonable, he is well pleased with the course he has now adopted; but as he is about to re-examine his positions, that he may the better understand them, his thoughts begin to flag, and for the time the subject is dismissed, with the intention, however, of resuming it in the

evening. Evening comes—his day's work is done—he hastens home and with pencil in hand he endeavors to recall his subject, determined to place his thoughts on paper, that he may be able now to retain them for after examination: but alas! his whole frame trembles; his thoughts wander as the result of toil, and he is obliged to retire to regain his exhausted energies, to arise in the morning for a repetition of the same experience.

Do you want a more extreme case? Go to our large cities and in old rickety garrets, and cold, damp cellars, look upon your *brothers* and *sisters* whose features are expressive only of misery and want bordering on starvation, or of dark thoughts rankling in their bosoms, and you have a picture? no! a dismal reality that is sufficient to draw tears from angels! Yes, hard fisted avarice, is there working out its direful results, compelling many a widowed mother to stitch "till the wee hours of the morn," to save herself and suffering children from actual starvation; and in driving many a sister, who possesses a spark of the Divine, into the paths of prostitution and vice.

The grasping and monopolizing disposition which is not only sanctioned, but encouraged by both church and state, is exhausting the vital energies and blasting the fair hopes of toiling millions: whereas, if all would but earn their own livelihood instead of living at the expense of others, like the child, we could so vary our exercises as to give each demand mental and physical, its due attention thus answering the great purpose of life.

But what is to be done? The numerous "strikes" within a few years past show that many are becoming dissatisfied with their conditions as they begin to understand the relations existing between the producer and that vast army, who like swarms of locusts are devouring the substance of the land, or like the frogs of Egypt have come up into our dough troughs. Yes, this subject is receiving thought; the deep waters are being agitated. Efforts are being made to harmonize the interests of mankind—or rather, many who have felt the crushing force of the ponderous wheels of monopoly are seeking to secure their right to the products of their own labor; and though these efforts may *seemingly* fail, yet such seeming failure will only tend to induce a deeper inquiry into the just relation that should exist between the different members of the human family, which must eventually be in good.

Is the agitation of this, or any subject relating to our unfoldment a "side issue." In the language of a friendly correspondent, "There are no issues of *reform* but what are embraced in the philosophy of the harmonial unfolding of the race. Let us press onward, then, with "side issues," as well as our central idea of reform."

Look at the number, who, sponge-like, absorb the products of other's labor; especially you who are thus robbed of your just dues, look at them and ask yourselves, whence came their accumulated wealth; and realize that it was *you* who produced it, and you have taken one step towards seeing why you have no more time to devote to mental culture.

Then arise, assert and seek to maintain your right to so economize your time as to enable you to give due heed to your physical, social and spiritual demands, for you possess all the qualities of being that do those to whom many are disposed to look as superiors. Understand that you do not exist merely to live, the life of a dray horse or a drudge; but that in *you* an embryo angel asks for opportunity to unfold its angelic beauties—asks to be protected from grasping avarice which would subject you to its selfishness. Many of you who have become heartily sick of old conditions and wages, are now seeking such opportunity by communitary effort; and though you receive nought but bitter persecution from those who worship the Trinity, or either Person in the God-head of Self-conceit, Lust (legalized) and Gold, yet continue to "cry aloud and spare not," for yours is the right to the *time* requisite for the cultivation of all your noble powers.

G. B. POND,

Marion, O.

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

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

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

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LETTER FROM FRANCES BROWN.

NUMBER TWO.

DEAR TYPO:—You made me tell a great fib in my notes from my Lockport. I said the congregation was not large. Leaving out, as you did, the "not" makes quite a difference. But the blunder may be prophetic of what is yet to be.

I think I wrote you last from Rochester, but I did not tell you that I made the acquaintance of Frederick Douglass, the white and black man. He is one of the most genial souls I have met with in a long day's journey. His conversational powers are unsurpassed, and as an editor he has few equals. I told him Joel Clayton thought his wit and eloquence the result of a white father. "It is not so," he replied. Physiologists tell us that the child inherits his mother's moral and intellectual nature and the physical form of the father; and in my case this is a fact. I was glad to hear Mr. Douglass speak so affectionately of his mother. It is a pity, a wretched crime, for the mother of such a son to be a chattel; but might is right to-day.

It will not always be so; a brighter day is breaking upon Humanity.

A little hall was dedicated to Freedom in Parma a few days since. Mr. and Mrs. Burtis, the pair of daughters and your friend took a long ride to join the little band in thanks-giving that one more temple was erected in the blessed name of Humanity. God's houses were all closed in that place against free speech, and even the school-houses became infected with the spirit of intolerance, and put on a frown when a spiritualist passed that way. The consequence was the building of the hall.

Mrs. Hyzer gave the dedicatory address. She opened wide the doors to Jew and Gentile, man and woman; to the bond and free. May Bigotry never presume to close them was my prayer.

Sunday the 8th I spoke in Syracuse. The band of reformers is not large, but I should think them thinkers, readers and harmonials. I enjoyed, vastly the comfort and quiet of Mrs. Hutchinson's home, and went my way thanking the fates that they have so frequently "cast my lines in pleasant places."

Now I am comfortably housed with an old friend, Dr. Caroline Brown. You perhaps have heard something of her struggles and achievements. In early life she saw and felt that life for her must not be aimless, objectless, that woman had a mission and she resolved upon an honorable life of labor—a great destiny. She saw disease and human misery stalking abroad; she saw females the victim of ignorance, dying upon the verge of womanhood, and so after consulting her soul and questioning her own powers, she resolved to go forth armed and equipped to stay the destroying angels. Difficulties almost insurmountable, were to be passed, but they did not intimidate the missioned girl. She was the first female graduate from the Eclectic College in Cincinnati. She subsequently attended lectures in the Cleveland Homeopathy College and received a second diploma. After years of some toil and discipline, she finds herself a popular and successful surgeon and physician in the home of her childhood.

Dr. Mary Stowell, a noble-hearted young widow, is also a popular physician in Utica. I am charmed with these two little great women. Storms and sunshine, night and day to them are alike if their professional services are needed. I have been wishing that you and other young ladies would have in life some object; and there is in my soul a prophecy that for you there is a glorious future. An idle, aimless life is woman's chief curse.

I passed a pleasant and profitable day, yesterday (Sunday.) In the morning I attended the ragged school, an exceedingly useful "institution" connected with the harmonial fraternity.

The children, black and white, gathered themselves together, feeling that they had but one Father, and that they belonged to one family.

Lyman Curtis taught them to sing and Miss Dr. Brown read the morning service. The sweet-voiced and glad-hearted children's blessing, was all the reward patrons of the School wanted or needed. It is so beautiful to see the tender human buds nurtured and watered by the hand of affection and the divine dew of human sympathy. Miss Brown usually gives the children a lecture upon the laws of life—a gospel much needed every where; but the children out of mere politeness, listened to me instead of the valuable physiological lecture.

Services ended, a monstrous basket was sent in by Mrs. Calvin Hall. It contained a good dinner for the children. How the smile came to light up little haggard faces when that great basket was opened! I believe a "God bless Mrs. Hall" went forth from every heart, large and small in the audience.

One thing more is needed in the Ragged School—a library, not only for the children but for parents. The friends are clothing and feeding these dependents, will not others send them books? Authors, publishers and book-sellers could send some of their books with little expense to themselves. Will they do so? Will editors send their publications to the School? To the parents of those children papers will be a great blessing. They may be sent to Lyman Curtis, Calvin Hall, Mary Stowell, or Carra Brown. They will cheerfully and faithfully distribute them among the children and parents. This suggestion is gratuitous on my part. I saw the want and think I see whence the supply may come.

I lectured twice yesterday. The congregations are good, though not as large as in some places of this size.

My next point is Springfield, Mass.

Utica, N. Y., May 16, 1859.

Thine.

BURNS AND MRS. HYZER.

We had never seen Mrs. Hyzer till she came to Cleveland in March, and knew her only by the songs she sings. We had often thought of her, wondered if she was good, loving and noble, and if we should love her.

She spent an evening with us soon after her arrival here.—A few friends in and out of the form composed our little evening party. When the earth ones left we found ourselves alone with Robert Burns. He seemed disposed to talk and we to listen. We picked up a pencil and noted down the following lines as he spoke them:

And oh ye love my bonnie bird
That sang sae sweet to-day?
Her heart's as fresh, her soul's as free
As primrose on the brea.

But did ye know my birdling's song
Was a' sae nearly broken?
Go, tell her if she loves to sing,
To mind the word I've spoken.

And ye will love my ladie fair
That blessed ye with her presence?
For ye loving sisters are—
Two souls the same in essence.

A PHILOSOPHER.

A young gentleman called at our office a day or two since and after remarking upon the weather, said: "I saw a fine young lady folding papers here a while ago," "yes," we replied; "there was one here." "She is a most beautiful girl, madam."

"Yes rather pretty."

"I am thinking of making a wife of her."

"Do you know she will have you," we ventured to ask.

"Have me! By the gods she shall have no one else."

The young man seemed a little excited on the subject, and quite confident that he had only to make his wishes known to procure the promise—"I will love and obey till death."

We thought to test the strength of his affection and learn, too, if love was under the control of the will so we said:

"The young lady is married—she has two children."

"Has she! All right," was the reply; and with a commendable heroism, the wife-searcher left the office whistling Yankee doodle.

NOTICES.

S. P. LELAND will lecture at Darrow Street, (Hudson,) on Sunday, May 29th; at Chagrin Falls, Sunday, June 5th; at Parkman, Sunday, June 12th.

THE ANNUAL JUBILEE MEETING.—The Spiritualists of Newton Falls and vicinity, have fixed upon Saturday and Sunday next preceding the 4th of July, for the Annual Jubilee Meeting at that place.

The usual facilities and accommodations will be provided. Newton Falls is about four miles from Braceville Station of the Cleveland & Mahoning Railroad.

HENRY C. WRIGHT's appointment to meet the friends of Reform at Chagrin Falls, O., June 4th, is unavoidably recalled, hence the Convention is indefinitely postponed.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A DISCOURSE ON A SANE LIFE BY E. H. CHAPIN, D. D. Such is the title of a Pamphlet before us recently published by Thatcher and Hutchinson 528 Broadway, N. Y. Price 10 cents.

In this discourse Mr. Chapin in his earnest and impressive style, speaks of the alarming extent of the vice in question, assuming as it does, disguises that secure it a place in every rank and grade of society and making dread wreck of all that is noble in manhood and womanhood. After drawing a fearful picture of the victims of debasing passions he says:

The silence and apathy which exist in regard to this evil, are not justified by any motives of delicacy or dread. The evil is in having a social cancer, not in talking about a cancer. The only possibility of curing or limiting a wrong, is to become clearly conscious of the wrong. "We have no right," says one of the able women of our day, "we have no right to shrink, with sanctimonious, ultra delicacy, from the barest mention of thing we must know to exist. If we do not know it, our ignorance is at once both helpless and dangerous, narrows our judgement, expose us to a thousand painful mistakes, and greatly limits our powers of usefulness." To prevent all talk upon this subject, there is on the one side a morbid, sensitive delicacy, that, after all, is more closely allied to a base consciousness than a genuine virtue; and, on the other hand, there is a frivolous spirit of worldliness exhibited by men, who, on mention of this class of facts, find only occasion for a jest, or sneeringly insinuated that the reformer, the philanthropist, or the clergyman who even so much as alludes to this shame, knows more of such things than he ought.

Again he says:

In the matter of which I am now treating, the woman is the conspicuous sinner. Upon her falls the blight of the public shame. I ask not, now, is this merciful? I ask, is it just? But I ask, what justice is there in our modern custom, that scarcely frowns at the guilty man—sometimes laughs at and even patronizes him—and pours all the vials of wrath and condemnation on the guilty woman—her guilt itself often the result of his falsehood and his meanness. What justice, what honor, what delicacy, O, refined woman! who, recoiling with virtuous scorn from that fallen sister, will welcome with brilliant homage him by whom she fell. I suppose the mantle of Christian Charity should cover everybody. But, perhaps, we ought to allow for a little natural shrinkage; and if there is any body that it won't cover, and that ought to have the privilege of lying outside the hem of it, in the cold blast and the biting frost, it is that man who trades in woman's affection—who drags her down to ruin—who leaves her to suffer the guilt—who goes on, smiling, to new conquests, and boast of his victory. Smooth, flattering, honored, welcomed in refined society, entertained in respectable homes—when his only use in the world seems to be to make men believe in a devil, or rather to feel that any particular devil is necessary.

Indelicate! Is it indelicate to starve—indelicate to die—indelicate to remind you of your responsibilities? We are connected with this matter very closely by our opinions concerning woman's sphere of work. There are those who immediately associate this idea of an extended sphere for female work with "strong-minded woman," and with "woman's rights," or some other subject of cant or sarcasm. In this lies one great cause of this phrase of social evil.

If we would create a wider sphere of employment for woman, it would, no doubt, rectify a large amount of this evil—not all, by any means—but more than we may suppose. And woman must have better wages. Out of two thousand women who work for their daily bread, 534 receive \$1 per week, 336 receive \$2 per week. Surely this is a comfortable equipment with which to keep off death and conquer the devil! How many of you would do it? One woman had to do it by making caps at two cents a piece! What a beautiful halo shines around such an employer—his path of charity paved with penny pieces! I wonder if this magnificent benefactor of the human race would be willing to show himself. I should think, in the light of such a revelation, he would need all the caps the women ever made to cover his own head, and hide his humble sense of merit!

But some may still ask, "What have we to do with this matter?" We have, first and foremost, to rectify our opinions concerning woman's sphere of employment. A great many women, honorable, respectable women—have much to do with this evil, by the manner in which they deal with poor women who, directly or indirectly work for them; pure and honorable women, who glory in "buying cheap." They may look to themselves for much of the misery consequent upon such destitution as results to these ill-paid sisters. When they dress themselves, they may think whether they have not helped to dress a soul for sacrifice, or to borrow Hood's simile, "to sow a thread in a shroud." Or, to use the language of the great master of modern English eloquence—"If, for a moment, the spirit of Truth and Terror, which walk invisibly among the masks of the earth, would lift the dianness from our erring thoughts, and show us how many have literally entered into partnership with Death, and dressed themselves in his spoils! Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see—the angel do see—on those gay white dresses of yours strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you knew not of, spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away; yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and glow in your wretched hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted which no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves."†

Space will not allow of further quotations—let Reformers be encouraged that one more of the great lights of the world has thus boldly raised his voice for the elevation of the great throng of outcast suffering souls, so long considered without the pale of human sympathy.

* "A Woman's Thoughts about Women."

† Sanger on Prostitution.

‡ Ruskin—Political Economy of Art.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.—Hints Toward Physical Perfection; or, the Philosophy of Human Beauty; showing how to Acquire and Retain Bodily Symmetry, Health and Vigor; secure Long Life; and avoid the Infirmities and Deformities of Age. By D. H. Jacques. New York: Fowler and Wells, publishers, 308 Broadway. Price \$1.

"This is a work which, if we mistake not, is destined to command almost universal attention, and awaken everywhere a deeper interest in the physical improvement of the race than has yet been manifested; as it shows how certain and easy this improvement may be made by the use of the legitimate means therein pointed out. Its revelations of the laws of human configuration, on which symmetry and beauty depend, are not less interesting and important than they are novel and surprising; showing, as they do, that the form and features of even the mature man or woman (and much more those of the child) may be modified at will, and to an almost unlimited extent—that we have the power to change, gradually but surely, the shape and arrangement of bone, fiber, and fluid, thus growing, day by day, more beautiful or more ugly, according to the direction given to the vital forces.

It will be found deeply interesting to both sexes (but especially to woman) and to all ages; and we earnestly commend it to all for whom health, strength and beauty have any attractions; to parents, as a guide to the right performance of their all-important functions and duties; to teachers, who may learn from it how to develop the minds and bodies of their pupils harmoniously together; to young women, who will not look in vain in its pages for the secrets of that womanly beauty and personal attractiveness which the very properly desire to possess, and to young men, who will find it a manual of rules for the development of those high qualities of physical vigor and manliness which will command the admiration of their own sex no less than the love of the other. Illustrated with twenty plates and a large number of cuts, executed in the highest style of art."

POEMS.—We have on hand a quantity of poems. Some of them contain beautiful, musical thoughts; but the measure is nothing. It is better to put one's thoughts in plain prose unless the rules of poetry are regarded.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Therefore for spirits, I am so far from denying their existence that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons have their tutelary and guardian angels.—*Religio Medici*.

It is one of the most beautiful doctrines ever inculcated, that there are noble essences in heaven that bear a friendly regard to their friendly natures on earth. And although it may be nought but a dazzling error, yet mankind might be pardoned for cheating themselves with so agreeable a delusion. It is indeed one of the finest ideas ever conceived, that a man is not placed here in an entire reliance upon his own strength—a poor, forlorn wanderer with no guide, save the suggestions of his own corrupt nature—but that there is ever near him a guardian spirit, whose kindly counsels attend him on his pilgrimage. The argument for such a theory seems at least very plausible; that as there is a gradual scale of ascension in the order of being, from the brute to angels, such an essence as we speak of may form a connecting link. And who shall say that such beings do not exist? that they are not one of the thousand mysteries that envelop our being? Life itself is a wonder full of inexplicable mysteries. Our existence is an enigma. And who shall fathom the immortal soul? Who shall resolve its sympathies, and trace its mysterious connections with the body? Since, then, our nature and being are so unintelligible, is the theory we are considering so startling to reason? Surely if Dr. Johnson, Sir Thomas Browne, and other great and wise men, have believed in the appearance of ghosts, apparitions, and other strange sights, we may indulge in a belief so fraught with pleasure and consolation. Of the same nature and equally sublime, is the doctrine that the departed spirits of our friends and relatives are permitted to revisit the earth, and to mingle their sympathies with the objects of their affection. When we think of the anguish of parting with those we love, of looking for the last time upon the face that has smiled away our woes, how gladly do we cling to the idea of their returning to soothe our distress, and to lend their invisible influence to bind up the bruised heart. Such a belief would soften the bitterness of separation and beguile death of its sting. It is indeed a painful thought, that the forms which have insensibly entwined themselves about us, till they have become linked with our being, must be torn away and wedded with the dust—that the eye which beams upon us with tenderness unutterable, must become dim

in death, and the voice whose music hath so often stilled the aching heart, must falter its last farewell. But more chilling is the thought, that the loves and friendships, and all other endearments which lend a charm to existence, must perish with the heart's last throb. But if thou canst believe that the love once so fond, faded not at life's last taper, but e'en now "softly trembles with a pulse yet true to thine," that the friendship once so warm and pure, is still sympathizing in thy joys and woes, cling to the hope, woo it to thy soul, phantom though it may be. Art thou an orphan, weeping for an affectionate parent?—dry thy tears; hush the sobbings of thy young heart. She whose love thou thought'st lost to thee forever, thy fond mother is still near thee, watching thine every step with an affection that never tires, and an eye that never slumbers, whispering words of consolation in thine ear, and soothing thy rugged path. Art thou a husband, whose widowed heart is lamenting the tender partner of the bosom? Cease thy complaint! The love e'en here so pure now etherialized and freed from all earthly alloy, is with thee in thy wanderings. List what it says:

"Near thee, still near thee! trust thy soul's deep dreaming.
Oh! love is not an earthly flower to die!
E'en when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,
Thine image wanders with me through the sky."

Gentle shade! Forms unseen! E'en while I write at this still and solemn hour of midnight perhaps ye are hovering with untired wing, o'er the slumbers of the loved—whispering words of peace to the mourner, or, in dreams restoring the object of his idolizing affections—telling the joys of a better land where love and friendship bloom fadeless, and part no more forever.—*Life Illustrated*.

THE ASYLUM FOR INEBRIATES.—An act was passed by our Legislature on the 15th of April, directing that ten per cent of the moneys received by the several county treasurers form the Board of Commissioners of Excise, be paid to the Treasurer of the Inebriate Asylum, located at Binghamton, to be expended in completing said Asylum.—*Spiritual Telegraph*.

THOMAS PAINE'S WILL.

The following extract is from the will of Thomas Paine, which is on file in the office of the Surrogate of New York.

"The last Will and Testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my Creator God, and in no other being, for I know of no other, nor believe in any other:

"I, Thomas Paine, of the State of New York, author of the work entitled *Common Sense*, written in Philadelphia in 1775, and published in that city the beginning of January, 1776, which awakened America to a Declaration of Independence, on the fourth of July following, which was as fast as the work could spread through such an extensive country—author, also, of the several numbers of the *American Crisis*, thirteen in all, published occasionally during the progress of the Revolutionary War. The last is on the Peace; another, also, on the Rights of Man, parts the first and second, written and published in London, in 1791 and '92; author, also, of a work on Religion, Age of Reason, part the first and second. N. B.—I have a third part by me in manuscript, and an answer to the Bishop of Llandaff; author, also, of a work lately published, entitled *Examinations of the passages in the New Testament, quoted from the Old and called Prophecies concerning Jesus Christ*, and showing there are no prophecies of any such person; author, also, of several works not here enumerated; *Dissertation on the First Principles of Government*, *Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance*, *Agarian Justice*, &c., &c., make this my Last Will and Testament, &c."

The will directs to be placed over the testator's grave "a headstone, with his name and age engraved upon it," and "the author of *Common Sense*." "I have lived," the will concludes, "an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my Creator God."

Dated 18th January, 1809.

A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.—The late wife a respectable citizen at Heilbronn, named Aarnold, had continually a spirit near her, who not only warned her of several impending dangers, but also informed her of the approaching visits of her friends, as well as

deaths about to take place in her family; and, finally, of her own. He was only once visible to her, and that was in the form of an old man; but his presence was not only felt by her, but by others; and when she conversed with him, they felt the air stirred, as by breath. Many yet living and very credible witnesses are in possession of the most remarkable facts relating to this case.—*Crowe*.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

In treating of the Theology of Spiritualism, we are not going to state what spiritualists believe, or disbelieve as to the existence, character or doings of the Deity, and prescribe for them what they must believe in order to entitle them to the name of spiritualist; but pursuing the plan which we have all along adhered to, of endeavoring to ascertain what must be the necessary conclusions to which the facts of spiritualism, and arguments in our preceding numbers lead us.

Having shown that it is contrary to the philosophic ideas which are entertained of the Infinite, that He should make a special communication to one individual of things, which he wills or desires another individual to know—that it is contrary to our ideas of Infinite justice, and contrary also to our ideas of the character of such a being; and also, having shown that all spiritual communications have come from spirits, having all the qualities of character which distinguish finite beings, whether these communications were of ancient or modern date, it becomes necessary that certain questions should be stated and an attempt made to answer them before we proceed further in our investigation.

First: How has it happened that the whole world should have been so deceived as to have attributed to the Infinite communications which have evidently come from a finite being?

To this question we answer, first: That the mind of man is incapable of the creation of an idea, independent of the action of external causes. We have shown that all finite existences are effects, which effects become causes only by the action of the Infinite upon them, and that consequently independent of the Infinite they would cease to exist, not only as causes but as existences in any finite form. It is easy then to perceive that they can only be, as causes, secondary, having in themselves no power to produce any effect at all, independent of the infinite law of their existence. But as no finite can contain the Infinite, it is evident that the law is not in the finite, but that the finite is in the law.

Second: The mind is capable of receiving truth only in two ways. First by intuitive impression, that is, by the immediate action of the Infinite; and secondly by physical impression, that is by impression of physical things through the medium of the senses.

Third: The mind is capable of being acted upon simultaneously, so to speak, by both these kinds of truths, forming compound ideas, and these compound ideas may be either truths or falsehoods, according to the nature and relations to each other of the primitive impressions so compounded. But the primitive or simple impressions never can be falsehoods.

Now we have seen in the course of our investigation of this subject, that all finite intelligences have an intuitive perception of the Infinite, of the existence of which they are equally certain, and equally unable to prove to each other. Because as we have shown, all finite intelligences being equal to each other in their infinite relations, are equally capable of comprehending Infinite evidence; and as Infinite evidence admits of no increase or diminution, no one can receive more than he already has.

It requires no argument to show that the mind has an idea of the finite, obtained through the medium of the senses. The mind is capable of comprehending the finite and of determining its character. Now in the case under consideration, it appears that the two ideas of infinite and finite were blended together, and the false idea of an Infinite Being having a finite character was produced.

The next question is; That as all nations or races of men claim to have had, from time to time, communications from some spirit or spirits which they call God, if this Being or these Beings were not the Infinite, who was He or They? In answering this question we may be compelled to enter in some instances the field of conjecture. The ground on which we are compelled to tread is unstable and liable to give way, and allow us to sink in the quagmire of mythological fable, or to depend for support on the still more treacherous bogs and tussocks of religious dogmatism. In entering upon this enquiry we are reminded of Bunyan's pilgrim when entering the valley of the shadow of death. The path of philosophy stretches out into the darkness before us, like a sun thread having on the one hand the quagmire of heathen mythology and on the other the deep ditch of Jewish rites and observances, into which the blind have led the blind ever since the days of Moses. Over all this region superstition spreads her wings, incubating and hatching the horrible misshapen monsters of religious creeds and theological dogmas; things which care not for the sword of reason or the shield of common sense, escaping ever into the thick vapor of mystery and ignorance, which from the nature of the place are continually exhaling.

Dropping all allegory however, let me say to the reader, that in answering the question above stated, we have not the means necessary to enable us to speak positively. The facts from which to draw conclusions are so few, and the wanting links so frequently to be supplied by inference and conjecture, that we are constrained to say that our conclusions must be received with caution. Yet we think we shall be able to establish much probability of the truth of these conclusions.

The intelligent existence of the spirit after death is a proposition which is not denied by any great number of persons in the world. On the contrary its truth seems to be claimed universally by all savage and civilized tribes; and as we think that this has been sufficiently proved in our preceding communications, we shall offer no further argument upon it in this place.

But there is another proposition which we claim to have established, which is, that disembodied spirits not only retain their intelligent existence, but that they are able to make the fact of that existence known to the living; or in other words, to those who are still in the flesh.

This proposition does not appear to be so universally received as the first and its truth is denied by a majority in Christendom at the present; notwithstanding their claim of the truth of the first proposition. Now this last proposition is the evidence and the only evidence of the truth of the first; so that those who claim to believe the first and deny the last, place themselves in the absurd position of believing a proposition the evidence of which they deny.

The next proposition which has been established is; That the spirit exists during the life of the body as well as afterwards, independent of the body and the body independent of the spirit, so that the spirit may leave the body and go to a distance from it, and return to the body again without ceasing during its absence. It follows, then, of course, that vitality or animal life, and the spirit are two distinct existences. But the most important fact in the enquiry is, that when the spirit has

temporarily left the body, that although vitality remains with the body intelligence is wanting.—And in every instance where the spirit has been seen at a place distant from the body, intelligence has been manifest at the place where the spirit was and not at the place where the body was. It follows, then, that the phenomenon of life, is evidence of the presence of vitality, but is not evidence of the presence of spirit; and that intelligence is evidence of the presence of spirit.

An other proposition is; That the spirit progresses in knowledge and wisdom after the body has ceased to live, and the spirit has permanently left it, as it progressed in the same things during its union with the body—that it retains its likes and dislikes, loves and hatreds, desires and anxieties, as it possessed them in the body; and that they are increased, diminished or obliterated by its knowledge and wisdom.

The evidence, if we may call it evidence, of this proposition, is entirely analogical. We know that man in this life is a progressive being, and that his feelings of affection and hatred are increased, modified or destroyed, by his progress in knowledge and wisdom. His attachment to his friends is increased by knowledge, and his hatred of his enemies is abated by wisdom.

We have shown that the law of finite existence produces continual change. We know that man is a finite being, and that his spirit is a finite existence. We arrive, then, at this conclusion: that the spirit of man must continue to change or cease to exist. If the spirit continues to change it must either increase or decrease in intelligence. If it decreases in intelligence it must finally cease to exist, for intelligence is to the spirit what vitality is to the body. But if it increases in intelligence, it will increase in spirituality, and in the enjoyment of happiness and power to do good. Now the cause of the existence of the spirit being infinite, it is impossible for us to conceive how the effect can cease to exist, while the cause continues to act with the same force, and upon the same object. We therefore, come to the conclusion that the spirit of man is of neverending endurance, and subject to a series of neverending changes; in other words, that he is a being of eternal progression.

Now admitting the facts above stated to be correct, and also the correctness of our conclusions, we will present the following supposed case in illustration.

We will suppose an individual the father of a family. We see the peculiar interest he takes in the welfare of his child; he endeavors to instruct him and instill into his mind whatever in his estimation will be most conducive to his welfare; and whenever grand-children appear, he extends to them the same care, and has for them a similar feeling of affection, until finally age unfits the body for further use, and the spirit leaves it to begin its separate, independent mode of existence. Is it not probable this spirit will still continue to watch over the interests of his family, and extend to succeeding generations the same parental care which he did while he was an inhabitant of the body? Reasoning from what we know of human affection, we conclude that this would be the case and that when his children joined him in his spirit condition, he would give them the benefit of his spiritual experience, and make them the messengers to his posterity still in the flesh. We think, also, that he would claim the right of ruling over his posterity through all their generations, whether in the spirit world, or in this world; and that he would endeavor to give them rules for the government of their actions, such as in his estimation, would be likely to make them a great and prosperous people while in this world, and conducive to their happiness in the spirit world. And we think that these

laws would be characteristic of his intellectual development, whether savage, barbarous or civilized. Such are the conclusions to which we have arrived by the above mode of reasoning; and although we lay no claim to infallibility, we cannot avoid thinking that our conclusions are more probably correct, than the supposition that beings who have no natural or apparent connection with us, and who, to all appearance can have no interest in our welfare, should trouble themselves so much about our happiness.

Our answer to the question then is: That these beings called Gods, are the original progenitors of the Races with which they have communicated, or to which they have manifested themselves. Want of space forbids our introducing the question of the origin of the Races. This has already been discussed by competent men, and we are content to accept of the conclusions to which these learned men have arrived, which conclusion is, that the races have a plurality of origin and have not descended from a single pair, and we do this because their arguments have convinced us of the truth of their conclusions. But this cannot much alter the result of our inquiries. In our next we shall consider more particularly the subject of the identity of three Gods.

Chagrin Falls, May 16, 1859.

G. B. R.

CHAGRIN FALLS.

DEAR AGITATOR:—I wish to write to you upon a subject which I think concerns all well wishers of community, whether spiritualists or not. There is a class of persons who do not have any connection with the church, as members, but who assume to be its defenders on the score of its usefulness in preserving the morals of community. Their statement is that we have clearly shown the doctrines of "old Theology" to be falsehood and deception—*humbug*; but the fault of which we have been guilty, is, that having destroyed the "old humbug" by which our orthodox friends had all along managed to keep the world in a decent state of moral rectitude, and we have failed to furnish any new humbug to take the place of it. No argument is advanced by this set of opposers to Spiritualism, to show that the old doctrines were not a *humbug*, but the proposition appears to be this: that the world cannot be governed by truth but must be governed by falsehood and hypocrisy. There is another class who claim to be believers of the Bible, but who also allege that if its doctrines are false, still it has done a great amount of good through its moral teachings. This class, probably without being aware of it, really indorse the doctrines of the first.

We would say to this second class of objectors and fault-finders that if this is true, the statement is false that Christ refused to become the Vicegerent of the Devil, in receiving the government of this world as his reward, or you will have to be put out of this world, or change your sentiments before he can succeed in obtaining possession of its government. But whether true or false, spiritualists are accused of being the cause of the decline of morals throughout the world, because they have exposed and are exposing this great system of deception and fraud, although it is not in proof that morals have declined any faster since its advent.

Now we ask, is this true? and we venture to answer, no. Spiritualism is like "a net which is cast into the sea, which gathers up all, both good and bad." The consequence is that there are thousands claiming to be spiritualists, because they have had demonstrated to them the simple fact of a future state of existence in such a manner as to bring conviction to their minds, but whose actions show that of all else pertaining to Spiritualism, they are as ignorant as Hottentots of English gram-

mar. Hence they are frequently seen at the grog-shop swearing about the truths of Spiritualism and drinking whiskey; or at the gambling table setting an example before the young, calculated to destroy all peace and happiness in their future lives. And it is no uncommon thing, I fear, that they frequent places of worse repute, involving not only themselves, but the sharers of their weal or woe in the calamities consequent on their misdoings. But is spiritualism accountable for all this? They were the same profane tipping libertines before they called themselves spiritualists as they were afterwards. Spiritualism is not organized into a church, consequently all who profess to believe in spiritual communication are classed as spiritualists, and their misdoings are siezed upon as the result of spiritual teachings, when in fact it forms no part of, but is a palpable contradiction to it. Justice forms no rule with these fault-finders. Instead of troubling themselves to ascertain what the spirits teach, they invent creeds and give definitions to words to suit themselves, and then impute them to spiritualists. Freeloaderism, according to their definition, which, to use an expression in the N. Y. Tribune, "the orthodox world so much practice and so violently condemn," is charged as one of the doctrines of Spiritualism. The truth is, spiritualism has nothing to do with any false notions other than to condemn them; and a drunken libertine spiritualist is no better than a drunken libertine church member. Such persons are a disgrace to themselves and every body else with whom they are connected. No matter whether they claim to be spiritualists, church members or masons, they disgrace their professions, and no humbug can create a good moral society out of such filthy material.

The truth is that spiritualism has never been the cause of immorality, nor has it in any instance condemned any moral teaching in the churches. The churches are religious societies, not moral ones, and it is for this reason that spiritualists condemn them. Their rites and ceremonies are an abomination to Spiritualism, because they are detrimental to morals, teaching that men may atone for any immoral act by the performance of some religious ceremony. Let not religionists, then, charge immorality upon spiritualists, when they have themselves been sowing the seeds ever since the world began.

But spiritualists are the advocates of woman's rights. Very well, so we are; but let it be remembered that we are the advocates of *woman's rights*, and not the advocates of the privilege of woman to do wrong. We are the advocates of the right of humanity, and not the advocates of those privileges which enable one person to do a wrong to another whether that person be a male or a female. We claim that the scale of justice should be evenly balanced, and we claim that it is not so with regard to woman, as society is at present constituted. We do not repudiate marriage, but we do repudiate the injustice of destroying the identity of either individual by performing a religious ceremony; and we hold that neither individual can be justly held to the performance of a contract which has been violated by the opposite party, no matter in what that violation may consist. Persons in marriage agree to love and cherish each other, and if by their conduct they give evidence of not doing so, the whole contract becomes broken and void.

G. B. R.

NOTE.—I have quoted the N. Y. Tribune from memory and may not have got the exact language. The sentiment referred to is in the report of that paper of the Utica convention for the cause and cure of Evil. I think I have got the sentiment if not the language.

G. B. R.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

COMMISSIONED.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

One chill evening I was setting
In the firelight's fitful glow,
Busy with the fancies flitting
Round my heart, as cold as snow,
When a dream of bliss stole o'er me,
Like a flood of cheering light,
And an angel stood before me
Clad in robes of misty white.

On my brow she placed her finger,
Sweetly singing me to sleep,
Softly saying she would linger
Till I sank in slumbers deep.
And that then she would unchain me,
And would lead me far away,
Where the sunbeams ever play,
And the angels would detain me,
For a time 'mid beauty gay.

In the shadowy presence, holy,
Dimness gathered 'round me slowly,
And no sound the stillness broke,
Save the low and hope-like singing
Which the spirit lips were flinging
'Round me, till in heaven I woke
And guiding angel spoke;
Yonder is thy soul's evangel,
Pure as Heaven's highest angel.

Azure eyes with love-light beaming
Looked upon me from afar,
As I saw a spirit gleaming
Bright as evening's proudest star,
Then the angel came to meet me,
Whispering in my hark'ing ear,
"Tis thy mother, child, who greets thee;
Well she loves thee, never fear."

Mother! name I'd ever cherished,
But had never known her love;
For in early time she perished
'Mid earth's storms and went above,
And within the country church yard,
I had wreathed a grassy mound
O'er with flowers, for they told me
Mother slept within the ground,
But where purest angels hover,
In the realms of light above,
I had found my angel mother—
I had found a mother's love!

"Child of Earth, an hour we've freed thee;
Would'st thou see my home on high?
Come with me and I will guide thee
Through the chambers of the sky."
Like two thoughts we floated onward
Through the soft, delicious blue,
Over hills made bright with sunlight,
Flecked with flowers of silver hue.
Soon we reached a shiny river,
And while resting by its wave,
Shall I tell you, asked the spirit,
Of a toiling fettered slave?

When the earth had beauty-bloomed,
And had decked her breast with flowers,
Down the path of ages gloomed,
Soul, a stranger to its bowers.

A companion there it found,
'Mong all other beauteous things.
So the twain in one were bound,
And Soul folded up its wings.

Soul, the shining, heavenly saint,
Body made a toiling slave,
And it panted pale and faint,
By the side of Error's wave.

Custom came with shining chain,
Wreathing it, for life it gasped!
But its tears and cries were vain;
Body's fingers clinked the clasp.

In its dark and gloomy cage,
Cooking, scrubbing, lighting fires,
It has toiled for many an age
To abate our base desires.

Still benumbed with toil and sin,
Silent as a trembling star,
Longs the soul to enter in,
To the goal it sees afar.

Like a wing-clipped dove it pines,
Leaning from its prison bars,
Out to watch the cheering signs,
Countless, almost, as the stars.

Be it thine to teach the slave,
As we teach the mode to thee,
To reform th' exacting knave,
Body, ere it can be free."

Slowly then the vision faded,
And Earth's curtains Eden shaded.

Walnut Grove, O.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A SHORT LETTER FROM FRANCES BROWN TO THE CHILDREN.

Well, darlings, I have been thinking of you this glorious May morning; been wondering if you are not with the bees and birds gathering strength.

The last night's dew is lingering on the opening buds as tears sometimes linger upon your rosy cheeks. The soft kiss of Spring will dry the dew drops as your loving mothers dry your tears.

The opening buds, the tender plants, and climbing vines always remind me of children. The young vine reaches out to meet the sun; it would die but for its genial warmth; you, like the vine, ask for the love-shine and your tender spirits will freeze and die without it. You and the flowers must be trained by the hand of affection or you will both grow wild. The little daisy wants a warm, sunny nook—wants to be protected from the frost, so do you.

Chilling winds blight the tender buds, cold words chill and kill *human* buds. I wish people had as much regard for the culture of human souls as they have for potatoes. I rather think then, that little folks would not be so shockingly neglected.

I have many things to tell you, but have no time this morning to tell *long* stories. Sailors are said to be good at "yarning," but that is quite out of my line. I am staying with a little sick girl who calls me a capital story teller; but she is like the starving child who thought a mouldy crust "ginger-bread."

Little Sophia (the invalid) finds but few story-tellers among her friends, therefore a poor, badly told story sounds well to her asking soul. She had read the Agitator and the "Sketches" before I came here, and had made up her mind that I could "talk stories." When she is awake and her head does not ache too hard, her sweet blue eyes will wander about in search of the "story teller."—When she sees me she whispers, "Please, Frances, tell a story." I have just been relating a *true* story about a queer little Irish girl I saw in Buffalo. "Oh, that is a good story," she said; "wouldn't it be so nice to write it to all of your children?" "Yes," I said; "so soon as I have a little more time I will send it to them through the Agitator." So look out for it. I must stop and go to the Post Office. I will write you again soon.

Salina, N. Y., May 12

Two hundred thousand Men butchered for the Sake of a tax of three Pence a Pound upon Tea.

The United States were once colonies and under the government of great Britain. Great Britain claimed a right to tax the colonies *without their consent*. So, without consulting them, the British government passed a law that the colonies should pay a tax of three pence on every pound of tea that was brought into America. Britain did not say that the colonies should buy the tea. She only said, "If you do buy the tea, you must pay me a tax of three pence on every pound." The colonies said, "We will not pay the tax." Great Britain said, "You shall." "We will not," said the colonies. Then I will shoot you," said Great Britain. So Great Britain sent over ten thousand men to kill the people of the colonies, because they resisted a tax imposed *without their consent* of three pence a pound upon tea. The colonies sent out their men to meet them. The British came to Boston and fought with the people of the colonies. They continued to fight and destroy each other for seven years. Two hundred thousand men, women and children were slain; and perhaps twice as many more were wounded. After they had thus gone on tearing each other to pieces, both sides got tired and agreed to stop and rest awhile. All these human beings were murdered, merely because the colonies refused to pay a tax imposed on them without their consent.—*A Kiss for a Blow*

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On the 1st, 2d and 3d days of July, 1859.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, WARREN CHASE, B. P. BARNUM and Mrs. S. E. WARNER, have promised to be in attendance as speakers.

If the weather is favorable the meeting will be held in a grove convenient to the Hall.

A collection will be taken on Sunday to remunerate the speakers from abroad, and the friends are earnestly invited to come prepared to contribute liberally. Our speakers, unlike many prominent lecturers of other sects, do not ask to be passed along the road as "dead heads;" hence their traveling expenses draw heavily upon their purses. Let them be sustained in their efforts to benefit the race. It is believed this will be the largest meeting, and the most effective for good, of any yet held on the Reserve.

By request,

E. WARNER.

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