

# The Agitator.

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

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

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WHOLE No. 37.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### HEAVEN.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

What clouds of mystery are hung  
Around that one idea, Heaven,  
And though forever songs have rung  
Across its bars, by angels sung,  
The veil which hides it is not riven.

It seems our thoughts no higher rise  
Than that which we are most desiring;  
We talk of "heaven in the skies,"  
And upward raise our tearful eyes,  
But all frame it by their aspiring.

The grave church-going christian sings  
About a place of dream-like beauty,  
Where all the people have white wings,  
And good "Old Hundred" ever rings,  
From souls who loved to do their duty.

The infidel unviels his eyes,  
And sees Heaven filled with all progression;  
In that blest realm above the skies,  
On each square mile he sees arise,  
A stately hall for free discussion.

The miser, tottering and old,  
Takes up his eye-glass--old opinion,  
And thinks he sees the paving gold  
Has cracks enough for finger-hold,  
Along the streets of heaven's dominion.

The apples on the tree of life,  
A native of the clime of Heaven,  
The drunkard see, with sweetness rife,  
And fancies he shall raise a strife  
Unless for cider they are given.

He rather thinks some honey rill,  
Which courses round the heavenly mountains,  
Might turn a mighty cider mill  
That through eternity would fill  
His mouth from its perpetual fountains.

How many scores of hen-pecked men  
I've seen step into Fancy's carriage  
And drive away beyond my ken  
Into their heaven's out-pictured glen,  
And tell me angels have no marriage.

The loving husband and the wife,  
Whose souls are wreathed in mystic union  
Can clearly see the spirit life  
Will never sever man and wife,  
But heaven sanctions their re-union.

What clouds of mystery are hung  
Around that one idea, Heaven,  
And though forever songs have rung  
Across its bars, by angels sung,  
The cloud which veils it is not riven.

Walnut Grove Farm.

ANCIENT INOCULATION.—When the practice of inoculation was first introduced into Boston, in 1721, the House of Representatives passed a bill prohibiting it, and a sermon was printed in Boston upon this text: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown;" from which the doctrine was deduced that Job had the small pox, and *Satan was the first inoculator!*  
—Portland Transcript.

A NEW DEFINITION.—"Now, papa, what is humbug?" "It is," replied the papa, "when ma pretends to be fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirts."

## AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

### THE BIBLE:

IS IT OF DIVINE ORIGIN, AUTHORITY AND INFLUENCE?

BY S. J. FINNEY.

#### THE INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

8th. *The Bible favors Conjugal Despotism, and by so doing degrades woman.*

The Bible makes the husband lord and master, and the wife subject and slave. It gives the husband unlimited power to rule over the wife, and commands the wife to obey her husband. It represents God as saying to woman, Gen. iii: 16:

"And thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

Again in 1 Corinthians xi: 3, 8, 9:

"8 For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man.

9 Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man."

In this first passage the husband is made the ruler. In the second we are told a monstrous lie, viz: that the man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man. Nature say, man and woman were created for each other. But Paul followed the old Genesal fable of creation. He had a low estimate of woman and of the sacred state of marriage, as is perfectly evident from a passage in one of his epistles, where he says: "*It is better to marry than to burn.*" His only idea of marriage here, seems to have been that it is merely a convenience for the gratification of the animal passions; the lowest possible object of marriage. No wonder, then, that he should talk so much about the subjection of woman, while he regards them as mere appendages to man, machines of passions, of the grossest order. This idea of Paul's is still further illustrated by the following passages. Ephesians v: 22—25:

"22 Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord.

23 For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church; and he is the savior of the body.

24 Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing.

25 Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it."

It will be seen that the subject of the woman to the man here commanded is perfect and entire, "*as unto the Lord.*" It is true that he tells husbands to "love their wives;" but he gives the wife no guarantee that her husband will love her, while he does give the husband entire mastery over his wife. If he had made the subjection of the wife contingent upon the love of the husband, it would have taken off some of the curse; but even then subjection would be tyranny. Love knows no subjection, but exaltation of its object. What and who we truly love we exalt, we worship, we cherish. If a husband loved his wife he would scorn the idea of subjecting her, and of her submission. Submission is the counter part of oppression. Paul knew nothing of pure conjugal love, at least of its high and holy nature and power. 1 Timothy ii: 11—14:

"11 Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. 12 But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.

13 For Adam was first formed, then Eve.

14 And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression.

15 Notwithstanding, she shall be saved in child-bearing, if they continue in faith, and charity, and holiness, and sobriety."

This is one of the most tyrannical, the most unnatural, the most degrading passages in respect to women, to be found in the whole Bible. "Silence, with all subjection," is the state in which woman must abjectly learn. Her noble gift of speech must not be used. Her superior natural aptitude for instructing and unfolding her own and her children's souls, is here forbidden. And the reason given for this abject degradation and submission of woman, is "that Adam was first formed, then Eve." As good a reason could be given for Adam's submission to Asses, "*for they were first formed, then Adam.*" And then Paul goes on loading women with the crimes of the world—as the mother of sin. It is horrid to contemplate the degradation to which such teaching, if obeyed, as it often is in christendom, will and does subject woman—man's only earthly guardian angel. But take another from Paul. It is a climax. Here it is from the third chapter of first Peter: "Likewise, ye wives be in subjection to your own husbands;" and then after referring to some minor points continues:

"5 For after this manner in the olden time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands:

7 Even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord: whose daughters ye are, as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement."

Being in subjection to their own husbands, even as Sarah obeyed Abraham calling him lord. Let me ask how Sarah obeyed her Lord. Turn to Gen. xii: When Abraham was going down to Egypt with Sarah, he feared the Egyptians would fall in love with his wife, because she was a "fair woman to look upon," and kill him to get her, he told her to lie, by saying she was his sister; and she did so. Now, of every woman who reads this book, let me ask, are you anxious to become the daughters of lying Sarah, who lied in obedience to her lying and cowardly husband? Are you willing to become the mere tools of your husbands, as is commanded in these passages above quoted? Are you willing to part with the use of your God-bestowed instincts of self-sovereignty, with your glorious and eloquent gifts of speech, at the audacious beck of Paul? If so, I pity you. Can such teachings as these ever elevate woman to her true sphere? Never. They are to-day, crushing out the pure instincts, and angel natures of thousands, even in our own country.

9th. *The Bible sanctions Polygamy and Concubinage*, or the practice of having many wives and mistresses in addition. Abraham had a wife and at the same time had children by a female slave. And the Bible nowhere condemns him for it, but, on the contrary declares:



"5 Because that Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws."

(See Gen. xxvi:) Jacob had two wives which he purchased, and at the same time he had children by two female slaves; and yet is not condemned, but is called the father of the faithful.

Solomon had *seven hundred wives* and three hundred concubines. And yet he is declared in the Bible to be the wisest man that ever did, or ever should live.

In 2 Samuel, God is represented as saying to David through Nathan:

"8 And I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom, and gave thee the house Israel of Judah: and if that had been too little, I would, moreover, have given unto thee such and such things."

David had previously bought a wife of Saul—his daughter, Michah—and paid for her with four hundred fore-skins of the Philistines. And then God is represented in the above passage, as giving David all his father-in-law's, Saul's wives "into his bosom." But David was not content with this; he seduced the wife of a living man, and Nathan reproves him for this, but not for having many wives. Indeed, this passage makes God the panderer to David's passions. And then we are told, in 1 Kings xv:

"5 Because David did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, and turned not aside from any thing that he commanded him all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite."

But it is sometimes said in answer to this charge of polygamy against the Bible, that Jesus discountenanced and abolished it, in Matthew. But Jesus nowhere in the New Testament speaks of polygamy at all, but only of divorce. And woman is still farther degraded by being reduced to the condition of a chattel. She was bought in Scripture times, by God's chosen people. Marriage was held up as a bargain and sale.

See Gen. xxiv: 12, xxix: 15—17; 1 Sam'l xlviii: 25—27; also Hosea iii: 2; Deut. xxi: 10—14.

### THE MIRROR OF HUMANITY.

#### A VISION.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Again it is night. Once more I am alone, in a lovely place. Overshadowing the whole firmament, with so intense a light that the stars are fading in it, appears a fine, ethereal presence. It has essence without volume; for it is not form but spirit. It is the descending Word. Born in the Heavenly Spheres of Love and Wisdom—old as God, yet forever fair and lovely, it is again to become incarnate, not in one man, but in all men—not in Godhead but Humanity.

An outspreading glory, as of great wings wafting their plumes of light, silently descends, and hovers over the world. The essence of this great power mingles with the magnetic or ascending atmosphere of Earth; and even while they sleep, and perchance dream of wrong and crime, men are inhaling it.—They breathe it in along with the common air, and in it new Gospels of life, and beauty, and freedom, and power, and love, and wisdom, and happiness; and when they wake, it shall begin to unfold itself.

But now I hear a great voice coming, as it were, out of the depths of the atmosphere. "Behold the Mirror of the Human Soul, and read in it the correspondences of the outer and inner forms."

As these words were uttered, a human figure came out from behind the translucent walls of the light, and then stood still, surveying the multitudes that were gathering in all directions. It was inspired with a perfect union of grandeur and harmony, that shone forth with sun-like radiance from the all-seeing eyes, and magnetised me, and in a greater or less degree all that he looked upon.—Then I saw back into the deep light-fountains, whose radiant intelligence was breathed into me, instantly recognising the form and soul of Zoroaster.

He was holding up a mirror formed of interior emanations or the soul of material forms, impassable and invisible to the outer sense, but to the interior perception solid and compact as any material substance. The reflecting plane is composed of some clear, crystalline essence silvered over with a more opaque substance that opens the image into depths of perspective never seen in any merely external representation. The frame is iridescent, as if it were the most interior and refined spirit of pearls; and it casts hues around the image reflected there, corresponding with its peculiar condition and character.

Now I perceive that the Sage addressed himself to a youth, who goes up to him, into a higher plane; and they speak together, as it were face to face.—Then the Sage held the mirror before his companion, saying: "Know thyself." And when the young man beheld the image reflected there, he was almost fain to bow himself down before it, it was so wondrous fair and beautiful. But with quivering lips, and upstaring eyes, he only murmured softly: "What do I, indeed, behold?"

"Thou seest but a reflection of thine own inner and true self," answered the Sage, "Shrined in immortal and incorruptible beauty, robed with the finest of material substance, and moulded with imponderable essence, it is yet the only substantial and real part of man. Nay; it is the man himself."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed the Youth, clasping his hands in an ecstasy, "that this divine form is truly a human soul, and that, too, the interior reflection of mine own being?"

"More than this is true," responded the Sage; "for the incorruptible Immortal, that sits throned in thine own being, is not truer—is not purer—than the soul of the basest being that walks on yonder planet; for his, also, is immaculate."

"How can that be?" answered the Youth, retreating a few paces with an expression of mingled doubt and wonder. "Does not sin taint and pollute the soul?"

"Sin corrupts and deforms the character; but know, my son, that character, itself, is but the accumulated reflection of circumstance and condition and though the interior to the physical form, it is exterior to the soul, which it envelops and clothes. But this idea is not so well understood by speech as action. Look now, and tell me what thou seest."

As he spoke he turned the mirror upon one who was groping amid the dark places of a thronged city. The organism was gross in the extreme; and every linement, and the whole expression indicated a deformity worse than beastliness.

"I see only a deep interior spark, as it were a small star. The light appears intense; and it must be so, for it shines through the thick dark shroud that envelopes it; and now the shadows on the surface are deepened by the reflection of the frame, which turns to a dull, livid color, and casts on the slave a shadow of mingled black and crimson—which seems to be its interior hue."

"That," said the Sage, "is the soul of one who was conceived in filth, and born to an inheritance of shame; and he lives inhumed among the slime of civilization. And let me tell you, that in the whole heathen world is nothing like it. The heathen savage is true to the light that shines in him, and therefore, he cannot so degrade himself; but the dregs of civilization are the concentrated essence of all moral poison. And yet thou seest that even here the one inviolable spark is true. No taint can reach it; no outward constraint or pressure can actually deform it; and not even character, which is the sum of its outside expression, however beautiful it may be, reflects within a single shadow that can do it wrong."

"But if it is not deformed," urged the youth, assured and encouraged to remonstrance by the benign wisdom of his Teacher, "this which I now behold has no proper lineaments. It appears merely a small drop of light, wholly inorganic and devoid of symmetry, and without the least feature that could find its parallel in a true human being."

"Dost thou not know, my son," pursued the Sage, "that all rudimental processes of life are apparently amorphous, or without form. But I touch thine eyes with a truer power of sight; now tell me what thou seest."

"O beautiful!" exclaimed the Youth, pressing the clasped hands to his bosom, and bending his head with an expression of the deepest reverence, mingled with divine joy. "O beautiful!" he continued; "wonderful is the wisdom of the divine Author of Life! Here, folded closely within the soul of a worse than brutish man, I now behold the rudimental organism a true Humanity. Here sight is knowledge; for I can truly see, how, when these unnatural restraints and obscurities are removed, the soul must unfold and develope of itself, according to the determined laws of its own life."

"And if it were not so," answered the Sage; "no human soul could be for a moment safe; for if by any accident it might be corrupted, it might also be destroyed, since corruption is not only a sign, but a feature of decomposition and absolute death."

"But why have mankind been generally so blind to this beautiful, this wonderful truth?" questioned the boy, again looking into those wonderful eyes, that seemed to reflect outwardly the serene and beautiful wisdom of the speaker.

"It is because the masses of men can hear better than they can think for themselves, while at the same time their Teachers are more under the influence of dogmatism, than true worship, or right reason. It needs but this to show that they who maintain such doctrines as innate depravity, level their strength directly against all rational faith in immortality, and thus strike down the very basis of that religion they are seeking to uphold. But look again, and tell me what thou seest."

"A clear, dark shadow is reflected from the frame, while the interior light is not only less obscure, but is actually larger, with more truly defined rudiments of form."

"That is the image of one whose physical conformation is of the grossest human type. The body is smeared with grease and clad in raw skins."

"But can there be anything among us so low and revolting as this?" still questioned the Youth.

"Thou hast seen," answered the Sage, "and seen truly, that the soul of the heathen savage is not so deeply, so completely obscured, as that of him who has sunk into the foul trenches of Civilization. This self-consciousness is more true to the Hottentot. He has more faith in the integrity of his own character and usage; for there is nothing present that could force upon him an unfavorable comparison. Hence he has more freedom, and a truer sense of manhood. His bearing is erect, his look upward; and he never feels that oppressive sense of degradation, that withers and prostrates, and crushes all but the inmost type of humanity out of the savage prowler of Civilization."

"But would'st thou know how some of those among the higher ranks of Civilization compare with these? Here is the soul of a Usurer—or of one who, in the lowest sense of the term, is a mere maker of money."

"O misery! O profanity!" exclaimed the Youth. "Can this be really the soul of one who sits at Christian tables and frequents Churches, and hears the Gospel of the Blessed One? In certain of its powers it has a more determined development; yet for this very reason, perhaps, it is more depraved than either; and together with this the inharmo-



nious and unnatural mingling of strong and unnatural lights and shades, gives to the whole a hideous and revolting aspect. How can this be? I pray you tell me!"

"This," returned the Sage; "is a man that is well as the world goes. He is governed by policy; for that is the seal society has put on all its current coin. He not only frequents Churches, but he also helps to support, and even build them; for with the fine sense of an acute and skilful transmuter, he sees that it will 'pay.' Yet he neither made his own character, nor chose that it should be so made. Society did the work. Hence he is neither a proper subject of scorn or loathing. This, not less than the soul of the Hottentot, is the victim of circumstances; and such are to be found in many human forms. They are multiplied and throng around thee. They are borne in the great whirlpool of human life, whose forces continually acting in every direction, are expected to despoil the individual man of his own special rights and possessions. The only admitted or commonly understood remedy for this, is an intense selfishness, which by drawing every thing centerward seeks to overcome the resistance of untoward circumstances, and concentrate whatever is most desired, in the possession of the man himself. By constant exercise, this propensity becomes exaggerated, deformed and monstrous; and by the inward force, it tends more than all other things, to dwarf and contract the outline and power of the soul. Pity, then, rather than blame a soul like this; for deeply-obscured and heavy-laden as it is it cannot do otherwise than suffer, though it be only in sympathy, and that unconsciously. And yet, rejoice with it; for even the hard gripe of selfishness cannot permanently contract—cannot maim—cannot rob it of itself, or make it less a soul. The Royal Dweller of the Inmost sits throned within his palace walls and though he be, through his Earth-life locked in, and thus remain unknown—even though he may never recognise himself; yet the shadows will be dispersed and the long familiar bonds finally broken. Then the imprisoned Majesty will be exhumed from its narrow cell, and reinstated in its rights and possessions, and invested with its full prerogative."

"This is the wonder of wonders—profounder than the riddle of the Sphinx—deeper than the shrived mysteries of Egypt. It is the central law of spiritual universe; and by it must be solved every problem of life, capacity and progress."

"I am awe-struck," said the Youth. "I stand silent and abashed, in the presence of this august denizen, even of the lowest human form; for I now comprehend that it was not only made in the image but in the wisdom of God."

"On this great truth," responded the Sage; "we ground all our hope of redemption to the world.—Take the mirror. It shall multiply itself continually, for the use of all true workers. Hold it before men. Preach not to them of a God afar off; but show them the God within; and as their sight opens, they shall be loyal to themselves, and to the destiny that is truly leading them out into the companionship and work of angels."

A soft, opaque light flowed around the form of the Sage; and as he ceased speaking, I saw him no more.

APPOINTMENTS.—Sometime ago we saw it stated that when Mr. Pierce offered the appointment of Minister to Bogata to an intimate personal friend up North somewhere, this friend telegraphed back, "I accept:—but, Frank, where the devil is Bogata?" This reminds an old Virginia friend of ours of the fact (well-known in Virginia) that Mr. Van Buren appointed to a consulship at some island in the Pacific, one Thomas R. Gray, of Va., who, after cruising around the world a year or two came back and said, "that island couldn't be found!"

#### Tendency of Spiritualism to Retrograde.

Freedom of speech and of the press are among the boasted privileges enjoyed in our republican government. But alas! how few enjoy an entire and perfect freedom to express their own thoughts independent of, and unbiased by, the opinions of others. Freedom of the press, in a land where the prevailing religion forbids the exercise of human reason, and is hedged about and protected by the most rigid system of intolerance, is a thing of rare occurrence. So closely are men united by the common sympathies of humanity that it seems to require a super-human effort to rise above and become positive to the sentiments and opinions of others.

Many and various are the causes which conspire to paralyze and render nugatory the efforts of the most radical and, I might say, best minds in the land. The love of approbation holds sufficient power over many minds to bind them, as with a tyrant's chain, to the car of public sentiment, and compel them to clothe their *expressed* sentiments in such language as shall be most acceptable to and in agreement with the professions of the world around them. Some persons there are who care little for the opinions of others except so far as it may be conducive to the gratification of other faculties of the mind by the accumulation of wealth, the acquisition of power, or by gaining an ascendancy over the minds and consciences of others. But all these angularities, and many others, need to be worn off, by the friction of truth, ere the minds of men shall become entirely free to utter forth their highest thoughts for the consideration and benefit of others.

The above thoughts have been suggested by the course pursued by many of the Reform Journals of the day. Even Editors of Spiritual papers, who have professedly come out of the modern theological babel, have not ceased to mingle in the confusion of tongues that reigns within it. In many instances they seek to make Spiritualism comport with the teachings of a book, which from its antiquity and the sanctity thrown around it by a designing and interested Priesthood, has taken but too prominent a place in the minds and affections of men. That such reformers are not entirely free from the chains which have so long bound them to the past, is evinced by the publication and practical endorsement of sermons and discourses which are predicated upon the sayings of persons who lived thousands of years ago. By this means the sayings of Jesus and his apostles, with those of many others who lived in by-gone centuries, are held up, through Spiritual papers, as being of binding import upon the lives and consciences of people at this day.

This mixing up of the liberal and progressive principles of the Harmonial Philosophy with the conservatism of the Bible, is but the result of holding on to the traditionary legends of the past with one hand, whilst they are reaching heavenward with the other to grasp the truths which are being revealed to man through the ministration of Angels.

The efforts put forth by Editors of Spiritual papers, in certain directions, to drag in the popularity of Beecher, Chapin and the fashionable theology of the day, to give character to Spiritualism, must necessarily retard rather than advance the cause they seek to promote. That these men, though disconnected with Spiritualism, say many good things, are really reformers, I do not dispute, yet, there is so much chaff, in proportion to the amount of genuine wheat they deal out to the famishing thousands to whom they profess to administer the bread of life, as to render growth, in those who accept it, slow and uncertain. So long as their dis-

courses are predicated upon, and contain within themselves, the distinctive principles of the old dispensation, it is worse than folly to introduce them as instrumentalities for the advancement of the new. The absurdity of Spiritualists going down into the murky atmosphere of modern theology for light, is equaled only by the religious world in seeking in the undeveloped past for a perfect standard of moral and religious rectitude. From this condition of mind arises the disposition, so frequently manifested by Spiritualists, to get up organizations and hedge them about with constitutions or confessions of faith; thereby saying to those who do not subscribe to their creeds and come into their fold, "Stand by thyself, come not near to us; for we are holier than thou." To such minds the chains and fetters of mental despotism sit lightly, and are even desirable, because men are so constituted as to be satisfied with the conditions of the planes of their respective unfoldments.

As the eye unused to the light instinctively turns from the dazzling rays of the noon day sun, so does the mental vision, if brought too suddenly in contact with this new unfolding, turn from the light to seek relief in the shadowy past. Hence the disposition amongst Spiritualists to go down amid the fogs, and mists, and darkness of past theologies in search of a beacon whose mellow light shall be more in agreement with the strength of their mental vision. Thus it would seem that many Spiritualists, Editors and others, find it pleasant to linger within the murky atmosphere of a theology whose foundation was laid amid the darkness of two thousand years ago.

But we would not complain of these things.—There is a law which governs in this, as in every department of nature, working out certain and inevitable results. The manifestations of mind, whether progressive or conservative, are always in agreement with development. Hence, we infer, as the signs of the times already indicate, a sifting amongst Spiritualists. That class of which we have been treating, whose developments unfit them for a higher freedom or a purer light, must, necessarily as the excitement attendant on the advent of Spiritualism shall subside, find their places either in creed-bound organizations of their own, or within the confines of an older and more popular theology.

Man must be developed to the conditions of freedom ere he can stand up, in all the dignity of his individuality, and exercise its prerogatives. As the mental vision becomes familiar with a purer light—a light unobscured by bigotry, superstition, creeds or confessions of faith—the chains which bind the mind down to the observance of forms, and ceremonies, and arbitrary conventionalities shall part, link by link, and man shall enjoy the realization of that freedom and happiness for which the world has so long sought and prayed.

Marengo, O,

E. E. MOREHOUSE.

#### HEART HUNGER.

The heart hath hunger, as the body hath. Where one person dies of physical want, a dozen perish from starvation of the affections. Men cannot live by bread alone; but the soul must likewise be fed. A pig can subsist on corn, and a horse on hay and oats; but men and women must have spiritual food. He who attempts to live without sympathy, makes a beast of himself. To a fine, sensitive, genial nature, love is both meat and fuel. We have seen a poor puny child, to which neither nutriment nor medicine could give warmth and strength, suddenly rouse and grow healthy and ruddy, when some large-hearted, elderly, unmarried aunt, with no husband or child of her own to bestow the rich stores of her affections upon, came to feed the little thing with her heart's blood and a teaspoon.

This hunger for love is a divine appetite, and it is folly to attempt to starve it out. Oh, ye yearning, starved, unhappy souls! do not think you are doing God service by crucifying the holy sympathies He has given you, but go and find the kindred spirit that is even now reaching out its aching, eager arms for you, and learn how sweet a thing it is to sit at the feast of love!"—*Exchange*.



## THE AGITATOR.

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

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

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

CLEVELAND, O., OCTOBER 1, 1859.

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

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

## A WOMAN'S VIEWS OF WOMAN.

A brother editor presented to a lady friend our pamphlet, "The False and True Marriage," with a request that she would read it and report her convictions of its merits. The following extract from her letter to the gentleman, gives a tolerably good idea of her opinion of it and of woman's mission:

"By your request I have read the pamphlet 'False and True Marriage,' by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown; but have not been delighted with its perusal. The tendency of the book is to open the flood-gates of licentiousness to base and undeveloped minds. The marriage institution is the basis to all true society. There is now and then a false marriage, but still I hold that when the 'wedding ring' is accepted, it should be for life. I am not in favor of divorce in any case. The advocating of woman's rights is about the *smallest* business that a woman can engage in. Women have more rights now than they are capable of using with prudence. Her place is not upon the stage. When she attends to her home affairs, as she should, she will find sufficient to attract all her attention, and occupy all her time.

If you had a wife, how would it suit you to have her start on election morning for the polls and spend the day with a pack of men, or have her start on a lecturing tour and leave you and the family to get along as best you could? Would you not think her first right was to stay at home and attend to family duties? I rejoice that our place is without one of those public characters, and we have no Bloomers among us, nor one whose aspirations lead her beyond her sphere—not one who is not content to be what God made her—a woman, and not a politician, lawyer, legislator, or a lecturer even."

## REMARKS.

The good woman seems shocked by the zig-zag way some of us are going. The most lamentable feature of the letter is her seeming honesty. God be merciful to a woman who is content in her chains. There is little hope of her. Our sister, we doubt not, will pardon us if we try to prove her at fault in her judgment of the pamphlet. She says, "its tendency is to open the flood-gates of licentiousness," &c. Let the book tell its own story. Here are two extracts from it:

"My object, however, is not to lay rude hands upon the heart altar. I would mend broken bonds, brush and burnish shrines where tears have rusted and life-blood corroded. I would light, with love oil, the darkened places in the sanctuary of home; I would aid in uprearing a sacred temple upon the walls of which 'Holiness to Humanity' shall be written.

"It is to be regretted that Justice and Mercy have cause to demand the exposure of the thousand Crimes that have borrowed of the Law their robes of virtue to serve his Majesty the Devil in; but since it is so, let us honestly and faithfully expose the false and present the true."

"If Nature could be permitted to speak to and through the soul, she would ask but her own marriage. She would not perjure her soul by accepting what belonged to another. How may the soul know its own? In this age of social inversion one may easily be deceived. But a child is never deceived in its attractions because it is true to nature. Dante was a Nature child prematurely developed. He met Beatrice in the innocence of childhood. They were unschooled in conventionalism. Consequently soul met soul, thought to thought, spirit to spirit responded. They were married. A thousand magistrates could not have bound them more closely, nor ten thousand divide them, for their marriage certificate received the seal of Divinity. In the true marriage there may be minor points of difference, but true love is ever ready to make concessions. Upon fundamental points there will be no disagreement among married people. Purity and sensuality will not wed. Truth and falsehood have no affinizing properties. The truly married have like loves, like hopes and aspirations alike. There will be no jealousy, ownership, discord or divorces where there is a soul-union. We do not quarrel with ourselves, and petition for a divorce, or ask a third party to adjust our differences."

Do thoughts like these open the gates of sin?

There should be no "divorce in any case." One thing is certain, the lady has never known, never felt the withering curse of unholy bonds. She has never been to God alone at the midnight hour, asking him to send the good angel, Death, to open to her the gate of the house of social bondage. She has never read the words, traced with a pen of living fire upon the walls of her soul's sanctuary, "Cursed be they who people Earth and heaven with disease and discord." Oh, not none of these things have moved her. She is either blind, and

deaf, and dead to all moral responsibilities or she has only seen the sunny side of life.

"Woman's rights a small business." We are compelled again to seek an excuse for our sister. She is ignorant of the laws or shockingly stupid. In Ohio, a married woman does not own her shoes, her children or herself.

"All the rights she wants." Poor deluded soul! A horrible thing for a woman to go to the polls and vote or speak from the rostrum. Yet she may spend the season at Saratoga—waste her time in retailing scandal at tea-parties. She may go to balls, the altar and the grave with the man who would disgrace her at the ballot box. It is generally supposed that our sacred laws—the laws that bind life-long, are made by persons it is dangerous to meet on election day.

Not a "Bloomer in the town." Wonder what heaven-forsaken place the woman lives in. CONTENTED WOMAN! Where are the Missionaries?

## ELIZA COOK.

The following communication we find in the Banner of Light. It was spoken by J. H. Conant, Trance medium, and tells another sad story of a poor crushed human heart. If the murderers, the suicides and the poor outcasts, could all speak what fearful, heart-rending tales would be told of blighted hopes, of misplaced affection, of trust betrayed, and of hearts crushed and broken by the weight of sorrow—of silent unuttered grief.

"ELIZA COOK.—I don't know what you expect of me. I drowned myself fifteen years ago, in the Delaware River. I was twenty-one years old. Left a husband and one child—a daughter. My name was Eliza Cook. I was born in Jersey City—was married there. I have a husband living; he goes up and down the North River in one of the boats. His name is William Cook. He wishes to know why I committed suicide; tell him that is a question he can answer quite as well as I can. What else will I give you?

Could I speak to my daughter—my child? Oh, then, tell her I come; ask her to forgive me for leaving her to the mercy of this cold life. Her name was Mary Eliza. Can I speak with her as I speak with you? I would like to have her go to some medium; she is nineteen—most twenty. She was born in Jersey City; I left her there with my mother, who died of grief shortly after my death. I was her only child.

Will I go? I would like to speak with my child, I care not to speak to any one else. They told me my husband called me here. Tell him to answer his own questions, and be satisfied with the reply coming from his own soul.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PROGRESSIONIST, published at Cross Anchor, S. C., by Joel H. Clayton and Dr. Dixon L. Davis, has come to us with words of faith, love and hope—hope of a better future for humanity. May it live long and work right manfully with the workers and for the race.

DIGGING FOR CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURES, is the startling title of a startling narrative.

The author's name is not given; but a Yankee would guess at once that J. B. Conklin is the author. We know Kidd is his friend and has promised him a little money to be expended for the benefit of Humanity. We have read the work with deep interest.

Price 15 cents, postage paid. For sale at this office.

## FOR SALE.

We have on hand a few copies of each number of the Agitator since July, 1858, thirty numbers in all, which we will sell for one dollar. The last year's papers [24] we will sell for seventy-five cents, or one dollar and pay the postage on them.

We have the "Principle,"—published by J. B. Conklin—bound; one volume seventy-five cents, two volumes one dollar.

## A NEW STORY.

We commence to-day the publication of an original story by Miss Willbor.

Those who have read her sweet heart-songs will expect a story of deep interest and rare merit. They will not be disappointed. The tale is no fiction, but a history of the every day life of a struggling, aspirational young woman.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE X has misled several. We said an X would remind a few that they were indebted for the last year's Agitator.—While we were making that X our clerk was devising some means of knowing what papers needed "notices." She made an X on the slip containing the name. Her mark is black ours red.

MR. UTLEY—Your papers were mailed as directed.

DR. BUCKLEY—The circular came to late. Do not know Joseph Treat's address.

J. L. POTTER—Mr. Finney's "Miracles and Prophecies" have not been published.

## EDITORIAL ITEMS.

IT MAY BE INFERRED that articles in the Agitator, not credited to exchanges, are original.

SEVERAL FRIENDS ask if personal friendship induced us to publish Mr. Sterling's review of Gerrit Smith. No, not a bit of it. We publish for principles and not for friendship's sake. It is time the subjects nearest the human heart were discussed. If any one sees a wrong in Mr. Sterling's views, let him point out the wrong and, if the criticism is well written, it shall have place in the paper. Cowards only are afraid of free discussion.

A number of articles condemning Mr. Finney's views of the Bible have been sent; but not one pointing out his errors. Give us facts. It is all we ask.

WANTED.—A situation for a typo—a young lady of good acquirements and excellent moral character. Will any one in want of such a person, write us immediately?

THE APOCRYPHAL TESTAMENT we sold for 18 cents are gone. We have them now for 20, 25 and 30 cents, postage 10 cents. These books were printed in 1832, from the London edition. The man who published them became suddenly convinced that they did not contain the inspired word of God and laid them by. Some of them are time worn, but the reading is perfect.

READ THE "VISION," by Fanny Green. Is the philosophy of Zoroaster true?

THERE is a prophecy that there is to be a "sifting among Spiritualists," by Spiritualists.

E. E. Morehouse has begun the work in to-day's paper.—Cora Wilburn asks room to utter her thoughts regarding the love of gain, display and kindred follies found among the Spiritualists. S. J. Finney wishes to publish his views of Reform and Reformers.

So long as principles and not persons are to be discussed, so long we shall be glad to receive the thoughts of thinkers, however much they may differ from our own.

REV. E. CASE, JR., has withdrawn from the Universalist denomination and gone forth a herald of the New Dispensation. He has sent an article for the Agitator, and proposes an occasional communication.

Glad of his forward march and glad of his promised aid.

WE WILL send this number of the Agitator to those who have not yet renewed their subscription, hoping soon to hear from them by way of a renewal.

WE expect to attend the Friends' Meeting in Fairmount on the 1st and 2d days of October, and in Richmond, Ind., the 8th and 9th of October.

Unforeseen circumstances prevented our attending the Buffalo Convention.

GERRIT SMITH, in a private note to us, in speaking of Mr. Sterling's criticism says: "My friend Sterling's Review will certainly need no reply. He is a Christian gentleman and will not deal unfairly."

MR. E. WARNER writes that from November till May he and Mrs. Warner purpose to travel and work, meantime, for the elevation and advancement of Men and Women. They propose visiting Ashtabula County, then Wisconsin and Southern Illinois. Mrs. Warner is a true woman and among the best trance speakers. We trust the proposed trip will be spiritually and pecuniarily advantageous to our friends.

MR. STERLING's second article in reply to Gerrit Smith's Discourse, is unavoidably deferred till the next number.

WILL purchasers and others who owe us for the Agitator, remit, immediately, the small sums our due? We should certainly be happy to scatter the paper broadcast gratuitously, had we the means of so doing.

READ last page. Emma Tuttle has told a sweetly sad story in song.

AGITATOR RECEIPTS and several articles left out to give place to the synopsis of Emma Hardinge's Lecture.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.—This sterling paper comes to us with a new form, new head, and new conductors. Mr. Newton has associated with himself W. H. Chaney, as editor in chief, who seems to be not only a spiritualist, but a Reformer.

So says the "GOOD TIME." We can judge better after a sight of the paper.

WANTED.—A few numbers of the Agitator for May 1st. We will pay well for them.

## MRS. MIDDLEBROOK.

By turning to the notices the reader will see that Mrs. Middlebrook purposes coming west again. She ranks among the best speakers and truest, bravest women. Let those who desire her services lose no time in writing her, so she can make her appointments. Cleveland will claim a Sunday.

THE PHILANTHROPIC CONVENTION.—Most if not all of A. J. Davis' opening speech at the Convention, will appear in the next number of the Agitator.



## LECTURE OF MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

On Spiritualism, at Chapin's Hall, Cleveland, on Sunday, September 18, 1859.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE has been in Cleveland. A few less than five thousand listened, enchanted, to her words of love and wisdom. But while we admire Miss Hardinge, the lecturer, we love the noble, self-sacrificing woman who, without "purse or scrip," or a herald, went forth to preach the New Gospel. Less than four years ago the young English girl found herself a stranger in a strange city. A widowed mother was dependent on her for maintenance. The Immortals asked her aid in their cause. What was the result? The few who had learned to love the woman, turned affrighted from the medium. Her pupils left her; the Spiritualists of New York asked: "Who is she? Who are her kindred? Will she bring glory or reproach upon our cause?"

Amid the clamor and confusion one human voice was heard glorifying her great powers; one heart, amid that strange multitude, remained true. That voice—that soul belonged to a woman! Within there was ever a "still small voice" whispering "Peace" to the wild waves of human passion; around her there was a protecting army of angels. With them and for them she went forth strong in the power of Faith.

To-day she is one of the brightest stars in the Celestial Heavens. She is now engaged for twelve months between New York and New Orleans, and still the cry comes from the North and West, East and South, "Come over and help us."

We can give no better idea of her lectures here than by copying from Mr. Cridge's report in the Vanguard:

"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

Who does it?

"The Truth shall make you free."

Can you bear it—make it a supreme standard? The most sacred of all standards is God's great gospel of Nature. Modern Spiritism has developed a mountain of facts. We wish to consider some of the issues growing out of these facts.

What does spirit existence amount to without spirit communion? All progress is the result of an interchange of thought growing out of spirit communion. Spiritism is the knowledge that spirits come. But of what avail is it without Spiritualism, which teaches our spirit to grow, and elevates it to a brighter world? Spiritism wields the sword of fact with such a power that none can deny its presence; half the world readily acknowledge it; but the other half denounces Spiritualism as destructive. It may be this; but it is more. It is a temple wherein we shall dwell in the future. This we would give you; but you will not have it unless we first march over the ruins of that you hold sacred.

If Spiritualism be a religion, it is but an impertinence unless it give you that which you cannot else possess. We must prove the old false and the new needed to supply its deficiencies.

Spiritualism is a religion. What has religion done; what should it do?

The world must have a religion. From the earliest records it has had religion of some kind. The religious principle has been universal and supreme. Religion was flourishing among the Sabaeans; and had been for ages previous. Even that takes back religion to other systems still more ancient of which we have no written record. We cannot lay a finger on any record which proves that man did not always have a religion.

The first records are monumental. On the banks of the Ganges, in Egypt, countries where the burning heat of the climate makes heavy muscular labor repulsive and wearing away life; there we find traces of the heart's love which, in the earliest ages caused the ancients to lay down their lives at the shrine of religion. The ancient inhabitants of India, in spite of climatic disadvantages and entirely without mechanical contrivances, laid structures, which defy the imitation of Europe, with all its science, art and material economies. So of Egypt, Balbec and Palmyra, speak of the supremacy of the religious element there. The monuments of Greece and Rome speak with equal force of the prevalent devotion to an "unknown God."

So in savage lands; every remnant is stamped with religion. A vast array of Priests, in white and black and stately attire troop along as we review the history of days gone by. We find religion in Hindoo mothers overcoming the strongest natural affections; we find the Jews devoted to their religion in spite of starvation, suffering and captivity. Those hideous holocausts of the middle ages, the Crusades, were directed and sustained by the religious principle. The fires of martyrdom prove its strength and power, both in the persecutors and victims. What but religion sustained the Inquisition and caused the massacre of St. Bartholemew? In France, beautiful fertile France, we find the people in the past transformed into hordes of savages, pursuing one another to the death, to the "Glory of God!"

Calvin, Luther, Fox, Wesley—ranking high in the sphere of living, heroic thought—each has inscribed on his forehead, "to the Unknown God." Life, strength, wealth and energy, all are laid upon the altar of religion with lavish hand. More than two-thirds of the world's wealth, arts and sciences, are devoted to erecting stately cathedrals and costly churches; and all for religion. Wealth, power, human labor, have been and still are working at the shrine of the Unknown God.

Which of you, among all the nations, has found out the one true, living God?

So tremendous is the power of the Church, that the man who does not stand within its pale is ignored, marked, tabooed by the best of the human race. Science, wealth, life, the best affections—since these have all been bestowed on Religion, we ask, what has it done for the race in return? The light of the mid-day sun of Truth is better than any amount of candles and tapers. By this light, then, let us examine and see what Religion has accomplished for the race. There are three requisitions—points—on which religion should answer—

Should these be satisfactorily answered by it, those fleeting shadows need not return. These points are:

1. Knowledge of God.
2. Absolute evidence of Immortality.
3. A perfect standard of life and practice.

Can you have more than these?

The little daisy on the hill-side, though materially merged in other forms and individualities, can never be lost; it has left an indelible impress. Even the grain of dust beneath our feet tells the tale of Immortality. The spirit that ultimately in such wondrous mechanical inventions, that reigns almost sovereign of the realm of nature—shall it ever be quenched? The light of your taper lives again in numberless forms. Taper of Light, ask of Religion what is thy destiny?

Why is the principle not carried out of "doing unto others as ye would others should do unto you?" Why do pale and hungry faces languishingly cry for bread? Why poverty, sickness and crime? Where is the religious standard of life and practice?

We ask for God; and lo, a thousand-tongued clamor from Druid and Hindoo, Persian and Egyptian and Red Indian! No conception that man ever imagined but clamors forth, "We have found the only true God."

Christians may claim that by a supernatural revelation they have found the only true God. But the clamor from pole to pole all the world over is a trifle to that arising from hundreds of churches and sects. Within three hundred years of the death of the Master, at least five hundred Christian sects arose. In order to still their clamor, and stop the persecutions and animosities therefrom arising, the Council of Nice was called. What does it tell us of God?

The Athanasian creed is the creed of every Christian sect except the Unitarians. Let us analyse a portion of it.

"Whoever will be saved," (well we all desire to be saved,) "must believe."

Belief depends on testimony, but this creed starts without any. One verse says we must believe in three Gods, the next that we must believe in one. The whole creed is an alternate series of contradictions, without a word about life practice, with one exception. That says that those who believe and have done good shall go into everlasting happiness; but if we can be saved by believing only, of what avail are your works? There is not the least evidence furnished in the creed on which to base a belief. Now let us see what Jesus says:

All the law and commandments consists in love to God and the neighbor. When asked what sect was most pleasing to him, he designated the most despised and abhorred of Jewish sects, the Samaritan; nothing about the person or life in any respect; acts constituted with him the test of life. A sound heart was his creed; the hand his gospel; and love to the neighbor the test of life.

Why did Athanasius forget the existence of Christ when he formed his creed?

Religion, according to your best commentators, claims to be separated and distinct from the six days of the week, which are to be governed by morality. This testimony of eleven men is adduced as evidence of a future life, while that of eleven thousand is rejected. A finite being cannot be the recipient of an infinite revelation. Can his testimony be valid? Yes, if it is reliably established—if the witness is known. But the say-so of eleven unreliable men is the testimony adduced.

The Church takes the position that all communication with the other world is miraculous. They are compelled to take ground that spirits revealed. But why cannot they do so now? Because, it is replied, it was a miracle. But we deny miracles. Your machinists turn out machines that require no after-patching. Then will you deny at least equal skill to the Divine machinist? A vast creation, millions of worlds launched into space by a Mind who afterwards has to return in order to patch them up! Your miracles are not proven.—A miracle is defined to be "a special act that has not been, by constant repetition, proved to originate from a natural law." But the constant repetition of appearances in savage and civilized life proves spirit appearances to come within the scope of natural laws. This is proved by all history, sacred and profane; even by the testimony, up to five centuries after Christ, of the Primitive Christians, and in fulfillment of the promises of Christ:

"Greater work than these shall ye do."

Paul asks, "Are they not all ministering spirits?"

Fairies and fictions, sylphs and gnomes, are the beautiful refuges of the world when the Church denied spirit intercourse. It was not imagination; there is no such thing.—The human mind cannot originate; it can only repeat.

As to life practices. In which of the articles of the 3025 sects do you find the obligation to "do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you?"

Why do arts and sciences advance with such lightning speed, while morality has advanced so little? An ingenious Frenchman has discovered that for fifty years in succession the statistics of crime remain about the same. Yet, in every thing except morality, progression is constant and rapid.—This proves that religion has not done its work. Were your systems of religion simply innoxious, intellectual beliefs bringing forth no fruit, we should be less ready to oppose them. But man cannot be better than his God.

[Here the lecturer specified a few of the contradictions and cruelties of the Bible God.]

Three thousand and twenty-five sects claim to get their opinions from the Bible. Under such circumstances we cannot expect unity of action as to ways and means from existing religions. Not only has religion left life unsanctified by the divine element, but she has given impunity to sin. What little she has done, the prisons have done better. It has not been a preventive to crime, only a check on its influences on the good.

Can nothing better be done than this?

If the human father be a type of the divine, then we have a God in heaven, though theology may call him a demon.

SLEEP.—Oh! let youth cherish the happiest of earthly boons while yet it is at his command; for there cometh a day to all, when "neither the voice of the lute nor the birds" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes, as unbidden as the dews.

Try to let everybody's faults be forgotten, as you would wish yours to be.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—I feel that I cannot with a very good grace complain of you or your compositor, for a variety of blunders which appeared in my article in your last number. My chirography, I know, is miserable, and to one unacquainted with it, great credit, rather than blame, is due for the degree of accuracy which was manifest in your copy. I could however, have wished that fewer mistakes had appeared; but to a critical reader, the mistakes must be quite obvious, and will be pardoned.

While the Tribune and Spiritual Telegraph refuse such articles, the first because they are not paid for so doing, and the latter, because it may, perhaps, injure their circulation and thus diminish their means of usefulness, I really have to thank "The Gods," that there is one person, and that one a woman, who has sufficient courage and nobleness of spirit, and sufficient faith in and love for truth, to permit all subjects which concern our humanity, to be discussed. Oh! this moral cowardice, I do despise, or rather I would say, I pity its possessor. What so important, and what so much needed, as a proper knowledge of our social and sexual relations? If God was not too fastidious to create these and to make us male and or female, men and women, it ill becomes a child of His to blush draw back from a full study and examination of these subjects. "To the pure all things are pure," and when I see individuals who repudiate such discussion and think them too delicate improper for the public mind, I naturally infer one of two things—that they are very ignorant of the importance of the subject, or else there is something wrong at home. But "truth is mighty and it will prevail."

New York, Sept. 16, '59.

JNO. M. STERLING.

DEAR HANNAH: I want you, please, as an especial favor, in a month or so hence, to give me room in the Agitator for the free expression of my sentiments on my views of Spiritualism, and other subjects connected with it. You have offered the free platform on the soil of the Agitator, and I trust you will permit me to say all I have to say in your paper; although my ideas and sentiments may vary (some of them) utterly from yours, or many of your readers. I feel impressed as a bounden duty and obligation, to define my position, clearly, boldly, without shrinking or reluctance. I have viewed with deep pain, with sorrow and indignation, the worldliness, greed of gain, love of fine clothes, and other kindred abuses creeping into the Spiritual ranks, nestling to the hearts and souls of mediums, who publicly advocate self-denial and charity and world-wide beneficence, cherish in their daily lives habits of luxury and exclusiveness, indolence and love of gold. I am sick and weary of witnessing this, dear Hannah, of beholding communications from the spirit world meted out by the hour glass and the minute hands upon the clock; of beholding the poor, (God's children as well as the richest) treated with the same superciliousness that marks those less developed Christians the mediums denounce so loudly. Where is the medium, giving a few hours weekly for the benefit of the unmoneyed thirsters after Spiritual communion? few, very few there are. All honor to those truthful, truly advanced few. Few also, are the lecturers willing to labor for less than a set price. And I feel that I must speak of these things, that they reach the hearts of some, and prove to others that communion with the spirit world is not a mere trade; a barter of inspiration, and truth, and healing for so many pieces of gold or silver.

Mary Willbor is a true poet; "Keepsakes" is beautiful; but "My Maimee" caused my heart to beat with a pleasing sadness; it is an effusion steeped in the very spirit of beauty and spirituality. As soon as my flagging poetical pinions unfold in the returning sunshine, you shall have some of my attempts in the expression of the beautiful that is more felt than seen.

Is there any Spiritual paper published in California at present? please let me know.

For Truth and Justice, Purity and Peace, love and good will to all, thine,

CORA WILBURN.

LITTLE attentions, trifling but perpetual; a minute consultation of the wants and wishes, tastes and tempers of others,—these are the little things that outweigh a thousand acts of showy herosim.



## SOUL RECORD.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I keep no more a record of the outward life, but I guard most sacredly the sunny and shadowy pages of the past—the heart records of experience, stamped with the holy impress of disciplining sorrow, or bathed in fervid luster of a joy divine. Upon them lingers, faint and timorous, the human expression of a mighty thought, the partial unfoldings of that angel faculty by the world called imagination. The unacknowledged sorrow nestles there; the fleeting joy, the wavering aspiration, the unconscious prophecy have left their impress of strength and beauty on that indelible record of the soul. I have a number of these leaves, and some are beautiful with the roseate reflections of Paradise, the sunlit glory of the angel worlds.—Others, rainbow-tinted, or submerged in gloom, have fallen to the earth, and there were trodden under foot by the careless multitude, that knew not how my heart strings quivered as they crushed so mercilessly those given leaves, trampling out their rich poetic tracery, their sunny hues, cherished and loved so long. Some have been saved by our intervening intuition, and glisten in the guarded light of memory, loveable and vivid, green and whispering still.

The sun's hue and the shadow alternating on these my hoarded treasures; oft returning to the half solved problems of *this* life, my soul queries of Time:

"When will your parting be—sadness and mirth?" And ever clearer, nearer, the myriad forms of life respond; that the teaching angels of Joy and Pain may not be finally separated on earth; nearer, until in some future sphere of attainment, the soul shall have grown into harmony with the Divine; until the disciplined heart, and royally invested mind shall say, exulting in the victory of the Spiritual, with child-like trust and calm, "Father I am Thine!"

This, when the soul's pinions shall no longer flag; when no more vainly shall their heavenward flight be plumed, nor the tried heart call vainly, mournfully, for peace and rest.

I find a plaint oft registered upon the heart pages of experience; that while the golden star-worlds answer, and the wind and ocean's voices respond to the invocations of humanity, while music soothes the questioning spirit throughout her wide and beautiful domain of sound; oft-times the heart that journey beside us is mute, and the hands within our own respond not to the spirit's enquiry; yet Nature never fails in maternal solicitude to give the much desired reply. Is it because unknowing, blinded by selfishness or woe, we cannot find the watchword wherewith to unlock the fast bolted gates of confidence? Perhaps it is worldly fear, or heartless custom that restrains us from passing into that holiest of sanctuaries, a welcome comer to some loving and long waiting heart.

Thou sensitive soul-lyre! too often touched by rude and unskilful fingers; only the hand of Love can awaken to fullest life thy tones of power and sweetness. How imperfect is the melody, to the spiritually attuned ear, the craving heart of affection, when worldlings draw forth the slumbering song, or when cold and intellectual display gives of thy murmuring to the wondering multitude.

Here is a clouded leaflet, saying from the heart depths of remembrance that there is a worse bondage than that of the prison doom and the felt manacles; that *chains upon the spirit* sink far deeper, wound more keenly. That world-placed, creed-formed boundaries to thought's research, ice-barriers of conventionality and earth's distinctions, exclude from the trembling intellect and vainly seeking heart the truths and beauties of the life of soul.

These cherished restrictions, and man-formed enactments have never yet sufficed to preserve the spirit from the chills of skepticism and disappointment, to keep starvation from its unguarded realm.

Arising from a mass of crushed and darkened foliage, instinct with its own life of wondrous power, a leaflet waves in the sun gilded charm of memory, and I translate its hieroglyphics thus:

"I believe in thee, oh Love! in thy divine and all pervading spirit, and in thy individualized beauty, thou purest, highest gift of God! Before the stupendous grandeur of the intellect I bow in admiration; before the lofty monuments of art, I stand enthralled in wonder; but unto Thee the homage of my heart is given; for Thee my best songs, the consecration of my spirits own. Through thee, the antagonisms of this life shall cease, and angel hosts unite with man into the one great Harmonial Brotherhood.

Not clad in earthly splendors, nor arrayed in kingly pomp, shalt thou stand forth, the Conqueror and the Leader of the marshaled hosts. Thy regal vestments of the light of Heaven, and thy star wreath blazing with the illumined fires of soul—with lily scepter and winged feet, thou art the commissioned angel and the holy conqueror of earth. From thy heart thrills persuasive music, to the temples of divinest love thou leadest the true worshipper. The tablets of immutable law, the sacred commandments of Truth, purity and holiness, thou bearest aloft. Thy trophies are soul-dedications unto God; hues consecrated to the noblest aims of humanity, hearts imbued with love divine and Christlike meekness. Beneath thy gentle sway the evils of this life depart and the glimpses of the Heaven, thy birth-place, flash upon the consciousness of men. The sunlit warmth and glory of heart and home, the peace and rest and joy of being the worship and the aims of soul, the harmony and trust of life, all, all to earth thou bringest—radiant messenger of God! Thy sun-rays flash from eyes now dwelling in the spirit realms; they beam from friendly faces here, the few, the true, the chosen; and from the flowerlet's murmured sigh of praise, the breeze's sweeping melody, the ocean's rolling flood, forevermore ascends on High the tributary meed of gratitude, earth's joyous hymn unto the God of Love!"

Another heart-page reads thus: "It is night; shadows and shifting storm-clouds, and the descending rush of waters environ the fainting spirit; and it fears that nevermore it shall behold the dawn, nor bask in the sunlit Joy. Immersed in storm and gloom, it knows not that the tempest's passing is the purifying process, without which the life of soul would settle in stagnation, and the uncalled upon energies would die. The salutary heart-showers promote the growth of immortal flowerets; the lightnings of trial illumine deepest recesses of hidden aim, and bring God—like virtues to the light. The thunderbolts of seeming adverse fate strike the adamantine rocks, the defences of pride; the vain pursuits of sense, the unholy ambitious. And from the scattered wrecks of favorite hopes, from the ruins of cherished and exclusive strongholds, the soul goes forth, saddened it is true, but better for the removal of the glittering trifles that hindered its destined growth, and warped its heavenward aspirations.

Behold, in the dark recesses, fitfully illumined by the torch, gleams of sorrow, what angel forms, what winged and holy seraphs uprise from slumber. What giant faculties, benumbed and shackled by the enervating influences of prosperity, arouse to action! Behold, the loosened rivulets of sympathy; the stirred and musically flowing waters rushing to greet the ocean-tide of universal love! See, white robed Charities arising from the buried forms of selfishness; gaze on the meek-eyed Patience in-

voking Heaven with a silent prayer. Holy watchers of the night sit by the cypress shade of graves; or calmly wait beside the portals of unfolding hope. And, hark! a lyre-chord has vibrated to the inspired wooings of the poet heart; athwart the gloom a ray of light has fallen, and on the spirit racked and tortured a heavenly spell is lingering, for the angels of our God are nigh, and Sorrow is the thorn-crowned guide unto the habitations of "the pure in heart."

Behold the Dawn! The tear-drops of her beauty glisten from the bending boughs and sparkle in the roses and the lily's cup. The aromatic south wind breathes over enamelled plains and mountain summits, and the peace of nature is proclaimed. The storm has scattered far and wide much of the flowery ornaments of field and vale; the broken twigs and showered leaves lie piled around, the evidences of its devastating rule. But yet the forest oak is standing, the blue sky's renovated beauty bears no token of the past gloom; the roseate and golden splendors of the morning have no remembrance of the night; the healing tempest passed, and earth and soul is all the lovelier for its passing.

There are soul records that no mortal eye may scan: deep in the secret chambers are hung the guarded scenes, the pictured glories of the past. Some reminiscences of childhood there are concealed with the screening folds of forgetfulness; some lovely faces half obliterated from the canvass of truth by fancied wrongs or unforgiving fiat.—Withered wreaths droop there, and emblematic flowers beckon, and tokens of love are freshly kept. There are trinkets, gems and blossoms, birdling's wings and treasured rose-leaves, children's toys and sunny tresses; the glistening of white robes and amber caskets; the wafted odors of our youth's first dream; the spicy fragrance from hope's isles afar. On the soul's records flash the living day beams of the inspirations of faith and love; there sleep the revealing moonbeams, and shines the guiding stars. There the dawn begins lovingly and the cradle song is softly sung; the noonday splendors enwrap the striving heart with dreamy and prophetic stillness. Evening charms the lingering sadness of the tried and purified, and night-beams gloriously serene from her thousand thrones. There song and streamlets murmur, light and shade attenuate, ocean sings its thundering anthem, and bird-choirs tell of summer's joy. All that in the world is beautiful, sublime and tender; all that Nature teaches in her grandest mood or softest lullaby, is registered upon the inner tablets and placed, a votive offering upon the spirit's shrine.

Many of my heart-leaves are yet unread; I wait for the understanding soul of power wherewith to decipher them. Many are fair and legible though I understand them not; others are blotted by tears and torn by unwary fingers. Over some is drawn the veil of a mysterious silence; on others rests a glory from the homes beyond the grave. Shadowy or sunlit, dark or rainbow-limned, all, all are beautiful, scanned by a higher wisdom, acknowledged by submissive faith. Some are sealed, and I know not whether my hand dare break the seal on earth; some are folded close and curiously, and are deeply hidden in the farthest recesses of thought; the world—my dearest friends may not behold those mystic beams. Others again, are given to the wandering winds, a bestowal of sympathy, an offering of affection unto all.

Thus each page of life-experience brings its lesson of attainment, its salutary form of trial, and its harldings of joy; and all are beautiful, even those that pierced the heart with all the pains of crucifixion and crowned the brow with thorns; for their uses were beneficent. Every page of life bears now the humble acceptance of the soul; the hearts perception of the Father's love and goodness. On each and all is written: "Thy will be done."



## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

VIOLET.  
A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

## CHAPTER I.

As I entered the school-room this morning, my teacher called me, saying: "Violet, do you remember it is now the 22d of October, your birth-day?"

"O, yes ma'm," said I, "I should think I *would*, for I received from father a present of Peter Parley's Tales, and from mother, a very pretty work-box, with needle-book, scissors, thimble, and every thing I need to sew with; besides the girls gave me a number of whippings, and those I am sure to remember."

"Let me see," said Miss Manton, "you are eleven years old now, quite a large girl—almost too large for a romp, but still you can be of considerable assistance to mother and sisters, and sufficiently old, I think, to have your school duties enlarged. Now I am not going to make you a present, or give you a whipping; but I shall in future give you a"—here she made a pause—"something more to do in your school hours. How would you like that?"

"Very well," answered I, turning quite red in the face, as she smilingly bent down toward me for my reply; but I don't know what it is yet, you would wish me to do."

"I would like to have you commence writing a Journal. It is quite time you began to put some of those thoughts which are knocking at your little heart on paper. Let us see what they will look like? Some of them, I expect, will be a little wild; but no matter; let them come, they will soon be made tame, and with careful culture and perseverance, they may yet be a pride and honor to you. Commence by writing this morning's conversation; put down every thing you remember; write a little every day; then you'll not forget what occurs to you. Copy it neatly, and hand it in on Friday morning."

The proposition was not very pleasing, so I told her, I didn't know as I could sit still long enough. I thought writing was very hard and tedious, and as for having any thoughts to write down, I did not believe that I ever had any that I could get hold of, for when I tried to write a letter, so soon as I took up my pen, my ideas flew away like frightened birds.

"O," said she, "if that's the case, then it is high time you disciplined yourself. I have long since seen the necessity of tasking you a little more; for you find too much time to look around you, during school hours. I shall not require any thing you are not able to perform, nor anything but will prove a benefit, and perhaps a blessing. After you have written in that way a few weeks, you will find it quite easy, and will grow to loving it. In after life, you will revert to it, as to the remembrance of a dear friend, and will never forget your teacher's request. Will you try, Violet?" said Miss Manton.

"I will," answered I, "but I don't believe I shall succeed."

"O yes, you will," said she. "You may take your seat now and think on what I have said."

I could scarcely walk up to my division, I was so full of cry. The task looked like a mountain to me. The scholars were singing, I tried to join them, but soon ceased. Miss Manton said: "Violet, why do you not sing with the scholars?" Every attempt I made was useless, my voice grew so husky; my throat felt as if I had three or four hard boiled eggs in it, standing up edgewise.

The more I think of my task the worse I feel, I don't want to commence it any way. I have had poor recitations all day; I cannot keep it out of my mind one minute, not even at night, I keep dream-

ing—dreaming of it continually. I do think it is very hard of my teacher, to require me to write a Journal; there are larger girls than I, upon whom she never thinks of imposing such duties. There's Mary Hart, who sits near, who has no more to do than I have. For my part, I do not see why she does not require her to work. I rather think Miss Manton will soon tire of it; for I shall have enough to say about her, I know. Who wants to write down every thing he has done through the day? I do not, I am sure; I am always doing naughty things. I commit so many wrong actions, I shall have little else to talk about. Then how silly it seems, to talk of one's self all the time. I told father of it yesterday, expecting at least he would say he was sorry, and would certainly make an effort to speak to the teacher about it; but he seemed much pleased, and said it was an excellent idea, at the same time appealing to mother for her opinion.

"It will be good discipline," said father, and mother echoed "yes, it will; for she is wild and restless she needs something to tame her."

Only think of it! everybody speaks of me as some wild animal just escaped from a menagerie! It seems as if I could not contain myself. I am so tired of that hateful word discipline, *discipline*, DISCIPLINE, that sounds in my ears from morning till night. It was only last night Manton gave her first and second classes a long lecture on discipline. The lecture was good enough, but I am so tired of hearing it; I suppose because everybody says I need it so much. I expect to be obliged to write down what I remember of that to-morrow. Recess bell has rung, and I have no more time for writing.—Now for a few minutes play with "Graces." Good-by for this week, my stupid Journal!

Monday morning has come again, and brought with it my very unwelcome duties. My Journal is the first and last thing to claim my attention. Miss Manton, after talking some time respecting our duties out of school, as well as in, and the effect of our example on younger minds, said:

"You are now just the ages when you should be looking forward to the future. If you wish to be reliable men and women, loved and respected, and a comfort to those around you, you must commence while you are young to form good habits. You should cultivate order, industry and self control, and seek to win affection by kind offices and sacrificing your own convenience to the happiness of those around you. Your aim should be to make others happy. Self government is the most essential of all government. When we see a person attain a triumph over his evil promptings and painful trials, maintaining a calm, hopeful, loving spirit through his daily walks, we may rest assured that that person is more nobly and truly victorious than the greatest conqueror of nations the world ever produced."

She talked very well, said much more than I can remember; such *beautiful long words, too!* If I only knew them, I might possibly write something worth reading. She concluded with prayer. Some of the girls wept, but I was almost too stubborn to exhibit great emotion, for the Journal hardened my heart a little. I do find it very tedious to recount things happening to myself. I think I could write a little story much easier. This scarcely deserves the name of a composition; at any rate, I don't believe I shall ever receive credit for it.—Miss Manton says, if the members of her first and second classes do well to day, they may stop after school, with the teachers of the building, if their parents are willing, who will swing and play graces with us. So now, Journal, I leave you with a hearty good will, to attend to something I love much better—my books.

I wonder if I shall ever learn to be good, it seems

quite impossible. I am doing wrong so continually.

The first thing I did this morning, when I was dressing, was to speak cross to little Susie, my little three years old sister, who asked me to get a knot out of her shoe string; I snatched it so rudely from her that she cried; and when I returned it to her I said in as ugly a manner as possible:

"There Miss, take it! don't you ever ask me to do such a thing again! The *next* knot, you must get out yourself."

When I went down to breakfast, I took with me my wash basin. I did not give attention to what I was doing; and I suspect I did not care very much, so I spilled the water all the way down stairs, dripping it to the sink. As we were seating ourselves at the table, mother called out:

"Which of you spilled the water and left it unwiped?"

Carrie answered, (she's always telling tales of me I believe,) "Violet did; I saw her!"

"Violet; you know better than to leave the floor in that condition; get a cloth and wipe it!"

I felt contrary, so got up pouting and slammed my chair against the side of the house. Father called me back, ordering me to set the chair quietly down. I scuffed; so he compelled me to return and walk as I should, "like a lady," he said.

I took the floor cloth with the tips of my fingers, and brushed it lightly over the water, backwards, then forwards; mother stood watching and approached me saying:

"Put your hand down to it, Violet, and wipe it well."

I continued wiping it deliberately, touching it daintily, when mother took hold of my hand, pressed it down to the cloth, saying:

"Open your hand, and wipe it as you ought."

I was determined not to obey her; but she stood over me, until I had performed my duty faithfully.

When I went back to the table my father said:

"Violet, you may leave the table until we call you."

That command put the finishing touch to my ill humor; and I commenced crying right heartily.—Most bitterly did I repent of my conduct when alone. I thought of the unhappiness I had created around me; how disagreeable I had appeared to others, and how wretched I had made myself. I thought too of the tempting food I had left untasted, consisting of rice cakes, delicately small biscuits and fresh fish, which I love so well; every thing tended to increase my discomfort. My parents seemed to be in earnest conversation. How I did wish I could know what they were saying. Pretty soon they all laughed heartily. "What could it be about," thought I. Then the aggravating rattle of knives and forks fell fresh upon my ears, as I pursued my unpleasant reflections. "When I return to the table every thing will be cold and comfortless; besides no one will sit near me, to whom I can smile, or with whom I can speak, and that's not a pleasant prospect at all, and this thoughtful conclusion produced a fresh passion of tears."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDHOOD.—A child's eyes—those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think. Speak to it of the holy things of your religion; of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return—it will take, it is true, no measure or sounding of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe; whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feelings of the hour.—*Selected.*



[Original.]

## THE DESTITUTE.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

For a moment, brothers, listen  
To the moan which cometh up  
From the thin lips of the destitute,  
Who drink life's anguish cup,  
There are brows as pale as ashes,  
There are hearts as cold as snow,  
Coursing on life's dusky highway—  
Look, and you will find it so!

Not alone by tattered garments,  
Not alone by horny hands,  
Not alone by loud complainings,  
Of the need of home and lands;  
Not alone by famished faces,  
Or the meek imploring mien,  
Canst single out the destitute—  
All sorrows are not seen!

It is true the poor are outraged,  
It is true their souls are crushed,  
Till their God forgets to blame them  
Though their hands with crime are blushed;  
They're defrauded of the sunlight,  
Of God's lands, and free, fresh air,  
Of their time to gather knowledge—  
Only left enough for care!

But 'neath many a robe of satin,  
Beateeth many a needy heart,  
Which like a complaining angel,  
Pleadeth for a little part,  
Of the sympathy and kindness  
Which it prizes, wealth above;  
Oh, the brow begirt with brilliants  
Would exchange them all for love!

There is many a lone, lone orphan  
Beating out the march of life  
Mid the clamor and confusion,  
All alone amidst the strife.  
Treat them kindly, deign to love them,  
And thy mother's feelings prove,  
Do not pass them coldly saying,  
"Mine are all that I can love."

Walnut Grove Farm.

## BORN INTO SPIRIT LIFE.

On the evening of the 12th inst., Mrs. Betsy Ellsworth, aged seventy-three years, residing in Hudson, was born into the spirit land. The following evening her husband—Capt. Elisha Ellsworth, aged seventy-five years—joined her there. They were married about fifty years ago, and have ever lived happily and harmoniously together. What was the interest of one was always the interest of the other, and thus the lived—their lives untrammelled by domestic inharmony; continually growing and developing in spirit, and when within a few hours of each other, they departed from earth life, they were prepared to behold the new beauties, and receive the new truths of the spirit world.

Years ago they were connected with the Presbyterian Church in Hudson, but the light of Truth finally burst upon their investigating minds, convincing them of the unreasonableness of church doctrines, and they left the church lamented and mourned as "forever lost." In taking this step they were opposed on all sides, for there are very few persons in Hudson who can appreciate an idea higher than those of the Bible and Church; but the stronger the opposition the firmer were they in maintaining their *infidel* ideas.

They were strong in their belief in Spiritualism, and with that fearlessness which characterized them both, advocated its truths under any circumstances, regardless of the opinions of others. Oh! there is so much happiness in the thought that they are not lost to us, but yet live, only in a higher and happier world than this. Truly Spiritualism has "robbed Death of its victory."

Hudson, Sept. 20, 1859.

C. C. W.

DEAR SISTER H.—When I was in Cleveland a few weeks since, I remember speaking to thee of a very dear Friend, of whose sickness I had just heard, and whose recovery was then despaired of by the friends present with him. On arriving at home I found that this good friend was slowly recovering, and that, during his sickness, their beautiful little daughter had passed the change which

we name Death. I wrote a kind letter to the stricken father and mother of the sweet angel babe.

The answering reply of the father is so tender and beautiful, that I will offer an extract from it. He writes thus:

"I thank you heartily for your kind sympathy, and words of condolence, so well calculated to soothe the troubled feelings, welling from a wounded heart. Philosophy, not even Spiritual Philosophy, can fill the vacancy caused by the passing away of a dear little child that we have been accustomed to meet so many times during the day. The little vacant chair stands in the corner; the little bed is unruffled; the prattling tongue and pattering feet, are no more heard. A little hillock of fresh earth has recently been made in yonder grave yard. I cannot think but the little innocent has gained a better home, and more wise instructors, but O! it seems so lonely, and there is a void that nothing can fill. It is difficult to bring the natural feelings at once under the control of reason. Our selfishness has, most likely, much to do with it; but the unsanctified passions live a long time where there has not been proper discipline. We will try and submit to what seems a mysterious providence, and grow wiser by our bereavement. You will likely remember the following beautiful lines from Longfellow's Resignation:

'Let us be patient for these severe afflictions,  
Not from the ground arise,  
But often times celestial benedictions,  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly, through the mists and vapors  
Amid these earthly damps,  
And what seems to us, but sad funeral tapes,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death, what seems so is but transition,  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of that life elysian  
Whose portals we call death.'

She had previous to her death, talked of going to live with the angels, and spoken of "Carrie," and other little ones who had gone to the spirit world, that she had known in this life. Why she did it, I do not know. I sometimes think that the angels, who guarded her spirit, saw that she was to die, and were impressing her little tender soul with things of the other life, while she was gradually letting go of this."

I do not give publicity to the name of this dear sorrowing friend, because I know, in the sweet humility of his modest and retiring nature, he would shrink from notoriety, and especially so during these days of sorrow and tears, for the dear departed spirit of the babe from the external world. Yet to me it seemed well that other parents should have the consolation of reading what has come so fresh from the heart of a kind and loving husband and father. One daughter is yet left to this loving pair. They have many friends on earth who love them and sympathise in their loss, and the angels of heaven will minister peace and comfort to their wounded hearts, as they do to the pure and the good everywhere.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

## THEODORE PARKER'S WORKS.

THE following works of Theodore Parker are for sale at the Agitator office, 288 Superior Street:

A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion.—Fourth Edition. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

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Those for whom we advertise are requested to act as agents for the Agitator.

SPEAKERS ADDRESS.—Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, Montpelier, Vt.; Miss Lizzie Doten, Plymouth, Mass.; H. P. Fairfield, Greenwich Village, Mass.; Mrs. S. Maria Bliss, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. S. Warner, Milan, O.; W. A. Hume, Cleveland, A. B. French, Clyde, O.; E. Case, Jr., Osseo, Mich.; M. Van Every, Madison, O.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in St. Louis during October; and New Orleans during December. Miss Hardinge returns to Philadelphia and the East in March, 1860. Address 8, Fourth Avenue, New York.

NOTICE.—The Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Progress will be holden in Richmond, Ind., on Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 9th of October.

A general invitation is extend to all who may desire to attend.

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) may be addressed, Bridgeport, Conn., box 422, August and September.

DR. JAMES COOPER's address is Bellefontine, Ohio.

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

RADICAL SPIRITUALIST is printed monthly at Hopedale, Milford Mass. Terms—50 cents a year in advance. Harriet N. Green and B. J. Butts, Editors.

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Bridgeport, Ct., October 2d and 9th; in Willimantic the 16th, 23d and 30th; in Providence, December 18th and 25th and Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. She will visit St. Louis in March and would request friends wishing to secure her services on her route to address her as speedily as possible at box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

## PROSPECTUS.

## THE AGITATOR;

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Reform.

It will be the Representative of no party or sect. With its "mottos" for texts, it will go forth to uproot Falsehood and present Truth. We would gather the good and help to destroy the evil wherever found.

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

If we fail to accomplish what we are hoping to do, our faith will still remain unshaken in the righteousness of the cause we plead.

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

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