

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. 46.

[Original.]
TO THE MEMORY OF LULU.

Little darling! darling "Lu!"
With the love-lit eye of blue—
Thou hast pass'd the flower-wreath'd portals
Of the bright and blessed immortals,
Who will sing with thee the song
Thou hast yearn'd to sing so long,
And a sweeter lyre than mine,
Little angel, now is thine,
For the seraphs ever woo
To their choir such birds as Lu.

I remember little Lu—
And I love the memory too—
How beside me thou would stand
With thy tiny, pearly hand
Gently, softly laid in mine,
While that silv'ry voice of thine
Would so sweetly question me—
"Can I ever sing like thee?"
Now my spirit questions too—
Can I ever sing like Lu.

Wilt thou, precious little Lu,
When my spirit eye would view
The sweet bowers and fountains bright
Of thy new-found home of light,
Lift the veil of spirit-land
With that tiny, little hand
So I can still plainer see
Thy elysian home and thee?
Just as all the angels do
Who have helped me sing to Lu?

List! I hear the song-bird, Lu,
Warbling, "I'll inspire thee, too
If upon thy lyre thou'll tell
Those who love Lulu so well,
That she'll leave them never more—
That she's nearer now than ever—
That in spirit she'll caress them—
Lead them upward, guide and bless them—
And that all their loved ones, too,
Hover round them with their Lu."

"Tell them if they would be true
To the watchful love of Lu,
Let her never find them tearful,
But in spirit joyful, cheerful—
Knowing that the magnets bright
They've sent heavenward, day and night,
Will attract them evermore
'Till they reach the blissful shore,
Where they'll join the bright ones who
'Till they come, will guard their Lu."

Waitsfield, Vt., Jan. 16, 1860. F. O. HYZER.

[Selected.]
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS DEATH.

"There's no such thing as death,"
To those who think aright,
'Tis but the racer casting off
What most impedes his flight;
'Tis but a little act
Life's drama must contain;
One struggle keener than the rest,
And then an end to pain.

"There's no such thing as death;
That which is thus miscalled,
Is life escaping from the chains
That have so long enthralled;
'Tis a once hidden star,
Piercing thro' the night,
To shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light.

"There's no such thing as death;"
In nature nothing dies!
From each sad remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise;
The faded leaf that falls,
All sere and brown, to earth,
Ere long shall mingle with the shapes
That gave the flower birth.

"There's no such thing as death;"
'Tis but the blossom spray,
Sinking before the coming fruit
That seeks the Summer's ray;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the perfect flower;
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,
And weariness for power.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

PARTICULAR BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Three Epistles of John.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. RAU.

TRANSLATED FOR THE AGITATOR BY PROF. M. DURAIS.

Of the three epistles ascribed to John, antiquity declared the second and third, at least, to be spurious. For example, Origen remarks: "John left us a letter of a few lines; perhaps, also, a second and third—for all do not consider them genuine." Several of the Church Fathers express themselves to the same effect. On the other hand, the first epistle was unanimously ascribed to the Apostle John. But this, too, is an error; as it was written by the same author as the fourth Gospel, who, as we have already seen, was by no means the Apostle John.

As to the second and third epistles, their author describes himself not as the apostle, but as the *presbyter* John. [Do we not have in this circumstance, a reliable hint as to the real author of the fourth Gospel as well as the three epistles? The tombs of the two Johns, according to Eusebus, were to be seen at Ephesus in his day, and the early life of the Presbyter co-incided with the old age of the Apostle. Moreover, the former was a great admirer of the latter. What more natural, than that the Presbyter should personate the Apostle, and produce a gospel for the edification of his church, containing such a picture of Christ as would "glorify him?" If they were pre-eminently blessed, according to this Evangelist, who *believed in Christ without having seen him*—Chap. xx: verse 29—who on the same grounds, could better *personate an intimate friend and biographer* of Jesus, than one who never saw Jesus with the natural eye, but only with an "eye of faith?" Such an eye alone could have witnessed the resurrection of Lazarus.—*Translator.*]

It is well known that John's views of Christianity differ from those of the other apostles, as he comprehended them in their depth and fullness better than they, for he found their essence in love. *God is love*; that is, there is nothing in God opposed to love—his spirit, his effluence, his being is love. Around this idea every thing in John's writings revolves; but, alas, the dogmatism of the Alexandrian-Jewish school, only too often hides it from view, and an infusion of ancient Parsism pollutes the pure doctrine of Christ.

THE EPISTLE OF JUDE.

Jude, the author of this epistle, styles himself servant of Jesus Christ, and brother of James.—The genuineness of this letter is the less to be doubted, as the writer makes no pretension to be an Apostle. It is mainly devoted to admonitions of a Christian Church, which it warns against the influence of certain corrupt men.

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES.

The author of this letter calls himself JAMES as well as servant of God and of Jesus Christ.

From the internal evidence we have reason to infer that this letter was not written by James, the brother of the Nazarene, but by a later writer in his name. Its contents turn little upon dogmatic speculations—and an elevated moral tone pervades it. So, too, it recommends practical duties, and in the precept, "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only," it encourages a practical christianity. In the view of James as of John, love is considered the foundation and substance of christian life.—Faith without love and works is dead—and on the other hand leads to a pure morality and the fulfilment of the Law, and thus to true freedom. The cause of sin is likewise more rationally developed by James than by the other writers of primitive Christendom, as he finds the root of sin in *sensual desire*, and this desire alone is, in his view, the evil one.

As to the work of redemption, he attributes it to the pure mercy of God, but does not exalt Christ as God, in this differing widely from John; while in the preference which he gives to love and good works over faith, he decidedly conflicts with Paul. [And it was the little regard shown by this writer for "faith" in comparison with "works," that moved Martin Luther to condemn this letter as "a thing of straw," and deny it a place in the canon.—*Translator.*]

THE REVELATION OF JOHN.

To ascribe the "Apokalypse" to the apostle John could be possible only for a mind deluded, or entirely bewildered by its traditional sanctity, or by one incapable of any scientific judgment of the canon of Scripture. This wild poem, filled with a mass of ideas peculiar to the Parsees, and quite alien to pure christianity, modelled in its language and style after the writings of the ancient seers, could never have had for author the writer of the fourth Gospel, and the three letters attributed to John. These productions are pervaded by a gentle and peaceful spirit, while a savage rudeness, and an exceedingly active and exuberant imagination characterise the Apokalypse. This work is likewise distinguished from the Gospel and the three epistles, by rough hebraisms and remarkable negligence of style. A similar variation is to be found between the ideas of the Evangelist, and those of the author of the Apokalypse. In the former we find *spiritual* views, in the latter a confused mixture of the most childish and sensuous conception and expectations in regard to the Messiah; in the former, we have *love*, in the latter, the fierce wrath of an *avenging* Christ—in the one, the mild breathing of pure christian gentleness, in the other, a display of the entire Zoroastrian Judgment, the Resurrection of the dead, streams of fire and the burning of the world!

Whoever comes to the investigation of this book,

with candor and an unbiased mind, must see that notwithstanding its author gives himself out as the apostle John, there is no solid proof of the truth of this claim; it is naught better than an assumption and a delusion. But, however this poem may be regarded, it is not to be denied that its emblems and symbolic representations, and its sensuous conceptions have done infinite harm to Christianity, have turned the heads of thousands of men, and supplied the fuel for the wildest fanaticism. Indeed it had been well, if the Apocalypse—the design of which was to increase the courage of the struggling infant Church, by opening to it a vision of a victorious future—had never been admitted into the canon of our religious books.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.—No. 18.

BY G. B. ROGERS.

It is not our intention to offer any arguments, in this communication, for the purpose of proving that the events narrated in the Books of the Old and New Testament actually occurred. The question we have under consideration is:—Could a finite spirit or finite spirits, have produced similar phenomena to those related in these books?

If these phenomena were produced by the God of Israel; then they were produced by a finite spirit; and if they were produced by a finite spirit, then they are not supernatural; and if not supernatural; then they are the result of immutable law; and if the result of immutable law; then the same phenomenon will be produced whenever the same conditions exist. But it is claimed by the writers of these books, that these phenomena were produced by the efforts of non-embodied spirits with the assistance of mortal men. But if it requires the efforts of spirits out of the body, assisted by spirits in the body, to produce these phenomena, then they rest upon the same principles as any other finite acts, and the question of Infinite interference is decided at once, since no action is, or ever was performed independent of the Infinite. Nature is the law of finite existence, and this law is one of the attributes of the Infinite. It follows then, that the only difference which exists between two finite spirits, whether in the body or out is simply a greater or less degree of the knowledge of the action of this law on finite existence, and the power of so directing this law as to create conditions. For example; if I know the use of flint and steel and tinder, I can so use them as to create the condition of combustion, which would not otherwise occur at the time. This brings us to the unavoidable conclusion, that these phenomena being within the pale of immutable law, may be performed by any spirit either in the body or out of the body, provided that his knowledge of the law is sufficient to enable him to create the conditions.

We will now proceed to the examination of the plagues of Egypt, recorded in the Book of Exodus.

The first thing to be noticed, in these so called miracles, is the turning of a piece of wood into a serpent. Upon a close examination of the account of this feat, it will at once appear that it was what is now called Biology. The rod of Aaron as well as the rods of the Egyptian Magicians, were all first turned into serpents and then into rods, without in the least losing any of their structure; the wood remaining unchanged, so far as the rod of Aaron was concerned. What became of the rods of the Magicians, further than that Aaron's rod, while it was a serpent, swallowed them up, we do not know. At least the account says nothing of them further. But that they were as much serpents, as that of Aaron, the writer expressly declares; and consequently that they again became rods, is a fair inference, since Aaron's again became a rod, and there is no intimation of any increase of size in Aaron's rod, which must have been the case, unless they were annihilated, a supposition which is unwarrantable. Besides, there was no occasion for the exercise of any other power than that of Biology, since the appearance of a serpent was all that was necessary. But let us suppose, as the writer states, the Magicians' rods were actually turned into serpents of the same kind as Aaron's. The Magicians must then either have possessed the power in themselves, or have had the aid of some spirit or spirits. If they possessed the power in themselves, then they were possessed of a knowledge which is not now known, but if it was only a feat of biology, it has ceased to be a miracle, since we of the present day are well acquainted with it.

But we have in connection with this, an account of these same Magicians making frogs, in imitation of frogs, which Aaron with the help of the God of Israel made; and these frogs which the Magicians made, as well as those of Aaron, actually underwent decomposition, and corrupted the atmosphere. The writer says, that "they gathered them together in heaps, and the land stank." Now this was a feat of creating. Could the Magicians of Egypt have performed this feat unassisted by spirits? If they did, then what evidence is there of the assistance of a spirit in creating the frogs which Aaron brought up? But an idea obtrudes itself at this point

in the form of queries. How came the Magicians of Egypt to compete with Aaron, in the making of frogs, if they had never done the like before? Let us suppose, that some colored man should go before our Congress, and demand that all the slaves in the United States should be set at liberty, alledging that God had sent him to make the demand, and upon being called upon for the evidence that God had sent him, he should throw down his cane and it should become a serpent, would there be found a single man among all the wise men in Europe or America who, if called upon to perform the same feat, would be willing to go before Congress and make the attempt, if he had never tried it, so as to be sure of success? Is not the fact of the Magicians coming boldly forward and turning their rods into serpents, turning water into blood, and making frogs, sufficient evidence of their having done the same things before? And is not the fact of Pharaoh's calling upon them to do it, sufficient evidence that he was aware of their ability to do it?

To deny that the Magicians made frogs, is to deny the truth of the whole story; for the writer as plainly declares that the Magicians made frogs, as he does that the God of Israel made any, and he is more particular not only as to the fact of their making them, but as to the manner of their making them, for he says that they did it "with their enchantments," which plainly implies that the God of Israel did not do it for them. Now if the Magicians of Egypt possessed the knowledge and power of making frogs without any supernatural assistance and could practice it in the manner related in these stories, then there is no difference between them and the God of Israel, so far as the making of frogs is concerned. And if they were assisted by spirits, then there is no difference between the Magicians and Aaron, both he and they having the thing done for them by the same sort of power; and there is no difference between the spirit who assisted Aaron, and the spirits who assisted the Magicians, except in knowledge and power. There is, then, no other difference between the spirits engaged in this affair than there is in a shop full of journey-men shoemakers, some being able to do better, or a different kind of work, or more of it in a given time than others. It may, therefore, easily be conceived that Aaron, with the assistance of his spirit might be able to make lice, while the Magicians failed, their spirits not being acquainted with that kind of work.

That the Magicians were honest and were aware of the kind of power at work, both for them and for Aaron, is evident from the fact, that as soon as they failed, they were ready to acknowledge their failure, and the superiority of the spirit assisting Aaron.

But the making of frogs, in this way, you will say, is a miracle. But what is a miracle? Is it any thing more than a phenomenon which you and I cannot explain? If it is something supernatural it is something done by the Infinite, and if done by the Infinite, it was always done. A miracle is a phenomenon produced by a superior power or intellect. But if this superior power or intellect is the Infinite, then all finite acts are miracles, for all finite actions are produced by the Infinite through the medium of inferior intelligence or non-intelligent matter.

But a miracle is a mystery. So is every thing else, of the manner of the performance of which you and I are ignorant. And we are ignorant of the primary cause of every thing which exists. We know the constituent parts of gunpowder, and we know that if a very small spark of fire is brought in contact with it, it will cause it to decompose with great rapidity but we do not know why. Of the reason why the attractive power which holds the constituent principles of gunpowder together, should be destroyed, by a spark of fire so small as scarcely to be perceptible to the naked eye in a dark room, we are entirely ignorant. If asked why this is so, we can only answer, that such is the law. I know the process by which gunpowder is made, and the uses and abuses to which it can be applied, and the effect which will be produced by bringing it in contact with heat; and this is what no one knew a thousand years ago, and had any one have known it, he could have performed as great a miracle by blowing up some strong castle, as was performed by blowing down the walls of Jerico with rams horns. We know that frogs are hatched from eggs into tadpoles, and progress from tadpoles into frogs. And we also know, that unless the eggs are vitalized with male vitality, although they are vitalized bodies, vitalized with female vitality, this female vitality will not enable them to hatch into frogs, it requires the united action of both kinds of vitality to produce that condition.

But when we are asked why both kinds of vitality are necessary to produce this effect, we cannot tell, further than that such is the law. If we knew more about this law, we might be able to apply that knowledge to the production of frogs in a manner differing from the usual process. All, then, that is needed to enable any one to produce frogs, is a sufficient knowledge of the manner in which this law operates.

But let us examine a little more closely the manner in which these frogs were produced. First: The water was turned into blood. Now blood is a vitalized fluid. To accomplish this, all the latent vitality in the water must have been rendered active, when the constituent principles of blood in

the water would have exhibited the phenomenon of life. Now this is precisely the manner in which the thing is done, by nature in the body of the living frogs, in making blood out of the drink and food which the frog takes into its stomach. The blood so formed in the frog, after undergoing several changes, finally exhibits itself as a colorless fluid resembling water, and an ovum is formed from it; at last male vitality is added to the ovum, and a second frog is produced. So it was in this case. The water was first vitalized, or turned into blood, it then became water again, and then the frogs came up. Then the frogs died putrified and then the flies came.

Thus we see that, although the law of production was made to act in an unusual manner, it was not superceded, or violated in the least. No new law was brought into existence, it was the same law which had ever been in force since, "God said: Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life." It was then not a supernatural event; it was only an extraordinary one.

When a tree is cut down and left upon the ground, it begins to decompose and is finally reduced to dust, but it requires months and even years to complete the process. But if artificial means are applied, it will go through the same process in a few hours. In the one case we call the process rotting, in the other combustion. In both the tree goes through the same changes, but the action is more intense in combustion, and therefore a superficial observer might be apt to think that the law was different, when it is in fact the same. No one now thinks of calling combustion a miracle, simply because it is so common an occurrence, yet the time may have been when the first man who kindled a fire, was mistaken for a God.

But we have said enough concerning these miracles, or rather of this feature of them. What we have said covers all the ground, and the cases of healing in our preceding number, is sufficient to prove that the knowledge which spirits possess of the nature of vitality is sufficient to enable them to perform similar feats if necessary to their purpose.

But there is another feature of these miracles which belongs to the science of metrology which claims our notice. The darkness which was so intense as to be felt, no one who knows anything of spiritual manifestations will deny could now be produced by spirits. We will then, pass that by for the present. The murrain, and other diseases, which attacked the cattle and people of Egypt; belong exclusively to atmospheric phenomena, and are to be considered under this head. It is of no consequence whether they are to be taken as miracles or not. They are such as do arise from atmospheric causes, and must be considered and examined in relation to the laws of miasmatic action. For, although the miasm may be claimed as arising from supernatural causes, we have no right to assume that the disease did not arise from the miasm. Besides, we have abundant cause for the miasm, in the water, which was turned into blood and in the affluvia, arising from the decaying frogs. One may easily conceive what the condition of the atmosphere must be under such circumstances. Now it is claimed by all and more especially urged by the believers in the Infinite origin of the Bible, when opposing spiritualism; that when any phenomenon can be explained by natural causes, we have no right to assume a supernatural cause. But effect follows cause in a natural relation in these cases.—First, we have a disease attacking the cattle of just that character which would have been produced by their drinking the bloody water, and breathing an atmosphere loaded with animal matter from the putrifying carcasses of dead frogs. Then we have a disease in the people resembling a mild form of plague, attended with just such symptoms as would be expected by every pathologist to arise from the foregoing atmospheric conditions. Then we have an unusual thunder-storm attended with hail, and then an uncommon disease which attacks only males, and only the oldest males in each family. The sole feature which renders this miraculous is the fact that it was confined to a certain class, and did not involve every one indiscriminately. The cause of this exception is fully explained in the foregoing articles, when speaking of the cure of disease by spirits.

There remains, then, only the locust to be noticed. Now, we ask; is it an extraordinary thing for a flock of locusts to come suddenly into any province in Northern Africa? Do not all travelers tell us of the complete destruction of every green thing in the section on which they alite? Some years ago, a flight of locust came down upon the kingdom of Morocco, extending as far east as Tunis. In two days time there was not a green vegetable to be seen in the whole kingdom. A sudden storm of wind carried these locusts into the Mediterranean sea, where they were drowned, and their carcasses were floated on the shore in such numbers that they covered the beach with a drift more than a foot in depth and several feet wide, for several hundred miles, and to the decomposition of this mass of animal matter was attributed the severe plague which followed, extending to the north shore of the Mediterranean and over all Turkey in Europe. All that can be claimed for this plague of locusts in Egypt, is that in some of its details it was governed by a spirit, and this is all that the writer of the book claims for it. There is no reason to suppose this locust story a miracle.

In our next we will examine the hail storm. Chagrin Falls.

BY A HUMANITARIAN.

MADISON, O., January 18, 1860.

MR. W. SAMSON—DEAR SIR: I do not propose to take up the gauntlet you so gallantly throw down to be taken up by whomsoever may feel it a pleasure or duty so to do.

I am not a man upon whom the charge of either Slavery or Intemperance would rest. And as I abjure all religion whatsoever, deeming it a governmental institution, designed to keep the passions within certain limits, while knowledge prepares the regal sceptre for the coronation of Love and Wisdom; I cannot take it up for the Church. I only ask the privilege of asking a few questions, and saying a few things that many feel but dare not speak.

First. I object to your phraseology, when you admonish Spiritualists "not to get too much excited over the bloody tragedy of Harper's Ferry." As you have not told us what would be too much or too little, you still leave each to judge from the measure of his or her feelings. But was it a barbarous act—that is the question? Was John Brown guilty of treason or murder? It is a question which will be mooted during the next Presidential campaign. The Democrats will say John Brown was a murderer and a traitor. The Republican will say, no—it is the *intent* that governs the case. The Democrat will say, his provisional government and military arms show the intent beyond all question. The Republican will answer, Brown had a *noble purpose*, but I do not justify the act. The Democrat will reply he was either guilty or not guilty. You have begged the question by asserting the act to be noble, and yet, not an object of your justification; you are whipped, argumentatively whipped.

Without stating at present the Humanity ground, I will ask, is it *barbarous* to assist those beneath us by the use of kind words and kind deeds? Do not the angels and spirits the same to us, and do we not appreciate their good intentions? Do they not have many obstacles to surmount, many antagonistic spirits to resist and overcome? And do we not, as the recipients of their good deeds, approve their God-like efforts? Is it not praiseworthy in us to do likewise? Would it be barbarous? Suppose you were engaged in a like mission; but so great the resistance, that armed force were necessary to accomplish your object, would it be barbarous in you to use means necessary to accomplish your object? I do not see it in that light.

Again; if you were to see an athletic man well armed, lacerating a weak and defenseless being, and another were to fly to the rescue and succeed, would you not say well done, and your very heart leap for gladness? The law is the same between States or nations in this respect, as it is between individuals. Then it is not barbarous.

Second. You are a State's right man." Well that is a doubtful expression. You "contend that any State or Territory have the inalienable right to enact laws for themselves." Has a State the right to do an act contrary to common justice? Has any State the right to legalize murder? O no—that is against the common law of the land, and is either expressed or implied in every Constitution! Does not every slave State hold him guiltless who kills a slave when he arises in his manhood to assert his right to freedom? If so, there is one thing a State has no right to do. This simple and single exception is not the only one. But, to ascertain how far a State, territory or nation has a right to legislate, it will be necessary to see how far civil liberty extends.

Let us for a moment suppose the origin of government. Parents, have children; they naturally become their protectors, and the children as naturally look to them for protection. As a conse-

quence, the parent commands and the children obey. Here government begins. Here civil liberty begins. The children yield so much and no more of their natural right to do whatever they have the desire and power to do, as is for the general good. For that sacrifice on their part, the Patriarch, Chief, Judges, King, President, or Government agree to protect, and distribute Justice among them. Then, what is civil liberty? I accept the definition given by Demosthenes as laid down in Blackstone's commentaries. "It is natural liberty so far restrained and no further, as is for the general good." It is a rule of law long since established, that no legislator has a right to go beyond that. You say, "I am bitterly opposed to Human Slavery in any form." Why are you opposed to it? Because it is not for the general good: because, it is opposed to civil liberty. Then no State has a right to pass a law to establish or regulate it. They have the right to pass only such laws as are for the general good; and if we have the *power* to prevent the exercise of *unlawful power*, and do not, we are equally guilty, because it is executed alone by our suffering; and remissness or neglect of duty constitutes no ground for a plea of not guilty, neither in the Court of Hell or Heaven.

But slavery in this country does not exist by positive enactment. (There are statutes regulating it.) Then it is not a State institution. If not a state institution, it must exist by national suffering, then is the nation responsible. If the nation is responsible and too corrupt to establish justice; then the government forfeits its delegated powers, and the minority have the right to annul the Constitution as a violated compact, and to secede, to revolutionize; and further, it is their *duty by armed force, if necessary*, to right the wrong done.—For authority, see Declaration of Independence. These are the sentiments of Humanitarians. Occupying this ground, we say John Brown was guilty neither of treason or murder.

Again; it existed when our Constitution was framed and adopted. It is another rule of law that the intent shall govern the construction of any legal instrument or law. Now what was the intent of the framers of the Constitution of the United States? Here I must refer you to the "Resolutions and Debates of 1798, to the Madison Papers," &c.—From them you will learn that they intended to confine slavery to those of the thirteen States wherein the institution then existed. And a general desire was expressed that it would be abolished from them. Some carried out the intent, others did not. When Jefferson penned the Declaration of Independence, we had just arisen from our supplicating knees before the throne of George III. The language of the Declaration bears the impress of a sincere heart, deprecating the necessity of the step taken.

He little dreamed at that time, what he so soon thereafter discovered to be true, viz: that in the midst of Liberty, the foulest despotism was to find a home for its votaries: and above all, that the suppliant should turn the oppressor. But the court of His Majesty did not lack intrigue, South Carolina was the hot bed of Royalty and Toryism. It was there he sowed the seeds of destruction to this Republic; and as she was the seat of toryism in the days of the revolution, so has she since been true to her original, and the luster of her intellect dimmed by the sable pall of despotism.

The Declaration of Independence expressed the sentiments of our forefathers; it was freedom they fought for; so brightly glowed the blazing torches of Liberty along the Alleghanies and the snow capped hills of New England, that foreigners, attracted by the flame, came over the raging seas to battle for the right and to give to Liberty once more a home

upon our earth. When the battle was fought and victory won, it was a base imposition on humanity to make a slave Constitution, the United States, had no right to do it, much less an individual State.

When our Puritan Fathers agreed to the Humanity of the case, Carolina replied, you are weak, overthrow our institution of slavery, and we will destroy your shipping. Jonathan knew his weakness, and was mum; waiting with characteristic indifference the day of his power. Carolina wanted twenty years for the importation of slaves. Jonathan gave it. She claimed national protection against her slaves. He lent a hand, and counseled their release. She cried non-interference. Jonathan stood hands off, twenty years passed, and importation continued.

Jonathan remonstrated—she cried State's rights, State institution, State Sovereignty. He persisted, and she gagged him. In the name of fugitives from service, she captures some who did not owe it. He gets mad and reminds her that it was the original intent that slavery should never exist in the territories, or States formed out of them. She railed, and a Missouri Compromise was the result. Her slaves fled for refuge among the Creeks and Seminoles. National treasure must pay national troops, and national dogs to catch them. Jonathan says the institution is national and must be removed. You make us catch and return what is not property. For authority he quoted Madison, "It would be wrong to admit in the Constitution that man could hold property in man." She cries disunion. Jonathan has a large organ of veneration and retires. She got Louisiana and Florida; and then grew bolder; wanted Texas, and got it. Wanted to fight a weak sister Republic that she "might extend the area of freedom" to the Pacific—wanted to trample the Constitution under foot that it no longer be an object of veneration—wanted Jonathan to help do all this—and he did it. Wanted him to pass a fugitive slave law—and he did it.—Wanted him to help rend in twain the Missouri Compromise—and he did it. She wanted to go with him to Kansas; but says he, no you don't.—She cuffed his ears and called him coward—Jonathan colored slightly and looked poutish. She hits him again, and starts the vermilion a little. He says, now just look here; you are kicking up a fuss if you but knew it. Carolina, hits him again and ordered him home. He says, I won't do it no how you can fix it. Now smoke is rising and blows are falling, wise is he who yet can tell where all will end.

The lines are drawn—the right and left wings have fired the hosts with ardor for the fight. "The irrepressible conflict" must come. *State rights* and slavery is a song gone by. State sovereignty a tale too often told.

Carolina has taught Jonathan, that there is no dependance on her word; no faith in her resolutions; no sacredness in her Constitution. And now, O Carolina! Think not that Jonathan can be bound with legislative cords. You have aroused his stupidity into towering greatness—you have stung his cowardice into the courage of Omnipotent principle—you have goaded his indifference into a resolution bordering on desperation—and though he may fall, madly, blindly fall, like Sampson of old, he seals your doom. Look-out; O Carolina, for the Mothers and Daughters of thy land! Let them early seek shelter in a land of Freedom; before the mouse shall have gnawed assunder the threads that bind the Lion of Sahara to the earth. Before he arise in his anger and slay thee. Before he shall have learned that "might makes right"—or become intoxicated with the love of wealth, conquest and rule.

THE AGITATOR.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

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., FEBRUARY 15, 1860.

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

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

PHARISEISM.

The common idea has been that Truth is immortal, eternal and has no fear of meeting Falsehood face to face. If this is true, there is something unsound in the hearts of churchmen, for they are shockingly alarmed at the sight and sound of anything that savors of what they term heresy. We applied for the Wesleyan Methodist Church, of this city, for Benjamin S. Jones, Editor of the Anti-Slavery Bugle and Mrs. Giffing to speak in upon Anti-Slavery. The use of the church was "respectfully refused" on the ground of the supposed infidel proclivities of the speakers. The members of the church, without a single exception, are abolitionists, and some of their leading members are colored people. Yet the fear that something would be said which is not written in their creed, determined the closing of their house against two of the most deservedly popular abolitionist lecturers in the West.

How does this spirit differ from that which expels the Northerner from the South? A few days since a friend of ours passed from earth in North Perry. Upon her dying bed she requested one of the churches for a funeral and that our humble self be invited to speak on the occasion. For two reasons the church was refused. First, We did not "acknowledge the Divinity of Christ." Well, be that as it may, we acknowledge the Divinity of Humanity, and trust that, by a Christ-like life of charity and honest dealing, we shall be at peace with the Divinity that rules in our Kingdom.

The second and gravest charge preferred was that at the Ravenna Convention, some three years since, we advocated the very anti-orthodox idea that the choice of the child's father was the prerogative of the mother. We are frank to confess that since Nature has graciously bestowed upon woman the sacred office of peopling angel land, she has the highest and holiest of rights—the right to self-ownership; and we hold in utter abhorrence all laws, creeds and customs that rob woman of self hood, and make her subject to another's will. We religiously believe that three-fourths of the crimes that curse humanity, are the legitimate offspring of loveless unions—that the diseased, distorted, idiotic wrecks of humanity that crowd our prisons, dens of infamy and asylums are children unwelcomed by mothers—unwelcomed because love did not give them existence.

But we would not arrogate to ourselves the glory of preaching this gospel in Ravenna. It belongs to another. Mrs. Lewis, Heaven's evangel, gave utterance, under spirit influence, to the words credited to us by the Perry people. We have no censure for the bigot, the knave or the Pharisee.—They are just what our institutions have made them—the children of Ignorance and Whited Sepulchery.

But the Master has commissioned us to unmask Hypocrisy, to call Demi-godism by its true name and to proclaim to the waiting world the coming of the Savior—the resurrectionized WOMAN.

"Oh Bigotry! I have seen thee face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
But thy soul withering glance I fear not now—
For dread, to prouder feelings doth give place
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees that at thy foot-stool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other vow;
Do hail thee and thy heard of hirelings base;—
I swear, while life-blood warms these throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
Thy brutalizing sway, till cruel chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod,
Such is the vow I take—so help me God!"

SAMUEL CROBAUGH at the great central Art Emporium, opposite the post office, Cleveland, Ohio, has already succeeded in making his place the pleastantest and most attractive in the city, is daily producing every desirable style of pictures known to the community, at lower rates, and executed in a better manner than is done at any other place in the West.

Give him a call.

"VIOLET." Those who wish to read the whole of "Violet" can have the back numbers of the Agitator for three cents each.

A Friendly Note to our Subscribers,

Three years ago we saw and felt the need—the positive demand—for an anti-idea-organ; for a paper ready to endorse and defend Truth whether found "on christian or heathen ground,"—a paper quite as ready to rebuke the wrong however dear and sacred that wrong might by some be regarded. As no one else seemed ready to meet the demand, we sent forth the Agitator—a name indicative of its character. We gave to Jew and Greek, Infidel and Christian the blessed privilege of speaking his or her thoughts, holding each responsible therefor.

In this way we have succeeded admirably in stirring up the stagnant thought-pools. The Bible and the anti-Bibleist; the Socialist, Spiritualist; the advocate of the rights of woman, and weak minded men who love oppression; the proslaveryist and abolitionist all, all have been heard through the Agitator. But when we availed ourself of the right of speech and our thoughts were found to conflict with some of our readers' darling dogmas, what a crying, "Hands off!" "Stop my paper!" The interpretation of this out-cry is "you do not think my thought and deserve to be — banished." Here is a sample of the letters recently received.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN—Stop my paper (the Agitator) a vile, fanatical, abolition sheet.

Respectfully,

THOMAS MELLON.

You all most certainly have the right to send back the paper with an anathema; but while the Agitator bears this stormy name it must do the very work it is doing—agitating stagnant pools.

We do not quite like to feel indebted to some you who have returned the paper, but our circumstances do not warrant us in offering to refund your money; but those who have refused the paper and those who are dissatisfied with our liberty of speech can be paid what is their due in books from our office. Let those, hereafter, who refuse the paper look over our printed catalogue and order, in books, what is their due.

We must in truth say—and with regret, too—that so far as we know those who have refused the Agitator are professedly Spiritualists. They have cried long and loudly against the intolerance of the churches, but now are living out the very spirit they condemn.

We have published every thing sent us against Capt. Brown, yet the paper still goes to his friends and among them some of his children and no word of rebuke has come from that quarter.

Let us learn to live the beautiful gospel we profess to love—of "Peace on earth and good will among men."

GONE HOME.

Viola, only daughter of John and Cyrene Jenkins, left the earth life in Mentor, on the 16th of Jan., aged 4 years.

Viola was a human bud of rare promise, but the earth-mould was too cold, and the winds too rough, for the tender plant.

When Winter came, with its icy breath, and the pestilence was abroad in the land, the home angel grew weary and asked for rest; so, with a loving smile, and a "Good night, Mamma,"

"She opened her arms to the angels,
And sprang to the gates of Light."

Spiritualism has lighted to our sorrowing friends the dark valley. They do not talk of Viola as dead, but gone to the upper Hesperides. Her stay here has made life brighter and earth dearer; her going to the Heavens will attract them thitherward.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary Barnum, of Braceville, O., passed from this to a higher life on the 20th ult., aged 84 years.

Mr. Ely and Mrs. Mary Barnum removed from Danbury, Conn., to Braceville, 1810.

In Oct., 1849, Mr. Barnum went to the Better Land.

Since then the way of his companion has been somewhat long, but the assurance that her loved one was still with her, and of a re-union in the soul-land, has added greatly to the joys of life, and has lighted the way through the valley that divides this from the life to come.

On Sunday, the 22d ult., a great number of people gathered around the old family mansion (the home of H. Barnum), to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed.

Mrs. Ellen Walker and O. P. Kellogg, spoke, under spirit influence, upon the mission of death, and the religion of spiritualism.

We, as a friend of the family, were there, and said what seemed to us appropriate on an occasion of this kind.

A good choir, with appropriate music, added greatly to the interest of the meeting.

There is no room for tears, none for regrets, when a spirit has outgrown its earthen robes, and longs for its own cloudless clime. To such, Death is the Father's messenger sent to conduct his child

"Up to Heaven's pearly portals,
Where the soul is free from clay."

To the Readers of the Good Time Coming.

The encouragement offered has not been such as to warrant us in continuing longer, at least at present, the publication of a paper in Berlin. And, as it is out of my power to discharge our obligations to our subscribers by keeping up a paper of our own, I have looked about for the next best thing, and concluded it will give the best satisfaction to send them the Agitator instead. Arrangements have accordingly been made with Mrs. Brown, and all who have ever paid us will receive the Agitator to the amount of their dues.

This, I have no doubt, will be satisfactory to the majority, as, apart from their ideas supposed to be peculiar to Berlin, they will find it just the paper they want. For, while its Editor is not as rampantly radical as some of us, she yet believes in the broadest toleration and the utmost freedom of Thought. She has for many years been one of the most earnest and effective workers in the field of Reform, and I trust that all our subscribers will find it for their interest, not only to renew their subscriptions, but to induce their friends to subscribe also.

A year since, there were three Reform papers published within fifty miles of each other; the Vanguard and Good Time Coming in addition to the Agitator. The latter now has the entire field and I think our friends need not fear a break down. Good by, Friends: God go with you, as I can't.

P. S. This is to certify that Mrs. Brown has not agreed to pay me anything for the above endorsement. I anticipate a handsome consideration, however, for not saying any more.

C. M. OVERTON.

REMARKS.—By the above it will be seen that we propose supplying the "Good Time" subscribers with the Agitator

Mr. Overton has given his reasons for sending us his list—he wishes his obligations to his readers discharged. We accept the list hoping thereby that the readers of the "Good Time" will continue to patronize the Agitator. Those who already take the Agitator and the Good Time will find themselves credited with what is their due from the Good Time.

It will, of course, be understood that, as the Agitator is published but once in two weeks, and is double the size of the Good Time, but half the number will be sent due from the Good Time. Those who wish back numbers can be supplied to October, 1859.

Our paper may not in all respects meet the demands of the readers of the Good Time, but they will hear from Mr. Overton through the Agitator. He is expected to write a series of articles upon Spiritualism, Socialism and whatever else the spirit prompts him to write upon.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS

"Why did my paper stop? You knew I wanted it."

Yes, we knew it; but our clerk does not know you. She has one rule—sends one or two papers after notice is given that the time has expired, then, if not renewed, it is understood that the paper is not wanted.

"Why were you not in Madison according to appointment?"

Because we heard the Methodists felt called upon to hold a meeting on that day in the house we were to occupy.

"Why has Owen the Atheist, become a Spiritualist—what are his reasons for the change?"

By his "Foot Falls," we judge he has been for the past ten years studying the philosophy of the mind, and hence concludes there are two of us—the physical and spiritual Man.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. WILCOX.—We had no index.

MR. KNIGHT.—We will, after asking your pardon for the sin of neglect, credit you from January 1st, 1860.

Mrs. FORCE.—The photograph has gone by mail. It is the best the artist could do with the "subject." It may serve to produce a stampede among the mice.

A REVIEW of N. W. Strong's "Individual Life" will appear in our next.

SEVERAL REPLIES have come to a remark of Mr. Samson's. We could publish but one in this number and, therefore, put into type the first that came. We will, so far as possible, publish the replies to correspondents; but must, in the language of Davis, say, *pack your thoughts*. This is a fast age, the steam, powder and electricity age. The age demands words fitly spoken and just enough to express the thought. A good specimen of thought packing may be found in the translations from the German by Prof. Durais.

Please send no long articles for three months.

MR. RANDALL.—Your papers have been regularly mailed. Look to your P. M.

Mrs. SEVERANCE and Mrs. WALKER.—"Kiss for a Blow" has been sent. We were out of them when the orders came.

THOMAS MELLON.—Ten cents are your dues on our books. Finney's Book has gone to you. Deduct the dime and send us 15 cents.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

WANTED! WANTED!!—The small sums due us by subscribers who have not as yet paid for the paper; and will those who owe us for medicines, books, &c., please remember us in money? Our needs were never greater.

WE HAVE odd numbers of the Agitator that we will send post-paid, for two cents per copy.

SPRITUAL RESISTER for sale at this office. Price, post-paid, ten cents.

MR. CONKLIN is soon to discontinue the Principle. We shall not, therefore, longer act as agent for that very excellent little sheet.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, the Banner of Light and Telegraph are for sale at this office.

We are also agent for the papers. Either of them and the Agitator, will be sent to one address for \$2.50 per year. Or we will give one copy of the Herald and 25 cents in books (on our list) for \$2. The Banner or Telegraph and 50 cents in books for \$2.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER commences, in the next issue, her views of "Love, Marriage, Attractions and Divorce." We may safely promise our readers the clear, comprehensive, out-spoken thoughts of one woman. No dodging the question—what is right and wrong in her eyes.

BOOKS SALES.—The world has taken to reading reformatory works, judging from personal observation. We have sold, in the past four weeks, one hundred copies of the THINKER, by A. J. Davis; and three hundred copies of Finney's Book, ("The Bible.") In two weeks just passed, we have sold forty copies "Foot Falls," by R. D. Owen, besides many other infidel termed books.

L. M. ANDREWS has letters in our office.

MR. AND MRS. WARNER are moving sunset-ward. Mrs. W. is preaching the living Gospel which brings health and harmony to body and soul. That's not all, she has sent us a list of subscribers for which favor we devoutly gave thanks. Mr. Warner is doing a good work by selling reform books. In most places the people regard him as the bearer of good tidings. There are various ways to the hearts of the people.

J. H. W. TOOMEY has been on the list of invalids for some weeks past; but is now so far recovered as to be able to answer calls to lecture. His address is Cleveland, O.

READ MRS. HYZER'S POEM on the first page. It was crowded out of her editorial page. We'll never do so naughty a thing again.

THAYER AND ELDRIDGE are preparing to publish a sketch of the lives of the actors with Capt. Brown in the Harper's Ferry war, together with the history of that war—its cause and consequence. We shall, therefore, give up our own contemplated work.

Mrs. MARY ROGERS, the wife of the much lamented spirit artist, is, by the passing away of her husband, necessitated to sustain herself and two small children. She is not physically strong, and with the charge of her little ones, incapacitated for the support of those dependant upon her. It is hoped that those who love the cause in which Mr. Rogers spent the last years of his earth-life, will remember those he left unprovided for. Donations may be sent to Columbus, Ohio, care W. M. Savage. WM. HAYS.

Mrs. A. T. SWIFT, the untiring worker for woman, is circulating a Petition asking for the right of suffrage. It is deeply humiliating to a woman of spirit and common sense to sign this petition. It is praying to one half of humanity for what is ours—for what no man or set of men have a right to deny us of.

When this one right is restored, we hope Mrs. Swift will take heart and humbly pray for the right to herself and her children. Won't there be staring and cursing when such a petition goes to Columbus from the married women of Ohio? There are humen chattles this side of Mason and Dixon's Line. Will our all-wise Legislators look a little to our needs, our wrongs and listen unsneeringly to our prayers?

AGENTS.—Messrs. King and Edwards are canvassing Cuyahoga County with Redpath's Life of Brown.

Money paid to them for the Agitator or for our books will be acknowledged by us.

LECTURERS IN CLEVELAND.—Miss Emma Hardinge will speak in Chapin's Hall on Sunday the 19th of February.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, our associate, will speak here the first three Sundays in April.

Miss A. W. Sprague will speak here the last two Sundays in April. Mrs. Hyzer and Miss Sprague will, if desired, speak in the towns hereabouts on week-day evenings, during their stay in the city. We are authorized to make arrangements for these lecturers. Will those who want them write us soon?

AGENTS WANTED.—A few enterprising men and women are wanted to canvass Cuyahoga County with a new book entitled History of all Religions, by Samuel M. Smucker, LL. D. The book should be in every family and in all our public Libraries. Apply at the Agitator office.

Mrs. C. M. Stow lectures in Chagrin Falls, January 29th; Braceville, February 2d; Newton Falls, 4th and 5th; Warren, 11th, 12th and 13th; Milan, 19th; Clyde, 26th; Angola, Ind., March 4th; Lexington, Ind., 11th; Sturgis, Mich., 18th.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A DESERTATION ON THE EVIDENCES OF DIVINE INSPIRATION, by Datus Kelley; 72 pages, 12mo., price 20 cents.

This work takes a general view of Inspiration and its evidences as applicable to all systems of Religion. It treats the subject in a very different manner from what has been done heretofore, by the various writers who have given their views on this subject; either for or against Divine Inspiration. The work evinces a spirit of candor, and at the same time great research and ability. A subject of such vital importance should be carefully investigated, and the truth elicited, whether it confirms or condemns our previous belief on the subject. It is well worth a careful perusal.

A HISTORY OF ALL RELIGIONS; containing a statement of the Origin, Development, Doctrines and Government of the Religious Denominations in the United States and Europe, with biographical notices of eminent Divines, Edited and completed by Samuel M. Smucker, A. M.; 320 pages, 12mo. Price, bound in fine muslin, \$1, full gilt sides and edges, \$1.50.

This book will be sent post paid to any part of the United States upon the receipt of the above prices. Address H. F. M. Brown, No. 288 Superior street, Cleveland, O.

ARCANAE OF NATURE; or, the History and Laws of Creation. Our bark is Reason, Nature is our Guide, by Hudson Tuttle, with an Appendix, by Datus Kelley.

PLAN.—I. To show how the universe was evolved from chaos, by established laws inherent in the constitution of matter.

II. To show how life originated on the globe, and to detail its history from its earliest dawn to the beginning of written history.

III. To show how the kingdoms, divisions, classes and species of the living world, originated by the influence of conditions operating on the primordial elements.

IV. To show how man originated from the animal world, and to detail the history of his primordial elements.

V. To show how mind originates, and is governed, by fixed laws.

VI. To prove man an immortal being, and that his immortal state is controlled by as immutable laws as his physical state.

For sale at this Office.

CONTENTS OF SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1860. Calendar for 1860, Speakers' almanac, Greeting, Spiritual Theory, What Spiritualism Has Done, The Soul's Authority, Living Inspirations, Re-union of friends, True Reform Individual Freedom, Spiritualism and the Bible, Can Spiritualism Stand Alone, The Spiritual Dispensation, Mediums Defended, Agitation, Radicalisms, Reforms, Search the Scriptures, Angel Helpers, Great Minds, Spiritual Progress, True Marriage, Vision of Progress, Spiritual Theory, Spiritual Intercourse. The trial and Triumph, Divine Love, Speakers, Places of Meetings, Mediums, Journals, Publications, Schools Spiritualists in America, Summary.

A limited supply of this Fourth Annual Register, is still on hand, and will be sent by mail, free of postage, one hundred for \$5; fourteen for \$1; ten cents a single copy. Address, Uriah Clark, Auburn, N. Y.

THE PRESSAGE is a weekly newspaper, published at Hendersonville, North Carolina, Joel H. Clayton, editor and proprietor.

Our friend Clayton has labored with commendable zeal to establish a living, progressive paper in his own sunny clime. May he be blessed in his great work.

HERALD OF PROGRESS, edited by Andrew Jackson Davis.—Terms of subscription: Single copies, per year, \$2; three, do., \$5; ten, do., \$16; twenty, do., \$30. All letters to be addressed to A. J. Davis & Co., publishers, 574, Canal st., New York.

The Herald is just the paper one will expect who knows the editor—a sensible, philosophical herald of the Harmonial Age. There is no great need of a prophetic vision to see for the Herald a long and glorious career.

CLEVELAND DAILY REVIEW, neutral in religion and politics, T. L. Wilcox & Co., proprietors. Terms of subscription: Daily, one week, 6 cts.; one month, 25 cts.; one year, \$3; four months, \$1; to clubs of ten, out of city, \$2 50; clubs of twenty or over, \$2, clubs to be sent to one address.

Mr. Dwyer, the editor, is said to be a gentleman of fine intellect and great moral worth.

THE PRINCIPLES, published weekly, at 339 Pearl street, (two doors above Harpers' Buildings,) New York, Wm. Goodell, editor, Samuel Wilde, proprietor. Terms, one dollar a year, in advance. Direct business letters, with remittances, to Melancthon B. Williams, Publishing Agent.

The editor says—Our object, by this publication, is to promote pure religion, sound morals, Christian reforms; the abolition of slaveholding, caste, the rum traffic, and kindred crimes—the application of Christian principles to all the relations, duties, business arrangements, and aims of life;—to the individual, the family, the Church, the State, the Nation—to the work of converting the world to God, restoring the common brotherhood of man, and rendering Society the type of heaven. Our text book is the Bible; our standard, the divine law; our expediency, obedience; our plan, the Gospel; our trust, the Divine promises; our panoply, the whole armor of God.

THE LAWRENCE CALAMITY OF January 10, 1860; A Discourse delivered at Lawrence, Mass., by REV. R. HASSAL.

The following beautiful extract is an embodiment of the Spiritists idea of death and of life.

At such a time the soul demands a faith which can look in-

to the spirit world and recognize there the form of friends, who have been prematurely summoned from their labors here, and have entered upon that state where neither fire nor flood can arrest their progress forever. Blessed is the man or woman who has this. It relieves death and the grave of its sadness and gloom. It fills us with the assurance that separation is but temporary; that death is neither annihilation, nor sleep, nor a summons to unutterable woe; that is but change of this material vestment of ours, leaving the heart, the intellect, the conscience, and all the spiritual laws of our being, the same as they were in this life. With this faith, we feel assured that we shall meet again, and that we do meet even now; that our friends not only live, but live to be wiser, better and happier, and live, too, in conditions which do not separate them completely from this world and from us. How much consolation would such convictions as these afford to the sorrowing and bereaved? But many are haunted with doubts. Some are terribly distressed with fear, respecting the future condition of the departed, while others have no strong and sustaining faith in the presence and beauty of the spirit world. To one, the grave is the end of all things. To another, it is the gloomy and dreadful passage to destruction, and to another, death is the gate to the inscrutable mystery of the future, a leap in the impenetrable darkness. But to the man of spiritual faith, it is neither the beginning or end of life. It is only continuance. And thank God such a faith is possessed by millions. It is spreading farther and wider, and now it enables multitudes to exclaim with the confidence of Paul of old—"O, death, where is thy sting, O, grave where is thy victory."

MRS. C. M. TUTTLE.

We learn, with deep sorrow that another laborer has left the earth form. Warren Chase writes:

Wednesday, January 11th, as the clock announced the departure of the day from West Winsted, Conn., the messenger called for our and your sister, Mrs. Charlotte M. Tuttle, long and extensively known as one selected by the angels to bear tidings of great joy to longing and anxious souls of earth from the peaceful homes of rest to which they have called her. Her form was too frail for its work in a New England climate, and when it had been weakened by the birth and nurture of a tender and gentle form for another soul to try earth life in, consumption, "with white hand," seized her, and would not loose his hold till the angel took her from his grasp, leaving the form, still lovely in death, for the hungry grave; but she is not there—already she has informed us of her glorious resurrection in her spiritual body, and of the heavenly welcome she heard among those who has so often employed her while here to reach their friends. Her husband and little one are sorrowing here in the shades of earth, and to them and the many dear friends in Winsted of the one so newly born to higher life, our living and loving sister, Anne M. Middlebrook, spoke words of comfort and encouragement at the funeral on Sunday, and some wished the call had been for them; for the happier life was made so plain, and the presence and happiness of the sister so real, that few could doubt. No spirit ever bore sickness and suffering with more meekness, patience and pleasantness, than our beloved sister, and no one could be more universally beloved than she was by all who knew her. Her years on earth were not many, but she has gone laden with richest blessing from many an earthly friend, and where she will meet and receive her full reward. Who shall receive the next summons, we know not, but another is no doubt already selected. Let us be ready, and leap with joy to meet them, as we are severally selected to try our reliance on our knowledge of immortality. These departures prove more fully than any other testimony can, the certainty of the union of the two worlds.

GRACE GREENWOOD IN PRISON.

During a visit in Columbus Grace Greenwood received and accepted an invitation to "preach to the spirits in prison."

She said in her concluding remarks:

You can have great help, if you will accept it. Prison walls, bars and bolts cannot shut out from your souls the sweet and sacred memories of home and happy old times—of the faces of your mothers—sorrowful and worn, yet full of love and forgiveness—of the piteous gray hairs and bowed heads of your fathers—of the faces of brothers and sisters—wives and husbands—and the dear little faces of your children. All these memories and loves plead with you, to lead true and noble lives henceforth. Nor is this all. God's love follows you within these gloomy walls—even as His beautiful sunshine finds its way through these grated windows, this morning, and falls upon your heads like a visible blessing.—And even when you are shut in your narrow cells at night, you are not alone. God's pitying angels stand at your bedside, and watch over you—poor stray children of the Father—with yearning tenderness—bringing you sometimes a dream of home and your dear ones—sometimes a hope of pardon and heaven. Oh, take heart! A pure and honorable life is possible for you all—God has not lost his hold of you yet.

AGITATOR RECEIPTS.

D. Strawbridge,.....	\$1 00	Mrs. Miller,.....	\$ 50
Miss Horseman,.....	2 00	H. Hayes,.....	1 00
Miss Nye,.....	1 00	J. Wait,.....	50
Miss La Rue,.....	1 00	E. H. Valentine,.....	50
Mrs. Cross,.....	50	Mrs. Martin,.....	50
Wm. Hays,.....	1 00	Mrs. Marsh,.....	50
Mrs. Catlin,.....	50	Mrs. Grow,.....	50
Mrs. Walker,.....	37	Mrs. Severance,.....	1 00
Mrs. Martin,.....	1 00	Mrs. Lawrence,.....	1 00
H. B. Force,.....	1 00	D. Hall,.....	50
A. H. Reading,.....	1 00	Mrs. Charles,.....	1 00
Mrs. Rogers,.....	1 00	D. D. Holmes,.....	1 00
Miss Brown,.....	1 00	Miss Norcross,.....	50
Mrs. Bailey,.....	1 00	J. P. Davis,.....	1 00
M. Knight,.....	75	B. Dean,.....	1 00
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"SPEAK AND LISTEN."

Your kind offer, Mrs. Brown, to allow any one who may differ from you in reference to the John Brown raid upon Virginia, the use of your columns to reply to your defence of that man who is, in your eyes, a martyr, and in mine, a hoary headed sinner, I accept, and will, with your permission, place before your readers a few *facts*, not creations of a disturbed fancy, but facts plain, honest and undeniable as the fact of our existence.

"The Recording Angel will blot out with a tear the errors of Mr. Brown, because they were committed with an honest heart."—(Mrs. Childs, see Agitator Jan. 15.) An "Honest heart," is it that would prompt John Brown to burn a neighbor's hay stacks and fences for which he was imprisoned in the Akron jail some years since. An "honest heart" that would prompt John Brown to go into Missouri and steal horses and sell them in this very city, boasting that he stole them. An "honest heart" prompted him to call from their beds at the solemn hour of midnight, Mr. Doyle and his two sons, and two other persons—murder them and leave their mangled bodies in the open air.

An "honest heart," prompted John Brown to enter a neighboring State and there incite slaves to rebel against their masters and kill them in cool blood—an honest heart does this and you and your abolition allies, would hang our streets in mourning, decorate our schools and scholars in crape, and erect a monument to the memory of a man whose life was ended on a gallows. No crime on earth seemed too dreadful for that man to commit, and now, to see you, a woman with a heart as noble and as good as a woman need possess, and with a very excellent paper, too, at your command, laboring with all your might to exalt this man to the position of a third (for I believe you have already two) Jesus, surprised me, and I am glad to see that even you are willing to acknowledge that even we, poor Democrats, may have the right to speak our feelings and our sentiments, and I can but feel that John Brown and his associates received but their just reward when the halter stopped their breath of life forever. We have the right to differ, and therefore, "agree to disagree," and may you find a more profitable and more pleasant duty than defending the life and character of one whose name shall stand written forever among the debased, degraded and hanged of his race.

Cleveland, Jan., 1860.

R. O. G.

REMARKS.

The author of the above remarks thinks that we quite over estimate Capt. Brown. So he has pictured the other side of the man's reputation.

Hoping there was some mistake in our friend's statement in relation to the burning of hay stacks and imprisonment, we wrote to the Jailor of Akron for the facts. The following letter gives the other side:

AKRON, Jan. 27, 1860.

DEAR EDITOR—Yours of the 27th inst., is before me, and I hasten to reply, "Old John Brown," according to the jail record, was never in the Akron jail. There are present two, who have been citizens of the county since its organization, (which was in 1840,) and who were well acquainted with said Brown, and they both say that such an event never occurred, and without hesitation, pronounce the rumor as wholly devoid of truth.

Yours, &c.,

F. L. R.

John Brown, Jr., who was with his father in the Kansas war, says: "My father did not kill the Doyles. He was many miles distant at the identical time, and knew nothing of the killing until some days afterwards."

If our friend will read Redpath's Life of Brown, he will get the history of the "stolen horses."—Prove your statements, brother. We will "listen."

WATCHWORDS.

A HYMN FOR MEN.

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time!
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living, is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth is creation's
Groaning, for its latter day.

Will ye play then? will ye dally,
With your music, with your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark, the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—Heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!

What! still hug thy dreamy slumbers?
'Tis no time for idling play;
Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers,
Flout them! we must work to-day!

Fear not! spurn the worldling's laughter;
Thine ambition—trample thou!
Thou shalt find a long hereafter,
To be more than tempts thee now.

On! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

Magog leadeth many a vassal,
Christ his few—his little ones;
But about our leaguered castle,
Rear and Vanguard are his Sons!

Sealed, to blush to cower never;
Crossed, baptized, and born again,
Sworn to be Christ's soldiers ever,
Oh, for Christ, at least be men!

A. C. Coze.

LAWRENCE, Jan. 27, 1860.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: Since writing you in the early part of the present month, our city has been the scene of one of the most appalling and heart-rending disasters ever recorded by man. A calamity has befallen us, unequalled in the annals of our country or the world. Truly may it be said that the "mourners go about the streets." The veil of gloom, however, which settled so like a pall of midnight upon our city, is being gradually lifted, as time separates us from that hour of terror and anguish. Business is already assuming its wonted aspect. Grant, O God, I may never again witness such an hour.

I did not dream that you would publish my former letter, but as you have, I must call your attention to two or three little blunders; 1st, read *heartfelt* mirth, instead of "beautiful mirth;" 2d, read *unaffected* grace, instead of "an affected grace." These corrections will make it read a little better.

I mentioned in my last that the Misses Lords, of Portland, were with me. (Isn't it comforting to have the Lord with us?) They are holding a series of circles for physical and musical manifestation.—The principal feature being the playing upon the guitar, violin, bass-viol, tamborine, drums, bells, &c., &c., without human contact. Over one hundred persons have witnessed these phenomena, a majority of whom are of that class who have little faith and less knowledge in spirit existence and spirit power. Not a person who has witnessed these things, has left my house without *first firmly asserting their entire satisfaction that no human contact or human agency produced the music or moved the instruments.*

Musicians have been in and played their respective instruments and been accompanied by the *invisibles* with a skill and correctness of a master mind. The instruments are often passed around the circle while playing, resting on the head of one and then passing to the head of another, and so on round. During the session, many of the instruments, with chairs, light stands, dry sink, drawers,

in short every thing moveable which the power can control, is piled in one grand mass on the table round which the circle is formed. On one occasion the Medium was lifted with her chair and placed upon the table—there were fifteen persons present. The movement was instantaneous. A large portion of those who have visited the circles at my house are members of the various Evangelical Churches, and it is not a little curious and amusing to see how they desire to visit us the second and third times even. How like Nicodemus, they like the cover of the night. Their questions, too, are very much like those of their illustrious predecessor, "How can these things be?" Yet they are as ready to answer with the Nazarene—"We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen, and ye receive not our witness."

The Spiritual Idea is advancing, and as it advances its devotees are drawn into closer and deeper sympathy with their fellow man. I sent you a few days since a discourse by Rev. R. Hassall, on the late calamity. I will send you, as soon as out, one of the orthodox or special providence side view.

Yours very truly,

J. C. B.

TOO MUCH BIBLE.

MRS. BROWN: When my neighbor hails me in the morning for the news, I invariably answer *too much Bible*. We have Bible for every occasion, to sustain every position. Nothing can happen but there is Bible in it. No political or religious body exists without having plenty of Bible to sustain and oppose it. There is Bible for Catholicism, and Bible against it; Bible for predestination, and Bible against it; Bible for freewill, and Bible against it; Bible for universalism, and Bible against it; Bible for Mormonism, and Bible against it; Bible for democracy, and Bible against it; Bible for republicanism, and Bible against it; Bible for free-love, and Bible against it; Bible for Infidelity, and Bible against it. Everything is full of Bible. The Roman Church was the beast of John's revelation to one commentator. Napoleon Bonapart the iden-beast to another. The crusade was the same beast to another, and the Russian and Turkish war that same animal to another, and yet it turns out that Mormonism is that old animal at last. How is it that there is so much Bible for and against everything? The answer is simple. The associated writings of near fifty persons, many of them conflicting on most subjects, as is the case with the Bible authors, is a sufficient solution of the inquiry. As an illustration, take and associate under one cover, and call it infallible, all that has appeared for the past month in the New York Tribune, Spiritual Telegraph, Charleston Courier, New Orleans Delta, Puritan Recorder, Tennessee Baptist, Knoxville Whig, Southern Christian Advocate, and the Divinity Physician. Then advocate a doctrine on any subject and you will have any amount of infallible evidence.

I challenge any person to show wherein the analogy is not true. There is doctrine in the Bible which will sustain any position, so there would be in the association above named. Then why should we hypocritically conceal the truth? Why not oppose the errors which have enslaved and degraded the mind of humanity for two thousand years? Let the age of true protestantism dawn upon the world, that the individual is sovereign of himself; that his conscience is the highest tribunal to which he is subject, and to its decision should all things succumb. Now is not this age tending in this direction? Infidelity is paving the way by freeing the mind from theological dogmas, and Spiritualism is supplying the great *desiderata* by uniting rational revelation with the teachings of science, so that there is no conflict between the teachings of philosophy and the doctrines of immortality; but a complete harmony in

the realms of universal existence. Then let us discard "so much Bible," and the supernatural, and substitute that which is rational, philosophical and true.

For Truth and Reform,
Cross Anchor, S. C. DIXON L. DAVIS.

THE WORLD WITHIN.

"Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless hand,
Which eye hath never seen.

"Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

"In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

"Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine."

Elizabeth Lloyd.

Man stands between two eternities—the Past and the Future. He also stands between two worlds of existence—the Outward and the Interior. The Outward, that which we see with our physical eyes around us—the earth with its vast continents and grandly-flowing oceans, its islands and many-sounding seas, its green vales and silent mountains, its clouds and sunshine, its flowers and forests, its homes of tropic glory and regions of eternal frost, the far heavens round it gemmed with suns and star-splendor—all this, and all beside that goes to make up the total of visible things is accounted by the majority of men as the most important part of the universe with which we have to do. These they regard as the tangible realities. These constitute their world, in which they live as outward visibilities, meeting and related to each other as such mainly. All beside is vague and indefinite—an undiscovered country—ignored, feared, unstudied and unknown.

Yet to the true man, and to the true conception and vision of things this Outward World, with all its grandure and apparent glory, is the least important part of the universe. There is an other world far transcending it—not a world far off in the sun-gemmed regions of space, but an *Interior World* which is entered through the heart. If we look inward through the Christ-door of our hearts, we can behold this world leading away into infinite depths—a realm of unutterable beauty, and love and the light and life of God. There the soul sees the throne of God and the angel-home. There glorious beings "come and go," and

"Shapes of resplendent beauty throng,"

Avenues lead away from us into that world in every direction, along which we can see glory surpassing glory till all is lost in infinite light. There is the home of Genius and Poetry and Song; there Music with its mysteries is born. Truth and love are from thence, and beauty is the effluence of its gates. Toward that world we go when our hearts turn to God, and aspire after better life. All true love that thrones the heart with rapture and joy, is but the inbreathing of the atmosphere that reigns forever there. From thence come the inspirations that lead us forth into new spheres of action and growth.

It is to this world, that Christ and the Bible introduce us. Without them, we grope in "a land of darkness and the shadow of death." To the men who wrote the Bible, this interior world was a reality; they had glimpses of its glory—its infinite depths of life and love. Holy ones had come from thence and talked with them, and led them forth from the mass of men and made them messengers of its truth. Compared with it, the outward was but shadow—yonder was the substance. Therefore "their doctrine drops as rain, and their speech distills as dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." Therefore their words come home with power to the heart, and open to us the vision of the Most High. From thence came the angels of the older dispensation; the burning bush, which Moses saw in Horeb, the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire that guided the host of Israel for forty years in the wilderness, the glory that filled the tabernacle and he temple, all that Isaiah and his prophet-brethren saw, were the burstings forth of that inner world—

that heaven of heavens, which is the "dwelling place" of the Lord God. But more than all this, Christ came and opened the gates of that world to mankind. Before, it had only been seen as it were afar off—its flame-bursts had gleamed out upon them, lighting up the soul-horizon from time to time, guiding them onward and telling of something better to come. But Christ threw the portals back and let the stream of glory through. He opened "a new and living way" by which we enter there—by which "we come unto Mount Sion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant."

This interior world is the controlling world—the world that rules the affairs of men, and the phenomena of the outward. Silent and invisible as it seems, it "rules the nations with a rod of iron and dashes them in pieces as a potter's vessel." There is the Kingdom of Heaven, the triumphant Primitive Church, angels and seraphim—to the great *Family of God*. To them is given "power over the nations."

But the significant fact concerning that world and our relations to it is, the promise that the hour is coming when the two worlds shall come together and be one. That there is to be "a new heaven and a new earth." This kingdom of central truth and love and glory will come into the hearts of men and transform them into its image. All the earth shall be changed. John describes this event as follows: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away: and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." Although we may not be able to conceive of all the effects of this event upon us and upon the earth, and our relations to the earth and the outward universe, still the language of John and of the other writers of the Bible gives us the assurance that we shall then enter upon a state of existence in the immediate presence of God, and where there shall be no death or evil of any kind. The veil will be taken away between the two worlds and we shall be in a realm where "there is fullness of joy and pleasure forevermore." The Interior will triumph over the Outward and absorb it into itself.

This coming consummation opens to us a field of most interesting thought and investigation. How may we increase our communication with the Interior? That world is approaching us; it is the hope of our calling to enter its precincts and drink of its waters of life. Faith opens the way from our hearts into its portals; it brings us the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It bridges over the chasm between the Interior and the Outward, and bringing us the resurrection life and power of Christ, enables us to cross and enter there.—*Circular*.

TRUE LOVE.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

Gold begets in brethren hate,
Gold in families, debate;
Gold doth friendship separate;
Gold doth civil wars create.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.—Hudson Tuttle, as you may know, has written a large book entitled, "The Arcana of Nature." It is a good and useful book and every one will want to read it; but you, of smaller growth, will hardly comprehend his scientific terms, nor know exactly how to pronounce all the big words. Mr. Tuttle remembers that the time was when he could not tell why a rock was hard or how an acorn grew to be a wide-spreading oak. He knows, too, that some of you know about as a little as he did, so like a sensible fellow, he has concluded to write for the Agitator, the best paper (in *our* opinion) that has ever seen the blessed sunlight, a series of articles upon Geology—twenty in all.

We shall commence the publication of them in the next number of the Agitator. Who of you will not want to read them? Hope none of you have mothers or fathers who would not wish to put into your hands the stories the hills, rocks, rivers, trees and flowers will tell you.

VIOLET.

Where is Violet? you will all ask as soon as you turn to the "Children's Corner." "Dear, dear Violet! what has become of her?"

We fully appreciate your disappointment, for we too, are looking hopefully into the future—waiting to know just what will become of "Violet." You will be pained with the news that the author of "Violet," a beautiful young lady, is suffering terribly with a disease of the eyes. For this reason she has been unable to send the chapter for this number.

A LITTLE GERMAN STORY.

A countryman, on returning from the city took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see; and as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them fine apples with rosy cheeks and soft, plum-like skins. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for their mother. In the evening, ere the children had retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking, "How did you like the soft, rosy apples?"

"Very much indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy; "it is a beautiful fruit, so acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste. I have carefully preserved the stone, that I may cultivate a tree."

"Right and bravely done," said the father; "that speaks well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming in a young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine and thrown the stone away," said the youngest, "besides which, mother gave me half of hers; oh! it tasted so sweet and so melting in my mouth!"

"Indeed," answered the father, "thou hast not been prudent. However, it was very natural and child-like, and displays wisdom enough for your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son, "which my brother threw away, cracked it and eat the kernel—it was as sweet as a nut to the taste—but my peach I have sold for so much money, that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reproachfully, saying, "Beware, my boy of avarice; prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser. And you, Edmond?" asked the father, turning to his third son, who frankly and openly replied, "I have given my peach to the son of our neighbor, the sick George, who has had the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on the bed and have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmond!" the three exclaimed aloud; "Brother Edmond!"

Edmond was still and silent, and the mother kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes.

BOOKS FOR SALE!

A GENERAL Assortment of Liberal Books are for sale at the Agitator office, 288 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Among them may be found the following:

- Footfalls on the Boundaries of another World, by Robert Dale Owen. This highly interesting volume is one of the most valuable contributions yet offered to the literature of Spiritualism, being a record of facts and experiences, carefully gathered by him during his late residence in Europe. Price \$1.25; postage 20 cents.
- A Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration, by Datus Kelley, 25 cents.
- The Bible; is it of Divine Origin, Authority and Influence? by S. J. Finney. Price, in cloth 40 cents, in paper 25 cents.
- Helper's Impending Crisis; Unabridged, large 12mo volume, 420 pages, cloth, \$1. Octavo edition, paper covers, 50 cents.
- James Redpath's Life of John Brown, an elegant 12mo. volume of 400 pages, illustrated and embellished with a superb Steel Portrait. Price \$1; postage 21 cents.
- The Bible; is it a Guide to Heaven? by George B. Smith. Price 25 cents; postage 3 cents.
- The American Manual of Phonography. Price, 60 cents.
- A Review of Rev. I. E. Dwinell's Sermon against Spiritualism, by J. H. W. Tooley; price 15 cents.
- Poems for Reformers, by Wm. Denton; price 50 cents; postage 6 cents.
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- "How and Why I Became a Spiritualist," by Wash A. Danskin, Baltimore, Md. Price, 25 cents; postage 4 cents.
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- The Kingdom of Heaven; or the Golden Age, by E. W. Loveland. Price, 75 cents; postage 11 cents.
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- Thirty-Two Wonders; or the skill displayed in the Miracles of Jesus, by Prof. M. Durais. Price, in cloth, 40 cents, in paper, 25 cents.
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- The False and True Marriage; the Reason and Results, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. price 6 cents.

Scenes in the Spirit World, or Life in the Spheres, by J. H. Tuttle. Price 50 cents; postage 7 cents.

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