

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."

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN. TERMS---ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME III. No 6.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, DECEMBER 15, 1859.

WHOLE No. 42.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

OUR MAGGIE.

BY EDITH DE VERE.

Our Maggie wi' her sunny eyes
An' silken shadowy hair,
An' lip o' love whose low replies
Were music i' the air—
Our Maggie wi' the blossoms lies,
That made the summer fair.

Ane mornin' when the stars went down,
Sae lowly drooped her head;
An' ere the heavy day was done
Our Maggie she was dead;
An' a' the light o' home was gone,
Wi' her sweet spirit fled.

We folded up her hands so fair
In slumber soft an' deep,
An' placed the roses i' her hair—
An' yet we didna weep,
But stood aroun' i' white despair,
Sae tearless an' sae deep.

We found a spot o' holy groun',
Where one would love to dream,
When purple shadows hover roun'
The Day-God's dying beam,
An' laid our folded flower down
Beside a low-voiced stream.

Yes, left our darling Maggie there,
Another white-robed guest
In the city of the silent, where
The weary aye may rest.
And oh! to grieve we dinna dare,
For she is very blest.

LIFE'S TRIALS.

I know that trials are the fires,
That purify from base desire;
And elevate the spirit higher;
E'en to the throne of Deity.

Then will I praise this holy rest,
That's found a lodgement in my breast,
This consciousness of being blessed,
This mental quietude.

I would not ask that I might ne'er,
Know more of sorrow, grief or care,
But breathe henceforth the balmy air,
Of indolence and care.

But of that all prevailing power,
That rules the tempest, paints the flower,
Shines in the sun-beam and the showers,
This boon I'd ask.

That, let whatever may betide,
Whether on prosperous gales I ride,
And friends stand closely by my side,
Mid fortunes smiles.

Or, should the tides of sorrow flow,
And every friend should prove a foe,
And fires of persecution glow,
My soul to try.

That I may even see and feel—
This future purposes reveal,
That in each seeming woe or weal,
My spirit's purified.

S. E. M.

[Selected.] DEEDS AND WORDS.

When'er a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Longfellow.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

MY RELIGION.

BY CORA WILBURN.

ARTICLE I.

I believe it to be at the bidding of my spirit friends, that I now address my earthly ones; not as usual in the garb of fiction or the language of poetry, but in simple defence and exposition of my views on the faith, teachings, influences, and moral bearings of spiritualism.

For seven years I have been a believer in the blessed tidings from the spirit world; formerly I hoped for, now, *I have* my immortality. Through my own reason, by appeals made to my heart, soul, and intellect, am I now, shall I ever remain, a spiritualist. Through my own hand have the loving messages from the spirit-world been given; external proofs, added to interior, and overwhelming conviction, have enabled me to lay aside the trammels of creed in which I once stood bound. I am happy, free, in the exercise of my reason; and I rely upon my Heavenly Father's goodness, upon the progressed knowledge of my inspiring spirit guides and friends, for the illumination of that reason; for its consecration ever to the right, the beautiful, the Divine.

I know there are many loving hearts who have graciously accepted my humble ministrations; who have read with smiles and tears, my written thoughts, the impressions penned by my hand. Many think of me lovingly. It is a source of purest satisfaction to me, to feel, thanks to my spirit guides, that somewhere, in the far West, a mother's heart has responded in joyous recognition of my portrayal of the blessedness of sinless childhood in the worlds beyond. That through the distance, old men and maidens hearts have replied in spirit to my soul's outpourings, when I spoke to them of Immortal love and progressive life. I have friends, warm, devoted, truthful; friends whose hands I may never take on earth; who, the spirit whispers—love me well. To the toilers of New England, to the generous southern hearts, to those of my adopted city, I have spoken for some years, and I feel that my imperfect utterances have not failed utterly; that the light and truth and beauty of spirit precepts has gone abroad, even though the instrumentality of one who seeks thereby no worldly applause, but bends the knee and heart in humblest gratitude for the love accorded by the Loving Father and his host of ministering spirits.

I have never been in an abnormal state; therefore, I say, (impressed as it is by unseen yet felt intelligences) bears the sanction of my demanded judgment, and is the true exposition of my own highest views, *of the life I strive to live*, as well as write about.

Accepting the fulness of the liberty of speech accorded to me, by our kind co-laborer, the Editor of this paper, I shall avail myself of the time and

space allotted, to make a clear, bold statement of my views, on several subjects connected with the beautiful religion of spiritualism.

I begin with Thee, Infinite and Unsearchable One! and my finite mind bows meekly to the dust before the splendors of thy Infinitude, revealed so broadly even on earth! Great and all-pervading spirit of all worlds! Thou art to me no enthroned monarch, no inexorable judge, but Father and Mother of all souls. I know, that even the highest angels know not all of Thee; but by reason of their purity, love and wisdom, *see* more of Thy hallowed manifestations and *feel* Thee near. Who can concentrate Thy mighty soul-life into one form, the physical semblance of thy children's form?—In *soul* we are formed in thine image, in the attributes finite with us and limitless with Thee, we resemble Thy divinity. I need no book, no creed, no priest, to tell me of my God. I see him in every dawning leaf, in every blessed ray of sunlight, in every flowret's upraised form of loveliness. I hear His voice in wind and wave; I feel myself surrounded by Omnipotence, encircled by Love, o'erwatched by Wisdom. I know, the Infinite Perfection will be ever unattainable, ever enshrined in His own necessary and beautiful mystery; leaving enough revealed of beauty for me to love, wonder and adore.—And His creative power never ceases; ever the life-breath of His spirit pervades, animates and fructifies; He is the living God to me, and I cannot divide his sovereignty with aught of earth or heaven. I cannot accept of any theological or spiritual Trinity. My God is *One*, sole and Eternal, whose breath of life, pervades all forms.

I revere and admire the character of Jesus of Nazareth. I look upon him as the apostle of Purity, self abnegation, charity, and meekness. Physically and spiritually well-developed, he by well-directed and unremitting effort, labored and overcame many human perversions. By faith, he overcame doubt and scepticism; by patience and meekness the adversities of life. By struggling nobly, he overcame temptation. Godlike submission conquered the human heart's rebellion; the angel-virtue of chastity withstood the assailments of sense; the demon of ambition was thrust from the bosom dedicated to the truths of God. The customary *devils* of our nature were cast out by the strong will, heeding and obeying the voice of God, that bade him live and die an example unto all ages. Thus, pure, loving, truth-devoted Jesus, I accept thee, nearest son of God! But to acknowledge the beauty of thy example, I must believe thee *human*. It would be no merit in a *God*, what in thee is so highly estimable. And with the Catholic, I revere and love the *virgin soul* of Mary; for Jesus to have been what he was, it was necessary that his mother should be pure and good and spiritual. And it should be the boast and glory of humanity, that he, the moral teacher, and living example of a benighted age, is our *human brother*, who was born and lived in accordance with the natural and immutable laws of

God; which never have, never can or will be, set aside; for our God works *by law*, not by arbitrary decree, or caprice.

I look upon the Bible as a history of the past; and as such worthy of attention. The seers and prophets and legislators of old, I admire as fitting exponents of truth, *for the times they lived in*; but according to a more enlightened standard, I cannot accept them as examples for the present. They were mediums of inspiration as far as they were capacitated, physically and mentally; but the morality of David and Solomon cannot be extolled in these days; nor the cruel warfares of the Jews held up to us as instances of God's partial favor, to a chosen people; of our Heavenly Father's vengeance upon his enemies. For we know, God can not have enemies; those who transgress physical or moral law, transgress *against themselves*, and the laws of the Universe are not suspended or disturbed thereby. Though I would not in any way, wound the religious feelings of my neighbors, nor say one disrespectful word against any belief, Heathen, Mahomedan, or Christian; I would take to myself, in this land of liberty, the freedom of thinking and believing *for myself*; not at the dictates of priest, or creed, or book. I acknowledge the beauties of the ancient scriptures, but I cannot close my eyes and my reason against the revolting narratives, immoral records, and appalling scenes of vengeance, and bloodshed therein transcribed. I see nothing pure, Godlike, or elevating in them; therefore I would *let them rest*; and not offend modern refinement, and a higher sense of morality, by their repetition. I can accept Jesus of Nazareth and John, the beloved disciple, without scruples, as beautiful examples of humanity. But I cannot, *in the present*, accept of the licentious Solomon, or the example of his father, as my moral guides to righteousness.

And as a woman, I cannot see any beauty of character in Sarah, the shrewish and imperious dame, who cast forth the sorrowing Hagar, from feelings of envy and jealousy, although in the eyes of an impartial Diety, the outcast bondwomen had equal rights with herself.—Nor can I sympathise with Lea, nor with the deceptive character of Rebecca. I have a higher standard of right.

Therefore, I cannot submit to have these time-honored authorities, fastened upon my soul. I cannot love a God, who is changeable, capricious, partial, and revengeful. My Ideal of the Incomprehensible One is a lofty ideal, before which seraphs of love and wisdom bow their hearts in meekest adoration. My republican spirit, scorns the control of tyrants; and it is God who has implanted in me that spirit, for which I cherish and cultivate it.

Allowing for all the exaggeration of Eastern language and metaphor, I believe all the so called miracles were performed *by natural law*; which not understood by the people, was called magic or miracles. And this is certain, that whatever cannot be achieved to-day, by and through natural law, never has been done before; the powers and forces of Nature are the same, only more developed, better understood by the mind of man. I accuse no character in the Bible, no seer or legislator or apostle, of deception. That were to disavow the seers and mediums of the present, but I deny that the truths there given, were meant as so many stationary soul marks; from whose standpoint no man should dare to walk abroad.

I find instances of inspiration given then as now, through fallible human instrumentalities; inspirations from the spirit-world, from those spirits then enabled to communicate with earth; partaking as the messages still do, of the peculiarities of mind and speech, through which they are given. None authoritative, none binding, further than each individual soul is capacitated to receive and adopt them. Passing over the manifest contradictions of the rec-

ord, even in the New Testament, I can gather the gems to be always found there, and enweave them with other flowers and gems of thought wherever found.

"On Christian, or on Heathen ground."

Making no exclusive worship of *any book*; or any great character even, but worshipping the God I see and feel daily; gathering strength and faith and beauty from the wide opened pages of God's ever readable volume—nature. Thus, I do not discard the Bible, but I do not enshrine it as a household idol.

My sabbaths are my resting hours of spiritual communion, my moments of social intercourse with understanding minds; my days of poetical salvation; and my dreams of home and heaven; these are the welcome sabbaths of my soul. I need no arbitrary decree to bid me cease from labor; for labor is often a work of love willingly entered upon by heart and hands. And to tell me that God ever rested! When the sublime machinery of Nature works on for ever undisturbed, taking its own sweet Sabbath rests; not in activity, but in varied changes ever and ever continued.

And I need no glooming horror, no impalpable and unshaped fear of the future, to keep me in the paths of rectitude. To approximate to those high and angelic natures, that love so well, and know so much of life and god, is it not a nobler ambition, a higher incentive than the slavish fear of punishment, the wrath of an offended God. No! he, my Father ever smiles; but the spirits enveloped in moral darkness beholds not that celestial sign of love; the torpid soul cannot conceive of this nearness and of heaven's beatitudes. To do good, to act up to our highest conception of duty is to be happy, to be inevitably rewarded with the consciousness of that love divine, that falls on all earth's children; only the ignorant, (and those are mostly always the wrong-doers), *feel it not*.

To be happy is the right of every soul. But hitherto mankind have adopted the wrong means for the attainment of that most desirable end. And popular creeds and church dogmas have enchained aspiring minds, and led them unconsciously into dark, narrow, selfish channels, from which no world-beneficence has sprung.

Living with God and *without* a creed, men can truly view each other as brother; they can step out of the narrow circle of their own thoughts and feelings, to share with others of the weal and woes of life. Pending toward the same great destiny, there need be no clashing of interests by the way. With no elect to look up to; no foredoomed ones to look down upon, how much happier and more united this family of our God would be!

Guarding the senses, the feelings, the soul, from contact with lower things, men would be saved from the hells of disappointment, suffering, remorse; the only hells, appointed by the invariable laws that govern earth and spirit-life.

Not at some future day to be pledged for the deeds done in the body; but daily, hourly, is the judgment procured by the protesting soul in its divinity, crying aloud against the encroachments of wrong. The pained and tortured body is a witness of the violations committed against it; remorse and terror, and unrest, are the unremitting attendants upon guilt; upon that infringement of the sacred domain of conscience, where purity and justice, mercy and honor, sit in judgment. We cannot sin with impunity; the signet of vice is clearly impressed on the brow of the libertine; intemperance reveals its bloated victim; cunning and malice and envy have their discovering signs upon the visage, in the bearing, in the very attitude; and the miserly spirit cramps and distorts its votary, until his soul is known. There is no escape from the consequences of *violated law*; and though ex-

ternal happiness or misery may not always follow, the *interior* results are fixed and inevitable. There is a voice calling at intervals to every soul; those nearest to truth and obedience, hear the voice most distinctly. Even as to the great soul of "Alamontade" the galley slave and advanced philosopher—the warning and persuasive tones of intuition of the right (is not that conscience?)—bid us "Be pure as God is Pure!"

No denunciations, no threats of earthly retribution or of spiritual torture, are of avail, with strong, defiant investigating minds. But the worship [of a God of Love, the demonstrated truth of immortality, the manifold proofs of the nearness and influence of the spiritual worlds, these will lead men to heart-prayer, to soul-worship, to the cultivation of the spirit of truthfulness and charity; to an ennobling observance of God's laws; to a higher morality; a better wisdom than the world has ever known. To love our good father and mother in deeds of goodness; to love our neighbors, and upraise the darkened and the ignorant ones; to live for others more than for self; to have a fellowship with all mankind, but no adherence to aught of church form or creed.

To begin the heavenly life here, by admitting angel visitants in celestial and in human guise to our homes and hearts; to seek advancement, light and knowledge.

To overcome the sensual by the spiritual; day by day, to cast off the clogging remnants of superstition, worldliness, uncharitableness, that cling to our spirit garb. To feel God near and watchful, and his spirit hosts encircling us; to strive for this is my religion, and to obliterate from my new vocabulary of faith and love, the repellant word of *death*; substituting therefor the gracious messages of life eternal. This, dear friends and strangers, is my faith, and by it I can live forever; needing for my salvation from error, and for my guide throughout the endless realms of being, no Church, no Bible, no priestly expounder, and no creed.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

For what we know of man in his early stage of existence, and his condition as a human being, we are in a great degree indebted to the investigations of the Geologists; who, with great labor and care is comparing the form and structure of the early remains of the human species with the next earliest, and those with the next; and so on down. By that comparison, the man of science discovers a great difference in the development of the intellectual as well as the physical organs of those early remains, compared with the human species of to-day. Though the difference of the development in the organs of the early and later races of mankind is great; though each succeeding race improves upon the preceding one; yet that improvement takes place so imperceptibly, that were it not for the investigations of the men of science, we would know but little in regard to the improvement that man has made intellectually since his existence on the earth. For each generation passes away without a positive knowledge of being separated by the next.

But we know as positively as we can know anything, that man in his early state of existence was weak and feeble in point of intellect—barely above the brute. With this difference he possessed the reasoning faculty, which was susceptible of improvement; whereas, the guide of the brute was instinct, which admits of no improvement. His reason soon taught him that there was no possibility of bettering his condition. It soon taught him that he must live by his own exertions. He soon learned that in order to reap, he must sow. And in order to sow so as to insure a crop, a preparation of the soil

was necessary. He no doubt taxed his weak inventive powers to their utmost when he produced his first agricultural implement—which was a rude crotch of tree, tied to the tail of his ox, in his estimation, just the thing—an improvement not soon to be improved upon. No doubt he knelt by the side of his panting animal, and thanked the gods that he had been born to witness such a day and age of improvement.

History tells us that that kind of plow was used for centuries; it was in use at so late a period, that it was prohibited by an act of Parliament. By and by man improved upon his first invention, and then upon his second. He then began to progress more rapidly in the scale of improvement. The more he improved his condition, the more he saw the necessity of further improving it. The disposition that has ever manifested itself in man to be dissatisfied and always trying to better his condition, has been the direct cause of many blessings that we now enjoy. This disposition is observed in children whilst endeavoring to hit upon some new and easier way of performing their task differing from the mode they had been taught. For this they are often called ungrateful and rebellious, by their all-wise parents.

Wild and foolish fancies, (as they are termed), frequently result in great good to the world. One of the greatest blessings of the age is the result of the wild fancies of a simple Highland Shepherd boy in the act of watching the escape of steam from his mother's tea kettle spout, while she was preparing his frugal meal. The vague speculations of an untutored youth gave to the world a new Continent.

But to note all the discoveries and improvements that man has made, would be an Herculean task.—And still he is continuing to make them; for new necessities appear as fast as old ones are supplied. Every new invention tends to show how far we are from perfection. The place that man occupies now in the scale of improvement and intelligence, does not show the place he will occupy in the future, for who dare set bounds to progression. Who dare predict anything in regard to the future? Certain it is man has not yet arrived to maturity in point of knowledge. Neither do we believe he can, in this life or the next. Everything favors the conclusion that he is an eternally progressive being; always learning and improving, without satisfying his nature, or without diminishing in the least, that never failing fountain of knowledge that is in reserve for him. He is constantly becoming more God-like without a possibility of becoming his equal.

Man has been compared, in his progression, to the two mathematical lines that constantly approach each other, without touching. Improvement and advancement are absolutely necessary to our happiness in this life; and why should they not be in the next? Should the time come when we are willing to indulge the foolish idea that we have learned all—that we have made the last improvement that can be made; that there is nothing more of interest to be found in the great Book of Nature; and that will be the period in our history from which future generations will date the end of progression, and the beginning of the world's downfall. Though we have drawn this conclusion in regard to man, we have done it with a firm belief that the probabilities are strongly in favor of his eternal progression; and that a state of perfection or a stand-still point is impossible; because his inclination, and his ambition and self interest, has compelled the adoption of the motto, "Upward and Onward."

Progression commences in this world. Man is ambitious to ascend this seemingly difficult, but beautiful path. He may start, and perhaps make considerable progress up this beautiful winding way, with very wrong and contracted ideas regarding Eternal Progression; from the simple fact that

we have among us a class of paid religious teachers, who instil into the minds of the masses, their own fanatical ideas. But as he ascends, he becomes more and more convinced that the accounts he has had of others who have ended their journey up this path, and are standing upon the top-most pinnacle of Truth's temple, are false. He soon comes to the conclusion that the end of this path of progress can never be reached. That it is the only path by which he can approach God. But might not an angel envy, (if such a thing were possible), the feelings of the progressing pilgrim, when he discovers the fact that the difficulties to be encountered are constantly growing less as he ascends, and his strength to overcome them constantly increasing; whilst he is ever drinking from the great fountain of knowledge without quenching his thirst.

But man's progress in this world must necessarily be slow, and attended with many difficulties.—From the fact that his intellectual and progressive powers are imprisoned by the affinity that exists between earth and our prison-house. The body—the home of the soul—is constantly a source of trouble and annoyance to its inmate; ever a tax upon its own and neighbor's ingenuity to keep it in repair. Notwithstanding the multitude of tried and trustworthy guards that are constantly on parade in the shape of physicians and patent medicine venders; prisoners are daily escaping by thousands. But man trudges along, trying to overcome as many difficulties in this life as he can; for he believes he never will encounter the same again.

Though we are disposed to live here as long as possible, yet we look to the time of dissolution with pleasure. Progress will then be more rapid and difficulties more easily overcome. We will be free from the cares of the earthly body that has been a hindering to progress. It has been the cause of suffering on every hand. It is pained and racked by disease. It is full of infirmities from the time it becomes the habitation of man, until he deserts it. When he has left the body, he has left all the difficulties attending it; but the distance he has traveled already, has not in the least diminished the distance between him and his ultimate destination.

Marion, Ohio.

J. L. SMITH.

LYCEUMS AND WOMEN.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in his recent lecture before the Fraternity Association, Boston, thus spoke of woman in connection with the influence of the Lyceum. Ed.

Appreciating the Lyceum system as I do, looking upon it as one of the departments of the National schools, truly American in its origin, and eminently Republican in its character and end, his voice would have done it justice. For this is no common evening, Mr. President. The great boast of New England is, liberal culture and toleration. Easier to preach than practice! Many lyceums have opened their doors to men of different shades of opinion, and some few have even granted a fair amount of liberty in the choice of subject, and the expression of individual opinion. But you go, gentlemen, an arrow's flight beyond them all; for recognizing the essential character of civilization, you place upon your platform the representatives of each sex and of both races. Yes, ladies and gentlemen; you will listen to consummate eloquence, never heard in Boston before from the Lyceum platform, because "guilty of a skin not colored like our own." [Applause.] And you will listen, besides to a woman, gracefully standing on a platform that boasts itself the source of national education.—For decent justice has never been done to woman, in regard to her influence, either upon literature or society; and I welcome with inexpressible delight the inauguration of a course of lectures, national and American, in the proper sense of the words.

There are men who prate about "Nationality," and "Empire," and "manifest destiny"—using brave words, when their minds rise no higher than some petty mass of white States making money out of cotton and corn. My idea of American nationality makes it the last, best growth of the thought-

ful mind of the century, treading under foot sex and race, caste and condition, and collecting on the broad bosom of what deserves the name of an empire, under the shelter of noble, just and equal laws, all races, all customs, all religions, all languages, all literature and all ideas. I remember a year or two ago, they told us of a mob at Milwaukee that forced a man to bring out the body of his wife, born in Asia—which, according to the custom of her forefathers, he was about to burn—and compelled him to submit to American funeral rites which in his soul he abhorred. The Sheriff led the mob, and the press of the State vindicated the act.

This is not my idea of American civilization.—They will show you at Rome the stately column of the emperor Trajan. Carved on its outer surface is the triumphal march of the Emperor, when he came back to Rome, leading all nations, all tongues, all customs, all races, in the retinue of his conquest, and they traced it on the eternal marble, circling the pillar from the base to the capital. Just such is my idea of the Empire,—broad enough and brave enough to admit both sexes, all creeds, and all tongues in the triumphal procession of this great daughter of the west of the Atlantic. [Loud applause.] That is the reason why I hail this step in Boston—the brain of the Union—saying to the negro and to the women, "Take your places among the teachers of American Democracy." [Applause.]

I said justice had never been done to woman for her influence upon literature or society. Society is the natural outgrowth of the New Testament, and yet, nothing deserving of the name ever existed in Europe until two centuries ago, in France women called it into being. Society—the arena where character is formed and studied—the cradle of the realms of public opinion—the crucible of ideas—that unmasks pretension and stamps real merit—the power that gives government leave to be, and outruns the lazy church in fixing the moral sense of the age,—who shall fitly describe the lofty place of this element in the history of the last two centuries? Who shall deny that more than any thing else, it deserves the name of the most controlling element in the history of the two centuries just finished?—And yet, this is the realm of woman, the throne which, like a first conqueror, she founded and then filled.

So with literature. The literature of three centuries ago is not decent to be read; we expurgate it. Within a hundred years, woman has become a reader, and for that reason, as much or more than anything else, literature has sprung to a higher level. No need now to expurgate all you read. Woman, too, is now an author; and I undertake to say, that the literature of the next century will be richer than the classic epochs, for that cause.—Truth is one ever, absolute; but opinion is truth filtered through the moods, the blood, the disposition of the spectator. Man has looked at creation, and given us his impression, in Greek literature and English one-sided, half way, all way. Woman now takes her stand to give us her views of god's works on her own creation; and exactly in proportion, as woman, though equal, is eternally different from man, just in that proportion will the literature of the next century be doubly rich, because we shall have both sides. You may as well plant yourself in the desert, under the changeless gray and blue, and assert that you have seen all the wonders of God's pencil, as maintain that a Male literature, Latin, Greek or Asiatic, can be anything but a half part, poor and one sided; as well develop only muscle, shutting out sunshine and color, and starving the flesh from your angular limbs, and then advise man to scorn Titian's flesh and the Apollo, since you have exhausted manly beauty, as think to stir all the depths of music with only half the chords. [Applause.] The diapason of human thought was never struck, till Christian culture summoned woman into the republic of letters; and experience as well as nature tells us, "what God hath joined let no man put asunder." [Applause.]

DEATH OF CHILDREN IN NEW YORK.—The New York Express says: "There must be something 'rotten in Denmark,' when, out of seven hundred deaths in this city, last week, upwards of five hundred were children under ten years of age. Swill milk, unripe or rotten fruit, bad nursing, and the foul atmosphere of the filthy 'tenant houses,' are doubtless the seeds of this harvest of death." It seems not at all improbable that the foulness of Croton water is the cause of it.

NECESSITY is the mother of invention.

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., DECEMBER 15, 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. 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.

JOHN BROWN.

December the 2d was the darkest day the world has chronicled for eighteen hundred years. The sun, as if conscious of the sins and sorrows of earth, veiled his face the whole day; while the snow, rain and sleet seemed but the outer symbol of the storm and darkness within—darkness so dense that only Faith and Hope could see the Hand that rules the storm and holds evenly the scales.

On that day we remembered a great lover of humanity who testified that love with his blood. We remembered the heavens were darkened and that those who loved the betrayed and crucified, put on sackcloth, and the wonder was if to-day and the 3d of April eighteen hundred years ago were not much alike—if the Man of Nazareth and the man of the Nineteenth century were not alike in their love for the poor and oppressed. The telegraph of that day announced that John Brown was hung at a quarter past eleven o'clock. The request had been made that the bells of the city be tolled for a half hour; but, with one exception, they were all silent.

SINGS OF MOURNING.

Across Superior street, from the Bennet House to Rouse's Block, was stretched a banner deeply bordered with black with the words of Brown, "I do not think I can better honor the cause I love than to die for it."

Several places of business in the city were closed during the day.

From the liberty pole in front of the residence of Prof. Kirtland, in Rockport, the National Flag, dressed in mourning, hung at half mast, while a banner from the pole bore this inscription:

"When our citizens are hanged for attempting to carry out the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and the freedom of speech at the Capitol of the Republic is suppressed, it is meet that the people should mourn."

THE HALL.

Melodeon Hall was draped in mourning for the meeting held there in the evening. The stage was hung with heavy folds of crape caught up with white rosettes. Around the gallery were folds and festoons of black muslin with white rosettes. Festoons of the same material hung from the walls, the girders and the chandeliers, while the pillars were wound with the insignia of mourning.

Over the center of the stage hung a large and fine photograph of Hero of Harper's Ferry in a gilt frame encircled with a wreath. Above this was the motto:

"Amicus humani generis."

On the left of the picture was—

"John Brown, the Hero of 1859."

And on the right—

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

Still further to the right were the following—

"The end crowns the work."

"If I had interfered in behalf of the great, the wealthy and the wise, no one would have blamed me."—John Brown to the Court of Virginia.

On the left were the following—

"Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

"His noble spirit makes despots quail and freedom triumphs."

The whole was arranged with fine effect, and showed that the ladies had been in no wise inactive.

THE MEETING.

As early as half past six o'clock the dense throng crowding into the Melodeon testified the universal interest felt in the nature and objects of the meeting, and at 7 o'clock there was not a vacant seat in the Hall, and the standing places were all occupied. There were not less than 1400 persons in the Hall, about one-third of whom were ladies. The strictest attention was given to the exercises throughout—deep, earnest attention.

The speakers were, Rev. J. C. White, C. H. Langston, Hon.

R. P. Spalding, Rev. A. Crooks, J. H. W. Toohey, Hon. D. R. Tilden, Rev. Mr. Brewster, and Hon. A. G. Riddle.

By the kindly aid of Mr. Page, the local editor of the Cleveland Leader, we prepared a synopsis of all the speeches made at the Melodeon; but have since learned that a committee contemplate publishing the full proceedings in book-form together with a sermon preached on Sunday night the 4th by Rev. A. Crooks. We shall, therefore, give our readers no further account of the demonstration, hoping they will soon have the satisfaction of reading a better account than we can give.

THANKSGIVING.

The papers for the last half month have been teeming with glorious pictures of Thanksgiving. One would suppose, judging by the thanks-giving of editors, that turkeys, ducks, pigs, chickens and geese had graciously given their lives to delight the disciples of Epicurus. The blessing of our brothers would, perhaps, have been better appreciated had we not gone dinnerless on that feasting day. But to-day has been our thanks-giving. Little Mary, our favorite beggar, came to the office this morning, deposited her basket in the corner, and drawing a chair to the stove, commenced scanning and commenting upon the Holiday books on the office table.

"Do you expect a Christmas present?" we asked.

"Oh no; now mother is dead. She used to give us some little things."

"What had you for Thanksgiving, Mary?"

"Oh, nothing much."

The child's mother died recently and her thoughts were of her—judging from the tears that gathered in her large, blue eyes.

"Shan't I go to the post-office for you?" asked little Mary, as if to change the subject.

"Yes," we said, giving her the key to the post office drawer.

By-and-bye back she came and threw into our apron a score of letters. Then, child-like, stood at our elbow to see what might be seen and to listen if we read aloud. We read the letters to her. The first was a blessing-laden letter from Mr. Tucker; the second from sister L., telling us of the death of a darling child; the third contained a curse, such as bigots deal out to heretics. The fifth run thus:

"Dear little Mary, I have sent for you, to-day, care of Mrs. Brown, a box of clothing. The stockings, mittens, hood, flannel skirts are for you. The other articles of clothing are for your sister. I have, also, sent you some towels and soap. Keep tidy and clean. You must learn to mend your clothes and your sister's; you will find in the box some yarn to darn your stockings, and needles and thread. Be a good little girl and do the best you can for your father and sister. I shall always remember and help you."

"Oh a'nt Miss Hill so good! so good!" exclaimed little Mary, her eyes brimfull of joyous tears. "Now I shall have thanksgiving and Christmas!"

The deep joy, the heartfelt thankfulness of this orphan girl was worth more to us than all the dead poultry in Christendom. We fancied the child's mother rejoiced, too, and said, "Inasmuch as mine have been remembered will I remember her who has sent a thanksgiving to my darling ones."

BOOKS IN PRESS.

The Arcana of Nature, by Hudson Tuttle, will be out about the 20th inst. Price \$1.00. Postage 20 cents.

Datus Kelly has a work on Spiritualism, to be published in about ten days.

The above books will be for sale at the Agitator office.

CALL—SPIRITUAL REGISTER, 1860.—On or before the 1st of January, I shall publish the Fourth Annual Spiritual Register, with a Counting House and Speaker's Almanac for 1860. Friends throughout the country will please report all statistics, number of Spiritualists, names of Lecturers and Mediums, schools, homes, places of meetings, catalogues of Spiritual books, &c., and send in before Dec. 20th, 1859. The Register is a neat pocket annual of 36 pages, with the Facts, Philosophy, Statistics, Progress, practical teachings, &c., of Spiritualism, indispensable as a guide to believers, inquirers and sceptics. As the work will not be sent out on sale, and only a limited number will be printed to fill orders, those who desire it, must send in their orders with cash in advance, before the 1st of January. Mailed free of postage, one hundred for five dollars; fifty for three dollars; fourteen for one dollar; ten cents a single copy. Address Uriah Clark, Auburn, N. Y.

M. O. RANDALL in a recent lecture before the Young Men's Literary Association, of Brockport, N. Y., said:

"God in wisdom is revealing himself through the signs of the times, in the great struggle between freedom and slavery, not only in the slavery of man's physical being, but also in his spiritual and religious nature."

When we take a retrospective view of the past, we see that it has over been the work of that wisdom which never errs, to combine and dissolve. There is nothing comprehensible, to the human mind in the visible world but what is subject to this great law, from the most minute individualities, to worlds and systems of worlds. Each in turn, has been combined by this same unerring wisdom, and each in turn has been, or must be dissolved by the same law that combined it. This not only applies to physical bodies but to combined conventionalities.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

READ DR. COOPER'S notices. He is one of the true working men. Wish we had more like him.

MISS MARY THOMAS, of Cincinnati, is doing a good work in the lecturing field. She is at present in Winchester, Ind. Her address is Richmond, Ind.

LINDLEY M. ANDREWS.—A correspondent for the Banner of Light writes that Mr. Andrews is among the best of trance speakers. Others speak of him as young gentleman of fine intellectual and spiritual powers. We have not made his acquaintance although his address is the Agitator office.

WE HAVE many letters of enquiry, of sympathy, &c., &c. but want of time has prevented replies. We are not unmindful of the kind words and substantial tokens of faith and friendship that come pouring in from all directions.

MRS. AGNES COOK, of Richmond, Ind., and Mrs. Mary Martin, of Adrian, Mich., have "Sketches from Nature" to sell. Hope they will be called for.

These good women and a hundred others are agents for the Agitator.

LINDLEY N. ANDREWS has several letters in our office.

CORA WILBURN has commenced a series of articles upon the false among reformers. The work needs to be done and it is in good hands. Others are waiting to speak upon the same subject. Write on, speak on friends, and hold yourselves responsible for what you say and write.

The Agitator for January 1st will contain several original poems appropriate to the beginning year. Shouldn't wonder if "Old Santa Claus" sent a song for the children.

MRS. F. O. HYZER may be addressed for the present, Waitsfield, Vt. She has promised to spend the month of April, in Cleveland, speaking here on Sundays and in the small towns about week-day evenings. Those wishing to hear her speak should make arrangements as early as possible. We are at liberty to made engagements for her two evenings in each week in April. Apropos to Mrs. Hyzer, the morning's mail has brought one of her finest inspirational poems addressed to John Brown. It will appear in the next number. Too late for this.

A CONVENTION.—A friend at our elbow wishes to attend a Convention called by the Spiritualists Lecturers of Ohio. He wishes all the lecturers upon Spiritualism in the State to attend said Convention—wishes each to speak her and his thoughts upon the great questions of reform. We say Amen! Where shall the Convention be held? When?

A NEW LECTURER.—Miss Cora Wilburn has been lecturing in Northampton, Mass. If she speaks as well as she writes, she is a capital lecturer. Give her a call friends, and keep her going and working.

A TEST OF SPIRIT PRESENCE.

A few days subsequent to the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, a few persons were passing the evening at the house of J. A. Tracy in this city. The conversation turned upon spirit presence. Mrs. Ford, one of the ladies, remarked, "I have been strangely afflicted to-day by a spirit who seems insane." Mr. F. L. Wadsworth and myself sat quietly, hoping to see the "crazy spirit." Three men came and stood before us. One I knew to be J. H. Kagi, one of the killed at Harper's Ferry. The other two I did not know; but under stood Kagi to say one of them was a son of Mr. Brown's. The other a small blackeyed man came very near us and putting his hand upon his right side said, "I was shot here."

They told us they had been with Mrs. Ford trying to communicate their wishes. They wished Judge Tilden, of this city, to defend Brown. They said he would in all probability, be executed, but the spirits were with him and would keep him calm and strong to the end.

Mr. Wadsworth and I saw and understood the same things. Mr. Brown's letters evince the spirit of spirits, and there is no doubt but he was sustained by them in this terrible trial hour. I have seen one of the insurgents at Harper's Ferry, and related the presence of the spirits at Mr. Tracy's. When I described the black-eyed man. He replied "that is one of our men," (calling him by name.) He was shot in the right side."

FRANCES BROWN.

HOW DID HE KNOW?

The Captain of the ill-fated Indiana, in speaking of the lost passengers, writes:

"Several persons were on the bow, but were rescued by passing a rope over the chasm and hauling them aft. An aged Irishman, who had a considerable sum of money with him, had been insane for a week previous, for fear of being wrecked. He would frequently pack up his apparel and offer any one money to put him ashore, prophesying that the ship would never reach Portland. After the bow fell over he was seen sitting on the fore-castle deck-ladder, with his satchel in his hand, apparently unconscious or unable to take advantage of the attempts made to save him. In a little time he fell from his place and slid across the deck into the sea, where he was drowned, as he had foretold a week before."

Who warned this old man of his doom? Was he a fanatic or only a medium?

DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving died at his residence at Sunnyside, on Monday evening, Nov. 28th. His death was sudden, and took even the members of his own family by surprise. The Tribune says of him:

"Washington Irving, who, unquestionably, is one of the most distinguished authors of this century, whether in this country or Europe, was a native of this city, and was born on the 3d of April, 1783. His literary career commenced about the year 1802, in a series of letters upon various topics, to the Morning Chronicle, a Democratic journal of this city, then edited by his brother, Dr. Peter Irving. It was finished about a year since, with the completion of his Life of Washington, his last as well as his greatest work. Mr. Irving was in his 78th year, and had outlived most of his contemporaries in authorship."—*The Circular*.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Do not forget to send to the Agitator office for Holiday Presents.

"THE THINKER" by A. J. Davis, is printed. We have the promise of the first hundred that are bound. We shall look for them by the 16th. We shall send them for \$1.00, post paid.

Any one sending us 4.00 in payment for Agitators, shall be entitled to one copy, post paid. Those who ought to know say it is Mr. Davis' best book.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

George Roberts, Emma and Hudson Tuttle, and Mr. Vincent, —your articles are accepted. Will be published in due time.

If our correspondents will send us each a new subscriber, and our old subscribers will renew their subscriptions, and if speakers for whom we advertise will send us as many subscribers as Miss Mary Thomas has, we will start a large weekly journal.

Mr. Thomas.—We now have the Trial of Theodore Parker for Misdemeanor.

George Plowes (is that the name?)—We have sent to Boston for the Koran.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

DR. JAMES COOPER speaks at Port Recovery, Mercer co., on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17th and 18th; Celina, 19th and 20th; St. Mary's, 21st and 22d; Camden, Jay co., Ind., Saturday, Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st and 2d, 1860.

Subscriptions taken for the Agitator.

THE ADDRESS of L. K. Coonley, during December, will be Memphis, Tenn., care J. E. Chadwick.

O. L. SUTLIF is again in the Lecturing Field. His post office address is Ravenna, O.

LINDLY M. ANDREWS, Trance Speaker, expects to travel in Ohio and the East the coming winter, and will answer calls to Lecture upon the Harmonial Philosophy.

Those desiring his services may address him Agitator office, Cleveland, O.

MISS MARY THOMAS, a Trance Speaker may be addressed, Richmond, Ind.

SPEAKERS ADDRESSES.—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 Avery, Madison, O.

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

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Oswego every Sunday in November; in Providence, Dec. 18th and 25th and Jan. 1st and 8th; Memphis, Tenn., in Feb.; St. Louis in March. Applications for week evenings will be attended to.

Address box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

Northampton, Nov. 26, 1859.

DEAR HANNAH:

I send you two more articles to make use of as you can find room. Warren Chase has been with us three days, giving us three stirring lectures. I feel now that we want some of the female element. I wish Lizzie Doten, or some other such bold, brave spirit would come here, and arouse and if necessary shock the people.

For the first time, I have read your "False and True Marriage," and I endorse every word you say there. When will Woman's tears cease to fall for the desecration of her soul? When will righteous laws and heavenly commandments take the place of legalized wrongs and church-sanctioned adulteries? You know, my sister, that bold, pure, brave women are arising, armed with power to crush the serpent's head, and though no mortal battalions aid them, they are strengthened by the hosts of Heaven.

My very soul responds in thrilled gratitude to

your noble expressions in behalf of captured and defiant John Brown. While larger and more influential papers are silent, you dare to speak in behalf of freedom, in vindication of God's outraged laws! God bless you, Hannah; we, as spiritualists, shall not call the death of John Brown a failure, nor mourn because he joins the liberty hosts of spirit-life. It is the *christian laws* that doom him to death, the nation will forever remember that.

CORA WILBURN.

JOHN BROWN AND HIS BAND.

DEAR MRS BROWN:—I am always well pleased when I receive a new number of the Agitator, but when I received the number for the 15th November and read its article on the "Harper's Ferry War," the *real* worth of the paper suddenly arose, if possible, to a higher degree in my estimation.

We have many papers with flaming mottoes of Freedom waving at their mast-head, yet few of them have the courage to stand by the side of the *martys* of freedom in the hour of defeat and death. That bold article of yours may lose you patronage, but it will gain for you the unshaken confidence of every true friend of human rights.

I had the honor of being acquainted with a portion of those unfortunate men. In the fall of 1857, Captain Brown with nine men arrived in Cedar Co., Iowa, from Kansas. The company took up their residence within a mile of where I then resided, with an excellent Spiritualist, William Maxon, a man in every respect worthy to entertain such a noble band.

The Captain, after he had settled there, left; but returned again in the spring, when they all left. In this company were John Kagi, J. E. Cook, Lehman and Tidd, who figured in the Harper's Ferry movement. Among the rest was one of Brown's sons, and a little Englishman of great talent and eloquence, who had been connected for several years with a philanthropic institution, in one of our eastern cities.

I never formed so strong an attachment for any other company of men with whom it has been my pleasure to be acquainted. They were intelligent, well informed, and possessed of a degree of refinement that few would expect in such men; and they were characterized by an affability, a generosity and a magnanimity of soul that won the esteem of all who had the pleasure of their intimate acquaintance. But their strongest characteristic, and the one which will hand their names down to future generations, was their uncompromising devotion to Freedom. They had just come up out of Kansas tribulation, and their entire being was animated with the *spirit* and *genius* of a *worldly freedom*. But they were not men of *one idea*, unless we use the term in a sense broad enough to comprehend all humanity. One could scarcely enter their room without finding them discussing some problem of humanity. They pleaded for the rights of woman as well as those of the colored man. They pleaded for the disenfranchisement of the spiritual as well as the physical man. And their minds often dwelt with rapture on the prosperity and happiness which would follow the destruction of the last system of oppression.

That they were fond of bloody adventure, or were reckless of human life, as some seem to think, is a mistake. Freedom, in their estimation, is man's *first and greatest* right; and to secure this, all other rights, if necessary, must be sacrificed. The history of the world had shown them that the most successful argument ever brought against the tyrant was the sword; that he was on too low a plane to be reached by anything less physical. Therefore if a set of men should persist, in spite of all the moral means we could use, to oppress a portion of our fellows, it would be our duty to force them to desist, even though in so doing we should be compelled to take life, yet we should not do it with the spirit of revenge that would follow the soul of the oppressor with curses into the other world. We would merely remove the oppressor from a sphere he does not occupy profitably for himself, and in which he stands in the way of the progress and happiness of others.

Thus they reasoned, and thus they acted. If they erred, let every generous soul remember that it was on the side of humanity. They beheld in the poor bleeding slave, the person of a brother crushed to

the earth under an iron bondage, without a hand to "undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free."

The white man, when oppressed, may claim the protection of our laws; but alas! our christian laws knows the colored man only as a slave. What matters it to the slave whether Freemont or Buchanan is elected? He would as soon plant corn in Kansas as Missouri—in Indiana as Kentucky. Where shall he look for help? If he appeals to our laws they respond: "*You are only a slave.*" If he appeals to our religion, it responds: "*Remember the curse of Ham.*" If he appeals to our humanity, it (poor weak thing) responds: "*You're only a nigger.*" But the humanity of Brown and his true-hearted band responded: "*By the help of God we will do all we can for you.*"

The results are before the world. Those brave hearts, who have nerve enough for the occasion, write the name of Brown by the side of that of Kosuth, of Mazzini and of Washington. Far be it from me to detract the breadth of a hair from the just fame of any of these noble men; yet, if the grandeur of a moral action is in proportion to the disinterestedness of the actor, it seems to me that the preference is in favor of Brown. Washington fought for his own race, his own wife, his own family, his own hearthstone; so did Louis Kosuth and Joseph Mazzini. The Spartans and the Athenians with a handful of men, entered the field against the millions of Xerxes. They fought for their families, their altars and the graves of their ancestors. They conquered; and the fame of their patriotism will be lauded to the skies a thousand generations hence. Brown did not fight for any of these. Family and home he had untouched by the hand of the oppressor, and the world calls him a fool for not being satisfied. But the oppression of a people not of his kindred—a people whom the history of the world knows only as slaves—excited his sympathy, and he devoted his life to their cause. Here is patriotism not confined to one's hearthstone, nor limited by geographical lines. It is a patriotism limited only by humanity, and worthy the aspiration of every living soul.

Noble Band, your earthly race is nearly run; the scaffold soon will witness your last agony. Your enemies will hold high carnival over your ignominious death, and vainly imagine they have crushed Freedom when they have strangled its champion; Humanity will drop a tear and pass on; many well-meaning minds will pity you in your folly, while a few will properly appreciate you.

But your work is not yet done. Your example will live to cheer and animate the hearts of those who labor for the same great end. Your interest in humanity will not cease after passing into the spirit land. Of course your weapons will not be carnal. You will no more grasp the instruments of death. The toiler in Humanity's cause, many times as he will be weary and almost ready to faint by the way, will find himself suddenly inspired by some unseen influence, with a degree of hope and confidence that will enable him to prosecute his labors with renewed energy and success. The oppressor while calmly reposing on his couch will gradually feel his humanity softening under the genial influence of some spiritual being of whose presence he is not aware, and he will arise to perform deeds of humanity to his fellow men. Thus the true soul's mission of love will not cease when it lays this physical body down to decay; but ever will it be engaged in dispensing blessings to others, and ever will love bring its own sweet reward.

HENRY STROUP.

Simons' Corners, Ind.

SCRAPS.

POVERTY is the mother of all arts.

EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune.

THREE things to be contended for—Honor, Country and Friends.

If you wish a thing done, go; if not, send.

GOOD company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

TEARS may soothe the wound but they cannot heal.

BE open for correction; if you are in the wrong acknowledge it frankly.

IDLENESS is the parent of vice and misery.

PRUDENCE, industry, economy and prosperity go hand in hand.

ANSWER TO "W. S."

You ask if I did not make a mistake in the heading of an article which appeared over my signature in No. 37 of the Agitator, viz: "The tendency of *Spiritualism* to retrograde." And you ask if it should not have read—"The tendency of *Spiritualists* to retrograde."

I will just say that when I first saw my article in print I thought there had been a mistake made, either by myself or the printer, and contemplated sending a note to the Agitator making the proper corrections; but gave it up, after indulging in something like the following train of reflection.

Christianity, like *Spiritualism*, originated in the efforts on the part of spirits to manifest themselves to mortals. They succeeded then, as now, not only in making themselves known to man, but in the enunciation of truths of vast importance, and as eternal as the throne of the Infinite. But, by being wedded to Judaism, and assimilated with Heathen and Pagan Mythologies, Christianity has become a ponderous engine, beneath whose mighty power thousands of human hearts are crushed and bleeding; whilst the priests, who minister at its altars, are living and rioting upon the products of the sweat and toil of its deluded votaries. It binds the manacles upon the slave, as he toils beneath the scorching rays of a southern sun; and sets the bay- ing blood-hounds, followed by

"Men more fierce and wild than they,"

upon the track of the escaping fugitive. It puts its iron heel upon the neck of woman, crushing out her individuality and robbing her of her political, social and conjugal rights; and if, whilst laboring under all these disabilities, the chances to swerve from the strictest rules of virtue:

"Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step forever blasts her fame;
In vain, with tears, the loss she may deplore—
In vain look back to what she was before—
She sits like stars, that fall to rise no more."

And a female like this few *Christian* women would approach, in her loneliness and affliction, and take by the hand and say, "arise my sister, put on the beautiful garments of chastity, and come up with me from this great degradation; for within thy woman's heart dwells a germ of the Infinite." They would not thus approach a fallen sister, lest their hands should be defiled by the contact and their name become a hissing, a by-word and a reproach in the church.

It was this same Christianity that kindled the martyr-fires of Smithfield; fitted out fleets and armies for the extermination of infidelity; and perpetrated that fearful massacre on St. Bartholomew's night.

"But," my soul enquires, "is this Christianity?" Certainly it is—it is such a moral edifice as must necessarily result from the heterogeneous compound of elements from which it is constructed—Christ, or his teachings, being "the chief corner stone." The beautiful truths uttered by him have been used "as pillars upon which to erect this moral temple, composed, though it be, in part at least, of "hay, wood and stubble;" and well would it be for humanity if the fires of truth would consume all that is combustible in the mighty structure.

Now, since *Spiritualism* and Christianity have had a similar origin, and as each, like the other, has revealed to the world important and eternal truths, may we not fear that they will share a common destiny? If *Spiritualism* should absorb Christianity, with its Jewish and Pagan myths, after having taken a step so far in advance of all other reforms, would it not be a clear case of retrogression?

This seems to be the object of some who figure largely in the Spiritual ranks. They seek to mingle enough of these heterogeneous elements with *Spiritualism* to adapt it to the comprehension and

acceptance of those whose minds are still enveloped in the fogs and mental darkness of past theologies. Better, far better, would it be to present *Spiritualism* to the world uncontaminated by the association of those foreign and antagonistic elements, that its bright and radiant light may dispel the darkness and gloom which have so long rested, as a pall, upon the human soul, and man be enabled to perceive and appreciate its pure and unadulterated truths.

Yours in the cause of
Truth and Human Progress,
E. E. MOREHOUSE.
Cottage Hill, Marengo, O.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

[Copy Right secured.]

VIOLET—A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

CHAPTER VI.

The ministers have come, and our house is full of tobacco smoke. Why, when we entered the sitting room to carry a pitcher water to them, I was obliged to step back a minute into the hall to recover my breath. I did think I should be delighted but—I don't believe father would put a cigar or pipe in his mouth for all the wealth of the world. Mother finds plenty of work for us to do; sister Annie is on leave from school, to assist in keeping house, so that mother may give the ministers a little attention.

The meetings commenced last evening. Mother says next Saturday afternoon, if we perform our duties early, we may attend.

One of the gentlemen put his hand on my head as I was passing through the room and said, I was a good little girl. How I wish I was as good as he thinks I am.

When Carrie entered the sitting room and bade the gentlemen good morning, Mr. Linden said:

"Here's my little humming bird. She is as neat as a pin, pure as a lily, and fresh and sweet as a new rosebud. I should like to know what time she got up this morning?"

"At sunrise," answered Carrie, as she smilingly put her hand in his.

"Then I think," answered he; "you must be called the little lark; I wonder if the little lark thought of thanking her Heavenly Father for His good care over her through the night."

Carrie blushed, put down her head, and said: "I forgot it this morning, sir."

"Why did you not forget to get up? Did you ever forget your breakfast?"

"O no! that would be funny," answered Carrie. "I could not help remembering that, for I am so hungry after being up a little while; and besides, my food is placed directly before me, and when I see it, I can scarcely wait until I am called."

"Who brought it in an unprepared state to your mother?"

"My father," said Carrie.

"Who gives it to your father?"

"Uncle Thomas, sir."

Mr. Linden smiled; for he expected she would say, God.

"Who gave it to your Uncle Thomas?"

Carrie thought a minute and answered, "I think he found some of it in the ground."

"Well then, who caused it to grow?" said Mr. Linden, almost with a tone of impatience.

Carrie then put her head on his shoulder and whispered, "God made it grow; and he made every thing on the earth."

"I call Carrie," said Mr. Linden, "a little lark because she was up so early in the morning. I call her a little bird, because she was skipping over the wet grass so lightly and because she was singing and seemed so happy. The little birds sing in

notes of praise as well as of joy; and does not Carrie wish to be more like the lark, and sing forth her praise to the Heavenly Father."

"Here Carrie told him she did love her Father in Heaven, and she was very sorry she forgot His kindness to her." Mr. Linden then asked her to sing, "God is good," which Carrie commenced in her sweetest tones.

Breakfast bell was rung; and the gentlemen rose with a look of satisfaction beaming on their faces at the signal, and departed for the dining room, while we girl, went out to the garden, to discuss over their merits and demerits.

We all agreed we liked to converse with the gentlemen, and the notice they took of us was very pleasant; but Carrie said she should like them much better if they did not chew tobacco and smoke. She could not bear to kiss Mr. Linden, his breath was so offensive. Annie said she had, had great veneration for ministers, because she thought they were different from other people, and possessed no bad habits; but yesterday, about half past nine, mother sent out to the cook-house for something, when there sat the ministers all completely enveloped in a cloud of smoke so dense she could hardly see. She was obliged to go for water upon the stove, when she found kettle, stove and rug completely covered with tobacco juice. Annie said they were losing their dignity a little in her estimation; for she expected better things of them.—She had always looked up to them as almost divine, and she wished she had not known it, so she could have retained the same veneration for their perfect character. I must confess myself, to a little disappointment in their habits, and their freedom of conversation is almost too *careless* for such grave seeming men; though I was loth to acknowledge it to Annie.

Mother says we ought not to think of any one without faults, that the best are liable to be tempted and to err. Father says that using tobacco is a very unhealthy, expensive, useless and disgusting habit, and one very difficult to overcome when fully formed.

We enjoyed ourselves finely last evening before the lights were brought in. Mr. Linden took Carrie on his knee, Mr. Hodges Ella, and Annie and I grouped around, while Susie, for a wonder was mother's baby. The gentlemen entertained us highly by relating, for our pleasure, many anecdotes, and amusing incidents connected with their own lives, their own families, and the little girls they had met. Before we retired for the night they wished us to say our prayers and verses to them. Ella commenced her's first. She is very fond of coarse bread; and when she came to the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," she added, "and gaham bead, too;" and then went on with her prayer; after which they closed with prayer, and bade us an affectionate adieu, as they were to leave very early in the morning for their homes.

This morning Carrie was looking out of the window with Ella in her lap. The child saw a little white miller, and before Carrie could prevent her she grasped and tore its wings off, saying, "Here Carrie, I div you dese wings to fly up to Heaven wiv."

Mrs. Borden has sent for Ella to pass the next week, which is election week. Ella is delighted with the idea. We shall sadly miss hearing her sweet voice, toning out through the hall. Father says the patter of her little feet is like music to him. Scarcely a day passes but she is doing or saying something to waken a smile! When I returned from school this noon she was sitting in her little chair beside mother, with her primer in her hand, trying to learn the alphabet. She had her head bent down upon the pages very studiously.—

All at once she threw her book from her very impatiently and burst into tears. Mother asked her why she should do so, when she exclaimed very earnestly, "Oh mover! buy me one all learned."

After supper was over last evening, mother gave me permission to walk, if I could find the girls, who she thought were playing in a neighbor's yard. I searched a long time and at last found them in the granary baptising their young friends in the corn and oats. They all looked like millers, their heads and dresses were so white with the dust. Soon as they spied me, they begged I would preach to them and go through the ceremony of taking them into the Church. As I was generally their preacher, I could not refuse.

Every thing was in readiness, the pounding barrel was mounted into the boiler with a cricket to stand upon, and one upon the edge of the barrel with an open Bible resting upon it.

When I first commenced, it was with rather a feeling of sport, not in ridicule of the observance, however, but it was not long ere I warmed with my subject, which was, Christ's blessing little children; and then I addressed them earnestly, causing them to shed a few tears by my pathetic entreaties. We then concluded services with prayer from each member. After reciting all the prayers and verses we knew, Susie repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and concluded with, "Mary had a little lamb;" I could not help smiling if I was kneeling with my hands clasped on the Bible, for it was bright sunshine, and would not be her bedtime for two hours or more; and then when she repeated the "Little Lamb," I had hard work to keep from laughing aloud.

To-night we go to the Sabbath School Concert. It is a kind of jubilee with us children; and occurs once a month. The time intervening seems very long, so anxious are we to meet again. Another school will join us, which will render the exercises doubly interesting. Our father is Superintendent, and his school is said to be one of the most flourishing and interesting in the State. It is comprised of many members. He has also an unusually large adult class, numbering men and women upwards of eighty years, who barely totter with their canes, and whose voices tremble so they can scarcely speak. What a testimony is this to the value of learning! Young gentlemen and ladies do not fail to lend their presence, and thus increase the interest, by their attention and services. Many visitors call on our father and express themselves highly delighted with the uncommon order preserved and interest manifested. Father has only to touch a bell and in an instant the books are closed, every voice is hushed, and close attention given to the address. He makes himself very much beloved by the children, and you will very quickly see the light of pleasure creep up into their eyes, when he speaks. There is considerable smiling around the vestry or church, when we enter; for we are a complete flight of stairs when together. We walk two-by-two, taking hands until we seat ourselves. We commenced walking in this way very early. Little Ella is in the infant class, and seems delighted with the recitations. Annie and myself have a very kind teacher; we love her very much; after the lessons are recited she reads or relates to us stories. We are often invited to her home; and then every thing is done to entertain us. We are absent occasionally on account of the weather, which we all regret exceedingly.

The Concert went off finely. The minister of the Second Church, who conducts a week-day singing school for children, led the singing. The older children of the invited schools occupied the gallery being the performers. The church was crowded, for there was an attendance from all denominations. We had speeches from several strangers, one of

whom was a Missionary from India. He gave us a very interesting account of the country, and manners and customs of the people, of their improvement in dress, in education and in religious matters. He told of one little boy that lived in his family, who was an orphan, and without any friends to care for him, and how warmly the little fellow was attached to him. He described him as being very attractive in his disposition, with an eager thirst for knowledge. There were many moist eyes, when we heard how the little heathen boy loved to hear about the Savior! He said that a little while previous to his leaving home, the little boy was taken ill; he told him he had but a short time to live. On hearing it the boy plead that he might be baptised. He lived only a few hours after the baptism; and died making one request, which was to be buried by the sea, in the sand.

"Why do you wish to be burried there?" we asked.

"Because the worms can't find me," and then he added, "and Jesus Christ will not have to look for me."

He wished the Missionary to thank the little American children for sending the Bible and kind teachers to them. The Missionary exhibited many idols, giving explanations in regard to them, and showed us very pretty articles of merchandise.

There was a very beautiful Pagoda exhibited.—It was pure marble nearly a yard in height, and was for sale. There were besides stones, shells and various articles of Indian workmanship; the proceeds of which, when sold, will be for the purpose of building a church. There was singing after each speech, and the services concluding with a short touching appeal to all hearts, and a prayer.

The last of this week we are to have an Examination in school. The paint around our seat and desks is very dirty. I dislike sitting with such a looking desk, for Mary Hart has covered it with ink spots, which almost make me sick to look at. I entered school one morning very early, having borrowed the key from the teacher, and washed it thoroughly; and by the aid of a little sand, entirely removed the spots. Mary Hart, who lives near by, seeing the door open came in.

"What, you here? What did you come so early for? O, I see! cleaning your desk, arn't you? Clean mine! won't you? There's a dear!"

"I have no more time; answered I, "I must study my lesson; besides you are as well able to do it as I am. If you were delicate I would do it for you."

"O do!" said she, "I cannot do it, it will soil my hands, and my clothes; besides, I don't like to do such work."

"No," answered I; "I must study; don't talk any more to me!"

"Very well, madam," answered Mary, "if it is not done by this noon, I'll make you sorry for it."

As I reached the school house, what was my surprise to find Mary Hart waiting by the gate for me, she accosted me with—

"Well Miss, have you made up your mind to clean my desk?"

"No!" said I, very quietly.

"Very well, we'll see then!" returned Mary.

I was at the drawing board, sketching a map of the United States, when Mary Hart entered the room. I did not then observe what she was doing, but saw very readily when I seated myself. The afternoon was very muddy. Mary had completely covered the soles of her shoes with mud, and stood on the seat and desk, after which she had rubbed ink upon it, allowing it to drip in upon my books.

No one can imagine how I felt as she gave me such an exulting, scornful laugh, and whispered out, "How do you like that? it looks quite showy, doesn't it?"

I felt the blood boiling in my face with anger; the next minute I was so wounded, it was with difficulty I could restrain my tears.

"Would I have treated any one so?" said I to myself. "No; never, never!" My mind was so troubled in regard to it, that I failed in two of my recitations; and Mary laughed as she gave a sly pull at my dress as I was being sent down in the class.

Miss Manton, for the past few weeks, has been quite ill; and her place has been filled by Miss Freeman, a lady from the West, who is intimate with the family of Mr. Hart. Feeling my own inability to obtain redress, and scorning to retaliate upon Mary, angered and hurt with the cruel indignity, I went to Miss Freeman and stated the facts. She said there must be some mistake; she never knew Mary to possess such a disposition; she would call her, and enquire into it.

"Mary Hart, what time did you enter school this morning?"

"A few minutes before you did, ma'm," she answered.

"Mary, did you have the unkindness to rub ink and mud upon Violet's desk?"

"No ma'am," said Mary; "I merely had time to hang my clothes on the nail, put my books in order and be seated before you entered; but on looking round I saw Violet rubbing ink and mud on her own desk. I asked why she did that? 'for fun,' she answered, and then she said she was going to inform you that I did it."

"Very well! I must see to this."

"Violet, how can you be so wicked as to approach me with such a bold lie upon your lips? I don't wonder you turn so red, and cry! I shouldn't think you could hold your head up! The guilty always betray themselves, I shall punish you before the whole school!"

Miss Freeman would not listen to a word I had to say, but called the school to order, and stated the facts, as she called them.

Winnie Wright raised her hand and said that she did not believe Violet Angel ever did such a thing, "for Miss Manton says"—

She was going to say something more, when Miss Freeman told her that was sufficient; she must be seated. She called me out and gave me a smart furling, and sent me to my seat, to clean it again, saying that if I ever repeated the act, she would expel me.

In the middle of the afternoon Mary Hart looked over to me, called, "Violet, Violet! look up a minute." She then showed me a pencil and picture she had taken out of Miss Manton's desk.

"Give me some of your drawing paper will you," she continued. I made her no answer, but bent my eyes to my book, when she said:

"If you don't I will tell Miss Freeman something about you!" As I took no notice of her, she went up to Miss Freeman, handed the pencil and drawing and whispered in her ear.

"The school may stop their recitations," said Miss Freeman, looking very angry; Violet Angel, come here!"

I started up in a fright, and the tears filled my eyes as I walked up to the platform, for sad misgivings of what Mary Hart had done entered my mind, and I felt the cruel fate I was to receive.

"Violet Angel, did you take these things out?" and she held them up in view of the pupils, as she added, "and break the school rules by whispering, asking Mary Hart for drawing paper?"

"No ma'm," answered I; looking her full in the face, for by this time I was completely roused.

"Mary Hart," said I, loud enough for all the school to hear, "showed them to me, and asked me for the paper; and I made her no answer."

"You bold bad girl," said Miss Freeman; "what will become of you? Was there ever a teacher punished with such a wicked, hardened scholar as you are? I shouldn't wonder if you would be struck down dead, any minute."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTICE.—Will those who write us be particular to give the name of their post office and State, and write all our initials? It will often save great annoyance.

PHONOGRAPHY, OR RAPID WRITING.

EVERY one has observed, with impatience, the tediousness of ordinary writing, as compared with the rapid play of the organs of speech, and wished for some contrivance by which the fingers could keep pace with the tongue. Phonography accomplishes the desired object. It is written with an alphabet composed of the simplest geometrical signs, which accurately represent the sounds of spoken words. It may be written six times as fast as the ordinary longhand, and is equally legible; and such is the simplicity of the art that its principles may be easily mastered, even without the aid of a teacher.

"Had Phonography been known forty years ago, it would have saved me twenty years of hard labor.—Hon. Thomas H. Benton.

"To the professional man, and indeed to every one whose pursuits in life call upon him to record incidents of thought, it is one of the great labor saving machines of the age"—Judge Kane.

"Some of our students, not yet twenty years of age, are making more money by Phonographic Reporting, than the Principal of the High School, after having given himself for more than twenty years to his profession."—John H. Hart, Philadelphia.

"I have used Phonography almost every day for the past five years; my sermons are written almost exclusively in it."—Rev. I. T. Cooper, Philadelphia.

The "AMERICAN MANUAL OF PHONOGRAPHY," is the latest and best work in exposition of the system, being well adapted for study without a teacher. On the receipt of 60 cents in postage stamps or silver, it will be sent to any address, postage paid, by return mail.

Address, H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, O.

ALMANACS.—We have for sale Fowler & Wells' Illustrated Phenological and Water Cure Almanacs for 1860. Price 6 cents; postage 1 cent.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE; a New Pocket Dictionary and Reference Book; Embracing an extensive collection of Synonyms, Technical Terms, Abbreviations and Foreign Phrases; Chapters on writing for the Press, Punctuation and Proof-Reading; and other interesting information, by the author of "How to Write," "How to Talk," etc. Price 50 cents; postage 10 cents.

WHO WANTS THE PAPERS?

FOR \$3 we will send the Banner of Light, the Principle and the Agitator one year, and one copy of Finney's forthcoming book.

For \$2.50 we will send the Agitator and Banner one year, For \$1.25 the Principle and Agitator one year.

The Spiritual Age and the Telegraph may be had on the same terms.

JUST PUBLISHED.

GRAPHIC and truthful Narration, "Digging for Capt. Kydd's Treasure!" by one of the diggers. Two Millions of dollars are said to be buried within two miles of New York city. The Revelation of the spirit of Kydd thus far proved true. Sent by mail. Price 15 cents.

BOOKS FOR SALE!

A GENERAL Assortment of Liberal Books are for sale at the Agitator office. Among them may be found the following:

The Curse Entailed, by Harried Hamlin Biglow. Price, \$1.25; postage 20 cents.

"How and Why I Became a Spiritualist," by Wash A. Danskin, Baltimore, Md. Price, 25 cents; postage 4 cents.

Denton and Bickle's Bible Discussion, Price 25 cts. Postage 4 cents. For sale at this office.

A Discourse on Shameful Life, by E. H. Chapin, D. D. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

Diseases of Women, their Nature, Cause and Cure, by T. L. Nichols, M. D. Price 14 cts.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCES AS A MINISTER, with some account of his Early Life, and Education for the Ministry; contained in a Letter from him to the Twenty-Eighth Congressional Society of Boston. Price in paper covers, 30 cents, in cloth, 50 cents.

The False and True Marriage; the Reason and Results, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, Ohio: price 6 cents.

Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom; or, the Branded Hand; price \$1.25; postage 25 cents.

Sketches from Nature, for my Juvenile Friends, by Frances Brown; price in plain cloth binding 37 cents; half gilt 50 cents; full gilt 63 cents; postage 8 cts. A liberal discount to wholesale purchasers.

A CARD.

Mrs. FRANCES BURRITT, HYDROPATHIC and HOMOEOPATHIC Physician, will receive patients at her house or visit them at their residences. Dr. Burritt's long experience as a physician warrants her in offering her services to the public. Good Nurses will be provided, when wanted. Residence, No 131 Carondelet st., New Orleans, La.

SILVER SOAP.

PREPARED especially for cleaning and polishing Silver Plated, and Britannia Wares, and for cleaning Mirrors Marble, Tin, &c.

Directions for using sent with the soap. Price, 13 cents per cake.

For sale at the Agitator office.

A PRINTED CATALOGUE of Books for sale at the Agitator office, will be sent to those wishing it.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The following books are suitable presents for the Holidays: SHAHMAH IN PURSUIT OF FREEDOM; or the Branded Hand. A capital story well told. Price \$1.25; postage free.

"AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE. Price \$1; postage 18 cents.

MY EARLY DAYS, by Mrs. Farnham. Price \$1.25; postage 20 cents.

AT HOME AND ABROAD, by Madam Ossoli. Price \$1; postage 20 cents.

JUVENILE BOOKS.—SKETCHES FROM NATURE, for my Juvenile Friends, by Frances Brown. Price in plain cloth binding 37 cents, half gilt 50 cents, full gilt 63 cents; postage 9 cents.

A KISS FOR A BLOW, by Henry C. Wright. Price 37 cents; illustrated 63 cents; postage 8 cents.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CHILDREN; price 25 cents post paid.

THE LITTLE HERO, or Money never makes the Man; price 25 cents; postage 8 cents.

CHILDREN'S ILLUSTRATED TOY-BOOKS.—MY HOBBY-HORSE The song of a happy Boy, about his Hobby-Horse; each verse illustrated with a beautiful picture. Price 6 cents; postage 2 cents.

HARRY O'HUM, and his big round Drum. The adventures of a little fellow who had a Drum given him for his amusement. Illustrated as above. Price 6 cents; postage 2 cents.

THE LITTLE BIG MAN. The story of a discontented Boy, who, trying to improve his condition, made the matter worse and learned a useful lesson. Illustrated as the others, Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MARRIAGE AND PARENTAGE, by Henry C. Wright. Price full gilt \$1.50; plain \$1; postage 17 cents.



The above cut is a representation of

Dr. Wm. W. Karshner's Electro Therapeutic Baths,

For which he has obtained letters Patent from the Patent Office of the United States.

HE has had these BATHS in operation for the last two years; during which period their merits have been tested by hundreds of patients with SIGNAL success. So confident is Dr. KARSHNER of the advantages to be derived from the use of his Baths, that he challenges the Medical world to produce any one system or COMBINED SET of systems that will cure as MANY diseases, and in so short a time as his "Electro Therapeutic Baths" ALONE, when administered according to his directions. He cordially invites the scientific and thinking minds of all professions, to call and examine and test their merits. That my Electric Baths do EFFECTUALLY abstract Mineral, syphilitic, scrofulous, and Narcotic Poisons from the system I have THOROUGHLY and REPEATEDLY tested.

Mania, Insanity, Delirium Tremens, St. Vitus Dance, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Consumption, Asthma, Neuralgia, Depression of Spirits, Prolapsus Uteri, or Falling of the Womb, Hysteria, Irregularities and all other diseases peculiar to Females cured by this new mode of treatment.

No Drugs! No Medicines! No Chemicals Used!!

These Baths are in daily operation at 190 Superior Street, Cleveland, O., under the charge of

DR. BOYNTON & FOWLER.

All those wishing to test their merits will please call. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Two sets of Baths, with male and female apartments separate. Mrs. Dr. Carpenter, of Buffalo, N. Y., in charge of the Female Department.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct., 1859.

Mr. Johnson, who had been for a long time afflicted with Rheumatism and loss of sight—could not read at all by candle light, took three double Baths; says he can see as well as ever—has no difficulty in reading the finest print, and on the whole would not take \$100 for the good he has received.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct., 1859.

Mr. Davenport, of Buffalo, N. Y., took one double Bath—came the next morning and says, Dr. B., you have cured me of a urinary complaint of long standing. Saw him one month after—says there is no return of the complaint.

For further particulars, consultations, purchase of rights, terms, &c., call as above or address, enclosing stamp, DR. SMITH BOYNTON, Cleveland, O.

General Agent for the sale of Rights.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are received at this office for the Banner of Light, the Principle, the Spiritual Age, the Telegraph and Preacher and the Boston Investigator.

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.

SINGLE COPY,.....\$1 00

Subscription for three or six months at the same rate.

All letters should be addressed to

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. C. P. BRONSON'S NEW CURES

FOR

Consumption, Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and all other Chronic Diseases arising from Over-Use, General Debility, or Nervous Prostration.

THESE new and successful preparations of Food for the Blood (based upon its analysis in Health, which gives the true standard, and in different Diseases, when we ascertain the deficiencies in each case and then supply them with the proper materials for making pure and healthy Blood,) are among the most important discoveries of the age. They are destined to produce a revolution in the treatment and cure of Chronic Diseases. Having a perfect scientific foundation, they are far removed from the sphere of all Nostrums and Patent Medicines. Physicians of all schools are using these Preparations (not medicines) with the most satisfactory results. They are taken by drops, not spoonfuls.

THEIR RANGE OF CURE.

Consumption, Throat Diseases, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Headaches, Palpitation of the Heart, Neuralgia, Loss of Appetite, Inability to Sleep, Depression of Spirits, Irregularities, and Male and Female Weakness, &c.

In all cases of Chronic Complaints peculiar to females these Preparations will be found invaluable.

THERE ARE FIVE DIFFERENT PREPARATIONS.

No. 1.—FOR COLDS, COUGHS, THROAT DISEASE, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION OF LUNGS AND BOWELS, etc. Affections of the Vocal Organs, Brain and Heart, Dropsy, and other Chronic Complaints, arising from Over-Use, General Debility, or Nervous Prostration, in which the Circulating Organs, (the Nerves and Arteries) and the Skin, Lungs and Kidneys, are more or less involved. (Used with more effect in alternation with Nos. 3, 4, or 5, according to conditions.)

No. 2.—For Liver Complaints,

And their usual accompaniments; when the Liver Spleen and Pancreas, (or Sweet-bread,) etc., are more or less directly affected, and the Digestive or Purifying Organs indirectly. (Nos. 1 and 3, and sometimes 5, use alternately, will often be more effectual.)

No. 3.—For Dyspepsia,

And all its common attendants; when the Digestive Apparatus (from the Saliva of the Mouth down throughout the Alimentary Canal) is especially deranged; and the Purifying and Circulating Organs incidentally; (can be taken alternately with No. 2 and 5 for Gentlemen and No. 4 for Ladies.)

No. 4.—Woman's Restorative;

Including the TRUE ORDER OF NATURE, and preventing those Occasional Distresses to which some are peculiarly liable, and the recurrence of which is often so much dreaded; but need no longer be destructive to all comfort and peace; it is also especially adopted to Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, Headaches, Neuralgia, Hysteria, etc., Depression of Spirits, General Debility, and Nervous Prostration. (Often produces more effect in alternation with No. 3 or 5.) Special Directions accompany this preparation.

No. 5.—Man's Regenerator,

For OVER-TAXED and OVER-WORKED Brain and Nerves, or any other Organs; and especially for Affections of the Kidneys, Bladder, etc., are anything else inducing Weakness, Hypochondria or Prostration of any of the Bodily or Mental Powers. Also, very useful for Old People, renewing their Age; for Pale or Emaciated Persons; for Puny and Weakly Children; for those recovering from sickness, or such as have lost much blood; also for Professional Men, Hard Students, School Teachers, Operatives in Factories, and for those long employed in poorly ventilated rooms, where the seeds of many fatal Diseases are sown. (In severe cases to be used alternately with Nos. 1 and 3.)

PRICE \$1 per bottle, (with full directions,) or \$5 for six bottles; (enough to cure any ordinary case,) sent everywhere by Express.

For sale (wholesale and retail) at the Agitator office.

H. F. M. BROWN, Agent.

NEW BOOK FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Report of an Extraordinary Church Trial.

BEING a detailed account of overwhelming testimony given by sectarians against all leading Reforms and Reformers; with the summary proceedings on their part of the prosecution aided by several respectable citizens, after an irregular rendition of the verdict. Conservatives vs. Progressives. Photographically reported and prepared for publication, by Philo Hermes. Price 15 cents; postage 4 cents.

BOOKS FOR SALE.—Mrs. E. D. Watrous, of Monroe Center, has for sale a variety of Reform Books.