

The Agitator.

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

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

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WHOLE No. 43.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THOUGHTS AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

As now another year its course has run,
Its duties ended and its labors done
I fain would here review the scroll of time,
And square each action with the plumb and line.
Would weigh each motive in the scale of right,
And judged would be by truth's unerring light.
While thus I mused, Truth with her light divine,
Shone with a radiance o'er my heart and mind;
When lo! she spake and to my list'ning ear
Thus gave her counsel, and her words of cheer,
Daughter of Earth! thou hast invoked my aid,
Hath bowed before me, unto me hath prayed;
To all who thus have sought, my aid is given;
I'd be their counsel, and their guide to heaven.
'Tis true, thou hast not always known the right;
Not always had the brightest, clearest light;
Thy path oft times hath been midst gloom and doubt,
Which hath but served to draw thy spirit out,
To search for truth, to seek for wisdom's way—
The springs of life, the everlasting day.
Conditions being as they needs must be,
Thou hast been true to others and to me,
Thy strength no greater, with thy light thus seen
Thou couldst not well be other than thou hast been.
And seeing thou hast thus performed thy part,
I'll write my verdict, "*well done*," on thy heart,
Yet, while I thus would write, would I inspire
Thy mind with higher, holier desire.
Bid thee to seek from error to be freed,
And follow closely as thy light shall lead;
Lean not on man but self-reliant stand,
Controlled by none, and swayed by no command.
True to thyself, ask thou no borrowed light,
But for thyself seek thou the true and right.
Thus shall thy light grow brighter, and thy way
Shine with the radiance of perpetual day.
Ask none to follow as thy light shall lead,
Yet give to all as they thy light may need.
A truth once generated in thy breast,
Bring forth to life, and give it utterance.
Thou' small the seed from which that truth may spring;
It yet may grow and be a mighty thing,
A tree beneath whose shelter broad and free,
Thy human brother may repose with thee,
Those leaves may confidence and strength impart,
Sustain the weak and aid the faltering heart;
Whose roots deep planted shall the storms defy,
A thing of beauty that shall never die.
The cadence ceased, but with a smile she gave,
Her promise ever to conduct and save;
Led on by her, I'll tread life's thorny way
And reach at length, unharmed, the realms of day.

S. E. M.

ANTHEM FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Era of Ages hail!
Thy promise shall not fail!
Day is breaking;
Light is waking;
Evil shall no more prevail.
Life of the Christ-child, see,
Drops of Gethsemane,
Purple springing,
Forth are bringing
Hosts of moral warriors free.
Star of the golden lyre,
We feel thy stooping fire
Whence the Ages,
Through their Sages,
Long have lit the sacred pyre.
Joy, for the sounding bell!
And let the Christ Life tell
His "God with us"
Throned in each heart Emanuel.
Anthems that sounded then
The Angels wake again;
Heaven is ringing
With their singing:
"Peace on Earth! Good will to men!"
Wake thee, Gallilean boy
Germs of evil to destroy;
All of Human—
Even Woman—
Shout: "glad tidings of great joy!"

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

ORIGIN of the NEW TESTAMENT WRITINGS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. RAU.

TRANSLATED FOR THE AGITATOR BY PROF. M. DURAIS.

At the command of their great Master, the Apostles went forth into all lands, to proclaim the message of salvation—"to preach the Gospel." How unweariedly they performed this sacred duty, how courageously they defied every danger, and with what energy and patience they overcame every obstacle, is sufficiently known.

By a world whose moral faculties were beginning to grow torpid, and whose spiritual aspirations were dying out—a world in which Faith and Hope were failing, and from which love had departed, their words were eagerly received. It was no wonder, therefore, that men readily listened to the message of the Apostles and their companions, when they spoke of the life and deeds, the doctrine and death of the Master; and it naturally followed, that in the succeeding age a longing for more accurate information was felt; and that with the increase of the number of disciples, and the gradual disappearance of Apostles, there should arise a desire for a written record of the apostolic teachings.

There thus grew up a Christian literature, in the production of which, Paul doubtless stood foremost; for that powerful mind, in energy, acuteness and culture, excelled all the other Apostles. Among succeeding writers who soon followed him, the Evangelists seem to take the pre-eminence.

But alas, all these original writings of the New Testament collection were very early lost, so that however nearly we approach the time of their composition, no trace of them is to be found.

A distinguished Roman Catholic writer, Professor Hug, of the University of Freiburg, upon this point says:

"After these books were once dispersed among the multitude, they were exposed to all the accidents to which the scientific works of the ancients were liable. Yet copies of them were always deposited with the presbyters, which were designed for the use of the church, and to serve as the authorized text for future copies. The originals, it is true, were alone considered valuable for this purpose, and we should therefore suppose, that they would have been laid up, and preserved with peculiar care for posterity. Yet there is nowhere to be found any reliable information as to where they were kept, how long they were to be seen, or by what accident they were lost. For those passages in ancient writers which have been supposed to speak of the autographs of some of the New Testament authors, allude to something quite different."

Moreover, Tertullian, Clement, Origen, and the Church Fathers generally, were no wiser concerning the existence of the original writings.

This speedy disappearance of documents so im-

portant in their historical and religious character is very easily explained. We must bear in mind that in those times in Oriental lands, a very perishable writing material was used—the Augustinian paper—prepared from the papyrus plant, but which was far inferior in texture and durability to the papyrus rolls of the Egyptians. Nor were authors in that age accustomed to write books with their own hands, but dictated them to amanuenses. After being hastily written in this way, they passed into the hands of caligraphists [or elegant writers.] They next came under the revision of the corrector, and finally passed to the transcribers to be published to the world in a variety of copies.

Thus a work written upon thin papyrus, in order to its first publication, had to pass through many hands, and afterwards could not escape more or less injury from the vengeance and curiosity of its readers.

From all these causes it is easy to see why the original writings of the New Testament, notwithstanding the respect with which they were regarded among the first Christians, were so rapidly destroyed, and why they had completely vanished as early as the time of Trajan.

This liability to injury finally induced the Nazarenes in the course of the Tenth Century to have their sacred documents written upon the skins of animals; and Constantine the Great on one occasion ordered fifty copies to be thus made, which he afterwards distributed to different churches.

But if these books were thus liable to harm from the manner of their publication, and from the nature of the material upon which they were written, incessant copying exposed them to still greater injury. Errors from this source were unavoidable; and multitudes of such errors must have been perpetrated in spite of the most careful supervision; and they were all the more likely to occur, as the New Testament was originally written without punctuation, and no spaces were left between the different words. The reader, therefore, was obliged to separate and combine the various letters of a sentence in order to determine the words, and thence deduce the sense.

It is not difficult to imagine what a number of strange and discordant combinations of words, and what perversions of the original sense would thus be introduced. In reading and in communicating instruction, every one distributed the propositions of the text, to suit his own taste, and in accordance with his own views and practice; so that a distribution declared by Epiphanius to be a sin against the Holy Spirit, is recognised as correct by the orthodox Athenesius.

The New Testament scriptures were also written in the so called *uncial* character, derived from the old Greek alphabet, in which every letter was of a square form, and disconnected from any other.

In order to render these books in some manner legible, Euthalius, a deacon at Alexandria, about the year A. D. 462, introduced the custom of writ-

ing just so many words upon one line as were to be read in unbroken connection; and because in this way, the contents of the lines were measured off, this arrangement was styled *stichometry*. Manuscript arranged in this manner—which soon grew into favor—we still possess. It was not till the Ninth Century, that the separation of the words from each other with punctuation, came into use.

With the spread of Christianity and the extension of its power and influence, the churches began to exchange their original documents, for the purpose of mutual instruction. Those churches which could afford the means to take copies of the writings they had borrowed, added these copies to their own treasures, and in this way entire collections of the original documents arose. The oldest were formed at Philippi and Smyrna in the reign of the Emperor Trajan. Yet but few manuscripts, except the Alexandrian, contain the whole New Testament. At most, they generally embrace only the Gospels and the Pauline epistles.

But the main reason for the selection by the Church of a definite number of writings for the formation of a New Testament as had been collected for the Old, was found in the appearance of a multitude of writing—gospels and epistles—which claimed, on the score of sanctity and originality, to be equally deserving of respect.

In the Fourth Century, therefore, it was considered advisable to determine what gospels, epistles and religious writing, at that time current among Christians, should be regarded by them as sacred, and what not. And thus the compilation arose which we to-day recognise the "Canon."

Thus much as to the origin of the New Testament collection. We will now consider a point of still more importance for us—namely, the mutilations and corruptions which these writings have undergone.

Without regard to the fact that the Gospels originated mainly in oral tradition; aside from the corruptions introduced into their contents by false readings, changes of letters and words, or omission of words and propositions, and the errors that have crept in by translations, false divisions of clauses and sentences, and by the misapprehension of abbreviated expressions—we have also to take into account changes *designedly introduced* for the purpose of sustaining special dogmas, as well as those that might occur through the use of marginal comments and glossaries.

There are many believers of plenary inspiration who maintain that every iota, and every word in our New Testament scriptures, is sacred—has been dictated by the Holy Spirit, and is not to be touched. For the benefit of this class, we must show the contrary—that even in these very writings, there has been much corruption of the text, and that much which is erroneous and merely human has crept in; we must endeavor to cast the clear light of rigorously scientific and critical inquiry upon the early history of these books.

In such an investigation, there is no reason to fear any loss for the intellect or the religious aspirations; for a similar treatment of the Old Testament has taught us that a rational sifting of the human and erroneous in its contents from the purely divine, only enhances our estimate of its value.

In regard to the changes which the original New Testament writings underwent, Prof. Hug remarks:

"The readers of the Bible were greatly concerned to render it as plain to their understanding as possible. For this purpose, in place of an unintelligible expression, they were wont to write a plainer one *over the line, or on the margin of their manuscript*. Such elucidations, however, must of course have frequently failed to bring out the sense, but notwithstanding, in the hands of unskilful transcrib-

ers, they often slipped into the body of the text in a subsequent copy.

Others again were desirous to swell the contents of their manuscripts, and to add to their value, by printing upon the margin the words which some other Evangelist had written upon the same topic, and with the lapse of time, *these annotations likewise passed into the text*. This, indeed, happened quite frequently with passages from the Old Testament, particularly from the Prophets; and generally, quotations of this nature entered the text, very much changed.

As soon as these corruptions of the text became known, which a comparison of manuscripts speedily revealed—others again sought to remove these interpolations, and in their zeal, they *struck out whatever in their individual opinion appeared false*; and thus many a *genuine* passage vanished from the text, and the variation between manuscripts were increased to a grievous extent.

The worst alterations in the New Testament, however, were those designedly inserted in the text, after doctrinal controversies had begun to break forth in the Church—which changes were made in order to sanction favored tenets, and give them an appearance of validity. Of such forced emendations, there was a vast number.

From these facts, it is easy to conjecture, into what hopeless confusion the so-called "sacred scriptures" of the New Testament had fallen during the period between their first appearance and the middle of the Third Century.

Scientific men have designated the original text, thus gradually corrupted during that period of confusion, by the Greek term "*koinee*"—that is, the *common* text. This expression was first used in connection with the original manuscripts of Homer before their correction [by criticalation]; by a borrowed application, it was extended to the Gospel.

The risk of losing a text *containing at least some trace of connection with the original*, induced several writers, about the middle of the Third Century, to attempt a restoration of the manuscripts of the New Testament to their original condition.

Origen, with Hesychius in Egypt and Lucian of Antioch, undertook this task. The little regard, however, paid in Rome to so commendable an enterprise, and the slight value set by the Church of Rome upon manuscripts revised under her own supervision, appear from the circumstance, that Pope Gelasius entered the improved editions, or so-called recensions of the Gospels by Hesychius and Lucian, upon the list of forbidden books, in these words:

"Gospels which Lucian or Hesychius have falsified, are apocryphal."

But alas, into these improved, or rather *restored* manuscripts, the same corruptions and alterations crept as before. We have proof of this in the Vienna manuscript No. 302, [No. 34 of Lambecius.] This contains the "Acts of the Apostles," the Pauline and Catholic Epistles, and the Revelations.—The original possessor of this manuscript, has filled it through and through with strange readings, which he has inscribed between the lines and on the margin. *Occasionally the original reading is erased in order to make room for a new one*. Whole passages are likewise intentionally stricken out.

So much in regard to the origin and perpetuation of the New Testament manuscripts.

A great man will not trample upon a worm nor cringe to an emperor.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

[Copy Right secured.]

VIOLET.—A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

CHAPTER VII.

Just then several girls in the farther part of the room, raised their hands. Among them was Winnie Wright, one to whom I always look up in my little troubles and difficulties, said she, "Miss Freeman, Violet did not do it; I saw Mary Hart take them out of Miss Maine's desk this morning, and show them to Violet; and"—before she had concluded her sentence, Miss Freeman said sternly, "Miss Wright, when I wish you to speak I will call on you. Take your seat; and do not let me hear your voice again."

"I saw Mary Hart whisper;" "and I;" "and I" was echoed around the room very distinctly.

"I shall punish the first young lady that speaks," said Miss Freeman.

She then addressed the school, spoke a long time about my hard, wicked, stubborn heart. She said she did not believe God would ever have mercy upon me; that it was her duty to punish me very severely; for such a habit must be broken up while young. After giving me several hard blows on each hand she took the tips of my fingers and knuckles, and pounded them till, I suppose she was tired. I did not cry after the few first blows, for all at once a feeling of indignation at my ill treatment came over me. I felt determined not to please them by giving way in their presence, to the anguish they had caused me; so I whispered to my self, "Violet be firm. Don't show any weakness now." Therefore for my obstinacy, she said, she whipped me harder than she otherwise would have done. My hands puffed up immediately like a large pincushion. I thought she looked at them rather regretfully as I held them towards the light for a close inspection.

I was compelled to stand up the remainder of the school hours, and after the dismissal Miss Freeman remained with me, talking very sternly, and waiting for my petition for forgiveness. But I was not guilty and could not confess what I had not done. My mother had implanted in me too strong a regard for truth even though I be threatened with punishment. I remember once of yielding through fear; but the compunctions I felt afterward could not be described; and I am determined nothing shall make me swerve from the truth whatever punishment I have to suffer.

I told her respectfully I had nothing to confess. Seeing she could not move me she left me in solitude to commune with my wicked ungrateful heart, she said. She hoped and prayed that God would soften me, and recommending me to the Throne of Grace locked me up alone. How quiet it seemed in that large school room, with no other sound, save the buzzing of the flies, and the beating of my own wild heart which was so loud it seemed as if it must be heard in the street. I did not feel at all like a culprit as I sat probing my heart, but like a poor prisoner unjustly accused and no hope of redress. My resentment and sense of injuries softened into pity for Miss Freeman, that she should be so blind in her partiality; so mistaken in her judgment. And for Mary Hart I truly grieved. How could she be so cruel! Then my tears flowed freely! I was so wounded—wounded almost to death; I sought the "Throne of Grace" then, but with far different motives from what my punisher expected.

It was quite dark when Miss Freeman unlocked the door. She called me toward her, and asked me if I had anything to say. I told her no! I had not. She then gave me a note requesting me to give it to my father. I promised her I would, and then ran

home fast as possible; for I was afraid to be out so late, so far from home and alone.

When I entered the house, I found the family with some company, seated at the supper table. Father, on seeing me, asked me what had detained me so late; I made no answer but handed him the note, then hung my things up, and with a choking heart and sick feverish body went to bed. There I lay trembling alone, in this, my first great sorrow. It seemed as if I would grow wild, with thoughts of the deep disgrace, and cruel unmerited punishment. That thought for a while after I laid my head upon my pillow, crushed out every other. Who could paint my anguish? One minute my heart tossing madly with hatred, bitter and burning, toward the parties, the, next, completely broken down with grief!

"How can I bear it?" I would shriek; "How can I bear it?" and then in a state of frenzy, I leaped from my bed, and wildly paced the room. I had lost entire control and was crying most bitterly when mother entered the room, and opened wide her loving arms to me. I rushed to them and and sobbed, and sobbed, until it seemed as if I must die.

Mother did not say any thing to me then, but only stroked my head and whispered; "Hush, hush, my dear! Does not my daughter know where to cast her troubles? A parent's ear is ever ready. A mother's love shall shield her; and a kind Father in Heaven careth for her, and will gladly listen to her sorrows, and give her comfort. Tell me then my daughter the cause of your grief."

"Oh mother! I did not do it!" I burst out. "I did not do it! God help me indeed I did not do it!" then wept with more violence than before.

When my tears subsided I related to her the whole facts of the day's occurrence, and implored her to go to the scholars for the truth. I gave her the names; and then implored her to tell Miss Maine not to believe it.

After giving me the promise, she bound up my stiff, and swollen hands, bathed my aching head in ice water, uttered a most heartfelt prayer by my bedside, kissed me, and told me to compose myself for sleep.

O my good, tender mother! what a calm pleasant quiet she left upon me, with her blessed good night! How I bless, her! O, she is an angel by my side! I could not sleep but lay in great pain.—Mother had not left me but a little while, when good old Miss Martin came in to whisper pleasant little words of consolation, bringing with her some warm drink. Dear old lady! how I love her! how warmly my heart goes out toward her!

* * * * *

I have been very ill; am just getting up. My journal has been neglected for a long time; it seems to me an age since I took up my pen. I now hasten toward it as I would to a dear friend, just as my teacher told me I would. For the past three weeks I have written a very little each day. Am gaining my strength very fast. The past seems like a sad dark dream. I try not to think of it is impossible to throw it by.

Mother says after they left me that sad night, she was roused by a great noise. She followed it to my room, and found me so ill with the croup I could scarcely breathe. They immediately sent for a physician near by and saved my life. I was also threatened with brain fever. The skin is peeling from my face and hands; and my hair is cut very close to my head. Poor Bridget wept and wrung her hands, when she thought her dear Violet would die; she is very attentive to me, surprising me often with some tempting delicacy.

Miss Maine has been to see me. The case has been examined into. Mary Hart was expelled

from school, because she would not acknowledge she had done wrong; Miss Freeman felt so badly about the affair, she has left for a distant city. Has obtained a situation as Governess in a private family, I hear.

Having the croup, makes me think of a time when I was quite a little girl.

It was in the winter time when the snow covered the ground many inches. I was heedless and daring, 'as I am now,' and like most children, very fond of the snow. Often at night when returning from school, we would loiter on our way, (I don't do much better now, sometimes,) and jumped into all the banks we could find. At times we would lie in it long enough to impress our forms printing our dinner baskets, measuring our feet, or trying to make houses of it. Sometimes, with the help of brother William, we constructed a fort, with a snow man as sentinel. There was a field in which we would stop often, and where snow would lie in abundance.

One morning when I started for school, I was suffering with quite a severe headache and sore throat. I was unable to study all that day, and was glad enough when our teacher dismissed us.

The snow lay in high, white, tempting banks on either side of the street, and to pass it without putting our hands in it, seemed, as I often think now, too great a temptation for human nature to resist. I suppose I ought to have played blind, until I reached home, but that was almost impossible. I was completely fascinated with the beauty. "How much I have to work with here," thought I, "and it is so light. The sun has shone upon it, just enough to render it pliable, without marring or melting it. It is undisturbed by a single footprint."

While I was looking, thinking and admiring it, ere I was aware, forgetful of mother's command and my illness, I was hard at work, building a house to surprise the school girls with on the morrow. All at once the approaching darkness reminded me of the wrong I was committing, by disobedience I hurried home, and met my mother at the door, anxiously looking for me. When I spoke to her, my voice was very hoarse. Mother looked very sad as she handed me some warm drink, telling me I had given her much trouble and sorrow and that she would have to punish me by sending me to bed supperless. She knelt by my bedside and prayed that God would forgive her little girl for her sinful disobedience. I could not rest until I had asked her to overlook it, and the tears would keep coming all the time I was repeating my prayers. In the meantime my cold grew rapidly worse. I suppose I had slept only a short time when I was awakened with a sense of suffocation. I could scarcely breathe, and felt entirely unable to call mother; but she heard my loud breathing and put me immediately in a hot bath, with wet towels around my throat, at the same time giving me some medicine. Before the physician arrived, I was considered somewhat out of danger.

The following morning the Doctor called to see me, he took a chair with a grave "ahem"—seated himself, felt my pulse, looked very thoughtful for a half minute, then said in cheerful but subdued tones, "Well how does my little daughter do today?"

I was forced to make great effort even to whisper, but I answered, "Pretty well I thank you, how do you do?"

"You are, hey?" and he burst in a violent fit of laughter, as he repeated my words, "Pretty well I thank you." This is pretty well indeed, so sick you can hardly speak, and a high fever to boot!"

Since then whenever he meets me, I am sure to be hailed with,—"pretty well I thank you, how do you do?" I met him not long ago, as he was walking with a gentleman. He called out to me as I passed, and told him of the circumstance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

Well, darlings, I suppose by this time "A Merry Christmas," and "Happy New Year" have become old stories. I suppose your young heads are half turned with the sights and sounds the Holidays bring; your hands and hearts are brim full of gifts and blessed memories. But for all that I wish to add my blessing, my good wishes and hopes for your future life.

Well, then, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! May all your springs be joyous, your summers genial and useful, and may autumn find you laden with the priceless blessings health, goodness, fortitude and perseverance will bestow.

I wish you to be kind and loving, gentle and useful in the world. Don't go moping through the world as if your being here was of no account.

If grandparents are about you, keep their slippers warm, their fires bright and the chill from their hearts

You see the Printer has moved you out of your old "Corner." He says he dislikes to see young people in one place like chickens in a coop on market days. So he has given you an airing.

What do you think of "Violate?" Isn't she a charming girl? Miss Willbor is going to make book of the story. It will be a fine thing. We shall all want the book—and guess we'll have it, too.

Well, well, the printer says, "I can't give you any more room," so I must stop. But, here comes Life Illustrated with such a sweet little song I must beg him (the Printer,) to give it room.

LITTLE LOO,

THE CHILD OF PENURY PRAYING TO THE SAINTS.

BY LAURA ELMER.

O Santa Claus! O good Kriss Kringle!
Now hovering o'er both town and dingle,
En route for many a favored ingle;
Blithe trysting-place for you;
Packed snug as leaves in half-blown roses,
Your nice great pocket lid uncloses
Sweet gifts, bonbons, brilliant posies;
When lavishing like dew,
Pray skip not Loo.

O Santa Claus! list to my praying—
Would you were here one minute staying—
Why, never with your reindeer sleighing,
Glide down our chimney flue?
Too fearful in the wind is't rocking,
All thoughts of merry Christmas mocking?
Or is't because there hangs no stocking?
Woe's me, the whole is true—
Alas! for Loo.

Whenever Christmas morn is beaming,
O Santa Claus! fond eyes are streaming—
My own sweet mother's—for no gleaming
Of joy comes for her Loo!
Loo, stockingless, sits mute and quaking,
Poor mother's heart is sadly aching—
Come, o'er us deign one little shaking,
Of those nice pockets too—
Remember Loo.

There isn't that good? Wonder who "Laura Elmer" is! FRANCES BROWN.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF MEMORY.

In Mrs. Stowes's new novel of the "Minister's Wooing," the following beautiful passage occurs:

As there was an hour when the fishermen of Galilee saw their Master transfigured, his raiment white and glistening, and his face like the light, so there are hours when our moral life stands forth in celestial radiance. From our daily lot falls off every speck and stain of earthly infirmity. Our horizon widens, and blue, and amethyst and gold touch every object. Absent friends and friends gone on the last journey stand once more together, bright with an immortal glow, and like the disciples who saw their master floating in the clouds above them, we say, "Lord it is good to be here!" How fair the wife, the husband, the absent mother, the gray haired father, the manly son, the bright eyed daughter! Seen in the actual present, all have some fault. Of our father, not one hasty word, but only the fulness of his manly vigor and noble tenderness; of our mother, nothing of mortal weakness, but a glorified form of love; of our brother, not one teasing, provoking word of our brotherly freedom, but the proud beauty of his noblest hours; of our sister, our child, only what is fairest and sweetest.

THE AGITATOR.

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

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

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

CLEVELAND, O., JANUARY 1, 1860.

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

THE PAST AND THE YEARS TO COME.

How Time passes! How noiselessly the days come and go, leaving us, Life voyagers, to keep our own accounts with the Recording Angel. It seems but yesterday since Merry May was with us—the herald of song-birds, green leaves and buds of promise. Then her sister, Summer, came like a young bride flower-crowned. She scattered profusely her gifts and left the world richer and better than she found it. Autumn, sober, yet gloriously gorgeous followed, freighted with Earth's treasures. But they have gone, all gone and with them the music of birds; the song of rivulets is hushed. The green Earth has put on her snow robes and gone to rest.

The Year has gone but not alone,

"High human hearts
Of Passion have gone with it. The fresh dust
Is chill on many a breast that burned erewhile
With fires that seemed immortal. Joys, that leaped
Like angels from the heart, and wandered free,
In life's young morn, to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of nature, and to list
The woven sounds of breeze, and bird, and stream
Upon the night air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust. Exultant Hope,
That roved forever on the buoyant winds,
Like the bright, starry bird of Paradise,
And chanted to the ever listening heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or soared into the open sky, until
Nights burning gems seemed jeweled on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wing, and made her home
Within the voiceless sepulchre. And love,
That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and gazed
On his heart's idol as on some sweet star,
Whose purity and distance made it dear,
And dreamed of ecstasies, until his soul
Seemed but a lyre, that wakened in the glance
Of the beloved one—he, too, has gone
To his eternal resting place. And where
Is stern Ambition—he who madly grasped
At Glory's fleeting phantom—he who sought
His fame on the battle field, and longed
To make his throne a pyramid of bones
Amid a sea of blood! He, too, has gone!
His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
Is nerveless on its clod—his very name
Is but a meteor of the night of years
Whose gleam flashed out a moment o'er the Earth
And faded into nothingness. The dream
Of high devotion—beauty's bright array—
And life's deep idol memories—all have passed
Like the cloud shadows on a star-lit stream,
Or a stream of soft music when the winds
Are slumbering on the billow."

But this is not the time for tears and folding of hands; not the time to look mournfully and hopelessly into the face of the dead Past. Let us rather turn to the Soul's Temple where Justice holds his court and see what record the Year ago has made. Let us see if the good out-weighs the wicked deeds—see if we have planted thorns or flowers in another's path—see if we have dealt justly, mercifully, with our own souls. Let us question the Past and learn of its deeds—good and evil; and listen to the prophetic-voice of the Present and judge of the To-be.

A year ago we as a nation were asleep and dreaming of peace and security. A few heats beat nervously; but the chains were the closer drawn about soul and limb and the discontented mutterings were hushed. But the silence is broken, a voice like the voice of the Eternal, has aroused the sleeper and there is no more Quiet—no more crying "Peace! peace!"

"Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were 'prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free."

Jealousy, hate and discontent, like the pent up fires of Etna, have broken forth leaving in their wake withered hearts, desolate homes and children more than orphaned left to the mercy of the angel, Charity. These are the deeds of the past and belong to the Age of Ignorance. The Present prophecies of a Golden Age when Love and Wisdom will wed—when unholy

hands will not be linked in the blessed name of Hymen—when the home altar will not be desecrated by the serpent, Lust. Woman, the priestess there will wear the royal robes of purity—garments not to be sold for thirty pieces of silver.

Cowed Despotism and blind Bigotry have held undisputed sway in the temples called holy. In the name of the Nazarine they have cursed unsparingly the independent thinker and smiled approvingly upon the cowardly, cringing sycophant. But the rule and reign of these demi-gods have ended, the scepter has been taken from their tyrant hands. The soul has been loosed from Ecclesiastical power and thralldom. The Year past has done the mighty work. The years to come will open to the searching soul the Book of Life. The world's creed will be found written in the rocks, the trees and the waters. Religion will no longer be bound in "gold and calf," but written upon heart leaves and read to the world in deeds of love and mercy.

A year ago the oppressed of other nations blessed the Republican hand out-stretched to welcome and to give them shelter. To-day the veriest slave on foreign soil turns in terror from our proffered friendship.

Party jealousies and political feuds are rife where Peace a year ago bore rule. The press has been muzzled; freedom of speech become a crime, even thoughts put under ban. The gallows has cursed and disgraced a nation claiming to be Christian.

To-day the language of our "Stars and Stripes" has a new translation. The stripes denote the stripes upon the limbs of the oppressed and the souls of the oppressor—the stripes a blow for a blow have made. The stars are emblematical of the Nations midnight. But even there there is a morning star the herald of the Day that will not bear to Eternity the groans of souls weary with bondage and bleeding from stripes.

In the years to come the National banner will be divested of stars and stripes and instead thereof will be written, in letters of gold, "PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL AMONG MEN."

WHICH IS RIGHT.

A day or two since we were pretty severely charged with conservatism and cowardice and the little Agitator doomed to death, because it *dare not speak* out upon the questions nearest the human heart. While we were consulting our own soul to see if these things were really so. The Practical Christian, a Christian Journal worthy of the name, came with the following notice:

"THE AGITATOR, Published Semi-Monthly, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, at Cleveland, O. Terms, \$1 per year in advance, single copies 5 cents. Never was a periodical more appropriately named. It is emphatically *The Agitator*. Its business is not to settle questions of any kind, but to shake up all old fashioned faiths, doctrines, institutions, etc., etc., assuming that "whatever is" is *wrong*. Consequently it has plenty of work in hand, which it turns off with just that executive smartness, raciness, merriness and sauciness which suits the *fastest* school of *Progressives*. We feel ourselves to be nothing but a mildewed fog, with the Agitator in hand; especially when reading what a poor creature a favorite correspondent makes out Jesus Christ to have been, according to the New Testament.

Well, we see many good things in the Agitator, and some that seem otherwise; but being rather a slow coach in the sloughy highway of Progress, we hope the fast Progressives oua West and all over the country, to whose taste she assiduously caters, will be just enough to reward with a *quantum sufficit* of their dollars and cents.

Which is right?

While we most heartily thank our Father Balou for his honest-heartedness, we beg leave to remind him that he sees us from his Puritan New England stand point.

We are of the opinion that we are the same creature in Massachusetts and Ohio, it is only the people who make us a radical and conservative, a coward and a "fast" Progressive."

A FEW QUESTIONS.

Generous hearts have been enlisted in behalf of the Agitator and kindly hands have been out-reached to aid in our hard labor to extend its circulation. Many, many thanks for these—all these good deeds and words. Yet the Agitator receipts barely pay the printer. All other expenses—save donations of some eight or ten dollars—we have paid the past year by our own individual exertions.

The paper is not the exponent of any clan or sect; it desires to speak to and for Humanity regardless of color, sect or sex, consequently we have no claim upon any person only so far as he or she feels the holiness of the cause we advocate.

What are the facts, friends? Is the Agitator worthy your patronage? Are its principles of sufficient value to induce you to obtain for it subscribers?

TWO CENTS per week will pay for the paper. How many will send the *two cents* to keep us afloat the year to come?—Shall the Agitator be published another year? Who will answer?

READ THE SONG OF SANTA CLAUS on the last page. It came too late for the Children's Corner. Mrs. Green sent it with "A Merry Christmas" to the reader.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

We commence to-day a series of articles from the German, translated by Prof. Durais. Those familiar with the writings of "Rau" and the translations of Durais will expect a rare treat and will not be disappointed. Extra numbers of the papers containing these articles will be for sale at the Agitator office.

EMMA HARDINGE will speak in Cleveland the last Sunday in February. We shall all be glad to take her again by the hand. In a private letter to us she speaks of the kindness and of the unkindness she received in Memphis, Tenn.

J. L. WADSWORTH'S APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Wadsworth will speak January 1st, in Goshen, Ind.; 5th and 6th, Elkhart; 8th, Middlebury; 9th, 10th, 11th, Sturgis, Mich.; 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th; Jonesville, January 16th, 17th, 18th; Hillsdale, 19th, 20th; Adrian, 22d; Albion, 26th, 27th, 29th; Marshall, 30th, 31st; Battle Creek, February 5th; Rockford, Ill., 12th, 19th, 26th; Lyons, Mich., March 4th, 11th, 18th, 26th; then East. Mr. Wadsworth is among our finest speakers and worthiest men.

Mrs. A. C. Stow, has lectured in Cleveland recently. J. W. Gray, of the Plaindealer, writes thus of her:

"On seeing a notice in the city papers that Mrs. Stow, a 'poetical trance speaking medium,' would lecture at Tremont Hall on Sunday, we had the curiosity to go and hear the wonderful *improvisatrice*. A little, pale, fair featured and fragile formed lady, dressed in modest and neat apparel, arose from behind a small desk which answered the purpose of a pulpit, and after laying off her bonnet and adjusting a few stray ringlets of her modern cropped hair, closed her eyes and in a moment was entranced and commenced her discourse.

"Her speaking was graceful, rapid and without the least hesitency. Her diction was faultless, her rhetoric above criticism and her reasoning logical and lucid. But the astonishing feature in her discourse was the manner in which she would improvise her prosaics into poetry—sometimes for five, then ten, and one time for fifteen minutes, she discoursed in rhymes that would have done credit to Dante or Dryden.—Near one half her discourse was not only rhythmical, but sensible and beautiful as the spirit of true poetry could make it.

"It is said by those acquainted with her, that she is no poet in her waking state, that she knows nothing of what she speaks and never speaks her poetry a second time. The old saying that 'a person must be born a poet' is no longer true."

Mrs. Stow will speak here again on Sunday the 15th of January. Let there be a good attendance. The meeting will probably be held in Chapin's Hall.

A REQUEST.—Those to whom we are indebted are requested to send in their bills and those indebted to us will confer a favor by sending their dues. We wish to commence the year at peace with debtor and creditor.

A MEETING was held at Forest City Hall on Friday evening, December 16th, to commemorate by suitable speeches and resolutions the execution of John E. Cook, John A. Copeland, Edwin Coppic and Shields Green, at Charlestown, on authority of Virginia. The meeting was organized by the appointment of C. M. Richardson as President and R. W. Harris, Secretary. Speeches were made by Mr. Toohey, Rev. A. Crooks and Mr. Kellogg Sampson. The hall was finely draped in black—the emblem of murder *not* of death.

READ an article on another page from "T. S. S." Our Printer thinks Mr. S' a "little insane." It may be even so; but a man who smokes and chews tobacco is a bad judge of sanity.

WHO PAYS the members of Congress for damning Helper's Impending Crisis into notoriety? We have sent for the book to supply the demand.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—If you want a good likeness and cheap Photograph, call upon Samuel Crobaugh's Art Emporium on Superior street, opposite the Post Office, in Cleveland, Ohio. He is Master of his profession.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

We complain, and not without cause, of the prohibition of free speech in the South; but bigotry is not bounded on the North by Mason and Dixon's Line. We have a good list of subscribers in the South and, much to our surprise, not a paper has been returned and not a word of disapproval of our honestly spoken thoughts upon the "blood for blood code." But a Northern reformer has sent us the following letter:

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown:

Whether the spirits that influence me, are the same by whom you are actuated and influenced, is more than I know. One thing is certain, they do not teach the same doctrines to you that they do to me; if the same, they must be lying spirits, for they sustain the righteousness of John Brown's acts to you, and repudiate them to me. I, therefore, conclude that I am taught by spirits of a higher plane than those by whom you are guided. You will, therefore, please drop my name from your list of subscribers and oblige Madam Yours respectfully,

S. G. P.

Cleveland, Dec. 25, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

The proceedings of the Brown Meeting, held in this city on the 2d of December, are printed in book form. The pamphlet contains the speeches of Rev. J. C. White, C. H. Langston, R. P. Spalding, Rev. A. Crooks, J. H. W. Toohy, D. R. Tilden, Rev. Mr. Brewster and A. G. Riddle. The proceeds of the book are for the benefit of the widows of the killed at Harper's Ferry and at Charlestown. Price 25 cents, postage paid. For sale at this office.

THIRTY-TWO WONDERS; or the Skill Displayed in the Miracles of Jesus, by Prof. M. DURAIS; published by Bela Marsh, Boston, Mass.

The work, bearing the above title, will be published about the first of January, 1860.

It is a critical examination of the Thirty-two Miracles attributed to Jesus in the Gospel narrative. While the reality of miraculous phenomena, or such as appear miraculous, in connection with the ministry of Jesus is freely admitted, the author has endeavored to show that the greater part of the particular miracles reported in the Gospels, are purely fictitious creations. To prove this position, by comparing the varying accounts of two or more Evangelists touching the same miracle, he has aimed to make this point clear—namely, that those writers did, *not consider their accounts to be statements of facts*, and that they wrote in circumstances and from motives, which compelled a fictitious story, though with *no intention to deceive*. The criticisms are comprised in brief observations, and the accounts of the miracles are printed in immediate connection.

A brief appendix explains the circumstances in which the Gospels were written, and the moral necessity pressing upon the Church, even in the days of the Evangelists, to embellish the life and ministry of Christ with lovely fictions. In the appendix is also a diagram, which conveys at a glance to the eye, the whole conflicting testimony of the Gospel to the corporeal Resurrection of Jesus.

The spiritualist will discover, upon a perusal of this brief work, that the Gospels are less reliable for testimony in regard to the miracles attending the first spread of Christianity, than the letters of Paul—and that the wonders of our own day far excel, in number and in quality, those of the Gospel era, while they proceed from the same general causes. The reader here gets *multum in parvo*, at small cost.

The price of the book, bound in paper, and containing 125 pages, is 25 cents; in cloth binding 40 cents.

On receipt of price, the book will be sent by mail, postage free. Quantities at wholesale, with reasonable discount, sent per order to all parts of the Union.

Address, H. F. M. BROWN,
Agitator Office, Cleveland, Ohio.

"THE GREAT HARMONIA."—Volume Five—"The Thinker," by Andrew Jackson Davis, is now ready and for sale at this Office.

Synopsis of the Contents.—Part First, The Thoughtful Thinker. Part Second, The Pantheon of Progress. Part Third, The Origin of Life, and the Law of Immortality. A Voice from the spirit-Land—From James Victor Wilson, a Spirit. Price \$1, postage paid.

A DISSERTATION ON THE EVIDENCES OF DIVINE INSPIRATION, by Datus Kelley, 25 cents, postage paid.

THE BIBLE; is it of Divine Origin, Authority and Influence? by S. J. Finney. Price in cloth binding, 40 cents, in paper, 25 cents, postage paid.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT is published at Mendota, Ill. Terms of Subscription—One copy one year in advance, \$2. Leonard R. Train and Elias Plumb, Editors.

The creed of the paper is "No individual has a right to trespass upon the rights of another." It has for President and Vice President, the names of Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, and Francis P. Blair, of Missouri. Success to the enterprising editors.

FINNEY'S BOOK.

When we first advertised Mr. Finney's book it was with the expectation that we alone should be responsible for its publication. With that idea we advertised them at a discount, by the quantity, of one-third from the retail price. Mr. Marsh subsequently assumed the responsibility of publishing the book and we have taken them from him on the terms we advertised to sell them. After paying express charges from Boston, we shall be unable to sell them for less than a discount of one-fourth by the dozen. However, those who have already subscribed for the book will receive them at the discount first proposed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. HOWARD—The Banner has been ordered. Know nothing of Tiffany's Monthly. Expect it is discontinued.

MRS. BROWN, OF CONCORD, N. H.—Thanks for the subscribers. You will find Shahmah in the post office.

O. J. WHITE—"The Good Time" is not published.

MRS. HAINES—The Register is not out.

BROWN.

Friend of the slave! thou brave old man!
Though chained and bleeding in the cage,
Thy captors found thee in the van
Of Freedom's dawning Golden Age,
Though called a fool, or madman now,
Or by whatever bitter name
Oppression names thee, on thy brow
Shine laurels of that deathless fame
Which unborn millions yet shall sing,
And treasure as a holy thing.

Tories may count their hoarded gold
In their proud homes of servile peace,
And from their hearts as icebergs cold
Wonder when deeds like thine will cease—
May deprecate the blow thine hand
Hath dealt to freedom's deadly foe,
For thus they frowned upon the band
Of heroes who long years ago
Like thee—strong hearted fearless men
Bearded the Lion in his den.

But not to Southern policy
Alone should we ascribe thy fate—
Thy captors and thy murderers
Are found in every Northern State;
In all our Legislative Halls
Hast thou and thy dear sons been slain
And laid beneath the tainted pall,
Of selfish lust for earthly gain;
While they who kiss the hand that slew thee
Like Peter cry—they never knew thee.

They who will cringe to Southern power,
While Sumner bleeds beneath her blows—
Who'er send a bleeding brother back
To torture—death from Freedom's foes,
Can feel but little for thy wrongs,
Thou stricken father! Thy wrung heart
Is only one which they've transfixed
By foul aggression's Upas dart—
But what care they if in the fold
Their lambs are sheltered from the cold.

Boast as we may! though as I gaze
Down the great chain of Law Divine
I see that in Earth's future days
Love will dispense with deeds like thine—
That its Deific magnet life
Will draw the lamkin to the lion
Till without hate, or fear, or strife
They'll sleep upon the walls of Zion,
I feel to-day we're all less free
Than "Brown of Osawatimie."

Never until the dark hour comes
When our own treasures fall beside us—
Until in ruins lie our homes,
Can we be sure which Law doth guide us:
Whether we're calm because the pure
Sweet Love of Jesus hath infused us,
Or in our own bright homes secure
We feel that no one hath abused us—
Perhaps were our heart-treasures slain
We'd not so calmly wear the chain.

I shrink from warfare—yet when my
Sweet child, so joyous blithe and merry
Grows sad and says—"Were I a slave
Would father fight at Harper's Ferry?"
He draws her to his yearning soul
As down his cheeks the tear-drops roll,
While I smooth down her soft brown hair,
And question if I'd not been there,
Or elsewhere with my own solution
Of our chameleon "Constitution."

To-day our starry banners fly
Proudly upon the winds of heaven,
Because brave men who dared to die
Fought till Oppression's chains were riven;
In the "Old Congress Hall" men stand
Spell bound, before the pulseless stone
Portraying the unswerving hand
And dauntless heart of Washington,
And say—"But for his bravery
We'd be to-day in slavery."

They tell with voices firm but low
Because of Gratitude's devotion,
How freely Martyr-blood can flow
When Truth and Justice prompts its motion,
They feel themselves on hallowed ground
While gazing with suspended breath,
Upon a ball or musket found
Upon the bloody field of death,
Where Tyranny was forced to flee,
Then turn and breathe a curse on thee.

They say the "Hero Washington!"
In the "Old Independence Hall,"
But "Traitor!" in the modern one
Where thy brave blood upon the wall
They show in triumph, though it gushed
From out thy throbbing martyr veins,
When at their feet unarmed and crushed,
The blow that drew it, left the stains
Upon the dastard soul that dared
To strike where savage foe had spared.

But fettered hero! as thy soul
From Calvary shall upward rise,
While "Revolution's" thunders roll
And war's black pall enshrouds the skies,
The veil of priestly mockery
Borrowed from Noah's reeling shoulders,
Shall be so rent that Slavery
Shall be unmasked to all beholders,
So by the lightning they can see
Unto what God they've bowed the knee.
Waitfield, Vt., Nov. 29, F. O. H.

Services at the Funeral of Mr. Coppic.

The Cleveland Leader says: Edwin Coppic, one of the victims of Harper's Ferry, was buried December 18th, just at the going down of the sun, in the Quaker burying ground a few miles from Salem, Ohio, where he sleeps with his kindred. The funeral services were conducted after the manner of the Friends, and were solemn and affecting. A correspondent writes:

A most beautiful and appropriate address was delivered over his body by Mrs. Rachel Whitney, which was surrounded by weeping and sympathizing friends. At the head of the corpse sat the aged grandmother, of more than four score and ten years, to whom she referred most touchingly. It was most comforting to his bereaved relatives and friends, she said, that he died nobly and usefully as a benefactor and a martyr.

BOOKS SENT BY MAIL.

To O. S. Poston; M. L. Dibble; Mr. Norcross; J. D. Teel; J. L. Smith; G. B. Pond; H. W. Ross; G. B. Smith; J. Blackledge; A. Richards; G. Hutchinson; Mrs. L. Brown; S. Maxwell; M. J. Seely; Milo A. Townsend; W. Wadsworth; Mrs. M. P. Haines; Flora Turner; Frank Morrel; May Turner.

BROKEN HEARTED.

Gravestones tell lies, and mounds of earth declare,
Not that the dead lie buried there—
For that cold heart, whose hope has long since died,
Hath cheated death, the grave itself defied—
Has robbed itself in pall of deathless gloom—
Made life despair, and its own breast its tomb.

No sculptured slab, with Pharisaic pride,
Tells how or where or when love's phantom died.
No willows weep, no flowers mark the place
Where hope, expired, ceased the weary race,
No tear shall dim the eye with fond regrets,
No hired mourners, craped to fashion's eye,
Shall mock my memory with their sacred lie.

AGITATOR RECEIPTS.

Mrs. H. Robbins,.....	\$1 00	A. Gardner,.....	\$ 50
Mrs. M. N. Brewster..	2 00	J. Blinn,.....	50
T. Gale,.....	1 00	E. W. Davis,.....	1 00
Mary L. Dibble,.....	1 00	D. Williams,.....	50
C. Gillett,.....	50	Mrs. B. Crossman,...	1 00
J. Kendall,.....	1 00	F. Adams,.....	1 00
S. Webster,.....	1 00	J. Pucket,.....	50
J. M. Holland,.....	50	C. G. Severance,....	1 00
Mrs. A. Kellogg,.....	1 00	Mrs. C. Segar,.....	1 00
Mrs. S. L. Comstock,...	50	N. K. Sibley,.....	50
Mrs. Kate Johnson,....	50	F. Wheeler,.....	25
O. J. White,.....	1 00	S. Everitt,.....	1 00
D. Mead,.....	28	M. H. Carpenter,....	50
E. F. Curtis,.....	1 00	E. S. Denison,.....	1 00
S. T. Gates,.....	1 00	N. H. Tucker,.....	50
Mrs. S. Bosworth,.....	1 00	Mrs. H. Cheeney,....	1 00
Mrs. F. L. Johnson,...	1 00	Wm. Thompson,....	1 00
D. N. Brown,.....	1 00	J. E. Banks,.....	1 00
R. C. Moon,.....	1 00	Mrs. Crowell,.....	1 00
J. Rice,.....	50	J. B. Pierce,.....	25
H. S. Dunham,.....	1 00	G. W. Shepherd,....	1 00
Miss H. M. Mapes,....	50	G. B. Lacey,.....	1 00
J. Brown,.....	1 00	I. I. Lacey,.....	1 00
Martha R. Wood,.....	1 00	J. B. Park,.....	1 00
C. Barnard,.....	25	O. S. Barton,.....	28
J. Cook,.....	25	S. Doty,.....	1 00
E. Gardner,.....	1 00	Joseph Tew,.....	1 00

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. SUTLIFF 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.

MY RELIGION.

BY CORA WILBURN.

ARTICLE II.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

It has been truly said by the poet Tennyson:

"How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold,
An hour's communion with the dead."

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all."

Yes, those who dwell in the "golden day" of love and peace and perfect forgiveness, may not often answer at our presumptuous call. And without preparation, without self-examination, perhaps in a most unfitting mood of surliness, while laboring under an unresisted attack of envy, with heart-throbs of malice and hatred, we presume to enter upon the presence of spirits, angels and seraphs! And then because no *seraph* will reply to our petulant and uncourteous enquiries, behold the dissatisfied seeker leaves the circle or the medium, disappointed sorely, or "disgusted with spiritual manifestations." Alas, that there should be so much arrogance and presumption in the present undeveloped humanity.

Who would not array their faces in the warmest heart-smiles to greet a long absent friend? Who would not seek to stifle the bitter feelings that raise a frown to the brow and disfigure the "human face divine," when advancing to a beloved mother's side? Are we not conventionally polite enough, to cloth ourselves with a seeming pleasantness when we go into society? And yet none of this preparation is made for the reception of spirit friends. The gloomy, discontented, unspiritual feelings of the individual fall upon the members of the circle, upon those susceptible of spiritual and mundane influences, and the harmony is disturbed. No oil of peace can soothe a stormy ocean; no words of love can reach a heart doubly entrenched behind the fastness of pride, selfishness, and darkening ambition or discontent. Amid the loud turmoil of war, the lute's sighing would be unheard. In the tumult of passion, anger, enmity, the messages from spirit-land are unheard. If an angel from the highest spheres could enter upon such an atmosphere its presence would be unfelt, its musical speech would not reach the fast-locked spiritual ear. Oh! let us not dare to hope for intercourse with angels, until something that claims kindred with them shall have been awakened in our souls; not until some sacrifice of self has been made for Truth's sake; until some heart purification has been undergone; until, with becoming, cheerful, but not frivolous or earth-darkened spirits we can come into the presence, within the influence of the "loved and the departed."

Not with sanctimonious faces, assembling to "raise the spirits," but with cheerful souls, and hopeful, humble hearts, let us meet in social harmony, to commune with those gone before; or, in our leisure hours, sit alone with pure ennobling thoughts for company, and we may rest assured, as our sister, F. O. Hyzer, says: "As our aspirations are, so will our inspirations be." Elevated, unselfish yearnings towards the true and the beautiful, will bring answering angels to our side; either by impression or by felt, visible influence, our beloved ones will respond. The poetic angels will touch the lyre-chords of the spirit and the song of acceptance, of love and joy and Heaven, will attest the benign influences from above.

If we seek for truthful communion with spirits far advanced in love and knowledge; with those who have been long (as we count time) in that upper world of beauty; with those who had reached a point of Spiritual attainment and angelic feeling,

far beyond our own, before they left this earth—oh, let us seek before we importune them, to make ourselves worthy of their companionship. Let us return of the Good the Father dispenses unto all, to those who in their ignorance have done us wrong. Let us smile in the face of enmity, and give of material and spiritual aid unto those who have hitherto despised us. Let us be brave in the right! unswerving in the defence of truth; uncompromising, steadfast; and the world's laugh of derision will seem no louder than the harmless insect's hum; for we shall hear the melodies of encouragement from better worlds, and bask in the approval of our Father's smile.

Thus disciplined, spiritualized, morally prepared we can wait for the angel's coming. These loved ones of our household, and all kindred spirits, the mind and heart affined, will come to us; the gentle with the Christ-love in their souls; the pure with the crown of victory, the lily branch; the humbly great; the royally intellectual; the saviors of the few and the many, men with hero hearts; women with angelic love; and Eden-children blest with wisdom, all these will come, *when we are worthy*. True, they come, the pure and holy teachers of the future life, and through unconscious mediums give to the word of the love and wisdom lore of heaven. Some mediums are thus organized, fitting instrumentalities for the expression of spiritual teachings and great and beautiful is their mission to their fellow-men. Some of our mediums remember, as if a dream, the substance of their trance discourses; and often it all recurs to them, and benefits them, as well as the public. But some, are only instruments in the hands of spirits, for the good of others; their own hearts are untouched by the pure and lofty inspirations given through them.—On their *souls*, the quickening fire has not fallen; they live on the sensual plane occupied years ago, before they were blest with the gift of mediumship. They have not realized their position, and blessing others by their public teachings, they are unblest themselves; for the true, mighty effort for spiritual advancement has not been made by themselves. Dazzled by the eloquence, beauty and power of their spirit utterances, men and women forget that to the controlling intelligence, the honor and gratitude is due, and not to the medium.

A system of fulsome adulation, tending still more to enervate the moral resolves; while it weakens the physical, with an incessant round of visiting and party-going, has been entered upon; it is as injurious to the health of mediums, as it is to their spiritual advancement. Not many souls are proof against the inroads of pride and vanity. Already the spirit of worldliness against which we Spiritualists so loudly declaim, is rampant and familiar among us. Spiritualism is meant *for all*; there is no exclusiveness in its offerings to the world. "*Select audiences*" are unknown in its vocabulary; selectest souls are those, who most fully appreciate its teachings and live up to its requirements.

But, while our mediums are monopolized by the wealthy and the fashionable, what is to become of the "poor, whom we have always with us?" If only refined and exclusive circles meet, how is the refinement of spirituality, the new bread of life, to be dispensed unto the hungry and the needful?

Does not Spiritualism, from remote planes of knowledge, beauty and truth, DESCEND to us, the undeveloped humanity of the present? Does not duty and sympathy lead the angels into our congenial atmosphere, with the desire to do us good? Do they not leave the fairy bowers, and the beautiful homes of spirit-land, to stand by the desolate hearthstone, and to inspire with hope and faith, the beggars and the toilers of this world?

And it is with these battling souls, with those desolate homes, with the grief, uncertainty, poverty and gloom of humanity, that Spiritualism has its work to do. Not alone to add the refinements of Spiritual insight to the surroundings of wealth and luxury; not only to enhance the beautiful things of earth with the application thereto of a Spiritual significance; but to descend to the homes of the ignorant, the erring, the vicious; and teach them the laws of life, the Gospel of cleanliness, the prayer of effort; to teach them how to beautify with soul-power the meanest tenement, and to enrich with affection the narrowest dwelling. And this must be done *practically*; it is chiefly in the power of those controlled by spirits, or illumined by them. But while all towns and cities make a monopoly of the persons and time of the mediums, a portion of God's children, and that the most needy portion, must remain in a state of starvation; living without God, or what is just as deplorable, with the creed-God of the past. What can they know of Spiritual influences, save to mock and scoff at it as impossible?

That *true Spiritualism* is destined to become the physical and moral savior of the race, no candid, reasoning mind can doubt; has it not worked wonders of reformation in the few years that have elapsed since its modern restoration? Spiritual influences have reformed the drunkard and the sensualist. The Atheist has shed tears of joy, convinced of his Immortality by spirit messages.—Mourning and desolate hearts have been made gloriously happy by the return of their loved ones.—The fear of death has been put aside; and that mythological monster, the Devil, has been annihilated beneath the love of God. Life has won new aims for the toiler, the student, the seeker. Poet and musician know, new worlds of beauty and harmony shall unfold eternally; their labors of love shall never cease. The artist heart longs for the unfolding panorama of other and fairer worlds.—"We shall meet again," is said with beaming smiles of certainty; and even little children join in earth's anthem of universal praise, understanding that "God is Love."

But it is not by sitting with folded hands and trusting to spirit guidance and influence, that the world and ourselves are to be bettered. Each one has a work to do, and mostly with and *within* themselves. To feel and act out the glorious teachings of our faith, as well as to expound them, consciously or in an abnormal state, because a duty, sacred and incumbent upon us all. And this is our highest earthly mission, and by example more than in the giving of precepts, to be a fitting recipient, a worthy bearer of the name of Spiritualist. For this unremitting *effort* is needed; "to watch and pray," not after the manner of the past, but according to the needs of the present. To watch ourselves incessantly; veiling before the accusing angels of our conscience, no single motive, cloaking no wrong with a specious sophistry; concealing no moral infirmity from the searching eye of our own soul; but resolutely, unhesitatingly, plucking from the immortal soil, all weeds of worldly formation; digging up by the very roots the growing Upas tree, that allowed to remain will distil its moral poison on the virgin lilies and the poet roses of the heart-realm. Some safe and guiding intuition will point the way; some angel, home-clad or in foreign guise, will lead thee. Even the Voice of Deity will whisper "well done," for sacrifice and self atonement; ever the counseling angel will warn thee to, beware!

But, as our moods and feelings, so will be the influences we attract; angels may come to us in sorrow and in patience, even amid the soul's tumult of indignation and despair. But our own darkened eyes, and steeled hearts may not see, nor feel them.

near. And the distorted vision may behold a demon-shape, where truly a beckoning angel stands. How needful then, to cherish calm and holy thoughts, to foster generous feelings, that he may see and feel aright.

Although much is misrepresented and distorted, falsely conveyed by our darkened human views, of spiritual influences; though few minds reflect clearly the images of beauty, truth and holiness cast upon them by loving teaching spirits; though men and women in all ages, have perverted and misconstrued the teachings of the spirit world, yet I cannot help believing that there is, in the spirit life, all shades of character, all degrees of mind. That there are undeveloped spirits, who work out evil in the ignorance of revenge, malice, and hatred. That men there are in other worlds, yet living on the sensual planes of life; to whom spirituality and purity are unknown. That there are women there not yet progressed out of the slough of worldly pleasures, and that these come to earth, attracted by like minds, and to these minds teach error.

That the most darkened and degraded spirit will arise and find the light; that suffering will lead to resolve, and effort lead to redemption, I do not doubt. I have no denunciations for the ignorance of sin on any plane, but I do have a natural shrinking from it; as it is more congenial to meet with a soaring butterfly than with a hideous reptile. It is my duty never to shrink from contact with anything, however repellant, if I can do good thereby, but if I can do no benefit and only disturb my own calm and happiness, it is likewise a duty I owe myself, to keep aloof from repellant objects. Some souls there are, on earth and in spirit-life, who would not heed the present counsel; they need more discipline, or perhaps, another and far different message of God's will, than I should prove. I may lack the power of attracting them to the higher life; I may fail of enlisting their sympathies, to another the work may be given. I then must make the attempt, gently, cheerfully, willingly and the torch of goodness may be enkindled through I see it not.

And, though we of earth may do great good to the departed, who left their birth place with stained souls, yet it appears to me, that greater power exists in the *influence of spirits*, better developed, farther advanced. There is enough of undevelopment within ourselves, and around us, on this material plane, to occupy a life-time. To teach as best we may, to ignorant wives and mothers of the sacred duties of marriage and maternity; to teach the young of the Gospel of purity; and to the wedded of the hallowed obligations of chastity; to bring up children to habits of reciprocal goodness; to loosen man's hold upon Mammon, and woman's worship of fashion and adulation; all this, methinks, appertains to the requirements of human duties. On these, the regeneration of the world depends. To elevate and spiritualize man and woman, is the mission of those, inspired by spirit influences, and conscious of their soul's aid in doing the bidding of their wise and loving teachers. I have seen circles meet for the express purpose of elevating darkened spirits. Week after week they met, yet was there any radical change in themselves? It was not observed; there was no self-advancement, no progress in patience, charity, or forbearance. Was it not somewhat presumptuous to undertake the teaching and elevation of undeveloped spirits?

There are planes of thought, feeling and action, unapproachable by opposite ones. Those nearest to them, or those holding some claim of affinity, or some link of sympathy can alone approach them, to do them good. A besotted, sensual, groveling spirit, on earth, or in the spirit world, could not understand the language, nor bear the sight of an

angel; neither could the beauty of virtue or the sacredness of duty be made apparent to such an one. It is adaptation that fits us for each other, and some avenue of kindred thought and feeling must be opened, before we can benefit another's soul.

But on earth, we can and should, first supply the need of the mere animal, when poverty and privation bar the way to spiritual progress. No hungry man will listen patiently to a detailed account of the glories of the Kingdom of Heaven; no starving mother cares for the repose of the New Jerusalem; no ill-clad, shivering children think of, or care for, God. *The necessary needs of the body must be supplied, before the spiritual nature can be awakened.* I wish some of our modern transcendentalists would please remember this, unpoetical as the idea may seem, to well fed, well-clothed and life enjoyed reformers.

As the brimstone-scented religious tracts have failed to wean men's souls from crime and transgression, despite of their vivid portrayals of the seething lake of fire and the eternal writhings of the wicked; even so, the most poetic discourses, glittering with the gems of feeling and the flames of fancy; even the most eloquent descriptions of the wonders of the life beyond the transition veil; serve not as food to the ignorant and toiling masses. Such teachings are only acceptable to minds advanced and spiritually awakened.

The slovenly habits of the poor need amendment. Their dirty floors need cleansing as well as their benighted hearts. Their children's heads need smoothing, as well as their souls are in want of the soothing ministrations of kindness. The outward is revelation of the inner. Spiritualism, like a searching angel, deal with minutest details, as well as with the grandest themes.

A little more general diffusion of even the light we have and all will be benefited, and we need not go to the other world in order to do good. Let us lecture, and write and labor for the poor, as well as for the refined, the advanced, the intellectual. And by some self-sacrifice of time and labor, and money, when we have it, seek practically to enjoin upon all the teachings of a higher life; proving to the world thereby, that modern Spiritualism is true Christianity. Let us teach the poor, that beauty and refinement, poetry and love, is their eternal birthright; and that they can beautify their lives and elevate their souls in common with the rest of God's children.

Beneath the broad glorious pennon of Spiritualism let us feel that we are free and safe indeed.—Proving to the opposer and denier of the good of faith that we are blest in receiving and dispensing its inspiring and healing gifts. That its influences are not laid aside for Sunday worship, to be adored and wondered at in holiday attire; but that they are the blessings of life, enwoven with every daily usage; a part of our religion, practical, developing and sustaining.

We pray, when with healthy appetites and grateful hearts we sit at our social board, and enjoy what mother earth has so bountifully provided. It is an act of worship, the suitable robing and adorning of our bodies. Our ablutions are an offering unto God; for "cleanliness is next to Godliness;" our household songs, our merry gatherings, the meditative walk, the hour of twilight communion, the gently spoken word and unseen deed of charity, all these are prayers, acceptable unto our loving God.

We can commune with angels while we are enjoying our daily toil; we can think of our Father and our loving Mother-God, while household affairs or greatest thoughts enchain us; while surrounded with discord, we can think of Heaven; and in trouble or adversity know, that we are sheltered

by the care of Love; that we are encircled by loving, pitying, guiding and saving, spiritual influences.

SANE OR INSANE THOUGHTS, JUST AS YOU PLEASE.

"The past is recorded, the present is with us, the future is unknown." Such is the language, the teachings of those who lean upon the schools and books of a *materialistic* or *dark* age. The thought of the mover of this pen is that the future of each atom, each earth, each moving mechanism of life thereon is as clearly authorized and defined as the past, and it is among the possibilities that pertain to us as spiritual beings to travel back and forth on the fiber that connects the written future with the written past. It has been truly and philosophically said, "that coming events cast their shadows before," and none the less true is it that man's pathway is marked out even before he hath been conceived in the maternal womb. To-day the life of a man is measured by comparison or by an arbitrary system of mathematics, while the *true science* of numbers is uncomprehended by the most learned school mathematicians of the day. Our own thoughts, (so to speak) cannot be held long enough to clothe them in words and write them out; we can only feel that each of these letters which go to combine and make up a word is in accordance with a universal system of numbers, that when understood and comprehended would be found to clearly indicate the *weight* or the *attraction* of the mundane elements of this body to its kindred elements and of the *spirit essence*, or body to its spiritual elements and thus could we decide to less than a hair's breadth as to the time of their separation or dissolution. Fine though this thought is, yet it is far from the felt clearness of the proposition.—Truly man is most wonderfully made and yet it is within man's possibilities to improve and make more perfect even his own *material* and *spiritual* mechanism. What he lacks he can gather from the elements ever at his hand; what he has an overabundance of, he can throw off at his will; we mean by this, that educationally, man can reach a point of development, when it will no longer need to be said to him "man know thyself," for he will have passed to a condition where it were possible for him to construct more than a man, even a super-human. Opening our inner eye to these startling veins and threads of thought, we pass and re-pass as on electric rings from the inner workshop of the Great Central Positive Mind, to the most coarse and hardened strata of our primitive rock and read and re-read of the myriads of forms of combination and re-combination, that have gone to make up the basis of the human kingdom, and now in the inmost recesses of our council chamber we joyously contemplate the process going forward needful to bring forth a still *finer* and more *substantial* race of beings than hath as yet appeared on this planet.

T. S. S.

A l-e-t-le insane, I guess.—Printer.

A great, a good and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in the flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince; it came from heaven and to heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity, which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree even upon earth.

There is strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reckon,
But little the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?

UPHOLD the cause of truth when thou canst, and be willing for truth's sake to be hated; but know that thy individual cause is not the cause of truth; and beware that they are not confounded.

"Hide no thought in a coward's heart,
That the world be blessed to know."

[Original.]

SONG OF SANTA CLAUS.

Out of the way! I'm coming down chimney!
Dont you hear? 'Tis Santa Claus!
I've got a plume in my red woolen cap,
And smoke-pearl buttons to hold up my draw's.

My cloak is made of the woven snow,
And my spectacles of ice;
But every good little girl or boy
They will show me in a trice.

My skates are made of the magnet true
That lives in the old North Star,
And they carry me bravely over the ice
That sleeps in the night afar.

To make you a good Merry Christmas
I've come a long and raw way,
Beyond the dark, old Mountain-Pines,
That crown the cliffs of Norway.

My heart was warm and light with love
Nor needed any urging,
As I flew over the icy shore
That girdles old Spitzbergen.

I wrapped my fleecy cloak around
'Till it covered the teeming sack,
Which all the dear little children know
I swing right over my back.

For still as I kept my lonely way
Beneath the wintry skies,
My joy was the love of happy hearts,
And the light of happy eyes.

And when with cold I was almost numb
And the load pressed on my back,
And crystals were hung on my stiffening breath
By the Frost that is surnamed Jack.

I shook off the cold, as I opened my arms
And gave myself a thrashing,
'Till the kittens mewed and my dogs they barked,
In the mortal fear of smashing.

I came down by the ice bergs,
And it was a slippery way;
But the moon and stars were shining
'Till the night was bright as day;

Then I heard the barking foxes,
And I heard the hooting owl;
And when they saw his round, red eyes
The wolves began to howl!

In a deep vale of the Frozen Sea,
A Polar Bear I met—
And I kicked her so hard with one of my skates
That she turned a sunset.

White birds with wings of monstrous size
Flew over in big flocks;
And the round Seal, opening his big eyes,
Was larger than an ox.

But I cut them all, and off I came
With my words of happy cheer,
To bring you a Merry Christmas
And wish you a happy New Year.

The stars are bright in the wintry night,
And they smile like happy eyes,
As away I go, over ice and snow,
'Neath the beaming Northern skies.

And thus I came to the sloping roof
In a very gallant style;
And over the chimney I balanced and swung,
To rest myself awhile.

Just try my load now, if you can;
'Tis a genuine back-bender!
I've dolls and toys, and books and games—
And kind loves that will send a

Good Christmas cheer to many hearts—
Come, happy girls and boys!
Open my sack—the way is free!
Just help yourselves to toys!

Be good; and you'll be happy;
Farewell, my children dear,
Remember, I shall call again
About this time Next year.

Send round the happy cheer, now!
And give us three times three,
For our good friend, Old Santa Claus,
And the Merry Christmas Free!

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