

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. 38.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

OUR FATHER.

Where Shall we Write His Name?

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

Write it on the cup of joy,
That's held to childhood's lips,
Where innocence in sweetness smiles
And love knows no eclipse;
Write it on the band of maidens
Culling blossoms bright,
Hoping that their charm'd earth-life
Brings no sorrowing night;
Yes, write it there.

Write it in the home of wealth,
Where comforts flow in fast,
Where the dimpling smiles of hope
No shadow can o'ercast,
Where the winsome voice of song
Is echoed through the air,
And not a spirit feels
The iron clasp of care;
Yes, write it there.

Write on the jeweled crown
That binds the heart of fame;
Write on the haughty brow
Where SELF'S the highest aim,
Whose hoof cleaves to the heart
Of Earth's unfortunate,
Whose heavy curse pervades
The Man-degrading mart;
Yes, write it there.

Write on the clanking chains
Of those crushed by his power—
Write on their sleeping will
That MANHOOD is their dower;
Write on their stricken souls
That God will give them light—
Write on each prisoner's heart
He watches in the night;
Yes, write it there.

Ay, write His holy name
Where the sunlight never comes,
Where the ghosts of want and shame
Stalk through their darkened rooms,
Where drops of tortured life
Ooze out at every breath,
Where the sin-pressed, woe-worn heart
Welcomes a prayerless death;
Yes, write it there.

[Selected.]

NEAR THEE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I would be with thee—near thee—ever near thee—
Watching thee ever, as the angels are—
Still seeking with my spirit-power to cheer thee,
And then to see me, but as some bright star,
Knowing me not, but yet oftimes perceiving
That when thou gazest I still brighter grow,
Beaming and trembling—like some bosom heaving
With all it knows, yet would not have thee know.

I would be with thee—fond, yet silent ever,
Nor break the spell in which my soul is bound;
Mirrored within thee as within a river;
A flower upon thy breast, and thou the ground!
That when I died and unto earth returned,
Our natures never more might parted be;
Within thy being all mine own inured—
Life, bloom and beauty, all absorbed in thee!

There are some happy moments in this lone
And desolate world of ours, that well repay
The toil of struggling through it, and atone
For many a long sad night and weary day.
They come upon the mind like some wild air
Of distant music, when we know not where,
Or whence the sounds are brought from; and their power,
Though brief, is boundless.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

THE BIBLE:

IS IT OF DIVINE ORIGIN, AUTHORITY AND INFLUENCE?

BY S. J. FINNEY.

NUMBER TWELVE.

THE INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

The Bible teaches false and dangerous doctrines on Morals, Theology and Religion; and on various other subjects.

It gives us bad and dangerous teachings on the relations of parents and children. In Deut. xxi:

"18 If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them:

19 Then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place;

20 And they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard.

21 And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die; so shalt thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear."

There is a command to parents to stone their stubborn and rebellious children to death. Parents, *is it right?* Was it ever right, to murder children because they are stubborn and rebellious? If it was right in the days of Moses, is it not right to day, and forever? Truth and falsehood, right and wrong are *eternal distinctions*, which no temporary expedient can set aside. There is no intelligent parent who can for one moment sanction the principle involved in this passage. None but a savage will say it is just. There is a bitter malignity in it, worthy only of a demon. The Bible also sanctions the punishment of children for the crimes of their parents, as in the case of Achan, already referred to. In other passages also, the Bible gives parents the power of life and death over their children. (In Gen. xxi: 14, xxvii: 29 and also, Exodus xxi: 15—17; Lev. xx: 9.) The Bible sanctions the law of primogeniture, God is said to give to the first born a double portion of the estate. The first born also, was a priest of the whole family, and ruled the younger children by virtue of having been the born first.

The Bible contains horrible laws and is awfully profane in its threats of capital punishment. Read the xxiid chapter of Deut. also, the xxth chapter of Leviticus and in truth, you can scarcely go amiss of these horrible laws any where in the Old Testament. The Bible contains bad morals in its teachings on the subject of usury. See Deut. xxii:

"19 Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of vituals, usury of any thing that is lent upon usury:

20 Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury, but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all that thou settest thine hand to in the land whether thou goest to possess it."

The Jews might take usury of strangers, but not of each other. This is fine morality indeed! Of the same piece is the Bible teachings on the subject of bad meat, before referred to. Some of the worst teachings on the subject of morals, may be found in its sanction of the vices and crimes of the

old Patriarchs. Take the history of Jacob and Easau, found in Genesee, beginning at the twenty-fifth chapter. The first instance is in the case of the pottage, which has passed into a proverb. In this case who cannot see that Easau was much less blamable than Jacob. Easau was tired, and hungry, and faint, and Jacob takes advantage of his faintness in order to swindle him out of his birth-right. Easau asks his brother Jacob to give him some pottage, for, said he, "I am faint." And Jacob, *Jew-like*, is in for a bargain, and says, "sell me this day thy birth-right." Instead of dealing in the true spirit of a brother with Easau, and as all true brothers would, by cheerfully giving him to eat, he, well knowing that a starving man would give his all for something to eat, thus robs his own brother of his birth-right. It is a specimen of robbery the more detestable because practiced upon a brother. None but a covetous gambler, could have uttered that foul and most unnatural request: "SELL ME THIS DAY THY BIRTH-RIGHT." The same spirit of robbery soon afterward again manifested itself in Jacob, by both lying and stealing. Isaac sends Easau to the field for venison to make savory meat of, promising to bless him for so doing. But Jacob's mother over hears Isaac, and calls Jacob, tells him all, and then invents a scheme to lie and steal away Easau's blessing. Jacob yields to her solicitations, kills two kids, makes savory meat, clothes Jacob in hair, least his father should find him out, and send him with a foul lie in his teeth, to cheat his poor blind father, and to steal Easau's blessing. The scheme is successful, Isaac is deceived and Easau is robbed a second time. But the history of Jacob's remarkable *piety* does not end here. We find him, after a time, swindling his father-in-law, Laban, out of all his best sheep and cattle, through his ring, streaked and speckled rod policy; which, according to Gen. xxxi: 9, was God's own work all of it. Not a word does the Bible utter against the robberies of Jacob, but through the whole of it, God is represented as standing at Jacob's back and blessing him. Is not this teaching bad morals? Are not such morals false and dangerous? But it may be said that Laban was perfidious with Jacob, that he deceived Jacob. Suppose he did. Is that any reason Jacob should swindle Laban? Can two wrongs create one right? Are men thus to practice perfidy for perfidy, swindling for swindling and robbery for robbery. But Jacob's treatment of Easau was, according to the story itself, totally unprovoked by Easau, so that no palliation, on the ground of retaliation, is at all admissible.

But again, the Bible teaches false and dangerous doctrines on the subject of providential or forelooking labor. Jesus is represented in Matthew as forbidding his disciples to take any thought for the morrow. See Matthew vi: 24—34. He says:

"24 No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and espise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon.

25 Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life,

what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

26 Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

27 Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

28 And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

29 And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

30 Wherefore of God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

31 Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek;) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

23 But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

34 Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Now, reader, what do you understand by this passage? Does it mean what it says, or does it mean something else? It says, "take no thought what ye shall eat, or drink, or wear." Now, does it mean *no* thought? If it don't mean so, why does it say so? And if it does not mean so how are we to ascertain what it does mean? Some may say, Jesus only meant anxious thought; he only meant that we should not be *over anxious* about temporal things. If he meant this why did he not say this? Could he not have said, take no *over anxious thought* as easily as he said what is written in the passage, and thus leave his meaning plain, so plain that it should need no interpretation, or suppositious explanations. But the intent and meaning of the passage is found in itself. It says "take *no* thought," &c., and then points to the birds who neither "sow nor gather into barns," and the lilies of the field which "toil not neither spin," as examples to be followed; and adds to the example of the bird, "yet your heavenly Father feedeth them; are ye not much better than they?" And then asks the question, "which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?"

As if it were as impossible to succeed in providential or forelooking labor, as it would be to add twenty-two inches to a person's height simply by a thought. The thought and comparison is supremely ludicrous. What husbandman but would laugh at such a doctrine, and especially at the ridiculous parallel introduced to enforce it, if he should find it for the first time in the Ohio Cultivator or the Genesee Farmer? And still farther, the passage attempts to enforce the doctrine, by attempting to reduce intelligent, human, voluntary, reasoning beings to the level of vegetables, in all respects relating to care for our bodies, and their clothes. The idea is just this: We must take no thought or care about what we shall put on, because, God clothes the lilies, ("which take no thought,") in beautiful garments, on the ground that we are better than they; and if God takes so much care of them, will he not clothe us? Undoubtedly God, or rather Nature, would clothe us, if we did not clothe ourselves, and in garments like those of the Root Diggers of Central America, or of the Cannibals—in *hair*. Beautiful garments for civilized people truly! Thus the examples quoted prove conclusively that Jesus meant "no thought." But will any sane mind follow such teachings? If followed, it would soon reduce the world to barbarism. Suppose farmers should follow it, how long before the most advanced nations would become extinct, or at least become mere savages and banditti. They would soon starve to death, for uncultivated Nature could not furnish them with food sufficient for their sustenance. All science, philosophy, art and commerce would be extinguished forever.

The Bible teaches false and dangerous doctrine on the subject of intemperance. It holds up men guilty of drunkenness as God's especial favorites. For proof of this read the stories of Noah and Lot.

Noah became so drunk that he did not know whether he was clothed or naked; and Lot became so drunk that his daughters committed an unmentionable crime with him and had children by their father; and old Solomon advises that "there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink," (Ecc. ii: 24) and advises the man of "heavy heart," "to drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." A poor heavy hearted man is not likely to forget his poverty in drinking until he gets drunk—"gets rich for a sixpence."

And David prays for all imaginable curses on the person and even on the children and wife of some one whom he fancies has injured him. The 109th Psalm is a malignant specimen of David's deadly revengeful spirit. Hear it:

6 Set thou a wicked man over him; and let Satan stand at his right hand.

7 When he shall be judged, let him be condemned; and let his prayer become sin.

8 Let his days be few; and let another take his office.

9 Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow.

10. Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places.

11 Let the extortioner catch all that he hath; and let the strangers spoil his labor.

12 Let there be none to extend mercy unto him; neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children.

13 Let his posterity be cut off; and in the generation following let their name be blotted out.

14 Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord; and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out.

15 Let them be before the Lord continually, that he may cut off the memory of them from the earth.

16 Because that he remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart."

David complains in the outset of his enemies, recounts his wrongs by them and offers up this petition to his God. The spirit contained in this prayer is worthy of a demon.

The consequences of such teachings are too obvious to need farther comment. No human ingenuity can make this passage teach any other doctrine than this. Such fanaticisms were common in the days of Jesus. Jesus himself belonged to a sect—the Essenes—one class of which were the Therapeute, who taught such doctrines, and who were in the habit of shutting themselves up in caves apart from the rest of mankind, in order to carry out these unnatural doctrines.

Again, the Bible teaches a false and dangerous doctrine when it teaches the doctrine of forgiveness for sin; and especially when it teaches the doctrine of forgiveness for sin through the vicarious atonement of Jesus. That it does sanction and teach the doctrine of vicarious atonement I have before proved, and of salvation from sin's effects through that atonement. I now, therefore, proceed to examine more in detail this idea of forgiveness for sin.

First, the doctrine of vicarious atonement is a violation and subversion of the foundations of Infinite Justice, Love, and Wisdom. It is destructive of the most essential elements and attributes of Divinity. It makes all Divine Law only foolish caprice, and distorts the radiant attributes of Divine Justice and Love into the gross passion of revenge.

Let us examine this subject closely and critically. I have shown that "propitiation," as used in Romans iii: 25, means "atoning sacrifice," and that "atone" means "expiation of sin by the obedience and personal sufferings of Christ." Now expiation according to Webster means, primarily in all languages, to appease, to allay resentment." "Expiation"—the act of atoning for crimes; "and among Christians, *expiation* for the sins of men is considered as made only by the obedience and sufferings of Christ." Here, then, is the whole subject before us. On it, I may be allowed say it is the central doctrine of the Christian Churches and creeds; and as I have shown it is a central doctrine of the Bible—of the New Testament. On its truth, rests the whole superstructure of modern theology. Take it out of the New Testament and out of Church creeds

and they would immediately dissolve and disappear. It is a very important doctrine then, and so needs close investigation. If true it is necessary to know it. But if false it is one of the most dangerous, unholy, immoral and destructive doctrines in the whole range of popular theology. I once believed it, but I believe it no longer. From experience I shall speak of its effects upon mind, upon the soul and inner life of man.

I arraign this doctrine of atonement first as a violation and subversion of one of the first and most fundamental attributes of Divinity—Justice. Justice has its foundation in God, as the law of cause and effect. The law of Justice is the law of cause and effect. On its immutability hangs the destiny of all worlds. The stars keep their appointed courses in virtue of its power, and all things are indissolubly linked together in its endless chain.—As intelligent beings we stand in moral relations to each other and to the truth of God in nature, by virtue of its influence. Destroy it, and the Universe is dissolved and goes into nothing. All organic life depends upon its unceasing action, and immutability is determined by its perpetuity.—Such is the law of Justice—of cause and effect. An *effect* is just, when it proceeds legitimately from an adequate cause. That is, it is just as an effect; it stands in a true or natural relation to its cause, as its embodiment—as the outer sign of the inner power which produced it. It is the bond of union between man's body and God's body—Nature; and between God's soul and man's soul. By physical sin we outrage and prevent physical harmony as a natural, necessary and inevitable result. By mental and spiritual sin we prevent spiritual harmony.

Extracts from the Opening Speech of A. J. Davis, at the Philanthropic Convention.

What is a Free Convention? A Free Convention, sir, is the mouth-piece of human liberty. In the absence of freedom of intelligent speech all our other rights are in jeopardy. So long as the opponents of any movement designed to affect public interests are obliged to listen to its advocacy in silence, so long will error, injustice, and dogmatism reign triumphant over the destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race. Paul, the tent-maker and apostle to the Gentiles, said, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." Behold the thousands of good mothers who, more intelligent than Paul touching woman's nature, yet obey his dogmatic injunction! Where is the independence of these women? Are they fit to be the mothers of Anglo-Saxon children? Priests may teach the total defilement of baby's hearts—the integral depravity and eternal damnation of our darling infants yet unsprinkled—but no Christian mother must murmur a protest against the horrible theory. The New York Legislature may enact a law to benefit man everywhere, and woman nowhere; but let the oppressed speak out a positive remonstrance, and what then? She is crucified on the cross of ridicule; one shaft whereof is the pulpit, the other the press. Her pious sisters affect to blush at such awful symptoms of "strong-mindedness." And the minister shudders all through his masculine constitution when reading the account in his "respectable paper."

But, sir, do you suppose that any true lover of *moral right* will submit in pusillanimous silence? It is spiritually impossible so long as there is a God living in the life of man! The oppressed seek to speak to the congregation. But the policeman or sexton carry the offenders beyond the walls of the church. They next write an article of remonstrance and explanation for the popular journal which everybody reads. But the editor, whose wife and daughters attend the best place of worship, refuses to print it. The opposition paper accepts, however; but who reads it? Only those who "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow"—the "democracy" of the country in the true sense of that much abused term—the dirty and sprawling "roots" of the great social tree—the unwashed and hard smelling "feet" of the body politic and spiritual. Who cares for "the mudsills" of proud aristocracy? The editor of the best paper don't; neither does the priest, nor the enthroned politician. "The poor heard him gladly!" They read with honest indignation. The consuming fire of Reform is kindled on the altar of many a heart. The instinct of Progress is touched. Every true and right-minded man feels the supremacy of mind

over the might of money. Of this the peaceful development of the Anglo-Saxon family is a demonstration. The triumphant reign of righteousness is longed for on earth. The invisible hosts of heavenly spheres stimulate the longing, and drop coals of fire to burn up the works of injustice and error. A government administering impartial liberty, and capable of dispensing equal happiness, is the ideal burden of every infidel's aspiration.

And what next? The pious Pilate and the legal Herod—the Church and the State—combine against the aggressive march of Humanity. The mental war is declared. Austrians and Bonapartists, in pulpits and behind the press, cripple and deceive the progressives. What follows this discovery? A Free Convention is called, not of leaders in established orders, as at Zurich, but of the Kossuths, the Mazzinis, the Garibaldis in the army of Progress. They say that right doing pre-supposes right knowing and right feeling. They investigate the cause and cure of Selfishness, Intemperance, Slavery of all kinds, War. The history of humanity is seen to be the history of legalized injustice and of ecclesiastical oppression. The Conventionists wax warm in the contemplation of evils so monstrous. They have been shut out of pulpits, but the masculine monopolizers of them are invited to take part in our deliberations. The mandates of unlimited freedom and progress issue from the earnest speakers. They impeach and arraign the doctrines and defenders of the Bible as fearlessly as Jesus denounced the superstitions and disciples of ancient Judaism. Different minds and temperaments, with different feelings and imperfect opinions, will demonstrate differently from the platform. The incidental tumult is sometimes painful, I confess, but, sir, it is natural and magnanimously honest. Hearing only the discord, which is many times wholly external, the impatient and ungenerous spectator turns away, and reviles as he walks.

I am explaining, sir—giving the philosophy and utility of Free Conventions. Truth, fact, eloquence, reason, irradiate from the summit of these gatherings. The speakers flash the fire of truth into the secret places of error and injustice. Many persons get their first sentiments of liberty at a Convention for Anti-Slavery. Martin Luther was a Free Conventionist. By the lightning of his protest the people made the discovery that human reason was answerable, not to priests, but that priests are answerable to human reason. The New York Tribune would regret this, no doubt, since it publishes the sermon for Gerrit Smith only under the contemptuous caption of "Advertisement." The Covenanters of Scotland, the Huguenots of France, the Puritans of England, George Fox, Calvin, Jesus, Anaxagoras, Socrates, all these were Free Conventionists, but they stiffened and grew dogmatic under the pressure of repressive powers emanating from the privileged classes.

* * * * *

I am aware, sir, that there are good men and women who believe from the bottom of their hearts that the Church system is the most philanthropic and important to mankind. Let me employ a few figures in this connection, in order to reveal the fatal mistake of those so believing. According to the census of 1855 it appears that the amount of church property in the State of New York is \$31,480,000. Ministers' salaries amount to \$2,400,000 per annum. Interest on the church property per year, at 7 per cent., would increase the annual expense of four million six hundred thousand dollars, all to preach the gospel of bigotry and superstition, with now and then a word from the teachings of "the meek and lowly." The American Bible Society has expended \$5,000,000 in the short period of two and thirty years. Its receipts in one year amount to four hundred thousand dollars! And these dollars are gatherings, not of rich men, but of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

It is estimated that if the Bibles circulated by the American Bible Society were spread out on a plane surface and computed by square measure they would extend more than eighty miles; by solid or cubic measure they would make more than 150 solid cords; and these cords, if piled one upon another, would reach higher than the spire of Trinity Church in New York, and higher than the Falls of Niagara. The entire issue of the thirty-seven years, (the age of the Society,) would cover more than forty acres of good land with bibles and testaments! And these expensive publications do cover more than forty acres of aching hearts, and with the 30,000 ministers and 500 commentaries piled on, the

whole weight is five hundred thousand times heavier than the Car of Juggernaut. But none of these churches are open to the Anti-Slavery or Temperance lecturers, unless such lecturers are first ascertained to be sound in the cardinal points of dismal orthodoxy! And yet scarcely one of these expensive edifices is used more than one-seventh of the time.

Again, sir, look at the American Tract Society. In one year it distributed 3,334,920 tracts in Boston, at a cost of \$79,883 46. In the same year the New York Society expended nearly \$1,000,000 for home and foreign purposes. Its distributed tracts in English, French, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Hungarian, and Welsh—"and it did not print one single line, nor whisper a single word against the great national sin of slavery!" And there are Christians who profess themselves religious, who take the Lord's supper in the name of Christ and God, and who own their fellow-men as slaves and property. There are, it is estimated, 80,000 slaves owned by Presbyterians, 225,000 by Baptists, and 250,000 more by Methodists—in all 600,000 sons of God owned and worked in slavery, by men who oppose Free Conventions, and who proclaim loudly for the gospel of the meek and lowly!

Now, sir, what might be accomplished for suffering Humanity with these millions upon millions of hard-earned dollars, I will not stop to consider.—What splendid school-houses; what spacious and elegant temples dedicated to science and truth; what gorgeous crystal palaces of mechanics and art; what complete public libraries; what wise and beautiful homes for the vagrant poor; what salaries paid to efficient and harmonious teachers of the young; what convenient and healthful plans of inevitable amusement; what curative asylums for the deaf, dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, idle from disease, and the drunkard! What publication houses we might have for books and papers on Science, Art and Religion! * * * * *

But, sir, the day of Free Conventions has dawned. We rebel, and proclaim our rebellion. "If that be treason make the most of it." Reformers are God's unsalaried vicegerents; the noisy, but necessary heralds of "better times for humanity." They are progressive like the school of Socrates, and aggressive like the first apostles of the meek and lowly. Science, Art, Theology, Religion, Spirituality, have received, fresh fire from the inspirations of agitators and so-called infidels. Free speech conventions are the thunder and lightning—social volcanoes inevitable to Democratic and Anglo-Saxon countries—by which the stagnant atmosphere of mind is agitated and purified. Where the cloud of ignorance is the heaviest, there will Heaven's angelic fire focalize and burn, and there will the storm be most prolonged and appalling to the timid. Wherever priestcraft and statecraft are biggest and most inhuman, there will the angels of Heaven become the allies of earth's true Reformers, and from them will be discharged the heaviest moral artillery.

In conclusion, Mr. President, let me urge the conviction of my soul that a Free Convention is a Divine Providence in the order of progress. Without rebellion there is no improvement. Judaism is an advance on Polytheism, Christianity upon Judaism, Protestantism upon Romanism, and Protestantism is the broadway to all progress and unlimited development. The people have blindly followed the beck of priests for ages; but a Free Convention symbols forth the day, red and blushing with fruit, when priests shall follow "the people!" Hitherto religion has led and embarrassed both art and science; but science and art, the children of wisdom, shall ere long lead and exalt religion. Good men and good women, therefore, who oppose conventions and reforms, should think reasonably of the thousands of good men and good women who attend and defend them; for at heart all the races and families of mankind are "eternal friends," stimulated by the same necessities, full of like hopes, of fellow sympathy, love of truth, spirituality, immortality, and all are heirs of equal progress.

EDITOR OF THE AGITATOR:—I am pleased to notice among the good and sensible things in the *Agitator*, the criticisms of the Bible, by S. J. Finney. I am not so prejudiced against the Book—I was taught to look upon it as holy, in my younger days,—that I cannot accept the truths therein contained; for like yourself, I accept all therein, which my reason tells

me is good and right, and reject the rest; as I do all other things made by man—more of which are infallible;—and the same reason that tells me that there are good things in it, also tells me that there are, to say the least, many very foolish ones. If I deny the God-given power of reason,—all that raises man above the brute,—in one case, why not in the other; if in both, how am I to know that there is anything good in the Bible? I hope you will receive names enough to enable you to publish it all in pamphlet form, and if you do, set me down for a dollar's worth, and I hope to increase it among my acquaintances to five times that amount; for it is high time that people had their superstitious and bigoted notions reasoned out of them, and I am willing to throw in my mite to gain so desirable an end. Among all the liberal and progressive books and papers I read, I find no author who shows up the glaring inconsistencies contained in that old Book, to so good advantage as Mr. Finney has done. Such books ought to be spread throughout the length and breadth of our land, to enlighten "Christian heathen."

Although not a "Spiritualist" myself, yet their liberal views, and sensible preaching accord so well with my sentiments, that I wish to ask of you the favor of inserting the following paragraph, taken from the *Springfield Republican*:—

"The Boston *Spiritual Age* proposes that the Spiritualists shall organize as a political party, nominate Gov. Talmadge or Judge Edmonds for the presidency, and make their influence felt in 1860. It says they now number millions in this country, and may just as well hold the balance of power between the other parties as to allow the Catholic Irish to do it. As a reason for going into politics, the *Age* urges that the Spiritualists will thus compel popular respect, and that afterwards they will not be forced to submit to such opprobrious epithets as 'fools, humbugs and charlatans.'

If such a ticket was nominated, liberal and progressive men from all parties would flock to the standard and vote it; for there is an element at work all over the country, which is destined to upheave the old landmarks of political and religious bigotry, superstition and party spirit; and when the present generation shall have passed off the stage, few vestiges of it will remain, where free thought has had its sway;—that element is reason and common sense.

Men are tired of this intolerance, which proscribes a brother man merely because he differs in religious or political opinions;—it takes the bread from the poor man's mouth—is one of the greatest curses of a civilized country,—and inasmuch as Spiritualists and other progressionists discard it as unworthy of a man, so far will liberal-minded, honest, free-thinking men support such a ticket.

We commend the foregoing paragraph to the attention of the liberal-minded, especially those connected with the press. If all such will but agitate the subject, such principles, in our opinion, will spread, especially among the young men, who are every day beginning to reason more among themselves—faster than did "Know Nothingism" in its palmy days; for the true sentiments of thousands would be brought out through the ballot-box, whose fear of public opinion still causes them to throw that influence against their honest convictions. Let us agitate. It needs fearless souls like yours to do it. Will you?

Yours for truth and right, A VOTER.

REMARKS.

What do we care who is governor or president? It is out of woman's sphere, this political campaigning. All we have to do is to pay taxes, obey the laws, and—remember our *womanly* duties. Let us go to the ballot-box, let our vote be counted, and then we will agitate the world. But will we follow in the bigot's wake by uniting Church and State? That's the question.—[ED. AGITATOR.]

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., OCTOBER 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. SHELDEN; SARAH C. HILL.

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

REPLY TO B.

Your letter, my good brother, with its warnings and infidelity hinting is better than these long years of silence. One doesn't quite like to be forgotten for the imputed sin of heresy. My Eagle's quill seems quite inclined to take an airing and to take your letter aloft with it; but I never send people kiting sunward. Oh, no! it is only the spirit of the Eagle in the pen's point that does such wicked things. I hope to teach the little thing submission and coax it to propound to you a few questions—questions that, I am sure the readers of Agitator will thank you for answering.

You ask if the Devil in disguise is not deceiving me.—Where is the Devil? Who is he? Who created him? For what purpose was he created? Did the All-Father send this invisible tormentor into the world, in Heaven's guise, to destroy and to thwart his own great purposes?

You ask of what I regard the purest philosophy is not the rankest delusion. What is delusion? Who are the deluded? Where is the standard? Who the judges? The heterodoxy of yesterday is the orthodoxy of to-day. The fanatics and infidels of an hundred years ago we to-day call sound thinkers; men of science and saints. The world crucifies her Saviors and then, when they have no need of bread and sympathy, she resurrectionizes their dead bones and builds for them splendid monuments and writes IMMORTAL with their names. But she did it all for conscience-sake. Were these same saviors not phantom seekers, devil-possessed spirits? Galileo was deluded when he dreamed the earth turned upon its axis.— Jenner, who introduced vaccination, was treated with ridicule and contempt, persecuted and oppressed by the royal college of physicians. When Lady Mary Montague introduced into England small pox inoculation, the medical faculty and the clergymen called her a "poor deluded child of the devil."—Harvey was persecuted all his life, after he discovered the circulation of the blood, and denounced as a fanatic and humbug. Jesus, the gentle son of Joseph, was a "blasphemer." Who, but a few fishermen and working women, had any faith in his spirit-seeing and wonderful prophetic powers?

But persecutions do not belong exclusively to the dark ages. Herod and Pilate have in all times joined hands to out-law the manger-born saviors.

In 1800 a man in Philadelphia was pronounced a maniac for saying that in less than fifty years people would go from Philadelphia to Boston in twenty-four hours. Grant Thorburn was expelled from a christian(?) church in New York for shaking hands with Thomas Paine, and the great John Murray was pelted with unmarketable eggs, in Puritan Boston for preaching the blessed gospel of universal redemption for the human family. You have preached the same good tidings. Well for you that you did not live in the days of Calvin, else the fate of the deluded Servitus had been yours. Allow me, my brother, to say in all kindness, this charge of delusion comes with an ill grace from one who has suffered in a cause once unpopular. Is it any wonder that now,

"Many live, and are ranked as mad,
And placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending the bright far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van?"

Any wonder that the cry of infidelity, delusion and blasphemy is raised against the disciples of the betrayed and murdered Master?

I give thanks ever for being accounted worthy the name of Infidel. I pray that I may remain infidel to the heartless, mock-worship bestowed upon unknown divinities. I hope, however, never to prove recreant to the principles of Justice and Faith, God has engraved upon my soul.

If I am deluded, blessed be delusion. It has made my heart strong and hopeful, with a strength, like that of the ancient Sampson; it has borne away the pillars and gates of my house of bondage and let my spirit go out to hold communion with the loved who seem no longer dead. Hasn't "delusion," then a glorious mission to the benighted soul?

What shocked you most was an article from "The Circular."

I published it by request, and said then as I do now, it contained good thoughts but some I did not like. Does that seem like an endorsement of Communism? I have read some things in a certain Southern Journal I hope, for sweet mercy's sake, the editor does not endorse.

Marriage, you say, makes one of two. Right if you mean that the laws make the twain one flesh. Blackstone says, "The two are one and that one is the husband," and Judge Reeve says, "The person of the wife belongs to the husband." What do you mean by calling marriage "God's work?" Is God's marriage sacred in your eyes without the thus saith a priest or magistrate? If marriage is the "holiest of the sacraments," (and it certainly should be,) how do you regard those among you who divide for life wife and husband? who sell from the auction block a dear, devoted wife and mother? There are, my brother, deeper stains upon the soul than Communism brings. "Marriage the Seminary of heaven." Are the graduates from this seminary the diseased, discordant, thieving drinking, murdering, imbecile half-human beings one meets at every corner of the street? Let us question seriously, and Christianly, this Institution. There must be a wrong somewhere. This crying "Hands off! 'tis God's work," will never mend the broken hearted world.

Don't, I pray you, talk about saving me in the next world. who likes to be terribly let alone in this? And besides, this is the place to save save souls; here I would be purified and prepared for a higher sphere. Please, brother, point out my faults—answer my questions. When these are disposed of I have a few more on hand. But who knows that is not my mission to save you from the bottomless pit of Buchananism? to save you from the misty mazes of Churchism?

For the right thy co-worker ever,

H. F. M. B.

Where is Frank Clinton Barrington?

Several months since, Mr. Barrington sent to this office a prospectus of the *Cosmograph*, a philosophical monthly.

The work, the editor modestly said, was to be devoted to the *Extermination of Priestcraft, and the Exposition of the True Religion*.

He sent the contents of the first number, which certainly promised a rich intellectual repast. The terms of the magazine were \$2.00 per annum in advance; but he says:

"Persons remitting \$1 will receive six numbers of the *Cosmograph* and the Apocryphal New Testament, or any other one dollar book they may order. Those sending \$2, will receive our monthly one year (twelve numbers,) the above Testament, and the lost books of the Enoch and Jasher, or any two dollar book they may specify."

All communications should be sent to Barrington & Co., Publishers, 335 Broadway, New York, to receive prompt attention.

A business-like note accompanied the prospectus, asking us to advertise the Magazine which was "now ready."

We were a little surprised that the Magazine, if ready for mailing, did not accompany the prospectus; but as other papers had advertised the forthcoming journal, and being somewhat desirous of seeing "the exposition of the true religion," we gave it place in our advertising columns. Days passed without sight of the *Cosmograph*, so we wrote Mr. Frank Barrington a note, reminding him of the fact.

Another letter came with copious extracts from the prospectus of the Magazine, which was "not quite ready." Our typo never saw the extracts, nor we the *Cosmograph*.

Quite a number of our subscribers saw the high-sounding prospectus, and sent \$1, or \$2, for the Magazine and the premium book. But they have heard nothing from books, Magazine or publisher. The gentleman does not even deign to reply to the oft repeated questions, "Where is the *Cosmograph*?" "Where are the promised books?"

If Barrington & Co. cannot fulfil their engagement with the public, let them say so like honest men; if they are mean and dishonest let them say that, and those who gratuitously advertised for them, thereby putting other people's cash in their pockets, will be quite as ready to give the cause of their failing to enlighten the world by the "*Cosmograph*."

We will most cheerfully give Barrington & Co. room to explain their strange conduct, and we are quite as ready to expose fraud and contemptible meanness wherever it may be found.

THEODORE PARKER applied the lash rather severely in his "Letter and Experiences," judging from the cry of condemnation that comes from a certain quarter. The editor of Harper's Weekly had denounced the book and the author, but his curses and blows will never reach the master mind of Parker. He might as well complain of the burning sunlight he cannot quench, or essay to hush the voice of old ocean.

Theodore Parker sought the shadow of the "Holy Cross" to hide himself from Death; but he knows the world too well to expect even there, while death was searching him out, to elude the monster Scandal, that will never suffer the dying nor the dead to rest. But Mr. Parker will never die; his memory will be cherished by the true and good-loving, long after his traducers are forgotten or infamously immortalized.

Finney's Bible Criticisms.

We have now published twelve numbers of the Agitator containing Mr. Finney's articles. Those, therefore, who subscribed only twenty-five cents, will know, undoubtedly, that their time has expired. We sent the papers out for less than the cost, hoping, thereby, to give the public an opportunity to read and circulate the paper.

We have quite a number of articles from Mr. Finney, yet to publish. Those who wish to read them can subscribe for three months.

The articles already published,—with additions and emendations,—will now be published in book form. It is expected that Bela Marsh, of Boston, will bring out the work. It promises a good circulation. We have already received subscribers for three hundred copies. One gentleman takes one hundred copies to circulate where the Bible is not carefully read.

The next Vice President.

The editor of the Elkhart Weekly Review, in commenting upon the suggestions that have been made, of nominating Judge Edmonds, Ex-Governor Talmadge, or some other prominent Spiritualist for the Presidency, asks who will be Vice President, and proposes that Cora V. L. Hatch, or H. F. M. Brown be nominated to the honorable office.

Mr. Weller thought, no doubt, that he had written a very ridiculous paragraph, but we beg leave to differ from him; it was the most sensible thing he could possibly have written. Washington needs women who will rebuke wrong in high places. If Cora Hatch is sent, by the voice of the people, to that "valley of dry bones," she will bid the bones live, and inspire them with love of justice, truth and wisdom.

We have no great predilection for bowie knives and bullets, for the anti-moral atmosphere of the Keys and Sickles, but would like vastly to go to Washington a Vice President of this famous Union. "In the course of human events," we might possibly find ourself a candidate for the Presidential Chair. Then the North and the South would want our position defined. We will, if we have the hopeless opportunity, pledge ourself, heart and hand, all we are or pray to be, to the best good of the people. We will work untiringly, unceasingly, for the breaking of the chains of our black brother and white sister. We will open the White House doors to the fugitive, from the North and the South. We will, Heaven helping us, veto every blood-stained bill that comes in our way, and write a curse upon the institutions that starve, murder and plunder the people.

Now will brother Weller electioneer for us, and vote for us—with the prospect of office during our administration?

LITERARY NOTICES.

REPORT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY CHURCH TRIAL, being a detailed account of overwhelming testimony given by Sectarians against all leading Reform and Reformers; with the summary proceedings on the part of the prosecution, aided by several respectable citizens, after an irregular rendition of the verdict. Photographically reported and prepared for publication by Philo Hermes.

We can give no better idea of this very interesting and amusing book, than by giving the publishers notice:

The publisher feels justified in presenting to the reading and thinking world this curious pamphlet, because its contents, better than profound arguments, are calculated to meet and expose the opponents of living truth and leading reforms. The trial is true to the history of many battles fought between Conservatives and Progressives in many parts and epochs of the Christian world. It is believed that, while the criticisms and satire are just and applicable in many cases, the truly good mind cannot feel itself assailed. The author's *dramatis personae*, who are embodiments or representatives of reforms and their enemies, will amuse as well as instruct the reader. Therefore, the publisher respectfully sends forth this "Report" to interest all classes, but more particularly to explain the rights and defend the privileges of humanity.

Those who read this book will not long wonder who is the genuine "Philo Hermes."

It is comprised in 60 pages octavo, and is printed on good paper. Price 15 cents per copy. On receipt of the price the book will be sent postage free. For sale at this office.

WATER CURE MONTHLY, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Terms, one copy one year, 50 cents; 5 copies one year, \$2; 14 copies one year, \$5 80; 23 copies one year, \$8 00; 50 copies one year, \$15. James E. Gross, M. D.

This magazine is worth more to the young than the New York Ledger.

Pity it is not a welcome guest at every fireside where the English is read.

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL ALMANAC for 1860, by L. N. Fowler. Price six cents. For sale at 308 Broadway, New York.

A CARD.

The attaches of the Agitator office wish to give public thanks for melons, peaches, pears, apples, grapes, flowers, and especially for the jugs of fresh cream that has kept the peaches company. May mother Nature ever hold in lavish remembrance those who have so generously bestowed favors upon her children.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

WANTED, the Post Office address of Mrs. L. N. D. Andrews F. L. WADSWORTH will lecture in Cleveland on the 23d and 30th of this month.

PROF. M. DURAIS is translating a series of interesting articles from the French and German, for the Agitator. The present number contains two articles from the "Revue," a spiritualist paper published in Paris.

We have on hand, several of his translations from the German of A. Rau, which we intend to publish very soon.

The French reader will know best Professor Durais, but our readers will soon learn to look with interest for his communications.

THE OHIO YEARLY MEETING of the Friends of Progress met at Fairmount on the 1st, 2d and 3d of this month.

We had what the Methodist call a refreshing season,—an outpouring of the Savior—Spirit.

To us, those meetings are of more interest than Spiritual Conventions.

There are no "side issues," for whatever concerns the human heart, belongs to the meetings, and may be cordially discussed by women and men.

A report of the meeting will appear in the next number of the Agitator.

IF ANY SUBSCRIBERS or purchasers fail to receive this number of the Agitator, let them ask themselves if the paper is paid for.

WE leave, to-day, (Oct. 6th,) for Richmond, Ind., shall return in two weeks.

THE EDITOR of the Michigan City Enterprise, seems delighted with the idea of having Judge Edmonds for President, and Mrs. Agitator Brown for Vice. That suits us. Electioneer for us, and—what office will please you?

READ notices and new advertisements on the last page.

THANKS to those who have exerted themselves to extend the circulation of the Agitator.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for Finney's forthcoming Book are received at this office. Price 25 cents, postage 6 cents.

Mr. Sterling's second article, in reply to Gerrit Smith, is again crowded out. Be patient. We hope to give it room in the next number of the Agitator.

DR. RODGERS has sent four more articles upon the "Philosophy of Spiritualism." We are obliged to defer the publication in this number, in consequence of the great length of the article.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the Doctor intends publishing the articles in book form. It will be a useful and entertaining book.

NEWS ITEMS.

BARNUM is actually said to have offered Mr. Spurgeon, the celebrated English Baptist preacher, £2,000 a year to come to America and make a lecturing tour. Mr. Spurgeon replied by writing simply, "Acts xii: 10," and sending it to Barnum. The verse reads thus: "O full of subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?"

ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS, the poetess, is making the tour of the Rhine and Switzerland. Fagnani has just finished a fine portrait of her.

A. J. and Mary F. Davis' address will be, until further notice, care of J. S. Brown, 274 Canal street, New York city.

THE Fraternity course of lectures in Boston for the ensuing winter, includes the following names: Geo. Sumner, Whipple, Curtis, Emerson, Beecher, Carl Schurz, Frederic Douglass, Bayard Taylor, Higginson, Garrison, Chapin and Grace Greenwood.

REV. THOMAS STARR KING, of Boston, has in press a very interesting and readable work, on the "White Mountains."

MISS SUSAN WARNER, author of "Wide, Wide World," and "Queechy," has just finished a new story, which will be published this autumn.

MISS MULOCH has a volume of poems in the press of Tienor & Fields. It is entitled "Ten Years."

MADAME GEORGE SAND is bringing out a new novel.

MISS MITCHEL, the Nantucket astronomer, has caused an observatory to be built for the accommodation of her new and beautiful telescope. She takes great delight in this instrument, and frequently passes the entire night in her observatory, watching the heavenly bodies. Her new telescope, which is a very powerful instrument, was presented to her by a few personal friends.

FRANCES D. GAGE will soon give her lectures on Hayti, and other subjects, in Norristown, Montgomery county, Pa.

PROF. GEORGE BUSH died at Rochester recently, in his 63d year.

THE death of Leigh Hunt, the venerable poet, was lately announced in the English papers.

THE REV. GEORGE W. BURNAP, D. D., lately died at Baltimore.

MARRIAGE---LOVE.

Marriage without love, is like life without health. There is no need to exhort a woman to love her husband; she is sure to do it, she cannot help it; even if her heart be pre-occupied, the sacred tie of marriage disposes it to respond to a husband, unless want of affection and kindness on his part prevents it.

Her first sensation is a sort of wonder at the good fortune that has given her to the man of her choice; the second, a fear that she is not worthy of him; and her third, a strong desire to become so; and thus to justify his penetration that enabled him to distinguish her among so many, that in her humility she deems so superior.—N. Y. Ledger.

Now isn't the above right down flat? "A sort of wonder at her good fortune!" Why, any sensible woman expects to get a good husband—she has no idea of finding in him a fool or vagabond. She does not dream of dealing with husbands as with lottery tickets, and "wonder" at the prize she has won.—Ed.

LETTERS AND REPLIES.

We seldom give publicity to private letters, but there are instances where we may be pardoned for so doing. A hasty note often contains a beautiful thought, a great principle, or a word of consolation that may help to heal some wounded heart; these, like the dew and blessed sun-light, belong to the world.

The following letter is from a friend of the "Long Ago." We publish it with the answer, because it will serve as a reply to at least two score of a like character.

Our friend has been a clergyman, but at present is an editor of a democratic journal in the South.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, My Dear Friend:

I was made joyful and sorrowful this day by the receipt of a copy of the Agitator. I was made joyful because there I saw your name—I may never see you again—but your name is ever dear. Do you know I used to think you one of the best girls in all Yankeedom, and that your sweet voice had a soothing influence on my soul as I listened to you of yore? In those days, even I was happy. But as I was saying I was made sorrowful. Why? Because you appear in so different a character to that in which I learned to love you. I do believe you are honest in your course; but oh! dear friend, is it not possible that the devil, assuming the garb of an angel of light, has deceived you? and that which you think the purest philosophy is the *rankest delusion*? I know it is not your nature to sin—your zeal for your kind has caused you to venture too far in your attempt to benefit them. The most painful emotion I experienced was caused by a remark of one of your contributors, or rather a contributor to "the Circular," whom you quote, and do not rebuke his ugly blasphemy. It is this: "*Communism takes the place of marriage.*" Great God! Hannah, do not allow any one to repeat that in your paper. Marriage, the holiest of the sacraments—the Seminary of Heaven—to be thus lightly trifled with! By marriage we are made *one* of two—the will and the understanding, and it is God's work, and who shall presume to dictate to our Father, on this, or any other subject. This is what made me sorrowful.

You know *her*, who was the joy of my young life—she is the joy of my advancing life—and *she alone* in the Heavens will be my joy. This is marriage.

But enough. I am glad that you are alive, though it would be selfish to keep you from Heaven should it be God's wish to take you there. I am glad you are alive, because it is natural to wish our friends to live forever. But you and I and *she* will ere long meet in the spirit land, and then, dear Hannah, then, if God permits, I may woo you to the love of the good and the truth. Till then I must leave you, because I know your strong *will* not allow you to reason backwards. You will run your course; and I will save you THEN.

B.

HEAVEN.

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

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

—Hudson Tuttle.

Heaven is to every heart what that heart most desires. To those whose life is but a dream of happiness, it is a place far away in the skies; so far that they have no expectation or desire of reaching it for many a long day. Quite content with the joys of the present life, they are not ambitious or impatient for those heaven have in store.

To the self-righteous, it is their reward for good deeds performed; something they have earned and to which they are entitled; something which they shall enjoy and share only with those who in their heart have said, "Stand thou aside, I am holier than thou."

To the weary and care-laden, these struggling with poverty, toil, and their attendant ills, it is simply a place of rest. They can scarcely conceive of greater happiness than would be insured to them by rest from their labors. To the oppressed and heart-crushed it is a refuge from their sorrows; a happy country where the world's scorn cannot follow; a shelter from persecution—emancipation from galling chains.

To the mourning mother it is where she shall clasp again her darling babe; and thus the dying orphan sings:

"I'm going home to heaven,
To mansions bright and fair,
For those I love most dearly
Are waiting for me there;
I soon shall win their circle,
And happy, happy be,
When they lay me down to rest
Beneath the linden tree."

To me, Heaven will be the inheritance of every child of earth, for "Everlasting life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Savior."

Cleveland, September, 1859. NELLIE H.

CLIPPINGS.

THE DEATH CLOCK.—We have recently been informed of a truly wonderful clock, which is said to belong to a family residing in Newport, Ky. We relate the peculiarities of this clock as they were related to us, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions as to the mystery. Our informant is one that can be relied on. The clock is of simple construction, and belongs to the family of Mr. L—v, but all the efforts of the clock makers have not been able to make it keep time, consequently it was permitted to rest in silence. A few hours before the death of Mr. L—v's sister which took place sometime ago, the clock suddenly struck one, after a silence of several months. It thus continued silent until another member of the family was prostrate with a fatal malady, when it again struck one, and on the following day the child was buried. A year elapsed, when a second child sickened and died; the clock was punctual in sounding one a few hours previous to his death. A third child, a little boy 15 months old, was afflicted with scrofula, which baffled the skill of the physician, and on the third of this month its remains were deposited in the grave. The clock gave the usual warning and struck one.

The Sea is full of motion, of physical character and life in their grandest forms. It is, in itself, a great motive power, and only weaker than the strongest. As I look afar over the broad-heaving bosom of the ocean, I am filled with a variety of strange and new sensations. I feel a deep longing after the Beautiful and True. I stretch out my arms to embrace the Greatness. I aspire toward all the Possible. Were it to be lifted out of our own littleness, we should come and sit at the feet of this great Teacher. I have stood through the long watches of the night, with no company but the Sea and Stars; but then I was least alone; for in the great Soul of Nature my own spirit found rest and fullness.—Shahman in pursuit of freedom.

Spiritual Phenomena in Europe.

EDITOR OF AGITATOR: I send you herewith, a translation from the French, of two letters addressed to the Editor of the "*Revue Spiritualiste*" published in Paris. They contain, as will be seen, very interesting accounts of direct communications from spirits. The first letter is written by P. F. Mathieu, a member, I believe, of the Academy of Sciences. He alludes in this letter, to a former article, in which he details his first experience of this kind with Miss Hunt. That article purports to be addressed to the Academy of Sciences, and is a highly interesting and valuable narrative. If not too long for insertion, I may send you a translation of it. Both the article and the present letter, bear strong testimony to the excellence of the French lady's mediumship.

The second letter is from Carlsruhe, in Baden, Germany, also addressed to the "*Revue*." Even if the facts narrated shall prove of little interest, they will at least confirm the convictions of your spiritualist readers, that we have entered upon an era to be signalized by a grand *natural* revelation of the hitherto impenetrable mysteries of the future life, which revelation is to be as wide-spread as the compass of the globe, and to continue till the religion of all people shall be cleansed of Superstition, and rest upon the simple basis of demonstrated facts.

Yours for Humanity, M. DURAIS.

DIRECT COMMUNICATIONS—NEW FACTS.

To M. Pierart, Editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste*.

MONTMARTRE, Aug. 11, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: If you have any space in your next number at command, I ask your insertion of the following facts:

Mlle. Huet dined yesterday at my residence at Montmartre, in company with myself and children. The meeting was simply an informal visit, and no sitting had been contemplated. After dinner was over, however, I asked Mlle. Huet if she thought a sitting for direct communications would succeed, if undertaken without any ceremony, just as we were? She made the very natural reply, that she knew no better than I—but that we could make the trial; only it seemed to her proper that we should make things a little more tidy. I waited till the table was cleared, sent my children into an adjoining room, and alone with my wife and Mlle. Huet, drew from my port-folio one of the two leaves of letter paper mentioned in my last article,—that on which the words *foi en Dieu* (faith in God) were written, at the church of *Notre Dame des Victoires*,—and requested Mlle. Huet to ask for something new to be written upon it. I laid the sheet, folded in quarto, on the table by my side; Mlle. Huet, who was seated at my right, placed her left hand upon the paper, and mentally petitioned for the result, in which request my wife and myself joined. After a few minutes we found the word *Dieu* (God) followed by a mark in the form of a cross, written upon one of the outer leaves—upon that which lay next the table. This additional word seems to be in crayon, like those before written, but it is darker and more strongly traced. Need I tell you, Sir, that my wife was utterly amazed at the result? It is impossible to witness facts of this nature without some emotion. I was less affected—as it is the third time that I have seen this phenomenon, and we grow wonted to everything. Still I could not but admire the wonderful ease with which Mlle. Huet obtains a manifestation, which two hundred years ago, would have made her pass for a saint or a witch. For as, Mlle. Huet is simply a medium—but a very remarkable one, and she at this time, renders to the cause of Spiritualism, an extraordinary support, for which we cannot too strongly congratulate and thank her.

Accept, &c.,
P. F. MATHIEU.

{ CARLSRUHE, GRAND-DUCHY OF BADEN,
{ NO. 158 LANGSTRASSE, JULY 29, 1859.

SIR: Having read in your last number the interesting article on direct communications, and knowing that you are interested in our progress in this quarter, I send you an account of some curious facts that occurred at my house some weeks ago.

On Sunday, in the day-time, while reading the Gospel, I saw, all at once, to my great amazement, the word *soul* arise of itself on the margin of the page, above the 18th verse of the sixth chapter of Matthew. The writing seems to be in crayon, and is beginning gradually to disappear.

Some days after, I received a letter from a *very distant country*, from an acquaintance. Opening it, I discovered on a little piece of paper, one side of which was black, some crayon sketches, and words which I could not decipher, but which are doubtless not without their signification.

Another piece of writing, the last obtained, is still more remarkable. I came upon it in the following manner: One morning, before going to breakfast, I saw upon leaving my room, a folded sheet of black paper, which had been accidentally left upon my chest of drawers. I examined it closely as I went out, and mechanically, without further thought, put it under a little letter press. Returning an hour after to my room, what was not my astonishment to find the *same sheet*, half-removed from its place, inscribed with a very large drawing, extremely fantastic in form, and so peculiar in its kind that I recognized it immediately as a direct communication—which was subsequently affirmed by our familiar spirit, the much-loved Luos.

The lines in the drawing are so strongly sketched, that the folded sheet is in some places pierced through, and in others, pricked as with pins. I can give you no clearer idea of it, but I will send you a copy soon, as it is one of the most extraordinary manifestations I have ever seen.

Tell this story to an unbeliever, and he will set you down for a fool, and will conjure up a thousand reasons to avoid being compelled to believe. But the facts are exactly as I relate them to you. It is certain that no one entered my room during my absence, and even if one had entered, no human hand could have sketched such a drawing. I shall keep this manifestation the rest of my life; it is an absolute miracle. Luos, our familiar spirit, promises us many more of the same kind.

This spirit, the past week, has performed two cures upon a gentleman of our acquaintance, and upon my husband, who was not at all expecting it.

He continues his charming sittings, and his commentaries and interpretations of the Gospel. He will be delighted to hear from you, and your progression.

I give you, Sir, free leave, to publish in your journal, over my name, what I have just narrated, if it can be of any use to them who desire to be assured of the reality of the marvels now everywhere occurring. Accept, Sir, my sincerest wishes,

E. KID.

PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.—Among the effects of the late Henry B. Lane, the young man who was recently burned to death by the explosion of a can of camphene in the St. Louis Democrat office, was found a dairy in which the following entry had been made:

"To whom it may concern.—Having been impressed with forebodings of the most painful nature within the last four or five weeks, and fearing that I am about to meet with some sad misfortune or other, I take this method to make known my wishes, should anything happen which may cause my death. It is my request that some one will inform my relations, by writing to Mr. John Beckworth, No. 167 Spring street, New York, at the earliest possible moment, and also please write to my mother, Mrs. Hanah D. L. Neal, London Mills, London, N. H., and thereby render a favor to one who died in a strange land.

HENRY B. LANE.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

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VIOLET.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

CHAPTER II.

Our parents are very pious; they are very particular as to our behavior at home, as well as abroad; and when we go to the table, we are obliged to walk orderly, and move our chairs quietly; but I am so noisy and rough, that I have to be reprov'd very often.

When father says "grace" at table, which he rarely omits, he wishes us to sit with our hands folded upon our laps; but just as sure as it is quiet around me, I am sure to laugh, especially if I ought not to; and I never could smother it as some do, but have to giggle outright, so that everybody hears me.

Cousin Joseph, from Buffalo, has been visiting us for some time; he is a very pleasant man, full of fun, but he really delights in tormenting us, especially me, for he knows how easy it is to provoke my laughter or my tears. He sits next me at the table, and I hardly know how to behave when he is near. This noon, when father was asking a blessing, I raised my eyes to cousin Joseph's face, and he looked so comical, with his brow drawn almost into his chin, and with such an unnaturally sober face, I burst outright with merriment, forgetting entirely the time and place. Father reprov'd me very severely, and mother opened her beautiful, large, dark blue eyes at me, till the tears filled mine.

Whilst I was eating, cousin Joseph kept pulling at my dress, and very slyly hitting my elbow; then he whispered something in my ear, which made me titter till I laughed aloud; when father looked much disturbed, told me "I must not sit with them at table; till I could learn to behave properly."

After dinner, mother told me "she was very much pained and mortified at my conduct, and example, and that she was nearly discouraged at making anything of me." I believe her, for I don't think I shall ever act like other people. I shall never know how to be good enough to eat a meal with the family, when it is brought in nice and hot. I declare! I do wish I was a woman; then I could laugh just as much as I want to. I don't like restraint better now, than when I was a little, very little girl. Mother says whenever she wished to do anything very particular, and did not want me in her way, she would resort to tying me up; but when she did, I was sure to let the whole neighborhood know it, by my violent screams, and struggles to liberate myself, although the line would be long enough to carry me any part of the yard.

If cousin Joseph had done right, he would have told father it was *his* fault, not *mine*. I did not feel myself to blame this time; but I did not wish to inform against him, for he is usually so kind to us, carrying us out walking, riding and sailing; besides he is a great hand at playing ball or graces, and is ever ready to join us.

This morning, I awoke very early, long before light. Grandma perceiving me, told me to go to bed again, when it was time to rise she would call me. She refused to answer any of my questions, but told me to be a good girl, and not trouble her now. So I obeyed her, but very reluctantly. Had it not been for the cruel, noisy hinges, I could have ascertained what they were all about, without their knowledge. It was some time before I could sleep. I tried to awaken sister Annie in order to talk to her about it; but she wished to sleep, and begged to be left undisturbed. I was forced to indulge my thoughts all by myself, as to the why and wherefore of so much bustle and confusion so early in the morning. I never knew mother to have company

at that time before! While I was wondering whether they would stay all day or not, I fell to dreaming. The sun was right high, when Bridget rang the breakfast bell close to my ear. I was nearly dressed when the door was unlocked, and Grandma entered my room, asking if I was ready. She hooked my dress, and after I had smoothed my hair, took me by the hand, telling me to be very quiet, and let me into the next room, to the bed, where, to my great surprise, lay my mother, looking very, very pale.

"Why, I didn't know mother was sick," exclaimed I most loudly.

"Hush! hush!" said Grandma, and she held up her fore-finger as a token of caution, while I bent down to kiss my mother.

"I've got something very pretty to show you," returned Grandma, taking me round the other side and laying open the bedclothes very gently. What did I see there? Why, all cuddled in a little heap, lay the dearest baby you ever saw! Her little eyes were shut, so I was unable to see their color; but I could see her mouth, which was just sweet enough to kiss. Mother allowed me to stroke her head; it was all covered with soft, brown hair, in short rings, curling close into her neck; and right into the middle of her little head, there was a small place that beat so fast, it seemed as if one could hear its throbbings. Little Susie asked Grandma if the heart grew way up there, and said it looked as if it were dancing. Then she cried because Grandma would not let her take the baby in her arms; but mother pacified her by saying she should play with her all the time when a little older.

While we were talking, a strange woman entered the room, bearing some gruel on a tray, telling us if we didn't want to make our mother very ill, we must go out now, that we might come in at night a jittle while, if we would be very quiet. Grandma gave us each a piece of cake, telling us to be good children and conduct at the table just as if our mother were present, all of which we readily promised, as we bestowed our good bye kiss. I was going out on tiptoe, but just as I neared the door, being unfortunate as usual, I stumbled over a chair, and made a great noise, which woke the baby. She gave a scream loud enough to frighten away the mice playing in the wall; the nurse came up to me saying she should not let me see my mother again until I could make less noise. Dear me! I could have cried, only I was determined not to, for I was not pleased with the manner in which I was addressed. I didn't do it purposely, and she knew it; but Grandma says "It's just like you, always making an unlucky noise." I don't believe I was ever still a moment in my life.

Didn't we have a nice time, though, at the breakfast table! Father, and all the men had eaten, so for once we had the table all to ourselves. Sister Annie said, as she was the oldest, she would play mother; we all agreed to it, provided for *once* we could talk as much as we wanted to.

When Annie passed me my cup of milk and water, Susie joggled my elbow, asking me to hand her some johnny-cake; I did not have the cup firmly in my hand, so I spilt its contents over Carrie's clean dress. Now Carrie is just as opposite to me as possible. She is the neatest little body one ever saw. She feels very badly if she soils or tears her clothing in the least, and when she is so unfortunate, which is seldom, she can mend the rent as easily as any woman. Mother says she will make a good house-keeper by and by, she is so orderly.

Now if it had been me, I should not have been alarmed at all, but Carrie felt very badly about it. Annie said she would try and iron it for her in time for school. Peace being restored, we had a fine time talking.

Annie said she was up the first one this morning. Grandma woke her, and told her not to rouse me

just then. She said she held the baby in her arms some minutes, and 'twas as light as Carrie's baby doll. We all tried to think of some very pretty name for her. Susie lisped out, "I should like to have her named Ella." After bringing up a great variety of names, we concluded that Susie's was the best of all.

After breakfast, Carrie went round the house singing:

"How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the baby cry,
Come let us give her a name to-day."

Brother William told her not to sing that any more, but Carrie loved to tease as well as the rest of us; so she would, every now and then, sing it in William's ears. He bore it quite patiently for a little time, when he jumped up suddenly from the door-sill, where he was sketching, to give her chase, when he dropped his paper; I, perceiving it, felt mischievous, as usual, so held it up triumphantly to him, and ran down the yard with it. It was not long before he caught Carrie, who was half laughing, half crying, and struggling to free herself, when he started in pursuit of *me*, dragging Carrie with him. I was just climbing upon something beyond his reach, when he grasped a portion of my dress, which secured me, and carried us both to the cook house, locking us in, saying he wouldn't let us out till we promised not to plague him. I ran to the windows to give a spring, but he was before me in securing them. Every now and then he would sing out, "Will you promise? it's near nine o'clock, girls!"

We consented, after whispering together a minute, as to what we should do when we got out; after being liberated, while he was trying to unfasten the windows, we gave one hearty pull at his jacket, and ran as fast as possible, laughing heartily; he started in quick pursuit, but we were a little too smart for him.

Everybody seems interested about our baby; all the scholars inquiring if they can't go home to see it.

My recitations were very poor to-day; Miss Manton said she thought my mind was on the baby, instead of boundaries.

When I returned home last night, I found company to tea. Just then father entered, bearing a book in his hand.

He came toward me, saying "here she is," at the same time measuring my mouth with the corner, which had been bitten from the book.

This mortified me very much, especially when he said "see how well it fits."

When a toddling creature, as Susie is now, I was very fond of pictures; and well as I like the inside of books, chewing the covers possessed a peculiar charm for me. Mother says every one I could lay my hands on would soon find its way to my mouth; and a corner would be missed. I don't know as father ever will forget I had such a habit. Our company praised the baby very much.

I went in to see mother a few minutes before going to bed; when Nurse told me to sit down on the stool, and hold the baby a minute, which I was delighted to do. She lay in my arms just like a little purring kitten, she breathes so gently. How I would love to stay at home and take care of it.—Mother says, I should soon grow tired of it; she thinks I will hold her all that I want to. Mother let me let me look in the drawers where the baby clothes are. I never saw any thing so cunning as the little shoes and socks were; the dresses and skirts looked so pretty lying out in full length. I almost wanted to kiss them. I stopped to look at the basket where lay the clothes she was dressed with during the day, when I spied a pretty pink box. "I must have a look at that," said I to myself. So I opened it quickly, without a thought of what it might contain; and away the powder flew over my head and face, down my dress, and on the carpet.

"Hi! hi!" said Mrs. Mason, the nurse, "that comes of meddling; but it is just like you. So clear out Miss Busy-body, and don't you show your face in here again to night."

With that salutation she gave me a gentle push toward the door. Mother looked so smilingly toward me, as the tears gathered in my eyes, I tried very hard to put down the ball that was fast rising in my throat, and soon conquered enough to give her a good-night kiss, and tell her that I did not mean to do it. Was there ever such a blundering thing as I am? I do believe I'm born to be in the way of every one, and make mischief for them.

To day the Minister preached an excellent sermon; "Suffer little children to come unto me." It was so good, it warmed every corner of my heart; and I wanted to go up the aisle to meet him, and give him a good hearty kiss, I was so thankful.

Our minister is a grey headed old man. He loves little children and takes great notice of them. His garden adjoins ours, so we see him very often. When he goes to work in it we are sure to find it out, and after he has finished his labor he lets us sit on the grass beside him, while he tells us stories. Sometimes he permits us to comb his hair, and dress him up with leaves and flowers. He comes into the house very often to have a quiet talk with mother; and when he does, mother is sure to have a bowl of molasses and water ready for him, for he is very fond of it. When he leaves us, he blesses us, and calls us his "dear little lambs."

The other day in passing him, on going to school he put his hand on my head and said—"May God bless my little lamb." It seemed all day as if I felt the soft pressure of his hand; and the pleasant words kept coming continually in my ear. I think that's why I had such good recitations. I believe that even the least word of kindness, makes me strong to do right, and helps me to persevere in any undertaking.

Miss Manton says I am improving very fast.—Next term I shall be promoted to second class. I love Miss Manton very much, she is so pleasant, so patient with me in explaining my lessons. She has been very kind, and has borne with my caprice often. I know I have caused her much trouble and pain. I must have annoyed her exceedingly when I first attended her school. I knew but very little of the rules, never having been at a school where I was expected to give reports as to behavior. When I wished to speak with another scholar I was allowed to, provided I was quiet about it. I did one thing which I well remember, and it was very wrong. One warm afternoon just previous to singing, I had become very restless; for I had sat a long time with nothing to do but to listen to the recitations. All at once, without thinking how it would look, I rested either hand upon the desks opposite, and commenced swinging. I was enjoying my fun finely, forgetful where I was, when, all at once, there was a sudden hush, and I looked up, and met the gaze of all the scholars with the teachers, who seemed very much surprised. Just then one of the Committee entered the room; Miss Manton motioned him to a seat, and said: "Violet, I wish you would amuse M—— by performing that feat over again."

I seated myself; but she came toward me, and told me to proceed with my swinging. I was in no mood to obey, but could do no less than swing once more. I was very much mortified at being thus forced to repeat my act of misdemeanor, when every one was looking at me. She detained me after school, and talked with me a long time.

Another day I wished to speak with one of the scholars, seated the other side of the room; so without forethought, I went over to her.

While I was whispering Miss Manton called out: "The scholars may stop their recitations, Violet Angell may tell the scholars what she is whispering about." So I was obliged to tell aloud, what I would rather the others would not hear. As I was leaving for my seat, she told me I might stand where I was, until school was dismissed.

Miss Manton and Miss Harley, are going to walk out to-morrow evening with the astronomy class, if it is pleasant, she has invited me to accompany them, though I am not equally advanced with the rest of the class.

[To be Continued.]

[Original.]
TWILIGHT HOURS.
 BY N. M. STRONG.

When twilight hours sink softly down,
 And outer life in silence sleeps;
 When scenes of toil have passed away,
 And mind o'er cares no longer weeps;
 The powers that bind the soul to earth,
 Unclasp their clanking chains;
 Then speeds the spirit on fairy wings
 To heaven's delightful plains.

Bright visions break upon the soul,
 And scenes of fadeless joy delight;
 As down the landscape roll
 Those scenes of spirit light;
 No source in outer life can yield
 Such scenes of pure exalting joy,
 That rise on spirit fields,
 And shine without alloy.

At twilight's peaceful hours,
 When outer life is hushed and still;
 The spirit in freedom seeks the bowers,
 Where kindred spirits dwell;
 Forth on the waves of crystal light,
 Thought with thought enraptured mingles;
 And in its calm harmonious flight,
 Binds mind in lasting heaven.

Spirits come softly down at twilight hours,
 From circling spheres on high,
 And breathe to friends in Earth's frail bowers.
 The scenes that o'er their visions lie;
 What soft enrapturing tones,
 From angel lips are sweetly given;
 They link around our bleeding souls,
 A chain that draws us up to heaven.

'Neath shades of twilight hours,
 Enrapturing joys the soul are given;
 Encircled with a bliss divine,
 Its fettering bands are quickly riven,
 Launched on a sea of boundless thought;
 Sped on by freedom's gales,
 It sails amid the sunny isles,
 Where sound, not passions doleful wails.

HOW TO SPOIL A GIRL.—Tell her she is a little lady, and must not run; make her a sun-bonnet a yard too deep, to keep her from tanning. Do not let her play with her boy cousins, "they are so rude." Tell her not to speak loud, it is so masculine; and that loud laughing is quite ungentle. Teach her music, but never mind her spelling. Give her ear-rings at six years of age. Teach her to set her cap for the beaux at eleven. And after your pains-taking, if she does not grow up a simpering, unreflecting nobody, that cannot answer a love letter without the aid of some smart old aunt to help her, give her up—she is past all remedy.

REFORMERS are always digging away at the same old story. Precisely. Its just what the old tree says to the axe: Dont keep hitting in the same place. But the axe says to the tree, How else shall I get you down?—so says G. W. Curtis.

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 Dont know the present whereabouts of A. D. Ruggles; but will try to send the letter to the spirit world.

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