

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. 44.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

Alone he sits, within his quite chamber,
With his pale, restless face bowed on his hand,
While memories through the wilds of dreamland clamber,
And softly gather 'round a smiling band;
There's one, a blue eyed giglet, 'round him dancing,
With blushing cheeks and shining golden hair,
Playing at game of lips, then slyly glancing
With eye askant, to hide behind his chair.

He minds him how in manhood's brilliant morning
The fair young creature flew across his way,
Wreathed in the witching grace and frail adorning
Or womanhood, in life time's rosy May,
With fiery heart, and honeyed words endearing,
He breathed strange fancies in her willing ear,
And she grew weary of her vain careering,
And smiled and listened when he called her dear.

When starry eyes were 'mong the shadows smiling,
And dew-drops trembled on the young rose leaves,
He wooed her from her rose-bud lips beguiling,
Sweet promises, those soft blue summer eyes,
Faintly, like sunbeams on a shaded river,
Love's witchery on her spirit broke,
And like his voice, her fragile form would quiver
When of love's fancies wilderly he spoke.

Awhile they floated on, like two ships sailing
On the same track upon a golden sea,
But a wan angel came, her young brow paling,
And hushing every silver gush of glee,
They laid her down to sleep among the daises
Which bloomed in beauty on a woodland lea,
But each lone day her constant lover raises,
Some plaintive heart-note to her memory.

Walnut Grove Farm.

THE SPIRIT-FRIEND.

BY EDITH DEVERE.

O'er me night's bright watchers glisten,
And my pulses stop to listen,
For each note
Of the shining ones who love us,
In the music world above us,
Softly float.

But no mortal ever heareth,
Ere the golden gate he neareth,
Sounds so sweet;
Nor doth earthly glance or vision
Beings of that home elysian
Ever greet.

Yet the inner light, that gusheth,
Joy's own rosy color bluseth;
For I know,
With those bright celestials dwelleth
One, whose song to rapture swellth
In its flow.

And though seraph form he beareth,
And a snowy vesture weareth,
Now doth bend,
Breathing o'er the stilly hour
Thoughts of calm and soothing power.
Angel friend,

Clothed in holiness supernal,
Part of the divine Eternal,
Thou art near;
And each prayer's low whispered breathing,
Up to heaven like incense wreathing,
Thou dost hear.

And thy glance is bent upon me,
And thy spirit voice hath won me,
Deep and low,
To the wildest heart-believings
Of that world in thought-conceivings
Paint or know.

I on earth and thou in heaven,
Spirit, thou my dreams hast woven
Of the light,
Gleaming from those gem-wrought bowers,
In the land of song and flowers
And no night.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

PARTICULAR BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE GOSPELS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. RAU.

TRANSLATED FOR THE AGITATOR BY PROF. M. DURAIS.

If we cast a glance at the primitive period of the Church, we shall be compelled to abandon the erroneous idea, that in those early times our four Gospels were the only works of the kind in existence. That is by no means true; on the contrary, they made their appearance about the end of the Second Century together with many other Gospels, from among which they were subsequently selected by the Church as the most deserving of credit, and without any reason, declared to be the only genuine Gospels.

Among the Gospels which in part were lost, and in part suppressed we may enumerate the following:

- I. *The Prob-evangel of James*, (originally written in Greek.)
- II. *The Gospel of Thomas*, (originally Greek.)
- III. *The Gospel of Joseph the Carpenter*, (original text Arabic.)
- IV. *The Gospel of the Infancy*, (Arabic.)
- V. *The Gospel of the Nativity of the Holy Mary*, (Latin text.)
- VI. *The Gospel of the Nativity of Mary and of the Infancy of the Redeemer*, (Latin text.)
- VII. *The Gospel of Nicodemus*, (Greek.)
- VIII. *Justin's Gospel*.
- IX. *Marcion's Gospel*.
- X. *Cerinthus' Gospel*.

A second, but no less important result of scientific investigations in regard to the Gospels, is the conviction, that no one of them proceeded from an Apostle, not even those four which in our Bibles we find embraced in the canon of Holy Scriptures.

The Apostles were for the most part—Paul excepted—simple countrymen, who in the manner of the Therapeutae, first went about in company with the Sage of Nazareth, and after his death alone, teaching orally and preaching to the people.

Originally fishermen, they were as little capable of writing Greek, as men of their class are gifted with skill in letters or elegance of speech. Indeed, Christ had chosen them on that account; he did not desire learned men in bondage to dogmatic prejudices for disciples, but unsophisticated characters susceptible of new impressions; hearts which were still warm, and which beat freely in sympathy with the divine in Nature and Humanity. And in his selection he made no mistake. As soon as they comprehended the aim of their great master, they went forth with enthusiasm and proclaimed their glad tidings wherever they came, in free and bold speech. No one at that time thought of the dead letter—there was no leisure nor occasion for writing books. The living word wrought with living

energy, and passed with winged speed from mouth to mouth.

But after the young Church had increased, and the Apostles and their disciples were separated at great distances from the societies they had founded, the restless activity of Paul impelled him to send letters to those churches in whose prosperity his soul was bound up. According to the custom of his time, he dictated those epistles which are to us the most valuable monuments of primitive Christianity, with the exception of the letter to the Galatians, which, as he declares himself, he wrote with his own hand.

Other Apostles followed the example of Paul, and we have no reason to doubt that the Apostolic epistles were in existence for a long time before the Gospels were thought of.

But the marvellous stories which men related, dazzled by the wonderful phenomenon of the Christ, augmented as they passed from mouth to mouth; particularly those stories which grew out of the desire to picture the Nazarene as a Messiah according to the spirit of the Old Testament. At the same time the number of those who had had personal acquaintance with Christ was greatly diminished, and the Christian world ran the risk on the one hand of possessing only stories and myths in regard to the life and deeds of the Master, stories the marvellous features of which were continually growing—or, on the other hand, of seeing the pure doctrines of Jesus disappear, or become changed and disfigured by oral tradition. Hence, there was a rational desire for a written record of what was most important in the life and teachings of the honored Savior, and this desire found expression in the immediate, speedy appearance of so many Gospels.

[There may be said to be four wants, or interest, in which the Christian Gospel-literature originated; and these interests may be considered to be operative singly or in unison upon the minds of the writers in the primitive Church.

1. The *polemic* interest. This was an interest which would impel the writer to defend and maintain the Messiahship of Jesus in the manner of an advocate, or a Christian partisan in opposition to Judaism.

2. The *devotional*. This would impel the writer "to glorify" the character of Jesus as super-human and altogether lovely.

3. The *didactic*. This would animate the writer to teach Christianity as a way of solution to such as were already imbued with its precepts, in order to confirm them in the faith.

4. The *historic*. This would incline the writer to satisfy an affectionate curiosity in his imaginary reader in regard to the past history of Jesus—the facts of his life.

This last interest, according to Rau, operated objectively, or as a want in the Christian Church, and subjectively, or as a desire in the writer, gave rise to the Gospels.

Of all causes, this seems to me least adequate to

account for this class of works; at least for the four in the New Testament. To mention but two reasons: first, there are many scenes in the ministry of Jesus, as therein depicted, which can be shown to be not merely fictitious, but to betray the writer's conviction that they were so. Secondly, no one of our four Evangelists treats of the life of Jesus; but each deals with his Ministry—quite another thing. Very many other reasons might be given, but these two must suffice.

We are, therefore, forced to assume the operation of polemic, didactic and devotional interests, either singly, or in combination, to account for these works. Of these three interests, the devotional seems to have taken the lead in the motives of the writers, the polemic to have been second, the didactic to have been third, and the historic to have had least weight of all, with them. And hence, it is that we find two of the Evangelists representing Jesus as born of a virgin, and a third making him descend from heaven without birth; two making the devil take him up to the pinnacle of the Temple; two making him shun Samaria during the ministry, and two making him preach in that district; three making him mainly confine his ministry to Galilee, and one making him mostly teach in Judea; three making him disclaim his Messiahship during the greater part of his mission, and a third making his Messiahship the burden of his preaching; two making him deliver the Christian Code on a mountain, like a second Moses, and a third making him use the same mountain only to ordain disciples; one making him raise a man from the dead in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem, and three ignoring that fact. These and other peculiarities in the Gospels, unmistakably point to a "glorification" of Jesus, as the prime motive in the minds of the several writers. We allow poets to tell great stories. So we should not be shocked if the devotional sentiment revels in astounding marvels, when gloryfying its gods.—*Translator.*

In regard to the authors of those Gospels which have perished, we have no inquiry to make; as to the four in our canon, profound and thorough investigations have led to the following results:

According to all the older reports, the first sketches of this kind originated with the Apostle Mathew. They were composed in the Hebrew language, and gave occasion at a later day to the compilation of a Greek Gospel, which was again made the basis of our present "Gospel according to Matthew."

That the Apostle of that name was not the author of the work we possess, has been clearly shown.—The late composition of this work has likewise been proved. Upon this point Hug speaks as follow:

"From some indications to be found in this book, a long period seems to have passed away between the time of the events recorded in it, and the composition of the work. The author twice declares that traces of certain occurrences were still to be seen in the land, up to the time in which he wrote, and expresses himself as if speaking of things that had long before transpired."

The second of our Gospels, the Church ascribes to a disciple and companion of Peter, named Mark John. But it has been proved to the contrary, that this Gospel was composed at a far later date. Evidences of a late origin are also to be seen in the fondness of the author for miraculous elements in his story, and the magical coloring with which many of its scenes are invested.

The author of the third Gospel is generally supposed to have been a physician of Antioch, named Luke, who as a friend and assistant, attended the Apostle Paul on his journeys. But it is not true that he wrote his Gospel at the bidding of the Apostle, and under his dictation; on the contrary, he appeals to the tradition of eye-witnesses to the

events related, and to written records composed by others. This Gospel was written earlier than the second, but still so late, that at its very opening, mention is made of *other Gospel treatises*; and in the twelfth verse of chapter xxi: allusion is made to the persecution of Christians as already begun. It likewise mentions the destruction of Jerusalem.

[The Gospel of Luke may have been earlier written than that of Mark, if we consider only the form in which the latter has come down to us; but it is easy to trace in Mark's narrative, the outlines of a Gospel which was evidently used by the first and third Evangelists as the foundation of their labors.

There is no evidence worth a rush, that the author of the third Gospel, was a companion of Paul. The strongest argument in favor of that position is, that in the Acts of the Apostles, the writer in one or two passages, uses the term "we." He may have been a Luke, but there is no proof that he ever came sufficiently near Paul to absorb any portion of that Apostle's infallibility. But it is easy to see why the Church tradition has made him a companion of Paul—that was the only way to get his Gospel inspired. "Mark John" has been yoked to Peter by the Church, for the same laudable reason. Thus two of our four Evangelists were doubtless inspired by sympathetic absorption.—*Translator.*]

The Church ascribes the fourth Gospel to the Apostle John, the son of Zebedee. This assumption has been proved to be thoroughly fallacious; as that John was a simple fisherman upon the lake of Galilee, while the Evangelist John, on the contrary, appears as a writer profoundly conversant with the Alexandrian-Jewish philosophy, whose work is sharply contrasted with the practical simplicity of the three other Evangelists, by its prevailing dogmatic tone, and its logical structure.

The spirit pervading this Gospel is great and glorious to be sure, but Christ could not have spoken to the simple common people in the manner represented in its pages; and that he did not so address them, is proved by the conjoint testimony of all the other Evangelists.

While, in the writings of the latter, Jesus closely confines himself to the wants of his people, and to the pernicious traditions of the Pharisees sometimes opposes the moral and religious purpose of the Law of Moses, and at times in contrast with the sensual expectations of the Messiah, sets forth the purely spiritual nature of his kingdom; in the fourth Gospel he is ever speaking about his person and higher essence; so that to the mingled theoretical and practical contents of the discourses of Jesus as exhibited in the first three Evangelists, there stands opposed in John, a narrow one-sided dogmatism. In the fourth Gospel, moreover, accounts of far more stupendous miracles are given than in the first three—which it in many points contradicts—and the sphere of Jesus' mission is more widely extended than in them. It is also plainly apparent from the entire plan and artificial texture of the work, and its persistent elaboration of a single idea, that its author, himself possessed of a high degree of culture, wrote only for readers of enlarged capacities and expanded views, as also at a time when the Apostle John no longer lived.

The most probable supposition is, that this Gospel originated with a pupil and disciple of the Apostle John, and was based upon the Apostle's declarations and teachings, together with current popular traditions, but that upon the materials in his possession, the writer impressed the stamp of his own peculiar views, and so put in the mouth of Christ doctrines and sayings, which were completely akin to his spirit.

In a word, to comprehend the Gospels, we must bear in mind that they were all written after the

death of the Apostles, in accordance with oral traditions and reports about Jesus, rife among the people; that the Evangelists were not Apostles, and were like all men liable to error; that they were not, like Christ, in advance of their time, but were imbued with its prejudices and error. How could they then avoid embodying in their Gospels their own peculiar ideas and impressions? How could they avoid mistakes, when in their zeal to prove that Christ was really the Messiah, they referred to him every passage in the Old Testament that could possibly be made to bear such a meaning, and for a wonder-loving people familiar with prodigies and appearances of the gods, in proof of their assertions, created myths, attractive to the heart and imagination?

Taking these facts into consideration, we arrive at the following conclusion:

That in regard to the historic Christ and his doctrines, the Gospels are at best but defective source of knowledge—and that it is the height of folly to maintain, that as to every letter and word they are a divine revelation.

Admitting, therefore, that they contain much that is divine, and even bear a celestial message, we must yet have the courage to clear away the mass of New Testament prejudices and fancies, with the feelers of soul and spirit endeavor out of the total impression left by the book, to discover the Christ, who although human like ourselves, still stands so unique in moral grandeur and sublimity, as to remain for thousands of years a radiant spiritual sun for his fellow-men.

INDIVIDUAL LIFE.

BY N. M. STRONG.

In ages past, and in the present, to a great extent, man, in his search for truth, has been guided almost wholly by facts that arise from the external planes of life, casting entirely in the back-ground the evidences that are ever gushing up from the soul's founts for our guidance to correct conclusions. When an individual has arrived at a certain point in the unfolding of his nature, by which he can perceive truth intuitively, the mass of humanity are led to exclaim he is visionary, and even insane, for they cannot perceive any parallel between his revelations and outward evidence, and by this standard all things must be decided to satisfy them.

But all things have two sides, so man has two lives—one that binds to this physical world and the sphere of mortality, and the other that connects him with spiritual and eternal life, and through this channel must flow man's highest truths.

If, in investigating the individuality of mind, I shall derive the evidence of my position from the sources of internal life, I trust that free minds will not cast them aside without a candid investigation.

Man, in looking over the vast field of individual forms, is led to exclaim—"From whence came these forms of gross matter?" Matter of itself has not the power to mould forms; hence he is led to search for some superior power that brings matter into form. Outwardly he may search in vain for a power that moulds any of the forms in existence. We must fall back to our intuitive perceptions, and here we learn that mind is the principle that moulds all the forms in life's countless spheres. It unfolds the organism of man in all its perfection, causing each part to nicely adjust itself with the others. Here we behold the highest degree of power the mind has in bringing matter into form, for truly "Man's the noblest work of God."

But let us look beneath man, at the various forms in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and what power can we find aside from mind that moulds them? 'Tis a vain idea to search for any, for there

is no life save in the mind, no power to mould save in the spirit. The tiny flower, the majestic tree, the sparkling pebble, each and all are brought into form by the operation of an individual mind.

Brought as we are to this conclusion, that each form in existence is but the covering of an individual mind, that is ever at work unfolding each part until it shall have attained the plane of perfection—so far as it is necessary in this sphere—let us look for the fountain of this mind, *if indeed it ever had one.*

The popular idea is that mind is an emanation from an *individual* God, and that its existence on this sphere is its first conscious life. But if this is true, what proof have we that mind will *eternally* retain its *separate* existence? True, philosophy teaches us that a thing that has a beginning must have an ending; therefore, if mind had an origin, even in God, it cannot eternally survive the "Wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," even though it passes over a dozen transitions or changes of spheres.

We are brought to the conclusion that mind eternally has existed, and through the countless ages of past time has ever been active in unfolding various forms in the different spheres of life. The outward form of the spirit may crumble away, yet the spirit never. Though mind or spirit may and will continue to change its outward covering, yet its identity is eternally fixed. Man will be nothing more or less than man in the coming spheres of life. We know that by the laws of nature he will ever continue to unfold, to rise higher in the scale of intelligence and moral brightness; yet, the changing of his identity in passing into another form is impossible. So, too, the spirit that unfolds the little flower in this sphere will ever continue to exist in life's higher stages of growth. 'Tis not a "transient flower that in the blooming dies," for the spirit must ever continue to bloom and unfold forms that will be visible to our outward vision. The forms that lose their animating principle in the mineral kingdom must crumble away, for *that* principle has a mission in some higher sphere of life. Man never can enter a sphere of life without finding the representatives of all the inferior kingdoms. But the objector may ask of what *use* will there be in the future of the lower forms of matter. In return I would ask—of what use are they here? and even of what use is man? To me every form in existence has its use—its sphere to fill in the great panorama of life. If we deny the eternal existence of any form (spiritual) we have no assurance the spirit of man is eternal, for if there is a law by which one spiritual form can be destroyed or pass into another, the same law must hold good in regard to man, and he, too, may be annihilated or lose his identity in passing into a superior being.

But I can behold a pleasing mission in the future that I behold here. What transporting thoughts some little pebble or some tiny flower has called forth in man's mind, causing sunshine to enter and permeate his whole being.

'Tis often we gather our richest thoughts in contemplating the lower order of forms. And must they all be struck from existence, and in future spheres man stand an isolated monument of individual life? Oh, where would be the bliss of life, all these sources of pleasure gone? To me it would be a bleak and barren waste, cold and heartless.

Give me a life where I shall alternately be surrounded by the unfolding flowers of spring and the "sear and yellow leaf" of autumn, one where the various animals shall sport in their innocent amusements, where sparkling fountains gush forth and form into beautiful streams that go whirling and dancing away over their pebbly beds, singing sweet musical songs.

'Tis amid such scenes I wish to dwell, living a life of joyous freedom with kindred spirits.

In casting these thoughts out on the broad sea of mind, it has been my object to agitate it, that it may be brought to contemplate in calmness the philosophy of individual life—a philosophy replete with startling truths and transporting joys. In contemplating such themes it exalts the mind, lifting it above the low planes of selfishness. It casts before our vision a fount from whence is ever gushing streams of light to guide the pilgrim onward and upward in the unlimited fields of progress, where philosophical thoughts and poetic visions are wafted on every passing breeze.

Shame on the conservative individual that dare not follow where the free aspirations of the mind would lead! It is time the fettering bands were broken, that the soul may enlist under the banner of *Agitation*, and investigate whatever may rise before its mental vision.

This is my position; therefore, I yield my thoughts to my brothers in confidence that they will investigate freely and fearlessly.

Fredericktown, Ohio.

"MY RELIGION."

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN:

DEAR MADAM—Presuming that whatever is uttered in the spirit of sincerity and kindness, whether it accord with your own sentiments or not, I take the liberty to offer, through the medium of your paper, some remarks on an article which appeared in No. 42, (Dec. 15,) written by the pure-minded and noble Cora Wilburn—for such I believe her to be. But while she looks downward from the mountains of her intellectual and spiritual attainments to teach us of the vallies below, she must not be unmindful how she attained those sublime and precious heights.

Speaking from that lofty eminence, she tells us that she now has no need of Priest, Church, Creed, or Bible, for her guidance. But did she never need them? Has she never received benefits from any of these?

When her tottering infant feet were first moved for the long journey of life, her steps were guided, it may be, by the humblest of the enslaved and ignorant. She then had need of this simple, invaluable service, and would not now speak slightly of it. Once her untaught mind was tasked to call by name the letters of the alphabet, and form their characters. She needs no such training now; the infant foot, at first put forth with trembling, now steps firmly and fearlessly.

The mind that then knew not why it learned to call those letters, and trace their dark and crooked outlines, now takes strong hold of thought, grapples boldly with principles, and aspires to teach the world eternal truths.

She needs not those infant aids and elementary training now; but *once* she did, and it was such simple, humble aids that placed her where she now is—beyond their need. She will not now pronounce them valueless.

If, then, it is by the humblest aids we are led on, step by step, to physical and mental greatness, is it not analogical to affirm that spiritual greatness is similarly attained? that we have need of, and should value, every aid to this end, however imperfect and insignificant it may seem? and, that after attaining spiritual greatness, we cannot look down upon upon them and say we have no relative need of them?

I can conceive of such a state of spiritual attainment that the heart needs only its communion with the source whence such greatness flows.

But how was that heart led up to that source—that fount of all goodness? It did not come up unaided and drink at once full drafts of salvation. Oh, no. The first taste of spiritual life, perhaps, was imbibed from the simple teaching of a little

hymn or evening prayer, learned us by a brother or sister companion, while soothing us to early sleep; or it may be from a sermon or a book, and that—Book of Books! Can you tell us of any who have been led up to the Fount of all Goodness who had not *first* drank inspiration from its sacred pages?

When we reflect that we are progressive beings, creeping from nothingness, helped by the smallest aids, to whatever greatness we attain.

Now, can we say we have no need of spiritual teachers, of the Church, or the BIBLE?

I hope Cora, in her her communication did not mean to undervalue any of these, and set them down as worthless, but that she gave utterance rather to feelings of spiritual confidence and trust in Him whose arm alone is able to save.

While warming by the blazing fires at Northampton this winter, she will not despise the genial sparks which induce their flames, nor the germ whence grew the wood, and pronounce the origin as worthless, merely because she now only beholds the burning logs.

I am fully aware that our organizations, termed Churches, and their priests, set us but poor examples of Gospel Christianity or Gospel belief; but I am not aware of any human record teaching principles which can compare with that priceless book whose doctrines they so faintly exemplify.

Commence at the 27th verse of the 6th chapter of Luke, and after reading the remaining portion, tell me what other book, religion or philosophy ever taught doctrine so perfect! none but Christ ever did, ever could, and I fear never will, teach and exemplify it. And it is through the BIBLE *alone* that these doctrines are now made known to us.

Who, then, shall say for the world and himself that he has no need of the BIBLE?

MOSES RUSHLIGHT.

Danvers Port, Mass.

SPIRITUALISM.

The following from the Independent Democrat is strongly tinctured with Spiritualism:

JOHN BROWN IS FREE.

Cowardice always "O'erleaps itself." John Brown, after a few days' imprisonment in Charles-town jail, is free. While incarcerated there, Virginia, with her strong walls and armed soldiers, could confine him. He was safe. No timid slaveholder feared him. His voice was hushed; his brave heart palpitating for freedom and sympathizing with the oppressed, could safely beat behind iron doors, and his strong arm could strike no blow for liberty there. But on the second day of Dec., he was taken from his cell and in the presence of three thousand soldiers was permitted to depart. They never will catch him again. He goes forth a free man, and Virginia will yet hear from him. He will rise up in their pulpits, he will take a seat in their legislative halls; the merchant at his counter, the mechanic at his bench or anvil, the planter in his parlor, with doors safely locked, and the slave, too, will hear from John Brown. If God smite their cattle with the pestilence, and they die, the guilty conscience will, in some mysterious way, see the hand of John Brown in it. As God appeared to Moses in the burning bush, so the visage of John Brown will be seen in every conflagration. In the forked flames of their burning houses, and the smouldering fires consuming their crops, they will see him. But they cannot reach him again. Gov. Wise will never call on the President of the United States for arms and ammunition and soldiers to kill him, nor on South Carolina for cotton to hang him. But he will be an ever-present and unwelcome guest at every table, distilling poison in their meals, and at the dead hour of night they will hear the step of John Brown in the light footfall of the domestic cat, or hear his low whistle in the sighing of the wind, or start in agony at the whine of a dog. A brave man has given his life for his faith, and tyrants will cringe before his impalpable legacy to freedom.

We learn that Gerrit Smith will go to Europe so soon as he shall be sufficiently restored to health to bear an Atlantic voyage and the fatigue of travel.

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., JANUARY 15, 1860.

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

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

AN EXPLANATION.

We try to obey a Pagan rule—"Speak and listen." We have spoken our best thoughts in regard to the martyrdom of John Brown. We do not charge Virginia with the crime of crucifixion—she but obeyed the national mandate, "blood for blood"; neither are we in favor of murdering the master to free the slave. But, in the language of Mrs. Child—

"The Recording Angel will blot out with a tear the errors of Mr. Brown, because they were committed with an honest heart."

We make this explanation, not because we regret the course we have taken, but because some of our contributors and subscribers have taken offence by our plain speaking.

One friend charges us with "favoring murder when committed by an Abolitionist," and a few refuse to accept the Agitator, not having subscribed for a "Brown organ."

While we claim the right to speak our individual thoughts, we are quite as ready to listen to those who differ from us in opinion, and, so far as our limits will allow, will give them room in the Agitator for an expression of their views.

The Gospel that teaches to us freedom of speech, teaches, also, the spirit of toleration—the duty to listen to both sides and then judge as we must.

Two morning papers come to our office door, one a Buchanan, the other a Republican paper. They do not get up a war of words, but, like sensible Christians, lovingly await a reading. May we not profit by the lesson they teach, welcome them, read them, and send them on their way with a blessing?

While we have charge of the Agitator we shall not put thought into chains nor free speech under ban. When we cannot sustain the paper without the sale of principles, we shall give it into the hands of those who can afford to speak and abide the consequences.

It is a singular fact, that but a single remonstrance has come to us from the South, and but one paper been refused there. Why is it?

Do Southerners allow those who have no voice in law-making to write a curse upon the unrighteousness sanctioned by law, or is it a sort of Southern chivalry to be silent and let the women talk on?

FUN AHEAD.

The Mazourka Sociables, an organized dancing association that hold their annual winter carnivals at Chapin's Hall, have resolved to let the ladies have their own way just for one evening, to see what airs they will put on under the liberties of the present leap year. The ladies will get up the programme, direct the music, ask the gentlemen to dance, order the refreshments and foot the bills. Of course gentlemen will perfume their handkerchiefs, pomatum their hair, ring their fingers, and act the "wall flower," looking as pretty and reigned as they can. We shall take along a dress pattern or two and lots of candy. Guess they will come around.—*Plaindealer.*

That is sensible! Just the thing for leap year, if but "just for one evening."

Won't the ladies go wild with freedom! But we beg leave to add a few suggestions to the "wall flowers," lest they forget what is womanly—no lady-like. "Perfume," "candy" and "dress patterns" do not complete the feminine paraphernalia—cotton, crinoline, rouge and fans will be needed. Blush beautifully whenever a soft, senseless compliment falls upon your listening ear; faint, and fall gracefully into the arms of some gallant lady, lest you be regarded as strong of nerve, healthy, and heart-whole—things shockingly vulgar in fashionable life.

If a working man, or one who does not belong to the ton, intrudes himself upon the Mazourka party, cut him, teach him that you hold honest toil in splendid contempt; and if by any means a gentleman finds his way among you whose integrity has been suspected by the "They-say-so" family, rush to the managers with all haste and order him ejected from the hall, else your own good morals may be corrupted; but don't hesitate to whirl about, encircled in the arms of those who, of

course, regard virtue in a woman as a thing to be ridiculed. No matter if their breath reminds you of a brandy barrel and a strong decoction of tobacco. Women are privileged to do all these unmanly things.

Queer world, isn't it?

A TEST OF SPIRIT POWER.

While lecturing near Marion, on Sunday, the 18th of Dec., a girl named Nancy McLean, about 15 years of age, was whirled four hundred times round without a single pause, after which she went on dancing, manifesting no symptoms of dizziness whatever. She would turn about fifty times per minute.

L. M. A.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

We contemplate writing biographical sketches of the twenty-two men who were engaged in the Harper's Ferry War.

Will those in possession of letters, facts, or anything interesting to the public, forward them to us at their earliest convenience?

We do not expect to publish the book till after the trial of Stevens.

AGENCY.

We have the Agency for Cuyahoga County for the sale of Redpath's "Life of Brown."

The Book contains an autobiography of his childhood and youth, in one elegant 12mo. volume of 408 pages, printed on superfine paper, and handsomely bound in gilt cloth, fully illustrated, and embellished with a magnificent steel engraved portrait of the glorious old man.

The book is ready for sale. Send in your orders.

Price \$1.00, post paid; \$9.00 per dozen.

Cash must accompany order.

CHAGRIN FALLS, Dec. 24th, 1859.

Died, at Chagrin Falls, Dec. 19th, 1859, Apollus Hewett, in the 89th year of his age.

Mr. Hewett was a member of the Masonic Order for sixty-one years. For many years he was a member of the 3d Congregational Church, in the town of Pompy, Onondaga County, N. Y. He removed to Newburgh, Geauga Co., O., about 40 years ago, when he united with the M. E. Church, from which he withdrew some years since. For several years previous to his decease, he was a firm believer in the intelligent existence of the spirit after death, and claimed to be able to see the spirits of his departed friends. He was universally beloved and respected, and even his enemies, if he had had any, would have been compelled to admit, that if judged by his moral conduct, he must have been a Christian.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

We asked in our last No. if the Agitator should be sustained; good souls have said "Yes" by sending us new subscribers.

Mr. Evans sent us a New Year's present of four subscribers.

Mr. Smith writes—"I will give \$5 a year for a Weekly Agitator."

Dr. Smith (a generous name) and Dr. Clark say "start a Weekly and we will give our aid." If there lived ten such souls as these in all our Sodoms the city of Agitation would be most thoroughly shaken.

"INDIVIDUAL LIFE," by H. M. Strong, contains some ideas new to the mass. Read the article. What think you of it?

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

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES.—It will be seen by an advertisement on the last page that we have Mrs. Mettler's Medicines for sale. Those who know Mrs. Mettler, and her remarkable clairvoyant powers, will not need a recommend of the remedies given through her for physical ills.

BOOKS SENT BY MAIL to Asa Talcott, A. N. Miller, Z. Townsend, D. N. Smith, M. D., N. Hobart, W. Samson, G. Kellogg, A. Atwood, Mrs. Newcomb, Mr. Middlebrook, Fred Roach, Lida Hutchins, Dr. Alexander.

READ the poems on first page. Who writes better poems than our contributors?

Hon. Judge Mason, of Iowa, who made himself so popular with the inventors of the country, while he held the office of Commissioner of Patents, has, we learn, associated himself with Munn & Co., of the Scientific American office, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. BOARDMAN—Your books will be sent from Boston.

S. WHITMORE—The name of Seth H— is added to the list. Your back numbers sent.

Miss D— Mrs. Norris is in Cleveland.

The "Arcana of Nature" and the "Thirty-two Wonders" are not yet ready for sale.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF LECTURERS.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook will lecture in Terre Haute, Ind., in April. We hope she will speak in Cleveland in May. Her address is Bridgeport, Conn.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Cleveland, Sunday Feb. 19 (not the last Sunday).

Mr. Hyzer writes—"My good wife is writing a series of articles for the Agitator. She will be with you in March to speak in April."

Mrs. Hyzer was expected to speak here four Sundays in April, but by a misunderstanding among us Clevelanders she will speak the three first Sundays, Miss A. W. Sprague the two last.

We are all expecting a glorious era in Cleveland, in-ushered by these three soul-stirring Apostles of Truth.

Mrs. Warner has been in Cleveland en route for the west and south. She gives physiological lectures to ladies. It is certainly to be hoped that women will patronize her, instead of men who would so far depart from man's sphere as to give private lectures to ladies. What a man has to say to married women her husband should be permitted to hear.

Mrs. W— has but few equals as a speaker. The angels go with her. She is agent for the Agitator, and money for books may be paid to her.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, speaks in Anderson, Indiana, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of January; Dayton, Ohio, Sunday, February 2d. Subscriptions taken for the Agitator.

NEW BOOKS.

FOR SALE AT THE AGITATOR OFFICE.

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. Toohey, 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.

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 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 DISERTATION 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.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARIES OF ANOTHER WORLD, by Robert Dale Owen. Price \$1.25; postage 20 cents.

HELPER'S IMPENDING CRISIS; Unabridged large 12mo volume, 420 pages, cloth, price \$1. Octavo edition, paper covers, 50 cents, postage paid.

IN PRESS, TO BE SOLD AT THE AGITATOR OFFICE.

JAMES REDPATH'S LIFE OF JOHN BROWN, an elegant 12mo volume of 400 pages, illustrated and embellished with a superb Steel Portrait. Price \$1.

NEW PAPER.

WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH; issued on the first of each month at Indianapolis, Ind., Mrs. Carrie D. Filkins Bush, Editor and Proprietor. Terms—50c. per annum.

Success to the new worker, and to the—to all working women.

We notice scores of poetical effusions directed to friends in Heaven. Better give poetry of the heart utterance in words and deeds of kindness to friends on earth.

A FEW THOUGHTS.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN:—Excuse the liberty I take in addressing these few lines to you, but the satisfaction your paper has given me and the younger portion of our family will be my excuse; in fact, it will be a great relief for me to tell you so. I wish your paper all success, because of the pure moral tone of its teachings, and particularly for the pleasure my children take in the instructive stories that it contains. Neither you nor the writers of those stories are aware how the young mind is brought to think, and the curious questions that are asked after I have done reading to them, which is generally on Sunday afternoon. Having no other time to enjoy the pleasure of their company. One day my little girl asked me "Who is John Brown?" Wishing to come as near the truth as possible, what could I say? or whose version of his life should I give, to inform the inquiring mind? If I had said "why John Brown was the man that was hung the other day." That would not be satisfactory; or if I had given the character that some gave him in Kansas, and said he was an "anti-slavery fanatic, to whom that society furnished money to free those in bondage, and who thought he was an instrument in the hands of God to carry out his will "even unto the taking of life." That would not be the truth. Nor to take the opposite version. If I had stated that John Brown, (as some say), was a savior, that he was to those in bondage what Jesus of Nazareth was, or is to the Orthodox Christians, a perfect savior, who had come to set them free; and "he was sworn to none on earth but Washington," and several other ridiculous things. I would be still further from the truth.—So I contented myself by saying that from the conflicting accounts, it was impossible to tell, that judging from his acts, I believed he was a deluded inharmonious individual, and not any better than he ought to be.

Now with all due deference to those that think differently from me, I say, if we must set up man either for an example, or worship if you please, let us have a perfect man, some one at least whose hand is not red with the blood of his brother, and until such a person can be found, let us hear no more of this great sympathy for good intentions when the actions are quite the opposite.

What would be thought of the farmer who would cut off all the branches of his trees that pointed South, and insist on all his neighbors doing the same, at the same time being very lavish in praising the great beauty of such a tree; they certainly would decline doing so. We that profess and proclaim to the world that we value truth wherever found, should be very careful how we endorse the sayings of others before we investigate them, if we do so, in all likelihood we may be led into many errors. Popular speakers, it is well known are hired by interested parties, of course they would say nothing but what would be likely to tickle the ears of those who pay them, and as is sometimes the case, care very little whether the truth is on their side or not. But if we want to benefit this or the coming generation, we should not only speak truth but also get it. In my simple judgment, before we look South, our philanthropy should commence at home. Our courts and alleys about Philadelphia are very numerous,—there we will find the most abject slaves, both men, women and children, bearing the image of their creator, loaded with chains heavier and more galling than any Southern slave that I have yet seen, living in places scarcely worthy of being called a house. It is here that charity should first begin, and the truly benevolent might have a very large field to labor in, and the benefit arising from a day well spent in that way, would be incalculably refreshing to both soul and body. Then let us not lose any more time by climbing over the fence to see that no weeds grow in our neighbor's garden, while by doing so, we allow the most poisonous weeds to grow in our own.

Respectfully, &c.,

A LABORER.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

We can give our readers no richer treat than the following extracts from private letters. It is indeed interesting to read the varied thoughts of "our great family." Glad they are unlike. Variety is the order of nature. If our readers were of one heart and mind, these letters would seem like a vast plain with the same hued and shaped flowers and foliage.

The blessings and cursings come from hearts alike good and truth-loving; the only trouble is (and that is not trouble) we see the same persons and things from different stand points.—[ED. AGITATOR.

* * * Friend Morehouse is not so very much out of the way after all. I like to hear him talk. Success to Miss Cora W. May health, happiness and prosperity attend each and every individual, who fearlessly stands up for the rights of the whole human family.

By-the-by, I do earnestly hope that our Spiritual friends will not get too much excited over the barbarous and bloody tragedy of Harper's Ferry.—Let us not forget that those who sow are the ones that should reap the fruits of their own labor. The Northern people are too apt to forget the beam in their own eyes, while endeavoring to discover the mote in their neighbor's eye. I am bitterly opposed to Human Slavery in any form. At the same time I am a strong State's Right man. I contend that the people of any State or Territory have the inalienable right to enact laws for themselves; they being responsible for their own acts. I believe in the doctrine that whatsoever a man or a nation soweth, that, in due time, shall they also reap. Some kinds of seed require more time to mature than other kinds, but in the order of nature the harvest is sure to follow.

In my humble opinion, there is but one true course of action for the North to pursue, and that is simply this: Strike from the the National Statute Book every compromise with sin and every fugitive slave act. Let us thoroughly wash our hands by purging our statute books of every thing that sanctions even the semblance of Slavery, and oppression in any and all forms, whether of mind or body, and solemnly declare for God and man, that from this time, henceforth and forever, we will touch not, handle not, the price of blood.

I here throw down the gauntlet! Let those take it up who may. I here charge upon the so-called Christian churches of America, the evils growing out of Intemperance and Slavery. Upon them I charge the sin; and so surely as I hope for happiness hereafter, I am prepared to make my charges good. Truly,

W. SAMSON.

LAWRENCE, MASS., Jan. 3, 1860.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—"A happy new year" to you. Your letter of many days since was duly received and contents eagerly noted. Please accept the hearty thanks and good wishes of myself and family. We are having a regular old fashioned "down East" winter; one of those clear, keen, biting winters, such as you and I have often experienced among the granite hills and mountains of Puritanic New England in days gone by. Sleighting was never better than now, and all parties seem to be enjoying it. Our streets are literally crowded with vehicles (on runners) of every imaginable size and device. The ox-sled, dray, pung, crib, cutter and dasher mingle in one grand carnival. Do you ask the name of that beautiful equipage, as it comes dashing down the street with its six "spanking bays," beautifully caparisoned? That, my dear, is called the "Constitution;" and as it nears us, you recognize a perfect model of "old iron-sides."

And this which follows so closely in its "wake" with its span of "cream colored" is the "Dolphin."

And see, its gentlemanly driver is cosily seated upon the very snout of his finny majesty. But here comes the beautiful "Swan" with its smoothly folded wings, and gracefully but daintily curved neck; and this is drawn by four magnificent grays. That gorgeous establishment with its robes of leopard and ermine, so gaily flaunting in the breeze, and its pair of splendid blacks, just rounding yonder corner, is called the "Lion"—and as it passes I recognize the smiling countenance of our mutual friend and your cousin, B. F. W'n., Esq. The occupants of these gay and flaunting establishments are evidently bent on pleasure and a good time; while those of the pung, ox-sled and dray are looking for profits or necessities of life, and such is the world. To quote a musical phrase:

"Andante is the poor man's tempo,
The rich in Allegro you'll find
With them, 'tis Forte Maestoso
While we—poor souls are left behind."

I have reference to things temporal. But spiritually, the poor are far in advance, (as a general thing), of their rich neighbors.

Speaking of the early days of our New England life. How the mind delights to wander back to the scenes of beautiful mirth and joy—to those days of guileless play, when, on many a winter's eve, we gathered around the kitchen fire, which burned so bright and free, and all joined in many a harmless game, of hunt the slipper or hide and seek—and then high sparkling o'er its brim, the cider cup was passed from hand to hand and lip to lip, till full each heart with innocent delight, we parted for slumber with a kind "good night." And don't you remember the good sire, as he sat in his big arm chair and puffed at his pipe with an afflicted grace; and mother too, as beside him she sat with her little "wheel," or lengthening stocking? Give us, O, ye Gods, to see once more those happy, good old days of yore.—But no, they are gone! forever gone, those hours of guileless play! gone is the "wheel," the "fire," the big "arm chair," the house is fallen and ruin revels there!

But this picture is too gloomy. I want now to tell you that Bro. Finney has been with us. He gave in our City Hall the most powerful and telling lecture on the subject of Spirit Communion ever delivered in this city. His subject was "The spiritual Idea, its object and aims." He offered an opportunity for any question relative to the subject, to be propounded, or any objection raised on the part of the audience. And, although many had gone there for the express purpose to oppose him, yet they dare not open their mouths against him.

We have at present at our house, the Misses Lord of Portland—the mediums for musical manifestation. There is much that is truly wonderful in these phenomena; but I have not space to specify at this time—as the ladies are to remain for a few days, I will write again soon. J. C. B.

DEAR MADAM:—You may drop my name as a subscriber to your paper. I cannot go with you in upholding John Brown in his course. I cannot sympathise with or for any act of a murderer.

I am Yours,

O. H.

DEAR AGITATOR:—Herein please find one dollar for the Agitator for 1860. We bid you God speed. My soul often swells with emotions of gratitude to think that we have here and there a soul who dare be, and do what their reason, common sense and intuitions prompt to be and do. The grand and beautiful position of such souls cannot be portrayed in human language, neither can the insignificance and dwarfed littleness of orthodox priestly bigots, and those that bow down and do them reverence be set forth on paper.

This is the day of martyrs; the next will be the day of crowning, for all those who dare be true with life in hand, like the hero John Brown! But I must close, truth and right will most assuredly triumph without the use of my feeble pen.

Yours Truly, A. D. W.

* * * The Post Master here says that yours is the first infidel paper that ever came to his office, and hopes that it will be the last. The folks are all very pious here. J. C.

**Do you know, women of New York, that under our present laws married women have no right to the wages they earn? Think of the 40,000 drunkards' wives in this state—of the wives of men who are licentious—of gamblers—of the long line of those who do nothing. G.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

[Copy Right secured.]

VIOLET—A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mother obliges me to walk every morning. I met the Doctor yesterday who said "that is right. Your mother knows what is good for you. I well remember when you all had the whooping cough, your mother had you out in the sun and air daily, and you were often choking and coughing in the street; but it did you no harm, for you improved faster than any little girls I knew of."

While I was getting well, then, father presented me with a lovely wax doll, my school teacher's daughter, kindly offered to dress it for me. My good "dear father," gave me also, a cradle, and a little wooden house big enough to put the baby in, and adorned it with furniture of his own making. My baby house was in the garret. As the bed clothes were not completed, I laid her at night, in the cradle bed, with but very slight covering.—One morning as usual, I made my visit and was lifting her up to embrace her with a kiss, as was customary, when, to my great surprise, I found she was headless, and her little hands and one of her feet were completely gnawed off. I took up her head to see if it could be replaced; but the sweet blue eyes in which I loved so well to look, hung drooping from the sockets, and one of the ripe-red cheeks was bitten into, taking part of the mouth that never did anything but smile.

Carrie and Susie came home last night, crying bitterly. There are two girls several years older than they, living in the street where their school is situated, who molest them when I fail to accompany them; lying in wait daily to torment and abuse them. The children usually carry their dinners if it is cloudy weather, and mother is sure to put up some tempting thing, rarely failing to give them apples.

For a long time Susie has said, when she returned at night, she was so hungry she could hardly wait for the supper bell. Last night she made some such exclamation, and looked as if she had been crying quite hard, when mother said:

"How is it you are so hungry? I gave you a good full dinner, enough for any one."

As mother questioned them, they both burst into tears; and when she insisted upon an explanation, they wept violently.

Carrie said, "Mother, we cannot tell you, for we promised not to;" but mother said, "it is a bad promise. You have no right to bind yourself not to tell your mother, whatever happens."

Susie then brightened up, saying—"I'll tell you mother. Some girls took it away from us before we reached the school house.

Mother insisted upon knowing more about it, when Carrie made a clean heart of it and said:

"Why, mother, they take it from us every time we carry it; and then they frighten us, and whip us if we refuse. I told them this morning we wanted our dinner more than ever, for you know there were some hearts in the basket, and I should not give it to them; then they took Susie by the hand to a stable close by their house, and told us they were going to put her under the horse's feet, and let them trample her to death. Susie trembled and cried so, I was alarmed and gave up our dinner; and mother, I know they would have done it if I had not given it to them. Then they made us promise we would not tell, saying if they knew of our telling anybody of it, they would put us in the chimney sweeps bag, and they would carry us home, and give us mouldy bread to eat and bad water to drink, and make us sleep on a bed of

pins and needles; or they would kill us, and put us in a hole in their cellar, where no one could find us."

Father said it should not be suffered another day. He is going to complain to their parents.

Yesterday afternoon we had two little girls visiting us from the country. About three o'clock, mother told me it was time I took my walk, and as the children remained at home from school, they with my little visitors, accompanied me.

We were enjoying ourselves very much; when we were about to turn a corner of a street, we met a chimney sweep face to face; as soon as Susie saw him, she cried out in great terror, "Take me home, Violet, take me home, I'm afraid of that man!"

She trembled so she could scarcely speak, and hid her face in my shawl. I told her the man did not want her, that he was good to little children, if his face was black, and he was not looking at her. I told her to look and see that there was no more room in their bags for her, or any one; for they were full of soot. At last, as she listened to my philosophy she became quite composed.

We were walking along leisurely, when we met two or three cows.

"Look at those cows, Violet," said Carrie; "ar'nt you afraid?"

I said, "No," though I was a little; for when I was a very small girl, I saw a boy tossed up in the air, and injured very much. After that I was chased by the same one; and since then I have great fear though I am loth to acknowledge it.

"O don't pass them, Violet!" Carrie plead.

"O, they won't hurt us, Carrie;" said I, trying to be very brave, with my heart almost into my mouth.

"I will tell you what to do," said Susie. "Let us look into their faces and smile at them, walking backwards until they pass us and get away off.—That's the way I did when walking with father one day; and they smiled back and nodded their heads and put them down, as much as to say, 'Go along, little girls, I won't touch you.'"

How the little country girls did laugh at our fears. They said they were never afraid of cows.

When I returned home I found dear Miss Maine waiting to see me. She hopes next term I shall be strong enough to enter school again. She says she has an Assistant whom she thinks I shall like very much. I am sorry to be absent so long; I fear I shall lose much by it. I study a little each day, so as to keep up with the class; but after all my endeavors, fear I shall be far behind the others. Mother does not think I am strong enough to enter yet; so I suppose I must be reconciled to her decision. Vacation is very near at hand, and then come the warm months, which I shall spend out of town, and then September, and a return to duties—duties which are to me now, among my greatest pleasures.

Darling Ella! How much we miss her! Susie says she loves to have Ella away, for she can be mother's baby. She loves Ella very much; but when she is here, she is deprived of some of the kisses.

There has been considerable excitement here for sometime past. The "French ship-of-war" is visiting us, and the town's people are flocking thither. One can walk but a few steps without hearing little children pleading for their fathers to take them over to see it. "Father, father, please let me go;" is heard at every turn of the street, and then there will be seen two or more pleaders clinging to their father's coat, holding him forcibly by the hand, unwilling to release him till he gives the desired promise.

I suppose some good-natured spectator would have had a fine chance of witnessing just such a scene, this morning in our own home. I think

father's mind was fully made up to take us there; for he consented very readily, almost too much so. I like the pleasure of surmounting difficulties.—Such a shout and clapping of hands, I think was scarcely ever heard. Our wild hurra must have echoed through all our neighbors' yards.

Have you seen the "French Ship?" is the oft repeated question in the home circle, and in the street; and the sights and doings are gloriously delineated. Such wonderful stories are called from the minds of the old people by the appearance of this ship; making old age more talkative even than its wont, and dim eyes to sparkle with the vivacity of youth. "Revolutionary" times rises up before them, regaling the vivid imaginations of us youngsters with their singular adventures, and hair breadth escapes, their illustrious acquaintances, their sweet moments of pleasure, and their distressing hours of sorrow and misfortune brought on by the cruel war. At times I am just foolish enough to wish I had been a worker and a partaker in those stirring scenes; I do so love excitement.

Father says if it is pleasant to-morrow, he will give us the desired pleasure. A few of mother's friends will accompany us.

We were all ready for our sail at half past two. Some of the ladies who accompanied us were very much afraid of the water. One of them, who delayed getting into the boat until we were all seated, seemed much frightened; and standing with one foot on the wharf, the other in the boat, said, "O, Mr. Angel, I dar'nt go, I dar'nt go. I'm afraid of my life; we shall be upset, as sure as you live."

"O dear; O dear!" said she every time the boat moved, "we are going! Boatman, don't you think us in danger of striking a rock out there? What a foolish woman I was, to leave my home and my children, and peril my life just to gratify my curiosity! Well I shall learn a lesson from this!"

We had a very fine sail notwithstanding; and after a while the lady forgot her fears, related many amusing anecdotes, which made us as happy a boatload as can be.

When we neared the ship we found it crowded around with boats. Very many in the excitement to be first, became quite heedless of those around them, and pressed unmercifully upon those who were unwilling to betray so much greediness. Our boat was so small as to be almost hidden from view. I did not observe it was fast filling with water, I was so amused with the novelty of my position, until I heard the loud voices of the Frenchmen, and saw the crowd dispersing, as a number of the crew came toward us in a boat. In the excitement, I had unconsciously placed one foot in another boat; and before I was aware of it's moving from me, I was quickly seized by one of the men, just in time to be saved from a cold bath. It was quite amusing to hear the shrieks and groans, and different exclamations of the affrighted spectators.

A gentleman lifted me up when I could not see without, to give me a better chance, as he kindly said, "little folks have a hard time in such a crowd."

He was very patient, answering my numerous questions as fully as I could desire. I felt very much honored by his attentions. He did not once tell me; "little children should be seen and not heard," as I am often told when teasing with my questions; nor say, "Larvos for medlers," when my inquiries were unnecessary. He took me in the Prince de Joinville's beautiful apartments, showed me his heavily gilded toilette set and his table set of gold and silver, neatly adorning a little closet. Then he took from a glass jar some "bonbons," as he called them, and filled my pockets.—Taking me on his lap, he talked with me a long time

asking me many questions with reference to my family, my school, and my amusements.

There were many tame animals onboard; and among them was a great brown bear, that was crouching on the deck, and pleased me very much. I was told to shake hands with it, which I did, though with a slight trembling of the heart. Bruin seemed delighted, and several times held out his paw for me to repeat the performance. The gentleman asked if I ever saw a sham fight, and did I attend balls, and then presented a ticket for Annie and myself, saying he would be happy to see us there.

We were doomed to meet with another accident before reaching home. It might have been because some of us were so cowardly. We proceeded only a short distance when we lost our rudder. Then you may be sure exclamations of fear from certain quarters were quite plentiful; and even my own courage abated considerably. Visions came up before me, in a near view of the danger; of nights spent in the open air, on some of those islands. I imagined myself, like Robinson Crusoe, deprived of clothing, and fire; subsisting only upon wild nuts, and roots and leaves, reduced to such extremities, as to follow the example of canibals, as people do sometimes in cases of extreme hunger.—Perhaps we might be drifted out to sea and be taken up by pirates; or if a storm should rise, what then would become of us? Why we would be eaten by sharks; or drowned and no one would ever know where we were. What then would become of the precious ones at home?

"Oh dear! oh dear!" had hardly time to escape my lips, when the lost rudder was politely handed to our boatman by a Frenchman, who had witnessed our misfortune and thus relieved us.

Home, home once more! Didn't it seem good? For once my love of adventure was completely satisfied. Right glad were we to lie down to sleep that night. I do not remember of dreaming of our perils; but the first thing I did in the morning was to recount our wonderful adventures and escapes to my teacher and schoolmates, who listened with attention and evident interest. I suppose I enlarged upon my subject slightly, though I did not at the time intend to do so. I must be very careful; for perfect truth is so much better than momentary display.

Election week has passed. I was not able to walk with the crowd, and it sorely disappointed me. But I had the comfort of a dear friend's visit. Minnie May, who attends the same school with myself, came to see me. O, I do love her! She is so good. Not many girls would deny themselves, by staying in of an election day, to please a sick girl! Mother thought that I might be injured by the crowd, and so prevailed upon me to remain at home. I was obliged to deny myself from eating cake or candy, she gave Minnie and the other girls a plentiful supply, however I had all the oranges I wanted.—Somehow I feel more hungry on that day than on any other; and every body eats then as though they never saw any food before, and it was their last chance for procuring it. I did not feel so badly this time as I do generally. I suppose it is because I was not allowed to eat much; and then I generally get so tired walking around all day, seeing the companies, and looking at the crowd. Besides, I usually wear a thin dress, as all the little girls do, and new shoes which are stiff and often tight for me. Such looking feet as I will have for a long time; but father says that for every pleasure we must pay the price, and it would be well to count the cost before we receive it. The companies from the Fort, the Flying Artillery, and German Band, with the one from Providence, and a company from Warren, passed the house several times escorting the Governor, who was seated in an open carriage.

He takes his seat on that day, as it is called. As they rode past us, the children in the street cheered him. He stood up in his carriage and waved his hat on all sides.

I had quite a good time after all. Election day occurs on the first Wednesday of May; and we have our vacation at that time, which makes it very pleasant. Aunt Katy says, "Election day is the most tiresome one on a'irth," she doesn't see why such a fuss is made about it; and as for the powder-crackers, whistles and jewsharps, she would like to make one large bonfire of them, for they "e'namost crack my ears open with their noise."

Aunt Katy did not like Carrie's correcting her the other day when she asked for one of her "reasons," which lay in Carrie's hand.

"Not reasons;" said Carrie. "You should say raisons."

"Well 'raison' then," said Aunt Katy angrily. "When I was 'young no little gal was allowed to correct her betters."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Thinking to-day of how I could give pleasure to the little folks, without too great a tax upon my slender stock of strength, this gem from Lamartine came into my mind, and I at once resolved to send it.

In any other but the "Morning Land," as Hine so beautifully calls the Eastern Hemisphere—the "Land of flowers, of diamonds and the sun, the land of the Bible, of poetry and eloquence,"—the language might be deemed too high-flown, but there it is as native as the flowers. Just so the Arab addressed his adored and beautiful steed, who is almost as intelligent as his master, and so beautiful, fleet and docile, that the nobility of Europe give thousands of dollars for one.

The Bedouin is the company and intimate friend of his horse; he lies beside him at night, and at day break, when he must away, the gentle creature is fed from the hands of children, and then flies like the wind over the plain.

AUNT ETTIE.

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

Lamartine, who traveled in the East some years since, tells this striking story about the Arab horse.

The people in Arabia do not have canals and railroads on which to travel and carry goods, as we do, but when they wish to carry goods far they put them on the backs of horses and camels, and thus pass through the country. Several men, with a number of horses or camels, travel together, and are called a caravan.

Much of the country through which they pass is a desert, where no one lives, and they have to carry their food with them, and sleep in the open air. The Arabs who live in the high lands, not far from the deserts, are many of them bad men, and rob the caravans when they are passing through the deserts. These Arabs have fine horses, and many of them go together when robbing the caravans. Their captain is called a chief.

An Arab chief, with his men, had robbed a caravan in the night, but some Turkish horsemen soon came up with them, and killed several of their number, and bound others with cords.

In this state they brought one of the Arab men, whose name was Abou el Mark, to Acre, and laid him, bound hand and foot, wounded as he was, at the door of their tent.

They were soon asleep, but the wounds of the Arab kept him awake, and he heard his horse neigh at a little distance. He wanted to see him again, and stroke his neck once more; so he crept along, with his hands and feet bound as they were, until he came to where his horse was tied.

"Poor friend!" said he, "what will you do among the Turks? You will be shut up under the roof of a khan, with the horses of a pacha or an aga; no longer will the women and children of the tent bring you camel's milk, or barley, in the hollow of their hands; no longer will you gallop in the desert free as the wind of Egypt; no longer will you part the waters of Jordan which cool your sides; no

longer will you carry your master proudly over the desert. If I am to be a slave you may be free. Go; return to our tent, which you know so well; tell my wife that Abou el Mark will return no more; put your head into the folds of my tent and lick the hands of my children."

Having spoken these words, he untied, with his teeth, the fetters which held the courser bound, and set him at liberty. The noble animal did not bound away to the desert, but bent his head over his master, and seeing him in fetters on the ground, took his clothes gently in his teeth, lifted him up, and set off at full speed for home.

Without ever resting he made straight for the distant but well known tent in the mountains of Arabia. He arrived there safely, and laid the master at the feet of his wife and children, and then the noble horse fell dead with fatigue. The whole tribe mourned him, poets wrote his praise, his name is still spoken with pride by the Arabs of Jericho.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where are the birds that sweetly sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lip that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon—
Where, O where, are the lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That were so long ago?

Who peopled all the city's streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church, with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sisters frail;
The plot that worked
Another's hurt—
Where, O where, are the plots and sneers
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That were so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who while living, oft times wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men,
They knew not then,
Their lands are tilled,
Their homes are filled—
Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

WISE'S LETTER TO MRS. BROWN.

The following letter from Governor Wise speaks well for the human-heartedness of the man:

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 26, 1859.

To Mrs. MARY BROWN, now in Philadelphia:

MADAM: Yours of the 21st inst., addressed to me from Philadelphia, came to my hand this morning. Believe me, madam, that I sadly thank you for your trust in my feelings as a man. Your situation touches these feelings deeply. Sympathizing as I do with your affliction, you shall have the exertion of my authority and personal influence to assist you in gathering up the bones of your son and husband in Virginia, for decent and tender interment among their kindred. I am happy, madam, that you have the wisdom and virtue to appreciate my position of duty. Would to God that public considerations could avert his doom, for the Omniscient knows that I take not the slightest pleasure in the execution of any whom the laws condemn. May He have mercy on the erring and afflicted.

Enclosed is an order to Maj. Gen. Wm. B. Taliaferro, in command at Charlestown, Va., to deliver to you the mortal remains of your husband when all shall be over, to be delivered to your agent at Harper's Ferry, and if you attend the reception in person, to guard him sacredly in your solemn mission, with tenderness and truth.

I am, very respectfully, your humble servant,
HENRY A. WISE.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE.—The New Orleans Mirror of December 10th, says:

"Miss Hardinge has been in this city for a week past, and on Sunday and Tuesday evenings delivered addresses in the Lecture Room of the Odd Fellows' Hall on the subject of Spiritualism. These addresses were remarkable both in manner and matter, being characterized by a grasp of thought and felicity of expression which are seldom exceeded by the greatest orators."

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

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.

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.

SPRINKERS 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.

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