

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. 45.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HOME OF MEMORY.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

Did ye ever visit Memory's home,
Walk through her halls with twilight tread?
You'd find there seats all ranged in a row
Where rests the forms of our sainted dead.

The halls are spacious and many and dim,
Lit by the dusk light of other years;
The windows are looped with drapery thin,
Screened by the tremble of hopes and fears.

The walls are painted with the ripples of time,
There are floating in air life's lightest thought,
The chairs are adorned with a quaint device,
Of serpents 'mid flowers of forget-me-not.

The carpets wrought of crushed lilies and buds;
The mirrors reflect life's gorgeous tableau
The painful contrasts of passion and pride,
Of poverty and shame, and of hearts chill as snow.

All set in their frames of crimson and gold,
There are vows of long standing, dishonored, defamed,
With the birthright of peace 'neath the hard foot of sin,
Which the Worldling threw by for the sake of a name.

The tables are strewn with trinkets once worn,
There are smiles interwrought with the sickness of woe,
There are tears, broken hearts, harsh words, and cold sneers,
And once beaming love eyes, with hate all aglow.

O the green room all sparkling with the life of our love,
Where the ceilings are graced with the rainbows of Heaven,
Where the casements are curtained with sunbeams and flowers,
Looking in on repose like a calm summer even.

'Tis there our beloved takes the freshness of life
To wake with sweet smiles, our life's covenant new,
Where Love in the glow of his earnest embrace
On the gauntlet of Faith carves the hearts promise true.

Each open a casket of treasures to sight;
While one shows a bud, one a wavelet of hair,
Some a ring, some a smile, some a hope, some a vow,
Some a heart, some a plaything tossing in air.

Some a page of music echoed in song,
Some a cry of welcome, some in baby-toned glee,
Some trace on the walls the hand far away
Where no death ever enters, the land of the free.

Their loved hands are waving, they beckon us on,
Far away to the heights beyond memory's home,
Where the love-lights ne'er fade, where error ne'er comes
'Mid new revelations our footsteps will roam.

STRANGE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Strange mind which sends such teeming thoughts,
Such passions and desires,
With will and godlike wisdom fraught
To set the world on fire.

Strange life which gives us human form,
To dwell a day on earth,
Of happiness, or pain and woe—
Of misery, or mirth.

Strange death which ushers Life anew
On those who fly from this,
Which, while earth fades away from view,
Unveils a heaven of bliss.

Strange world with its phantasmic show
Deceitful in its beams,
A world of happiness and woe,
A real—and a dream.

[Selected.]

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

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

PARTICULAR BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Acts of the Apostles.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. RAU.

TRANSLATED FOR THE AGITATOR BY PROF. M. DURAIS.

The work in our New Testament collection bearing the title "Acts of the Apostles," is merely a continuation—a second part—of the Gospel addressed to Theophilus.

The contents of this book, however, by no means correspond to its title; for it relates, not the history of the Apostles, but the rise, growth, and spread of Christianity, in which movement the Apostles, Paul and Peter, appear as chief actors.

The "Acts" then have one and the same author with the third Gospel, namely the physician Luke of Antioch, the supposed friend and fellow-itinerant of Paul.

In the composition of his Gospel and the Acts, Luke seems to have followed no special plan; but after writing the life of the Master in order to satisfy the curiosity of Theophilus, he may have taken at a later period, to record the most important events of his life, and the history of his honored friend, without aiming at systematic completeness or unity of idea, that Theophilus might also possess a picture of the growth of the Christian Church in lands widely separated, as well as of Paul's restless activity. And this end was all the better attained from the circumstance, that by his frequent journeys to different localities, he was enabled to give his readers some conception of the manner in which Christianity, after the departure of its Founder, was preserved and established, and in a brief period was disseminated among so many nations.

[Later critical investigations of the "Acts of the Apostles," tend to show, instead of an absence of specific plan in the work, as asserted by Rau, directly the contrary; that, namely, the author aimed deliberately to reconcile an early schism in the church between the Pauline and Petrine (the reader will pardon the term) parties. To this end, he is proved to have made a studied misrepresentation of the conduct of each of these Apostles.—On the one hand, for example, Peter is depicted as recognising the lawfulness of absolving Gentiles (chap. xv.) from the rite of circumcision, and on the other, Paul is represented as circumcising Timothy, the son of a gentile father (chap. xvi.), and concealing the fact of his disregard of circumcision, by an act intended to deceive the whole body of the Jerusalem Christians, (chap. xxi.) Furthermore, the miraculous gifts of these two Apostles are held up as of equal efficiency, by making and performing a series of similar miracles. The object of such a protraiture, was to persuade his readers that both were entitled to equal regard, so that liberal Pauline Christians might respect Peter, and that Judaizing Christians might revere Paul,

and thus the schism might be healed by inspiring both parties with an equal devotion to the tenets of both Apostles.

As to the author of the "Acts" having been a companion of Paul, we have no better evidence of the word "we" in a few chapters; but against this we must set the express contradictions between what the author asserts of Paul's journeys, and intercourse with the Jewish Christians and Paul's own statements about these matters.

That he may have been a Luke, and a physician of Antioch, may be admitted; but it is impossible that a companion of Paul should have misrepresented that Apostle's teachings and deeds so flagrantly as he has done. It is not to be concluded, then, on the strength of an ill-supported church-tradition, that the author of the "Acts" was one of the "we" who in that work, journey with Paul.—*Translator.*]

THE APOSTOLIC EPISTLES.

a THE PAULINE EPISTLES.

That Paul was the greatest, as well as most active and intelligent of the Apostles, is beyond question. He was born of Jewish parents, but in the enjoyment of the rights of a Roman citizen, at Tarsus in Cilicia, and was at first named *Saul*. His writings are a true expression of his character, and bear pre-eminently the impress of an independent spirit, which endued with original powers and characteristics, draws from its own resources, and gives to its productions both in speech and writing its own peculiar form. Even when in his letters he dwells upon one idea, he keeps alive the interest of novelty by unexpected turns which exhibit his subject in a variety of aspects. Moreover the tone in which his letters are written, is energetic and full of manly earnestness, while again his bold flights, and kindly, generous temper render him attractive, and the devotion of his soul to the great cause in which he is engaged, animate the reader with a genial warmth.

A feature in the teachings of Paul which is characteristic and marked, is the impression made upon his mind by the *idea of a universal religion*. The grand and sublime thought which arose with Christ to save from the religious views of his perishing people all that was most excellent and divine, and by extension of the idea of the divine dominion over the whole of humanity, to redeem them from superstition and bondage to the letter, to elevate them morally and spiritually, and thus open the way for all coming generations to the highest possible development—this all-comprehensive thought it was which glowed within him, and enflamed his soul with unconquerable enthusiasm.

This it was that impelled him to journey beyond the bounds of Palestine and Syria. If his friends and the other Apostles might live and labor within those bounds, a world-religion, he thought, should strike its roots among the Gentiles, and so he bore the glad tidings to Cyprus, to Tyre, to the chief cities of Asia Minor and Greece, and to Rome it-

self—every where laboring and teaching, and founding churches wherever it was possible.

The fundamental features of the Christian system as Paul conceived it, is in many respects quite unlike the doctrine of Jesus—are the following:

1. *The need of redemption for man*: for both laws, that of Moses and the Moral Law, were not sufficient for the restoration of the human race, which had fallen in Adam.

2. *The work of redemption*, which Christ the Son of God undertook, being sent by the free mercy of God.

3. *The life in Christ*, attained through faith.

4. *The Second Coming of Christ, Resurrection and Judgment.*

[The speedy coming of Christ to restore the lost paradise of the race, was expected by all the Apostles to occur within the life-time of at least some of their hearers. This was an essential element of primitive Christianity, held even by Jesus himself—the Gospels being witness. In fact, that repentance which the New Testament every where demands, embraces a belief in that speedy coming of the kingdom. The repentance which does not embrace that belief, is a repentance which the Christianity of Jesus and the Apostles does not recognise. Judged by that standard—the New Testament standard—is not the Christianity of every church in Christendom, a spurious affair? And is it not sheer hypocrisy in any church to demand repentance on the authority of Christ, with that element omitted? But no church can make that demand without insisting on a practical absurdity. For evidently, Christ never came in the way, nor within the time, the New Testament promised his coming. So the churches are reduced to the dilemma of either admitting that the New Testament is no safe guide in matter of religion, or of practising a perpetual hypocrisy by demanding a faith which the New Testament ignores. It is easy to see upon which horn of the dilemma they prefer to be impaled. Religious corporations always choose rather to die in the defence of a "refuge of lies," than to emancipate their members by proving the dissemination of unwelcome truths. If for instance, an angel from heaven were to reveal to all the churches, that no statement of fact or doctrine in the Bible is to be received with unquestioning faith, but that human reason is to sit in judgment upon its every page, and call its teachings in question with the same freedom with which it should examine the Koran, what, after such a revelation, would the churches do? Evidently, in their corporate capacity, insist with more vehemence than ever before, on the infallibility of the Bible, and the weakness of human reason. For they are all governed by cliques that love spiritual tyranny, authority over the soul, far better than the welfare of man. Of course, reverence for Jesus as something quite different from what he really was, or what he claimed to be, must yet long serve as a cloak for the exercise of just that very species of tyranny, which he offered up his life to extinguish. He died for the spread of mental freedom, and his name is now made the great lever for twisting the screws that rivet the bondage of the soul. Redeemer, however, he still is, for in his spirit, if not in his name, multitudes outside the churches by his example, are opening the prison doors, and bringing light to those that sit in darkness. That "Kingdom of Heaven" the hope of whose speedy coming strengthened him against the tortures of his Cross shall yet appear in a form more glorious than that of a New Jerusalem, and to occupy the earth more than one millenium. All sincere toilors for humanity are ever building wiser than theyk now.—

Translator.]

Upon a close examination of the letters of Paul,

we cannot but assent to the judgment of De Wette, who pronounces them the most important monuments of Christian antiquity, and at the same time a faithful image of a master spirit. Most of these letters are not only recognised by the Christian Church, but by some scientific criticism as genuine. But since Schleiermacher questioned the genuineness of the first epistle to Timothy, the rest of the so-called pastoral epistles have been doubted, and their composition by Paul likewise called in question.

b. THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

As to the Epistle to the Hebrews, it has been, and still is by many, reckoned among the letters of Paul. But Origen, even in his early period of the Church, doubted its genuineness. The investigations of the last few years have decidedly rejected it from his writings; and indeed, how should Paul have written to Jewish Christians, when his entire pastoral labors were strickly confined to a different class? Further in chapter xiii: verse 7, we have proof that this letter was written after Paul's death. The language and style, too, is quite different from his, being purer Greek, and more stately and eloquent in its structure. The representation of Christ as a High Priest in the Jewish sense, is, moreover, entirely in opposition to Paul's views. The author of this letter, however, was well versed in the theology of the Alexandrine Jews, and excelled in eloquence. Who he was, is for us a question of no concern.

The chief features of the christianity developed in the letter to the Hebrews are the following:

1. *The need of redemption.*
2. *The work of redemption* by the Son of God.
3. *The life in Christ* through faith effected by justification.
4. *Resurrection of the dead, and Judgment by the Mediator.*

Christianity is in this letter generally regarded as the ripened consummation of genuine Judaism.

c. THE CATHOLIC EPISTLES.

At the time when a collection of the writings of the New Testament was first contemplated, the Gospels and the "Acts" already formed a special group; as also the Pauline epistles. Beside these two groups, there were still a few writings which, so to speak, formed a *third part*, and likewise needed a name. They were, therefore, in a mass designated the "catholic collection," (katholikon suntagma). As however, at a later period the Greek work "catholic" came gradually to embrace the further signification of "orthodox," so this latter sense of the term passed over to the non-Pauline letters, and the expression "catholic epistles," came to mean "epistles universally accepted by the Church." But the term *epistles* was, with the exception of the second and third, ascribed to John—incorrectly applied; for the residue are more properly public circulars.

To the "Catholic Epistles," belong two letters of Peter, three letters of John, the letters of James, and the letter of Jude.

THE EPISTLES OF PETER.

Simon Peter of Bethsaida, a fisherman of the Lake of Galilee, is claimed as the author of these letters—among the disciples of the great Nazarene, particularly distinguished by his devotion to the Master. He is the same Peter (in Aramaean-Cephos, that is a *rock*) concerning whom the Roman Church, quite erroneously, as has been shown, maintains, that he was the first Bishop of Rome, and died in that city as a martyr.

This position so important for the Papacy, the Roman Church supports on the testimony of several of the Fathers; but these fathers themselves always wrote in the interest of that Church, and moreover at a late period, while in their several, taken as a

whole, they contradict one another. On this point De Wette remarks: "Peter could neither have been in Rome before the Epistle to the Romans was written, nor during Paul's imprisonment there—for the letters written thence, contain no allusion to such a fact—nor later than these events, for Peter's letter (the first) pre-supposes his sojourn in Babylon. The tradition seems to have arisen out of the effort of Jewish Christians to make the Apostle Peter appear the founder of the powerful church at Rome.

As regards the two Epistles, scientific criticism, after the severest and most rigorous investigations, has come to the conclusion that the first is *genuine*, but the second, *spurious*. The second, merely, is copied after the letter of Jude, which was itself only of late origin; it is also rendered suspicious from the outset, by the evident effort of its author to gain credit for himself as the Apostle Peter.—Moreover, its style is quite different from that of the first epistle, and besides anciently was of late recognition, and even then suspected as spurious. Even Hug admits that the historic proofs and testimonies of the ancients in regard to the genuineness of the second epistle, are unsatisfactory.

To this Apostle, Christ is the Messiah, the Son of God announced by the Prophets, who brings redemption not only to the living, and to those who are to be, but, also, to those who have died from the foundation of the world; to the latter he preaches by his descent into Hades.

Repentance together with faith, is the condition upon which, in his view, the reception of salvation depends. The ideas of the resurrection, judgment, and end of the world, also, with him disfigure the pure, spiritual conception of the Eternal.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

We select the following sketch from a recently published address of Richard V. Cook, Esq., of Columbus, Texas, on the "Education and Influence of Woman." It will touch the heart of the reader.

I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the bright journey of life. Honest, noble and gifted—the broad world to his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame and happiness. Under his active energies, business prospers, and as a consequence, friends come about him. Ere long he meets a sensible and simple girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He does not stop to ask what will the world say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and the man determines to be the architect of his own happiness. He does not stop to inquire whether the girl's father is rich in lands and coin; but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of reasons—because *he loves her*. He builds his home in some quiet spot, where green trees wave their summer glories, and where bright sunbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, toward which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. Here is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail and storms never come. Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity.

Friends may betray him and foes may oppress, but when toward home his weary footsteps turn, and there beam upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul, the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see the man fall into adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face, and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go—friends, credit and property—grief stricken and penniless, he seeks his humble home. Now, does the wife desert him too? Nay, verily! When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him. The moral excellences of her soul rise superior to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournfully and disconsolate, like Themistocles by the Household Gods of Admethus,

hers is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has oft overtaken the wisest and best: that all is never lost while health and hope survive; that she still is near to love, to help, and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadows flee from his heart; armed once more he enters the arena of life. Industry and energy restore him to competency; fortune smiles upon him, friends return, and—

"Joy mounts exulting on triumphant wings."

Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on a bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every want and necessity.—Softly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevered brow of the sufferer, yet through the long watches of each returning night her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease beleaguers the fortress of life; and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is approaching. He feels it too; and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth, the last hour hath come. I imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills! Around the couch of the dying man, weeping friends and kinsmen stand, while the minister slowly reads the holy words of promise:

"I am the resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life. And now, as the death-damp is on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs its last pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns in one full farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirit departs forever, the angels hear the pale wife whisper—"I'll meet thee—I'll meet thee in heaven!"

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MRS. GRAMMAR'S BALL.

Mrs. GRAMMAR she gave a ball
To the nine different parts of speech;
To the big and the small,
To the short and the tall.

There were pies, plums and puddings for each.

And first little Articles came,
In a hurry to make themselves known—
Fat *A*, *An* and *The*.
But none of the three,
Could stand for a minute alone.

Then Adjectives came to announce
That their dear friends the Nouns were at hand—
Rough, *Rougher* and *Roughest*,
Tough, *Tougher* and *Toughest*,
Fat, *Merry*, *Good-natured* and *Grand*.

The nouns were indeed on their way—
Ten thousand and more I should think;
For each name that we utter—
Shop, *Shoulder* and *Shutter*—
Is a Noun; *Lady*, *Lion* and *Link*.

The Pronouns were following fast
To push the Nouns out of their places;—
I, *Thou*, *You* and *Me*,
We, *They*, *He* and *She*,
With their merry, good-humored old faces.

Some cried out "Make way for the Verbs!"
A great crowd is coming in view—
To *bite* and to *smite*,
And to *fight*, and to *fight*,
To *be*, and to *have*, and to *do*.

The Adverbs attend on the verbs,
Behind them as footmen they run;
As thus: "To *fight badly*,
They run away *gladly*,"
Shows how fighting and running were done.

Prepositions came—*In*, *By* and *Near*,
With Conjunctions, a poor little band,
As "*either you or me*,
But *neither* them *nor* he"—
They held their great friends by the hand,

Then with a *Hip*, *hip*, *hurrah!*
Rushed Interjections uproarious—
"*Oh, dear! Well-a-day!*"
When they saw the display,
"*Ha! ha!*" they all shouted out, "*glorious!*"

But, alas, what misfortunes were nigh!
While the fun and the feastings pleas'd each,
There pounced in at once
A monster—a DUNCE,
And confounded the nine parts of speech!

Help, friends! to the rescue! on you
For aid Noun and Article call;—
Oh give your protection
To poor Interjection,
Verb, Adverb, Conjunction and all!

[Copy Right secured.]

VIOLET.—A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

CHAPTER IX.

Election morning, such a hubbub there is, such a running to and fro, from one room to another, such a looking at our clothes, which are spread upon the great chamber bed! Then we try on our shoes, which are generally colored, and make comparisons with each other's. I am almost too old for that now; but I really did so a little less than two years ago. I am right glad to be old enough to select my shoes; for I am heartily tired of red and tea color; I think violet or black is much prettier for a large girl.

The streets are filled with strangers from far and near. A great many men come from the cities, who are very respectable and well behaved when at home; yet when they get to Newport conduct so badly, I should be quite ashamed to recognize them as relatives. There is a great deal of intemperance at such times; and the young men imbibe quite too freely. They sometimes deck their coats, canes and hats with remnants of bright colored velvet ribbon, riding or walking and singing and hurrahing through the streets. Sometimes they stop and kiss the girls who pass them; then again they will take them up and run with them, which causes some alarm among the fair ones. Father thinks it hardly safe for us to go without him on the most public streets. When a caravan of wild animals is here, we have an additional pleasure, and most usually father takes us to see it.

Our parents say that Annie, Carrie and I may go into the country to-morrow and visit Uncle Thomas. Joy! joy! joy! won't we have a nice time. I wish all of the family could go with us, then, I think we'd have fun, bathing, walking and riding; and father and mother could explain to us what we see.

Little Ella has returned home delighted with her visit. Mrs. V. accompanied her, she kept her a little longer than she intended doing; but Ella was well contented and Mrs. V. could not bear to part with her. She said she had been made happier by the visit, and expressed her thanks very warmly. Such a hugging and kissing as we had then all round. Soon as Ella saw mother, she rushed to her, and clung to her neck, crying, "Oh mama; dear mama."

This afternoon, Ella, while looking out of the window, kept calling, "God! God! God!"

"Why Ella!" exclaimed mother, "what do you mean?"

"Why mother, Mr. Rounds is on the top of the house, and I was only calling him God, because he is so near the sky."

Dear Ella, Susie and Willie, how I hate to leave them behind!

Here we are once more in the country. How good it seems to be away from the city smoke, city smells, city duties, city splendors, city troubles and poverty, which are ever staring one in the face! There is nothing here to meet the eye but what will give pleasure, and tempt the heart to sing "God is good." Here is no haughty little girl with her cruel scorn, or any poor little thing, burdened and made languid with the Summer's heat, pining for a sight of the green grass, and woods and flowers.—The fields and woods are full of studies; and there are no tiresome examples in arithmetic, to do of a warm lovely day, while perched upon high-backed hard seats, when one is wishing to get a snuff of the pine trees. How lovely it is to enjoy such freedom, with no rules to walk by, or talk by. Here we are unfettered by customs of city or town life, with free happy hearts which are never tired, keeping time to the time of birds, and where we can warble as loud and as merrily as we please. We are begin-

ing to take full measures of our freedom without fear of being reminded; "Hush! somebody'll see you," or "some one will hear you!" With a step as lightsome as these same bounding hearts, with no smoothing of curls, change of dress, or adornment, save a sunbonnet and cape. When it is very warm, we have often no other covering for the head than nature's own, our long hair sometimes blown out by the wind, as if it were going to make a journey to the clouds, and then shading our faces as effectually as a veil would! It is very delightful to roll in among the long grass, eating strawberries or picking violets. Uncle says I may be as wild as I wish; for they mean to put some color in my cheeks before I reach home.

I love you very much, my little Journal! for you keep a great deal of my heart cozied up in your pages; and then you are just like a looking-glass, reflecting my image when I look at you. I am much like other little girls and grown people. We all love to look at our own face, even if there are disagreeable spots there. I am continually in hopes of an improvement. Perhaps I shall look more agreeable in a few years. At least the hope is very strong.

It is just the time for the darling, wee wild flowers, which are clustered in the wood, and growing on hill and dale, fresh with the morning dew, nodding their slender stems over the laughing brook where we so delight to wade. I shall keep them in my memory as I see them now every day peeping so coquettishly out to all the little children, bending gracefully forward to catch every stray sunbeam, and with it a deeper tinge of beauty.—Don't we love them.

Would you like to see how that dear little stream has been rippling and rhyming in my thoughts.—Here it is:

THE BROOK.

O I love the pretty brooklets,
Ringing out so merrily,
Joyous laughing, graceful dancing,
Talking on so cheerily.

Yes, I love the constant bable
Quickly caught by every tongue;
See them with their shining pebbles
Playing football as they run!

Pretty little baby wavelets,
Kissing fondly—sister—brother,
Happy singing, purring, hurrying,
Striving to outstrip each other;

Tell me are you never weary
Always make the white winged foam?
What impels you ever onward?
Are you looking for your home?

If ye seek your Ocean Father,
He is down by yonder shore
Do ye stretch your tiny voices,
Into mimic of his roar?

Whither, whither restless going
Can ye find no place of rest?
And they answer downward rolling—
"To our Father's faithful breast."

Hand in hand the Ocean takes them,
Leads them through his coral walls,
And the weary wavelets rest them
In their father's royal halls.

Our uncle's home is situated in a lovely valley, half a mile from the main road, which is skirted with the pleasant shade of the elm and butternut trees, with high wooded hills, green dales, and singing brooks on either side. Half a mile away in the opposite direction is the shore. From the hills we can very plainly distinguish the Atlantic waters washing gently up the side of the rocks. The pretty lambs skipping in the open fields, the sleek cattle browsing quietly, or drowsing lazily in the sun. Sometimes the turkey and the little chickens and ducks between the legs of a brood of pigs, who are enjoying their liberty to their hearts' content; the orchards, the gardens, the fields of wheat, the long grass bending gracefully to the breeze, and two or three farm houses some little distance from here, comprises the entire picture, but it is enough for us children, who are seldom quiet, and know how to find plenty to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AGITATOR.

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

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

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

CLEVELAND, O., FEBRUARY 1, 1860.

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

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

JOHN BROWN, JR.

Dear Reader—When you was reading the last Agitator we were visiting the family of John Brown Jr. A little business, a kind suggestion from a brother of Capt. Brown's and an imperative demand from our over worked brain, determined the visit.

In a cozy cottage in Dorset, Ohio, we found our friends.—The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Master John, their only child. Mr. B. is of medium size; brown hair and eyes mild and blue as the summer sky. He is quiet, but genial; he neither courts or avoids society. As he now seems he is the last man in all the world one would select for a lover of war or a leader in battle; and, if we do not greatly mistake, a terrible wrong or a cruel outrage, is all that has or ever will, call him from the quiet of his happy home. But the presence of Sharp's rifles assured us that it was not quite safe for the enemy to trespass upon his rights. These iron arguments are shockingly at war with our peace principles; but if the tiger's half brother will neither reason or respect human claims—what is to be done?

Mrs. Brown, the fortunate wife of John Jr., is a rather small blackeyed woman, possessing a large share of heroism and that rare commodity—common sense. She shared her husband's prison in Kansas, and nursed him while suffering from chains and blows. Her Kansas experience; her watchfulness and sickness; her terror of the heartless mob that burned her house, robbed and murdered a brother and imprisoned her husband, is written upon her young brow, and the sprinkles of grey in her dark hair. Their child occupied much of our time and attention. In his own language, he was tied fast to a big, ugly splint; put on by the Doctor just because he happened to fall and break his leg. We played at ball with him, exhausted our stock of stories and then listened while he read the story of "Goody Two Shoes," and the very remarkable history of the death and burial of "Cock Robin." It made little difference to him which book he read the same story from, or which side was up. He reminded us of a little girl who, to prove to us that she could read, read the Lord's prayer from the Dictionary.

How long this loving trio are to be thus united remains to be seen. The Investigating Committee in Washington are awaiting the coming of Mr. Brown. He may go; but a Virginia gallows has so few charms that there is some doubt about the matter. One, two or ten men will not be sufficient to take him from home unless he chooses to go. The citizens there about are expecting a call from Virginia and have prepared to answer it. Three hundred men have joined the Liberty League and will stand or fall together. We saw the inside of no house where revolvers or rifles were not suspended from the walls. There is no effect without a cause. The history of these revolvers date back of the Harper's Ferry or Kansas wars. These wars had a cause, and terrible has been the effect. So long as the soul is vainly asking for freedom; so long as might is right—so long as we are taxed to support the wickedest institution under heaven—just so long there will be a demand for the halter and the sword.

PASSED TO A HIGHER LIFE.

On the 16th of January Mrs. L. C. Gunn, of Perry, Lake County, Ohio, after having spent 59 years of shadow and sunshine on this beautiful Earth, passed quietly and happily to the Beter Land. But our sister is not dead,

"There is no death,
Tis only that the waiting spirit sees,
At set of sun, a stranger at the gate,
Who with the shining blooms of asphodel,
A heavenly talisman, ope's wide the portal,
And entering within the walls of flesh
A guest unbidden, rests o'er night. At morn
The Spirit wakens, sets its earthly house
In order, draws the curtains fast o'er all
Its close-shut windows, locks its doors of sense,
Then with the angel journeyeth to a house
Not made with hands, in Heaven eternal."

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

THE EDITOR has been unexpectedly called from Cleveland, which will account for the non appearance of several notices and editorials. She will soon be at her post again.

WE LEARN with regret that in some copies of the "Thinker" twenty four pages are missing. One has been returned. If other purchasers have been equally unfortunate we will furnish other books—if they were purchased at this office.

TWO THOUSAND copies of "The Footprints," by R. D. Owen have been sold weekly in New York since its publication.

REQUEST.—Please, in writing us, to leave out the titles, "Mr." "Esq.," and "Rev." They give us trouble. But give us all the initials—H. F. M. B.

WE MUST again remind our contributors that we have long communications sufficient for several months to come. Some of them have been waiting more than a year for room.

We have a series of articles upon the "Miracles and Prophecies," by S. J. Finney, which we shall publish so soon as we have room. Then we have promised a gentleman room to give his views of Mr. Finney's articles and the "other side of the Bible."

Mrs. C. M. Stow spoke in Chapin's Hall, in this city, on the 13th ult. We had not the pleasure of hearing her, but those who did, speak well of the lectures. The improvisation of the "Beggar Girl," and "Blind Boy," are said to be exceedingly fine.

Mrs. BROWN :—I learn from the Rural New Yorker, that there is a woman in the Warren County Poor House of this State, from North Carolina, who, a few years ago, manumitted twenty slaves. Can you not put in a plea for her.

M. V. E.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The author of "Speak and Listen," shall have a hearing in the next issue. We do not exactly see what right the author of that scorching article had to annihilate us so completely, and deny us the privilege of knowing his name.

"W. Samson"—A like fate is in store for for you. Wait till February 15th.

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

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

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE; A General Record of Spiritual Phenomena, published in London, Eng.

Contributors—Mr. W. Howitt, Mr. E. Rich, Judge Edmonds, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Dixon, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Mrs. Crowe, Mr. D. D. Hume, Rev. T. L. Harris, and other able Contributors. A Copy of each number for the year will be forwarded (post free), to Subscribers of 6s., paid in advance.

Communications and Books for Review may be sent to the Editor, care of Mr. T. J. Allman, 5 Camden Road, N., London.

THE PRESS; Published every Wednesday morning at Painesville, Lake county, Ohio, by John R. French. Terms—\$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS, is published twice a month, by Elias Longly, at the Book Store of A. Hutchinson, 160 Vine Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Cincinnati.

Terms—\$1 a year, always to be paid in advance; 75 cents in clubs of four or more.

THE SPIRITUAL CLARION, published by the Rev. Uriah Clark, at Auburn, appears in a new typographical dress, and wears in all respects a prosperous and vigorous appearance.

So says the Yates County Chronicle. We have not seen it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. L. SPARROW and Geo. Miller—Names and money sent to Mrs. Cridge.

MR. POND—Is all right now?

PEEPOON—We have mailed you another copy of the Thinker.

MR. A. EVANS—Thanks again. Hope the papers go safely.

The Lawrence Catastrophe.

The terrible disaster of the falling of the Pemberton Mills in Lawrence on Tuesday, the 10th of Jan., about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, by which, so many operatives lost their lives, and a great number were mutilated for life, is sad to contemplate. We have not room to give the heart-rending details; and, if we had, it would not be necessary at this time, as our readers have probably ere this perused them in the daily prints. A recapitulation in a Lawrence paper fixes the number of dead bodies recovered at 99; of missing 107; a total of 206. The same paper fixes the badly injured at 109; slightly do., 199. The building and its contents was valued at about a million of dollars.—Banner.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

Hope your offended friends on account of your Brown article, will yet be ashamed of themselves and again be your supporters. I made friends by publishing everything I could find about the old venerable hero.

I regard your publication of the Agitator as a successful vindication of woman's capacity and ability to manage her own affairs, and as a better lecture upon Woman's Rights than you could give in any other way.

B. F. D.

* * * Since I saw you at Richmond my children have had scarlet fever. I went home from Richmond "set up edgeways" with the neuralgia bad enough to kill a Hoosier, but a real live Yankee won't say die. I like Shamah very much. My husband read the book half through before he found out it was not written by a live Turk.

We all like your articles on John Brown—they are excellent.

We had Mr. Wadsworth with us on his way west. We like him well.

S.

* * * I perceive some throw up the Agitator on account of your pertinent remarks on the martyred Brown. I thought your tribute to his fame and worth the very strongest indication of your good sense and large and warm heart, of anything that ever emanated from your pen. Some call him a murderer! Slavery was murdering its thousands yearly; millions were held in the iron grasp of power, It was their right to resist that power which crushed them. By the law of self-defence they had a right to strike down their oppressors. And their friends had a moral right to help them. Nay, it is the duty of all men to help their fellow-beings to the enjoyment of all their natural rights. It is the duty of those who can to help oppressed and wronged humanity everywhere, to break the tyrant's manacles, even though the oppressor must be killed in the operation. If Brown was a murderer, then Washington, and all the noble band of heroes who have resisted legal usurpations, and laid their lives upon the altar of eternal justice, have been murderers! At the head of all the martyred heroes, whose names brighten the historic pages, like oasis green and glorious, on the dark bloody records of the world's deeds, there stands the deathless name of Brown, who died in the exercise of an unselfish duty, entirely above the appreciation or comprehension of slave drivers or their apologists. Posterity will build monuments to his fame. It is right to strike down those who rob and plunder their fellows of all rights. It would have been grand had our young men armed and demanded the lives of those heroic men at the cannon's mouth. Slavers believe in force, in the might of power, in the virtue of powder, and they are fast getting into a condition in which they will have a chance to listen to the music of its thunder.

L. C. T.

* * * Mr. Howe is a trance speaker of about one year's growth, and I can truly say he is a fast infant in the cause. I take a deep interest in assisting to keep the stone rolling that was cut out of the mountain without hands, till it shall fill the whole earth. Creeds, and constitutions, and oppression of every kind has got to be crushed under its might, and then the time will come when man and woman, each individually, will stand forth in power and beauty—stand forth each to himself and his God responsible. Woman then will not be brutalized by man—the love principle will purify him and he become positive to everything below him. So the lion and the lamb will lie down together. Already the free spirit-love of the spiritualist is rev-

olutionizing the animal kingdom—the horse, the cow, the ox, the lamb, breathe a free spirit. Man in those conditions can approach his animals in any spot or place, and fear is gone; in fact, I can tell by visiting a man's animals what his religion is without seeing him.

When man is under the fear of hell and an angry God, he frictionizes the brain of his animals and applies the rod.

I will stop, as I am called upon.

I remain yours,

A. B.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:

I love you for your brave, noble soul, and the good you are doing the world. I feel that you are doing much towards the emancipation and elevation of woman. Go on in thy glorious mission, and may God and the good spirits be with you and bless you.

December has come and reminds me that my subscription has expired. I cannot do without the Agitator, so I enclose \$1 to renew my subscription for your paper. Most gladly would I send you five or six more; but no, I cannot get even one. People are afraid of it. I did get the promise of one, but the Methodists have been holding meetings in the neighborhood, and preaching against "The religion of reason," and Spiritualism, telling them that it was a dangerous doctrine, that it was a sin "to think their own thoughts," and classing Spiritualism with Mormonism; so, of course, I lost my subscriber. Oh, when will people be free to think for themselves? How nice it is to have some one to do our thinking, to bear our transgressions. Pity we couldn't eat, drink and sleep by proxy. Oh, that we had some good reform lecturer in these parts, to agitate the great "sea of thought." But, perhaps, the time has not yet arrived for the promulgation of free thought, and glorious reform in this place. Progression and development, you know, must necessarily be slow. That is according to nature. So I think it will be some time before there will be much reform in these parts. Orthodoxy takes universal sway. I have felt almost alone in this great work of reform, without the strengthening influences of those engaged in the same cause.

Although most of our family are quite reformatory, yet they don't know about this Spiritualism, and don't like to have the name of Spiritualist attached.

M. L. D.

After seating myself alone in silent meditation, my thoughts took their flight retrospective present and future. At length they became concentrated on you. Not knowing that an opportunity may ever occur of a personal interview, I feel somewhat disposed to communicate a few words in writing. I hope these lines may find you in health and prosperity, strong in the perseverance of the truths you advocate. I like the Agitator very much. I like Mr. Finney's bold and decided stand in promulgating truth and exposing error. If there were more such writers I think humanity would rise in a higher scale of progression.

May the powers above assist you to plead the cause of suffering humanity, to plead the cause of the slave, not only the chattel slave, but of woman and her offspring.

I read an article entitled "Woman's View of Woman." I do not view the rights of woman in so narrow a sphere. She has long been crushed, and from the customs of the past, anticipates but little from the future. I hope the day is not far distant when she will rise in the power of her might, not with sword and bayonet, but the weapons of love and reason; unfurl her banner to the breeze with an inscription—"Equal Rights."

Right of speech, rights of person and property, a right to act in every capacity nature hath designed for her.

According to the course of nature I have lived more than half my days, and I must say the three last have been my happiest years, because my views have been more expanded. Until that period I was too much bound up in self; it made me unhappy, although I endeavored to live what seemed an upright life.

My inward monitor hath taught me to be to all a friend and sister. If all would do so it would bring the world relief.

H. M.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 3, 1860.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN:

Madam:—Enclosed please find two dollars, for which you will please send two copies of A. J. Davis' last work—"The Thinker."

Thinkers are scarce in this city. It is much easier to tread in old beaten paths of thought than to strike out a new track. This is a very decidedly old fogy place—thick theological darkness prevails and about thirty old orthodox reverends are daily varnishing up old divinity trying to preserve it intact.

J.

Extract from a letter from Mrs. Cochran, a Missionary in Persia:

* * * We are disappointed in regard to a Teacher. You have all done what you can, and our hearts thank you. We appreciate the difficulty in the minds of the Committee, and would be very thankful to have a young lady come simply as a children's Teacher. From Dr. Anderson's letter we infer, however, that for such a one we must make another application—so we cannot hope for one, if at all, in less than a year from this time, as other specifications are required. So we conclude to drop the subject.

I feel very much like sitting down and having a good cry over it. But I think I had better be thankful for the degree of health that is mine at present, and take care of my children as well as I can.

If I could only run in and spend the evening with you, I could tell you so much better just how much we need a school—a regular school for our children. I sit down with the children every morning, directly after prayers, I hear Mary and Caty read a chapter in the Bible in English and in Syriac—have them learn a verse or two of their Sabbath lesson—then hear them spell, read History and sometimes a chapter in some other book. At 10 o'clock they practice music—at 11, study Geography and Arithmetic with their father; and in the afternoon write in their Journal. Just now Miss Rice of Oroomiah is up here four days in a week which gives them some additional privileges in the way of drawing, writing and exercises in singing. Now all this looks well. Were I to say nothing more you would be led to suppose that we were very devoted parents, and our children must be making steady progress; but you must look at the other side of the picture. I try to let nothing prevent my setting aside my household duties till ten, in the morning. But this neighbor and that comes in, in the midst of our reading exercises. I must stop though I had shut myself up in the bed-room, hoping to be safe during the well known hours to be devoted to the children. Alone again—the children have lost their places and become impatient at the interruption. We again commence—when a knock at the door calls me to attend to fruit brought to be spread on the roof for drying for myself or for the school—wood, too, is brought for the school. "Will Mrs. C. give the key for storing it?" While I am gone to attend to these calls, the children can't resist the temptation to

run and look at the fruit too. I cast a troubled glance at the clock and begin once more, when Josie bursts into the room, saying that Theodore is sitting on the baby and making her cry! This adjusted—Josie wants "one strong string, to draw my sled, twill take you only one minute!" I now bring Theodore into my room hoping for quiet, for the remaining half hour—vain hope! I look up and Theodore has pulled off the cover from the bureau, and with it, the inkstand. The cloth and carpet demand immediate attention. I look to see if Khatoon, the nurse, is taking care of the baby properly, as I am well aware that she is not as much to be trusted as one of my little children—she is missing, and I find that she has carried the child out in the hot sun and must get her in a quickly as possible. I now look at the clock and see 'tis time for them to go to their music, and send them to their father. I take a long breath, for this two hours is very wearing, trying so hard to do some thing and making very little progress. I sigh, too—for my poor children seem daily taking lessons in irregularity and a total disregard of all rules of steady, close application.

This is a pretty fair specimen of my mornings efforts for my children. Occasionally I rejoice in a morning without interruption to speak of. Sometimes my interreptions come from sick persons who ask for medicine—or a strong reason is brought for my making out the lining of some garment for a person who says I have showed a similar kindness; or, will I give a spoonfull, (which means a cup-full) of molasses for a sick sheep; or, a lump of sugar for a sore eye.

Now, I might seat all these applicants in my dining room, where, true to the habits of these orientals, they would wait two hours for me; but I know full well, that if I did so, my dinner table might be minus a napkin or a spoon, fork or knife, for this people are well known thieves.

I must now look after household matters, and teach Judith and Josie a little. With dismay I see natives, who I know must be attended too; preachers returned from tours, whose journals must be read. Young men who have brought sermons for Mr. C. to dissect, and who must return the same day to their villages, passing up to the study, where, I have no doubt, the children will find enough to listen to, without looking at their books. I have not told you all this to complain. We have more mercies than trials, more joys than sorrows. As I said above, we quietly let the matter of an assistant Teacher drop; but the tears will drop too, when I think how our dear Mr. Perkins labored in his weakness, to accomplish our wishes. I saw Mr. C., too, was very much affected when he read your letter.

Dear friends, I love you all more than ever, and I feel that twould make me young again, once more to see your faces; but I do not wish to return home yet. I can't feel that 'twould be right. When I resolved to be a missionary, it was for *life*. I began my married life by leaving my home and friends and in seeking to interest my self in the wants of a strange people. The friends of my youth have changed, grown old and passed away. I should be looked upon as a stranger, after an absence of more than twelve years, were I to return to my native land, save by a precious little band, whose words of remembrance and encouragement, coming to us from their far off homes, cheer us and lighten the trials incident to the life of a missionary.

We cannot do without the Agitator with its cheering word of Hope for humanity, and especially woman, in her thralldom. I hope the Agitator may never cease its work till all shall be free.

S. R.

MY RELIGION.

BY CORA WILBURN.

ARTICLE III.

COMPENSATION OF MEDIUMS.

Much has been said and written on this subject. The disinterested and noble-minded among us, pursue "the even tenor of their way" undisturbed by the croakings of envy, or the denunciations of opponents. The sordid and the mercenary pursue *their* way, counting exultingly the pieces of gold and silver received in exchange for so much of God's spiritual Truths. I have met with both classes. I know men, who gratefully accept whatever the friends of Truth are able and willing to bestow; whose faith is so large, whose benevolence is so exalted, their chief aim is to give of their glowing inspirations unto all, regardless of time and the fatigues of traveling, the exertions of addressing large audiences. "To do good," is their motto, and nobly, almost too unselfishly, they obey the angel's mandates. I know women, inspired by wise and high intelligences, forsaking the comforts of home, denying to themselves the heart's best joys of family reunion, enduring the oppositions, denunciations and harshness of the world; traveling from city to city, from State to State; intent upon the bestowal of those rare spiritual gifts that have embellished their lives and brought Heaven itself unto their souls. Asking no price, yet ever sustained by spirit aids, and appreciative human hearts, these ministering women dispense of the bread of life unto the starving multitude.

But, I know others, demanding in set terms, so many dollars in exchange for the truths entrusted to their keeping; demanding it, too, of towns and communities who cannot afford the luxury. It is acknowledged by all the mediums who have visited Philadelphia, that speakers are well remunerated for their services. The people can afford it, and they are liberal and hospitable toward their mediums. Boston and New York, and all large cities can afford to pay well, and I believe they do. It is just and right that they should do so; that there should be a fixed and fair price given to those who come from a distance, leaving home and kindred to minister unto their spiritual needs. But, where a small town or village implores their coming, is it a just return for the inspirations so broadly and freely given, to say: "My services for a lecture are worth so many dollars; that is my price, I will not take less?" Is there no account taken by mediums of the responsibility laid upon them? A single lecture may awaken thought, and lead hundreds out of the miry ground of creeds, into the beautiful plains of free and expansive enquiry. A single lecture may save dozens of tempted souls from transgression; may teach them the bearings of natural law upon the spirit; may bring to mourning hearts the convictions of immortality. Is there no reward in this? And is it just in a spiritual Medium, one who can be a consoling messenger of the Most High unto many, is it right in those who most loudly denounce the mercenariness of the clergy, and the inability of creeds to sustain and console the afflicted, to receive pay for attending a funeral, for speaking from the recently departed to the newly bereaved hearts? In the name of the God of Justice! in the presence of the inspiring spirit world's, is this right?

No minister, I have been told, ever receives a compensation for reading the Church services over the departed. And this is our boasted advancement? our spiritual freedom from worldly and churchly fetters? This the example of our pure and beautiful faith? The sorrowing hearts panting for communion with the beloved, yearning for a glimpse of that glorious Immortality that Spiritualism brings so near—to be harrowed with a demand for money at such a time!

Justice and fellow-feeling would demand the payment of the traveling expenses, to and from the funeral. No more; aught else is an imposition upon the public; a fraudulent claim attached to the holy standard of our free and beautiful religion.

The true expounders of spirit-life and its teachings will say to the remote towns and obscure villages, as yet unblest with the fullness of spiritual light, that has been dispensed elsewhere: "Give us what you can afford; we have physical bodies that must be cared for; endeavor to pay us our expenses; permit us to rest beneath your humble roofs, and if you can give aught besides, it will be thankfully received. If not, we will still do our duty, and give unto you, even as the spirit world has given unto us."

The healing mediums, fully entitled as they are in their laborious career to the pay usually demanded, should yet make some exception to the rule, when those unblest by worldly prosperity apply to them for aid. And the exorbitant prices demanded by some for the medicines they prepare, should be lowered for the benefit of God's children, the poor.

It is my impression, that every healing and test medium in the land, whether stationed at home or traveling, should set apart *one afternoon of each week*, for the gratuitous treatment, and for the benefit of God's unmoneyed ones. The number of applicants can be limited, so as to cause no undue encroachments; and every successful clairvoyant medium, can without injury to their pockets, always set aside a few bottles of medicine, and afford a few manifestations to the needy; and be as well off, at the end of the year, as those who do not follow this plan.

Time is certainly worth its equivalent in money; and the wealthy should be taxed according to the time they occupy; nay, they should understand that it is fair and just for them to pay well. No liberal man or woman will shrink from this proposition; and the hard-working man, and toiling woman, no more would be compelled to say: "I cannot afford to go to a medium, for I have not the dollar to spare; but I do so long for an examination of my complaint, or for a message from the spirit world."

The love of the Beautiful is inherent in many souls; especially in the breast of woman it is a cherished guest. And this is laudable and natural; but fashion and extravagance in dress, and needless ornamenting are no true portion of this spiritual faculty. It is natural for woman to love that in dress which is becoming, to wear the colors that harmonize best with her complexion, to seek in the outward adorning for the souls' expression of the beautiful and the poetic. But in order to do this, the costliest fabrics are not strictly needed, and a quantity of jewelry can very well be dispensed with. In the color and adaptation of the style of dress, in the arrangement of the hair, in simple elegance and poetic choice of a little ornament, all this can be satisfactorily complied with, to the delight of public audiences and to the wearers entire contentment. And evading thus the charge of extravagance, the higher requirements of benevolence can be complied with, and the spiritual injunctions of charity fulfilled.

Superabundant ornamentation, diamonds and much jewelry are out of place upon the persons of our public teachers. If they are the recipients of costly trinkets, let them be kept for the display of the concert room or the fashionable or private assembly. Let us not be shocked by the glitter of precious stones and the shimmer of costly dresses on the spiritual platform; they sit with ill grace upon the persons of reformers. The followers and expounders of the lowly Jesus, should not parade this worldly show of splendor, while speaking elo-

quently of the miseries of the poor, and of the duties of self denial. The spiritual insight of many discerns the spiritual riches of heart and mind; if there be no precious ore within the soul-realm, vain will be the exterior attraction. Think, too, ye who have risen from obscure stations to the places of high renown, through spirit influences; and ye, too, who have never known the pains of poverty; think of the wretched families that could be relieved from want and cold, by the sale of one glittering bauble. Think you the world, and spirit hosts would appreciate you less in a simple dress? Must the path of reform be strewn with life's luxuries, and no sacrifices brought by mediums to the altars of truth?

What woman's heart should falter in the choice, between a glistening chain or bracelet, or the thankful heaven-ascending joy of the famished and the shivering; whose spiritual progress dates from that act of sacrifice to duty? The true lady will win all due respect, whatever her outer garb; for the native refinement of soul will speak in every fold, and grace and poetry unconsciously assert their sway. But, in order to dress and spend extravagantly, in order to hoard and keep money, it becomes necessary to demand exorbitant prices; and thus many aspiring communities, many waiting and spiritually prepared households, are deprived of further advancement for the time.

The large cities have done no small injury to our mediums, by the round of festivities, the adoration and gifts there lavished upon them. And young and middle aged heads have been almost unsettled by flattery; by a homage, often well-meant and sincere, but very fatal to the object of all this idolatry. The result is with some, an assumption of aristocratic sentiment, a fullness of spiritual pride and worldly vanity, as ridiculous as it is deplorable. They will at length only go into "select society," attend "select circles," associate with "upper ten-

dom. Now, in the name of Spiritualism and common sense—who are the select? The broadcloth and velvet covered ones? The diamond studded and courtly spoken ones? Are all the well clad people who recline on damask and embroidered cushions, are they of the undisputed aristocracy of mind?—Do the Honorables and applauded ones of society, belong to the Legion of Honor of celestial nomination? Who, then, are the "select" of earth? This nonsense is more than revolting when repeated by spiritual mediums. True Spiritualists deny the outer distinction of clothing, fine surroundings and caste. Heart and soul stamp the nobility of God; intellect is wealth; and above all treasures, Love is the most valued in the Father's sight.

The affectation of superiority assumed by some, is simply ridiculous to a mind imbued with higher views of duty, and a fuller knowledge of the world. The same men and women, now so courted, feasted, flattered and caressed by public acclamation, and private homage would, if deprived to-morrow of the spiritual gifts that form their chief attraction, be disregarded and passed by in silence, by the now adoring multitude. A poor seamstress with soul as elevated as that of some of our spiritual teachers, would be looked upon with contempt by many who flock around the favored medium with smiles and kind attentions. There are obscure lives filled with the sweetest poetry of action; there are thinkers unknown to the great world; and heroes in humble stations; martyr-women whom the angels crown triumphantly, all these unknown to Fame; shall they not rest upon the mind-thrones of the future, and wear the white robes of purification in the land that knows no outward distinctions; that often chooses its royalty among the uncared for ones of earth?

The praise of a chosen and tried friend is balm

to the soul; the kindly greetings from the hearts, our ministrations have reached and touched with healing, are sweetest offerings of love. The welcome clasp of hands imbued with heart-warmth; the "God bless you!" of the aged; the beaming appreciation of countenance, the smile of girlhood, the farewell token of affection—all these are beautiful compensations that strew with flowers the oft thorny path of the reformer, the medium.

But, the applause of the multitude, encouraging as its outbursts of enthusiasm are, is it reliable, safe and sheltering, as the tried hearts of the "few chosen" ones? There is much competition for fame and worldly honor; there is none for sacred friendship, silent appreciation.

I speak of what I know, because Truth demands and prompts the utterance. Some of our most favored mediums, those who do not make a barter of God's truths for gold, who have not forsaken humbler employments, for the privileges and many compensations of mediumship, some who have been born in comparative affluence and reared in luxury, always by the refinements of life and intellectual society, these true men and women, are accessible to all. Their council, their pecuniary aid, their beautiful influence, is cheerfully given to the lowest seeker for truth. They will spend hours of their most valuable time ministering to the poor, the ignorant, the sick, leaving the indelible impression on the hearts they thus encounter, that Spiritualism to have such blessed expounders, must be true, indeed.

There are, thank God! assembled in the ranks now battling for Truth and righteousness, men so wedded to the soul's most angelic duties, that all the allurements of earth would fail to make them descend one step from the gained summit of their worth—no, not for the earth's kingdoms! There are women, so good, so pure, so bold and true, the very angels of attendant wisdom speak to us through their inspired lips; these, leave a glory whereso'er they go; a felt and radiating influence marks their labors; they are the blest of God!

Others there are, by spirit favor led from obscurest lives of toil and poverty, unto the broad noonday glare of public life; who, amid the festivities and adulations of the world forget their former humble station; render themselves inaccessible to the poor, and take to themselves all that life presents of ease and luxury without a thought for suffering humanity, without one effort in self-denial or humility. The changes that a few years of worldly prosperity bring about, are too clearly discernible in the manner and actions of some mediums.

U. Clark, of the Spiritual Clarion, has an article in his paper of November 3d, entitled "Idolatry for Mediums and Lecturers." Most fully do I endorse his practical, spiritual and benevolent views, and will quote a remark he makes upon that article: "We hope nobody will consider us personal—unless they feel like it!" And I will take the liberty to make a few remarks regarding myself.

For eleven years I have lived in the city of Brotherly Love; seven years ago I embraced Spiritualism; I grew with its growth, learned more and more of its beauties and sublime and humanitarian tendencies, as it matured, and I could appreciate its mandates. Seven years ago I was a Spiritualist; my soul aspired and sought its God; my heart yearned for affection and friendship; I sought the truth, I lived to do right. Thanks to the guidance of my spirit-friends! thanks to trial and discipline, I learn each day, each week, each month, each year. Thanks to the inspired revelators of the present! for through them, I have learned much of Heaven and duty; they have strengthened and encouraged me.

Now, many throng around me; praises real and unmeaning fall thickly on my ear. My penned thoughts and impressions are lauded; I am called one of the privileged ones of this age of unfoldment. Seven years ago, none praised me, none caressed, no one flattered. I was a toiler at my needle, then, and aristocratic Spiritualism knew me not. And yet, I could lay claim to most of the attributes of lady-hood. I had been a dweller of sunny southern climes, unaccustomed to labor of any kind; an only child, and a spoiled one. Worldly reverses made of me, (for my soul's good) one of the sisterhood of toil. Who acknowledged me? Who invited me to their luxurious homes? Who aided me in my investigations of my own soul's destiny? Humanity did not, but God and his ministering spirits did.

And, when my guiding angels bade me give my impressions to the world, had I not to struggle with that world's coldness, with friendlessness and the lukewarm? As a laborer with the few, acknowledged and respected as a toiler at the equally honorable needle, disregarded and uncared for! I know the value of public acclamation. I do not blame the world for its homage to wealth and genius and novelty. Mankind has a natural tendency to venerate, and until developed enough to venerate goodness and Truth, they will continue to worship their own-made idols. But I disclaim the worship as unworthy of bestowal or acceptance.

I could not lay aside my dignity of soul, my inborn sense of what was due to me from my brothers and my sister's heart, even amid the gloomiest surroundings of poverty and toil. I cannot forget that I have lived as only the tried and God-sustained can live, with only my dog for company. I do not choose to forget it; for by the memory of these dark days, my sympathies are quickened; the fountains of human pity are unsealed, and I can feel and live and strive, for my neglected brother, my toiling, suffering sister. I speak of the past without regret; for it was a necessary discipline, a beautiful chastening, out of which I have emerged free, brave and strong! I speak of the indolent, dreamy travel-days of my youth, without pride; I recall my days of semi-starvation and needle drudgery without false humility. I have no sorrow for by-gones; only radiant glorious hope for the future! But I do not bury the unpleasantness of the past, and wrap around me an aristocratic mantle of forgetfulness. I thank my loving God for all things! The spirit of humility is beautiful in all; but most lovely and becoming in a Spiritual Medium. And humility leads to Justice.

I know that the dear public often impose fearfully upon the time, strength and patience of Mediums. I know that some seekers after spiritual knowledge will occupy hours, exhaust the medium's life-powers, then leave with a "thank you." In self-defence it becomes necessary, repugnant as it is to the feelings of a truly Spiritual Medium, to have a price. It is just and proper, for all who can afford it. But there should be some consideration taken of the circumstances of the applicant, which observation and impression will not fail to give. Charge the humble classes less, and to the poor give freely; and you will find yourselves a little farther advanced in the possession of the currency of Heaven, if not in earthly coin.

A Medium truly fulfilling all his or her allotted duties, has as much labor to perform as any ordinary mortal can possibly achieve within the twenty-four hours. Traveling mediums undergo much fatigue, many inconveniences; most of them have necessarily a lengthy correspondence; their letters are as welcome as their lectures to their friends; some speak during the week as well as Sundays.—

Company pours in upon them; even those who disdain the rounds of visiting and the lionizing at evening parties, must receive the enquirers, the acquaintances, the opponents, the curiosity-struck. They have little time for rest. A test or healing medium's time is fully taken up; often their physical energies are exhausted, their nerves unstrung by their contact with disease, or antagonistic minds. It needs faith in the Supreme, hope in the good of their mission, and seasons of repose for the physical to sustain them in so laborious a profession. Therefore, it is cruel and unreasoning to demand that a medium shall follow some other business, as I have heard persons say, Does the physician ever practice law? or the merchant apply himself to the examination of the sick? Let us be just; one kind of calling, honestly and industriously followed, is all that can be demanded of the energies of man or woman.

Blessings innumerable have come to earth by mediumship; imitation and deception cannot long uphold their disguises by its side. That there are impostors among us, no truthful mind will deny; that the love of gold has bred deception and trickery, we know too well. But all these gamblers will be revealed in time, and their names pass into oblivion; while the truth and beauty, the ennobling uses of true mediumship, will be appreciated even by those who now deny their existence.

I hope and pray to see the time when the Truths of Spiritualism will no more be bartered like the sermons we have grown weary of, bartered for money and fine clothes. I hope to see those blest with the gift of mediumship refusing compensation at funerals; and while in justice and duty to themselves, they receive, where it can be afforded, an equivalent for their time and labors, they will cease to bargain for the exchange of spiritual gifts for money.

WARREN CHASE in writing to the Banner of Light says:

In this city I met my old and esteemed friend, Mrs. Frances H. Green, one of the early pioneers and earnest defenders of the modern spiritual philosophy of death unto life, and life after death, and long a medium for impression and intercourse with spirits. For several years past she has been greatly exercised and much occupied with the nature of, and remedies for, diseases of the body which render it an unsuitable house for the spirit: and through her have already directed and prepared a series of electro-magnetic remedies, such as the girdle, the cough-cure, the plaster, the viricine, the elixir, &c. by which many remarkable cures have been effected, some of which have been published in a circular, and concerning which more will be said in a book soon to be published by Mrs. Eliza J. Hall, M. D., now associated with her, and a thorough student and successful medical practitioner, who will set forth the science of these remedies in her book, entitled, "Attraction the Fundamental Principle of the Universe." I am glad they are soon to open an establishment in Providence, where the proper and scientific application of these newly revealed remedies will be made to patients who need and come for them. I have already seen much of the power of our friends in the other life applied to the cure of physical, as well as moral and religious diseases in this; and I have full assurances and good reason to expect more remedies and more as the cause progresses; and I see plainly one of the steps of progress in these persons and this movement. For further particulars the friends can address Francis H. Green or Eliza J. Hall, M. D. box 446 Providence, R. I.

Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle power—the never-halting time—
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.

It grieves me to the soul
To see how man submits to man's control;
How overpowered and shackled minds are led
In vulgar tracks, and to submission bred.

CRABBE.

GRAVE-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HASEF.

At the churchyard's gloomy portals
Pain and Sorrow quiet stand,
Entering not the holy places
With the blessed spirit band,
Where, the day's heat at an end,
Rests in quiet peace our friend.

Up to Heaven's cloudy portals
Springs the Spirit, freed from clay,
Far from pain, new-born in glory.
Up it mounts the starry way;
Yet before each holy hill
Grief and Pain are standing still.

Longing love its tears is shedding
On the mound where he doth rest,
Yet one breath from those blest regions
Fills with newer strength the breast.
Not into the dark tomb, down—
Upward our friend's course leads on.

Therefore, upon Song's strong pinions,
Let us mount to him above,
Upward to the blessed chorus
Send our tones of mourning love,
Our last greeting up to bear
To him in that holy air.

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