

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. 47.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LETTERS.

Letters from my father's household,
Isled amid the sounding sea;
Swift-winged messengers of gladness,
Bearing rest and peace to me;
Father's calm and sacred counsel,
Mother's large and shining tears;
And my sister's brimming blessings
Flung to me across the spheres.

O! the dear and loving letters!
O! my childhood's thronging dreams!
O! the ancient, low-roofed cottage,
With its quaint old oaken beams!
O! the haunts among the meadows,
And the moss-crowned garden-seat
Where the scented apple-blossoms
Swept in waves about my feet.

And I sit and muse upon it
Till I seem to see it all:
See the rich grapes' purple clusters
Drooping from the leafy wall;
See the mellow peach a-ripening,
Breathe the breath of blessed flowers,
Watch the steady house-clock marking
All the pulses of the hours.

Father's hair is growing whiter,
Mother's step is feebler now;
But the old seraphic beauty
Lingers yet on her meek brow,
And the low sweet tones that thrilled me,
And the lips I used to press,
O, the years can never win them
From their holy tenderness.

And the flashing eyes of laughter,
And the speech of merry scorn,
And the rippling auburn ringlets
Of our household's youngest-born—
Very gently these have deepened
To the glory and the grace
Of a tranquil maiden, moving
Thoughtfully amid the place.

Letters from my father's household
Isled amid the sounding sea;
Swift-winged messengers of gladness,
Bearing rest and peace to me;
Let the foaming world roar onward—
Let the sinless children play,
And the young bride clasp her husband:
I am wealthiest to-day.

RICHARD REALF.

PRAYER.

Lo, what is prayer, who can define it?
Or who can plot or draw its chart?
Or who can limit or confine it?
Or demonstrate it or design it
In every part!

To know its order, hear the dove,
Or listen to the singing birds,
Whose songs of praise, and notes of love
Or aspirations soar above
Mere formal words.

The angels cried, "behold he prays,"
When Saul exclaimed, "what shall I do,"
So would they cry in modern days,
Should modern Sauls improve their ways,
For something new.

As harmony and life extends,
From every rill to every flower,
E'en so should mortals live like friends,
Praying for light till light descends,
With sovereign power.

Our faith's in all, in all as one,
And so indeed is all our hope,
We love to pray, "thy will be done,"
Because it will, by every son
And daughter, when they learn to run
Without a Pope.

B. D.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

HOW ARE WE TO REGARD THE SCRIPTURES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT? HOW ARE WE TO VIEW CHRIST?

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. RAU.

TRANSLATED FOR THE AGITATOR BY PROF. M. DURAIS.

As the result of our investigations into the origin and character of the New Testament scriptures, we are obliged to confess that our expectation of deriving from them, either a clear and reliable portrait of the historical Christ, or a plain and intelligible view of his doctrines, is altogether delusive. To hope to discern in them any trace of a direct revelation, unmixed with human error, is out of the question. On the contrary, it is plain to every rational mind, that the glory of the great Nazarene, as manifested in the loveliness of his character, as well as in the sublimity and moral grandeur of his precepts, was greatly obscured, and even disfigured, by the agency of the Apostles and Evangelists themselves, and of their immediate successors. These teachers were, in truth, and during life continued, *liable to error*, and though cherishing the noblest and purest aims, were as truly subject to the influences of education, to the philosophy and degree of culture prevailing in their day, as are we to the philosophy and modes of thought current in ours.

It is confessed, indeed, that until after the death of their master, the disciples had completely misunderstood him. "Their whole hearts were devoted to him; but notwithstanding this devotion, their intellectual capacity was too limited to follow him on those heights of knowledge, from which his lofty spirit contemplated things divine and human." When, however, a just apprehension of the mission of Jesus had dawned upon them, and animated by the true spirit of Christ, they felt themselves impelled by an energy more than human, they gradually penetrated the real meaning of his doctrines, and proclaimed them to all the world in unadorned simplicity, and with utmost plainness of speech. And in this simplicity and sincerity lay the secret of the speedy progress and victorious successes of early Christianity—an illustration of which we have in the Acts of the Apostles.

When, however, with the lapse of time, the apostles and disciples, while struggling in defense of Christianity, became involved in a contest with the philosophy of the heathen and the dogmatism of the Jews—and when this conflict compelled them to promulgate, in antagonism to systems of philosophy and those dogmas, their own peculiar doctrines and rules of faith, or to give their assent to old and erroneous opinions, or even to glean tortured proof-texts from the Old Testament, to overcome the popular repugnance to a crucified Messiah—then pure Christianity became defiled, and a door was opened to corruption. It was necessary, in this state of things, that much of Judaism, and many

a heathen error, should creep in without the knowledge of the devoted preachers of the new religion; it could not but happen that the apostles should frequently contradict themselves, and disagree with their fellows, and even with the fundamental views of their master; and that heathen and Jewish Christians should introduce their respective prejudices and peculiar customs; especially as the learned now began to interest themselves in the faith, and the writings of the New Testament began to be written, to extend and confirm it—the contents of which naturally assumed the spiritual coloring which characterized the writer. The author of a very excellent work, ("The Future of Christianity,") upon this point, remarks:

"The New Testament, as we now find it, is a confused mass of narratives, speculations and doctrines, which were intended to be *christian*, and all of which are pervaded with something of the christian spirit. But the thoughts and principles through which Christianity obtained power, and vanquished the world are not clearly brought to view, but are construed by individuals, according to every one's culture and intellectual capacity, and are, therefore, essentially modified and changed. The best proof of the originality and purity of that which lies at the foundation of these books, is to be found in the fact that in several writers, the inconsistencies are of such a peculiar character, that along with misapprehensions we often meet with a spiritual doctrine of the utmost significance—in connection with views purely Jewish, we find those which are purely Christian—and that in company with the most sensuous symbols and the most fanatical conceptions, profound and spiritual thoughts often occur in the same writer, and are often, in the same breath, attributed to Jesus."

If this is truly the character of the New Testament scriptures—if we are able to find in them the pure beams of Christ's teachings, only as they are diffracted in manifold lights and shades—if not merely curiosity, not merely a longing for more accurate knowledge of him whose glory struggles forth to us from those writings, only in fitful and uncertain gleams—but the behests of duty, impel us to examine the grounds of our faith—what then remains for us to do?

We are to beware of subjecting our minds to old books, which originated as other books originate—rather, as thinking and responsible beings, we are to take a position, warranted by reason and science, above and beyond those works, and all sects and parties which either idolize or undervalue them.

* * * * *

"For the thinker, the poet, the historian, and for all of us who are conscious of the divine, it will ever be one of the most difficult problems to recognize Christ as he really was. No one, however, can show us to be in error, when we prove from those writings that Christ introduced humanity to

the true kingdom of God—that of Love and Freedom—in the clear consciousness *that he was himself not God, but that God wrought within him.* For one thing is apparent throughout the Gospels that Christ was continually misunderstood by his friends and disciples."

And so it is our duty, as we have already remarked, to disregard the prejudices and errors occurring in the New Testament, and from the *general impression* derived from it, feel our way to a knowledge of the real Christ, who, *although a man like ourselves*, still after the lapse of centuries, stands so high in his moral grandeur and beauty, as to shine down upon all his fellow-men like a glorious sun.

Proceeding in this way, we shall soon discover that in the conviction that *Christ was a man*, we make an infinite gain. Since, for a God, it were a degrading, childish game to lead a pure, moral life, because "it is impossible for God to sin"; since, for a God, that fullness of wisdom which the Master displayed, together with his virtues, would be trifling and insignificant exhibitions of his excellence—the very idea of God involving the perfection of wisdom and goodness; since for a God to suffer and die before men could only be a deceptive illusion—as God can neither suffer nor die. As a God, Christ would forever remain at an unapproachable remove from us, and it would be ridiculous for him to desire to be like us—for God is perfect, and the mortal is ever an imperfect child of the dust.

But if, in our hearts, we have grown into affinity with Christ as a man, we cannot but feel his purity of soul, and admire and revere his moral grandeur. Then shall we bow in deep and humble veneration before him, the gentle sufferer, the bold and untiried reformer, who with joy yields up his life for the truth!—the sublime soul who, amid indescribable sufferings, forgives his murderers! that divine spirit who, rising far above his age, proclaimed the world's thought of "*freedom through love*," and lived it out, and thus laid the corner-stone for a universal religion.

We must, therefore, regard him as having apprehended the true genius of the old Jewish religion—the idea of the old covenant—the *union of humanity with God*, and as having aimed at its development by freeing the mind from the bondage of superstition, and the introduction into human life of a perfect morality.

Christ has, therefore, *redeemed* men (not from hereditary sin, but) from a dead *bondage to the letter, from superstition, from a servile fear of God, and immorality of life.* He has, however, wrought this redemption, not through his death—for he gave his life in token of his conviction of the truth of his teachings—but precisely through the supreme excellence of those teachings.

In this sense, likewise, Christ carried out the final aim of Judaism; and in this sense was Jesus of Nazareth a Messiah, and might justly regard himself as such, and as a redeemer and saviour of men. And by proclaiming the union of man with God, through spiritual freedom, he proved himself also God's most glorious child, a true Son of the Father, and hence the crown of his doctrines is, "that the very being of humanity consists in its unity with God in love and liberty!"

YOUNG PHILOSOPHY.—A little girl showing her little cousin, (a boy about four years of age,) a star said:

"That star you see up there is bigger than this world."

Says he, "no it ain't."

"Yeas 'it is."

"Then why dont it keep the rain off?" said the little fellow.

MY RELIGION.

BY CORA WILBURN.

ARTICLE IV.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

The teachings of Spiritualism as proved by their effects, are divinely regenerative and world-wide in their application. They contain the commandments of reason, justice, health and purity. They bring the laws that govern and sustain the universe beneath our mental vision; and the enfranchised soul, freed from the darkening veil of creed-forms and popular superstitions, beholds the glory of its God revealed. Life is made earnest, holy and beautiful—for it is eternal. The capacities, affections, genius and aspirations of earth's children, point to a progressive destiny. Spiritualism fulfills the prophecy of the poet, the desire of the glowing artist-soul, the desire of the minstrel's heart. Its revelations place before us the gorgeous map of the future life, and on every mountain of ascension, in every valley of rest, in this and in all lives, we hear the voices of the soul's noblest ambition, calling us forever onward and beyond!

There is perfect rest in this sublime yet simple faith of ours, for we know that not an aspiration strives within the soul but has its answering inspirational return; we know that the slumbering energies, the seeking love, the thirsting after knowledge, the vague glimpses of home, and peace, and joy eternal, are all stray gleams of divine illumination seeking expression, action, freedom, power, even within this encasement of mortality!

The strivings of the poet-soul to utter its heavenly messages, the half-struck chord of some ecstatic hymn unheard before, the glimmering in the distance as of a silver star reflected on the quiet bosom of some magic lake, the mysterious messages of wind and wave, the half-formed thoughts of a beatific state, the enwrap sense of loveful awe, the glow and tremor of inspirations, the half-heard murmurs of a spirit-voice, the passing touch of blessed hands, the sudden uprisings of hallowed memory with a gush of tears, the unconscious outburst of more than child-like gladness—what are all these, oh, child of God, but revelations from the inner and upper world of beauty? They are thy guarantees of immortality!

Blessed Spiritualism! so beautifully illustrating the devious paths of life, so gloriously illumining the thorny way of duty, so divinely vindicating the loving Father's laws. Through thy ministrations every trial is sanctified by a use divine, every sorrow acknowledged as a means of purification; the certainty of re-union allays the anguish of bereavement. Affection is consecrated by the soul's divinest sanction. Pain is no more the scourge of a suffering humanity, sent to afflict by an arbitrary decree of God—it is the warning angel, guarding the immutable laws of being, the teacher and restorer of the world.

There is no lasting sorrow in the bosom of the true Spiritualist; there is no compromise with perversion, no parleying with forms of wrong; whether they are world-enthroned, legalized, or veiled by religious or social sophistries, the eye of truth perceives them as hideous skeletons, luring mockeries, delusive fascinations, fettering evils.

I protest, in the name of conscience, truth and honor, for the love of God and the Christ principle, against all forms of slavery, against the sale of my black brother and sister, and their subjection to unholy bondage; against the education and sale of maidens for the marriage altar; against the tyranny of unjust laws; and against the slavery of labor, as it is enjoined in our northern cities, in our factories, in our households; against the monstrous systems of extortion practised by the aristocratic drones of our land toward the defenseless poor; the

hard-heartedness of landlords, the tasking of the wretched seamstress, the burdening of orphans and widows with the double weight of humiliation and toil, the contemptuous treatment of dependents, the starvation wages that force young women into the paths of degradation; against all of these outrages, perpetrated in this christian land, under legal sanction and authority, my soul protests! And while the glorious boon of life is mine, and thank God it is eternal! I will strive and labor, feebly though it be, for the redress of all these wrongs, for the abolition of physical, mental and moral slavery; for redress of the wrongs of man and woman, in defense of childhood and the dumb creation; in defense of God, and Truth, and Purity!

Keeping all these objects in view, there is yet a point to be attained, a slavery to be abolished—the densest, most prevailing, saddest captivity of all—I speak of release from the dominion of sense, of liberty from the bondage of the passions, of the resurrection of the soul-life of love and freedom, from the environments of gross, debasing sensualism!

And for the soul's freedom from all the manifold disguises that ancient serpent yet assumes. I would behold its venomous coils unfolding from the breast of manhood, its wicked glance withdrawn from the virgin spirit of my sister. Has not the prophecy gone abroad, and is not its fulfillment nigh, that "the woman shall bruise the serpent's head"? But few, as yet, have reached the pearly mount of angelic purity, where love is free and holy, where the serpent's form is banished, and where the highest wisdom lo e of heaven descends to bless and consecrate affection.

I would not war against one dictate of holy nature, but it is with *persuasion* we wage battle at present. Ages of barbarism and lawlessness have handed down their records to us, and in them we find woman a SLAVE. And in this enlightened era, even, she is still a slave, in bondage to ignorance, to fashion, to mercenary marriages. Her soul is crushed, her highest aspirations extinguished; the serpent coils triumphantly around the household altar, and knaws at the wife and mother's heart. She, the ignorant and sinning one, presumes to become the mother of angels, and in later life weeps bitterest tears because her children become the demons of this world, the drunkards, thieves and murderers society shrinks from—these children of the serpent sensualism.

And this same guilty mother will turn with virtuous indignation from the penitent Magdalen, from the sorrowing sister cast out by church and congregation for *one error*. Ah! God and angels judge us differently! The influences presiding over the birth of one of those stigmatized outcasts, the so-called illegitimate ones, may be purer, holier far than the influences which ushered into being the lawfully-born heir of millions.

But I mean to write no defense of error; I simply sympathize with my sister Magdalen, as He, my teacher Jesus, bade me. I dare not cast forth one whom my Heavenly Father yet smiles upon, one who has borne the consequences of transgression, and by sorrow is purified in the angels' sight.

The teachings of a true spiritualism enjoin the utmost purity of soul and action upon the unwedded, and upon those who have entered the sacred love-realm of union. And that which purports to be Spiritualism, which borrows its outer garb, and imitates its language, in order to frame apologies for impurity, to invent sophistries wherewith to cloak grossness and wrong—friends, investigators and opponents, heed it not—it is not *Spiritualism*! it is the invention of licentious men and women devoted to their evils.

I am not one of those who fear the downfall of our beloved faith, because some in its ranks are

unworthy. *Spiritualism is of God*, and man cannot set it aside. Disorder and abuses have crept into all forms of belief; there is as much licentious freedom among the clergy and the most rigid church members, as there is in heathen ranks. They disclaim against *Free Love* because they know little of either love or freedom; they know more of fear and license.

The purity and integrity of many of our mediums has been sufficiently tested. If I speak of some of a different class it may benefit them, warn the people, and cannot injure the cause of Truth. There are those of both sexes who teach, not publicly, a most pernicious doctrine—assuming that we have the right to please ourselves, that love is dependent on physical gratification, and that nature and spirits pronounce this lawful! Oh, the indignation of the protesting souls, the loud No! No! of the unperverted womanly intuitions; the repulsion of the true man! And as each new attraction leads them, to every one is told this libel on the spirit world! And I know women, true, and pure, and lovable, who, psychologized by such men, have listened, pondered, have been for a while bewildered, in the mazes of their artfully-woven sophistries, thanks to saving spirit influences, they have broken from the unhallowed spell, and wept for the dream of a pure love broken in upon thus rudely. Others, alas! have fallen; how deep the angels only know.

And women, too, speak of the rule of circumstances, of the advancement of the spirit through these unhallowed experiments, these desecrations of the sacred name of Love! as if circumstances ever should obtain the victory over woman's purity, as if chastity and honor were myths, to be trodden underfoot by these spiritual libertines, these imposters, these vilest votaries of sense!

Oh! Lizzie Doten! such discourses as come through thy inspired lips should teach these worshippers of the "Scarlet Woman" that there are opposing angels enlisted on the side of purity to make their darkness more repellant. Borrowing the disguise of mediumship that they may carry into practice their own nefarious designs, charging the influence of spirits with their own earthly grossness, and pretending to give from the spirit world such messages as would tend to disgrace the souls of men and extinguish the purity of women, these "affinity seekers" traverse our land, sowing, in towns, and villages, and cities, sorrow and corruption, by their private misdeeds, while publicly they are *compelled by spirit influence* to speak the truth in defense of the highest morality, the purest and most sanctified affection.

Let us not confound terms, nor be afraid of the misapplication of words. What is beautiful that is not free? What chains of slavery, creed or marriage, have ever sat lightly on the heart that bore their galling pressure? Love to be the saving angel, and not the false light leading to depths unknown, must be free, pure, untrammelled, even as God, from whom its blessings come, is free. But it can know of no true freedom, save in the utmost sacredness; one touch of Mammon's desecrating hand, one coil of the serpent fold upon its vestal raiment, and its spotless purity, its freedom from the taint of sin is gone.

Free-love, as I accept it, is to love in my Father's world all that is lovable, admirable and good; to love infancy, childhood, man and woman, plants and flowers, and gladdening sunshine, animals, birds and trees, the music of the woods, and the melody of the human voice. No human enactment can forbid me to love wherever beautiful and noble qualities, angel qualities, attract my soul. Wherever I behold a revelation of the Divine in the innocent smile of childhood, or see the angel mantling in the maiden's cheek, or the light of a holy

ambition enkindled in the eye of man, my heart's homage goes, spontaneously, purely, God-bidden, towards those glimpses of the life of heaven. I love the strength, the intellectuality, the power of encouragement, the sustaining faith, the sacredly-guarding love, to be met with in the soul of a pure-minded, honorable man. I love courage and nobleness of thought, enterprise and moral majesty, and I love them wherever displayed.

I can love the young man for his love of the chosen of his heart; I can love the affectionate husband, the loving father, for those very traits that bespeak him nobly affectionate and honorably true. And in this love for the beautiful qualities of humanity, no true woman will suffer the blighting touch of an unholy sentiment to approach. Those spiritually disciplined *thus to love*, will fear no invasion of what in the sight of God is pure and righteous. There will be no heart-burnings, no jealousies, no stings of remorse, no glimmerings of perversions—for these belong to the plane whereon the "Scarlet Woman" wields her unholy sceptre. A true spiritual man will love his sister woman for those qualities of mind and heart that render her angelic. In the interchange of thoughts and aspirations, in the mutual reverence for each other's gifts of intellect and heart, in the pure and natural affection of kindred spirits, there can intrude no unworthy aim; there can be the seeking, prowling, serpent find no resting place; the noble heart of the truly loving man has cast him forth long since—he creeps away abashed before the splendors of the conquering woman's brow. His reign is over, for *true love* is of Heaven—the serpent was born on earth.

(Concluded in the next number.)

PRE-EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

MRS. BROWN:—In your issue of Jan. 15th, 1860, I observe an article by N. M. STRONG, under the caption of "INDIVIDUAL LIFE." As there is much obscurity in metaphysical terms, or in their use, I am often at a loss to clearly understand what I happen to read upon the subject of the mind, and its collaterals. For instance: the words mind, soul, spirit, life, &c., are used by some as synonymous with, and meaning the immortal something existing in every human being; whilst others seem to use them differently, or in different senses. For myself, I should like to have more precision of language relating to the human soul, or that something within us which lives forever, having no end. For there is abstruseness enough in soul-science, without the obscurity arising from the careless employment or improper use of terms. I propose, therefore, that the words soul and spirit be used synonymously, as signifying the immortal being within us; the word mind as expressive of the machinery or organs, by or through which the soul gives outward expression to its feelings, emotions, and desires, and through which it receives impressions of external things, and thought as an emanation of mind.

Mr. Strong seems to come to the conclusion that mind, meaning the soul, never had a beginning, for if it had, it must, by a law of nature, have an ending, as recognized by all our systems of natural philosophy. Moreover, he also thinks that all "the various forms in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms" have each a distinct, individual mind or soul.

Now, as to the truth of these propositions, I cannot say that I am satisfied, or that I have full faith in any theory put forth upon this subject of the origin of the soul. By some it is claimed to be "an emanation from an individual God;" by others; that it is made up of the essences of all the lower existences of nature, from which it is eliminated and perfected by the ultimate elaboration of mat-

ter in man; being, so to speak, the organization of soul-matter, as the body is of earth-matter; whilst a few, including Mr. Strong, believe that the soul had an individual existence previous to taking possession of the human body. This last theory was suggested, (by whom I do not now recollect,) several years ago, but did not then appear to attract any attention. Recently it has been broached by A. G. Parker, a spiritual philosopher of deep research, whose arguments and illustrations have produced some favorable influence upon my mind; since when I have had an opportunity for a very short colloquy with the spirit of one of that ubiquitous family of Kings, who talk to us so very familiarly and freely through a tin horn or trumpet. To him I put the question, "Did I have a conscious individual existence before taking possession of this body?" to which he promptly responded, "Yes." I then inquired, "What was the object of my possessing myself of this body?" He said he did not know, but when he found out he would come and tell me. To my question, "Why do I not recollect, or why am I not conscious of my previous existence?" he replied by asking another, "Why do you not remember your infancy, or the circumstances or events that occurred during that period?" The evident solution of this was, because my mental organs were not then sufficiently matured to take cognizance of either the outer or the inner world, and that condition has made a complete separation in memory between the previous and the present life.

Much more than I have written was said during the conversation, but I have given the most important items; and you, Mrs. Brown, and your readers, may have it for the reading, or whatever it may be worth to you. I confess that it made an impression upon my mind, without producing conviction of its truth.

One thing, however, allow me to say, before closing this article, as some evidence of the pre-existence of the soul, and that is, that in nature all things appear to be balanced by the positive and negative forces, so called. So far as we know, there is an individual equipoise amongst the elementary particles composing all the various forms of matter, and so, also, amongst these forms themselves, as we see in the so-called heavenly bodies, all of which are kept in place by this balancing of positive and negative forces. Now, may it not be just as necessary that the terrestrial universe should have an equipoise in a celestial universe, as that the terrestrial should require this balancing principle amongst its individual members? And as the soul is generally admitted to be positive to material nature, must it not, therefore, have had its origin in a universe positive to the one which furnishes the material for our bodies? Thus giving countenance to the expression of Paul, "that there are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial," and also to the declaration that the "dust" shall "return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God, who gave it."

In conclusion, I will remark that I design that this article should be only suggestive rather than argumentative, wishing to call attention, to this subject, of those who are capable of investigating more deeply than I am, and who may be willing to give their views to the public through the columns of the Agitator. I wish it thoroughly discussed.

W. H.

MINUTE OBJECTS.

—Each moss,
Each shell, each crawling insect, hold a rank
Important in the plan or Him who framed
This scale of beings; hold a rank, which, lost,
Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
Which Nature's self would rue.

—THOMPSON.

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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., MARCH 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; M. Durais and C. M. Overton.

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

"Free Love"—"Sexual Attractions"—"Marriage" and "Divorce."

Editorial Correspondence by Mrs. Hyzer.

DEAR READERS OF THE AGITATOR: I will spend little time in apologizing for my long neglect of reporting of the "seed time and harvest" in that portion of the Life-vineyard assigned as my field of labor by our father, for I feel that *mind* sufficiently unfolded in liberal thought to relish the semi-monthly freight of such a racy, emancipational little craft as the Agitator, will find a thousand charitable excuses for my short comings, while I should be writing one. I am still on the billows of the earth-life ocean, meeting with any amount of just such adventures as usually attend the seaman's life in times of revolutions in governments, with an occasional northern hail-storm, a tropical tempest and the not unfrequent, but amusing blunder of some near-sighted navigator of squinting so closely on his glass as to mistake for a pirate's pennon the dark wing of my eagle; still, no serious collision has yet arisen from such obtuseness, since by the time these self-constituted sea-guardians get near enough my little pinnace to venture an expenditure of their "killing powder," they conclude to preserve it for a more formidable foe, and bear away with such a gracefully apologetical "sweep of the keel" as to leave me so overwhelmed with admiration for that marvelous flexibility of the human mind, which enables it to adjust itself so quickly in a comfortable relation to that "stubborn thing," a "fact," that I've no power left for resentment of those manifestations, which at first seemed to demand of me something like a slight expression of that very uncomfortable and unprofitable sensation.

So on—on o'er the wave I fly,
Love's gleaming magnet at my prow,
Truth's burning star-guide in the sky,
And angel kisses on my brow;
And though the roaring midnight storm
Or briny billow lash my form
My heart beats on as blest and warm
As when the waves are still;
For wheresoe'er my feet may be,
I know a magnet guideth me
Which draws its power from Deity,
Hence moveth by his will;
And whate'er that will may be
'Tis heaven's herald unto me.

Thus God's universe of moving, glowing life appears to me from the absolute "look-out," but from the *relative* or consideration point of observation, we must talk of the *right* and *wrong*; the *pure* and *impure*; the *high* and *low*; for thus alone can we symbolize the progressive states in the spiritual, mental and physical unfolding of the individual and the race; and here, as briefly and concisely as possible, with my limited abilities, will I attempt to answer some of the numerous inquiries which, in the past few months have reached me, concerning my views of "Free Love," "Marriage," &c., which inquiries, for want of time, until now, I have allowed to remain unanswered.

One inquires, "Do you believe in 'Free Love'?" another, "Are you an 'Attractionist'?" another, "Do you denounce marriage?" another, "Do you believe in divorces?" another, "Do you countenance indiscriminate sexual relations?" All of either of which wholesale interrogatories can no more be answered by an unqualified "yes" or "no," than the measles, whooping cough, neuralgia and typhus fever could be cured by an application to the patient of one drop of a compound, in which were concentrated all the qualities of all the drugs known to the student of the medical arcana. Yet I feel that all these questions are the legitimate expressions of the unfolding nature of soul and brain, and that candidly, earnestly, philosophically and practically should they be met by every one who feels an interest in the advancement of humanity from the lower to the higher plains of usefulness and happiness. I have no hesitancy in expressing my views of these questions with frankness and freedom, for, for what they fall short of

meeting the demands of those to whom they are presented, I am not responsible, so that I dispense what little light I may have there on. If to my mind they appear too crude for digestion, the objector of course will at once see that he has a perfect safe-guard in a total rejection of them, and if (as they undoubtedly will to many) they appear too visionary for practical purposes, such objectors will only see them floating harmlessly over their heads, while those who may be so constituted as to accept, absorb and out-work them, judging from my own experiences, will, if they have not already, become thereby the happiest of mortals. Of course, I can only hope to give an imperfect outline of my views upon these all-important subjects, for the most elaborate expression of the *best* of writers even, is but the shell of his living, breathing thought.

I will first speak of "Free of Love," that expression which to the understanding of many has become a name for every gross impulse in human nature—so much so, as to prevent many of our would be reformers, who have caught bright glimpses of its divine signification, from attempting either an argumentative or practical elucidation of the principle, lest they should be contaminated by taking the word upon their lips which has so long been used by *human animals* as a covering for their lusts. Love! To my inmost life-pulses so fragrant, so purifying—so exalting is the slightest influx of its essence, that even the word which symbolizes its life as it falls on my outer ear, thrills through my mentality, rouses the spiritual to an intensity of rapturous joy, sweeps back the veil from the shrine of the soul's central devotion to the Eternal; letting forth into every avenue of my outer being the crystal waves of the rivers of paradise, until, baptised therein, and borne onward by the very breath of melody, I seem floating away into the bowers of the Seraphim. To me, the word *Love* is the symbol of my highest conceptions of purity, purity the most harmonic use of every discovered power of my immortal nature; the highest use, that application of those powers which serves the most healthfully and rapidly to individualize me, or endow me with that *self-control* which gives me a practical demonstration of the infinite Idea that "Man is an epitome of the universe," hence, from his own deific center or conscious existence must control the whole matter of that existence, as Deity sways the boundlessness of matter or the material universe; thus, making himself perfect as his Father in heaven is perfect, because in *consciousness* the positive mind of his own sphere or material world, and consequently in deific harmony therewith. The Infinite Mind can do no more save in degree.

Not in this form of reasoning, but through that outstretching intuition which lives in the unborn era ere our outer senses are scarce alive to the simple facts of this, did this idea flutter for expression in my child brain, as hours after hours, on the mossy margin of the silvery mountain brook, or away in the woodland glen, I sat by the side of my spiritual teacher—that dear sister whose home is now with the unfettered immortals, and listening to the sweet songs of the forest warblers as they mingled with the gushing cadence of her own heart melodies, would lay my head upon her bosom, and looking up into her dark soul-lit eyes, would ask her what made me so very, very happy!—and she would fold me to her throbbing heart so closely that I seemed floating away upon its love-tide and whisper, "Love! love, darling!" Hence, in all my after life those emotions of my soul most akin to those of my childhood's joyous, rapturous worship of God through the *dear* and *beautiful*, I have called Love; and finding that unselfish motive and a firm unshaken resistance of every impulse leading me in the direction of a thought or deed calculated to weaken that harmonic equilibrium of self-control which knows no fear, alone kept open to my inner senses the portals of this paradise or love-kingdom, I learned to call all opposing tendencies of my nature *lusts* or material attractions, which must yet be subdued to harmonic relations with this celestial mother, Love.

As my inner eye became more accustomed to the scanning of this volume of Deity outspreading upon the altar of my soul-sanctuary, I learned that the *freer* or more unobstructed by temporal or earthly desire became this Love power, the more easily could I bear all the burdens of life, the more readily could I "forgive men their trespasses," and avoid all trespassing tendencies in my own nature, while louder and sweeter, through every chord of my soul-lyre swelled the heaven born anthem "Peace on earth, good will to man;" but that only as it became practical through intellectuality could it become the world's elevator; for, as I passed from my sunny childhood into severer and more active relations to the great world of facts and circumstances I came to see that the love-impulse which, in the past had thrilled my whole existence with such rapturous joy, now awakened in my nature, at times, emotions of the deepest sorrow. Doubts, regrets, fears and disappointments sprang up unlooked for and un-called in every department of my life-sphere, and the pearl waves of that love power which, in my childhood had swept onward, almost submerging my entire individuality beneath them, were now met and sternly beaten back by the high rocks of circumstance, or broken and swept under by the returning tide of the world's externality; until, among the fiercely contending surges, I felt at times in agony of soul, that

my frail barque must go down in the midnight darkness of conflict. I found myself loving unanswering and unworthy objects, and *sighed* and *wept*; I found my offerings of soul repelled and misrepresented, and *resented*; I met with betrayal of confidence, and called the world "a vale of treachery and woe;" I yearned in vain for fullness of sympathy and appreciation for my inmost thought, and called humanity *cold* and *heartless*; I found in man no answer to the highest ideal of my woman heart, and sat for hours in the summer twilight, looking at the stars and singing most plaintively:

"Would I had died when young—
How many burning tears,
And wasted hopes and severed ties
'Had spared my after years."

At times I concluded the world altogether too cold and unspiritual for such a nature as mine to exist in, and made several attempts at writing poetry, hinting at the probability of an early dissolution, which hints and poetry were, of course, entire failures, except in rhythmic termination of syllable, and in drawing tears to the mild eyes of my gentle and worshipful mother; for in spite of all my attempts to escape earth trials through prayers, tears or reproaches, my soul's tenacity to the earth-life, not only kept me in a comfortable state of physical health, but endowed me constantly with that unromantic aptitude to the world's labor which ever answered promptly the necessary demands of my physical existence; thus modestly hinting to my perceptions, that I really had been made up for service in the mundane sphere of action, and that the sooner I adjusted my life faculties in harmonic relation to this fact, the sooner should I find the rest I sought. I paused, looked at the world through a class of senses unfolded or developed within me in the fearful fires of past experience, and then for the first time, to my great joy, learned that all the past anguish and conflict of my seemingly *wronged* existence, had been caused by the same moter power, Love—the power to which I owed all my previous raptures, but which, with its unerring, unconquerable divinity had been making up for me out of the matter of my individuality, its facts and circumstances, an intellectual medium or expositor of its laws to the outer world; a fitting temple for its divine life, that not only its affectional or impulsive existence might be outwrought, but that its conjugal companion as co-existent life power—*Wisdom*, might stand revealed to the outer world through understanding or intellectuality. Thus I came to see that whenever Love's unquenchable fire had so refined matter as to enable it to reflect its *dual* life, that when the feminine or affectional portion of its existence spoke through the *sympathies* of matter, the male or wisdom power could as clearly give its corresponding proportions through the avenue of harmonic brain or *intellectual receptivity* in *consciousness*, I should for the first time be in that *consciousness* an *individual*; and for the first time be enabled to exclaim "in spirit and in truth," I Am! and to see that there is as vast a difference between intellectualized and unintellectualized Love, as that which exists between the flower and fruit of the dual life of the peach tree. Now, at the central altar of my consciousness were celebrated the eternal nuptials of Love and Wisdom; the *twain* no more one in the *absolute* than in all the eternity of the past, but newly wedded in my *consciousness* by the reception of the great "High Priest," of the outer world intellect.

We shall continue this subject in the next number of the Agitator.

TEETH PRESERVER.

We have for sale an excellent article for preserving the teeth and gums. By an experience of ten years we may safely recommend it to the public.

It can be sent by mail. Directions accompany the boxes. Price 20 cents per box, postage 6 cents. One third discount at wholesale.

NEW BOOKS.

Two Christmas Celebrations is the title of a little book by Theodore Parker. It is classed with Juvenile books, but "Aunt Kindly" will not be confined to the nursery, and "Uncle Nathan" will tell the simple story of his early love to hearts whose heads have grown gray.

Price, post paid, 50 cents. For sale in the Agitator office.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF CAPT. BROWN may be had in this office, or at North's Art Gallery, 205 Superior Street. We will send them, postage paid, for \$1.00. The proceeds above cost go into a fund for the benefit of the Harper's Ferry sufferers.

"THE PRINCIPLE."

MR. CONKLIN would inform the subscribers to the Principle, that he will be obliged, from pecuniary considerations, to discontinue the publication of that paper after the issue of one more number, which will shortly appear, and Mr. Conklin will, in future, devote his time exclusively to the exercise of his meditational powers.

"POETS AND POETRY."

Richard Realf, Capt. Brown's Secretary of State, delivered a lecture in this city recently. Subject: "Poets and Poetry."

People may differ in opinion in regard to Mr. Realf's honesty in avowing and disavowing the course pursued by Capt. Brown in Kansas and in Harper's Ferry; but in regard to him as a man of rare mental culture and fine poetic genius there can be—there is—no difference of opinion. We have heard a few literary lectures—have seen inspired men and women—heard them talk, but have never heard a more glorious speech, never seen a soul more divinely gifted with power to raise the spirit into the Kingdom of the Beautiful and Beatific, than is Richard Realf.

We have made a few extracts from the lecture, but our present limits will hardly allow us to give a good idea of what was said. We may give other extracts in our next number.

The Value of Poetry to the Working Man.

I myself know something about hard work. I know what it is to have had to toil, day in and day out, through all the weary year, when my body was sick, my brain throbbing, and my mind incapable of originating a thought; and I know what it has been, in the sweet nights of such bitter days, to take up my Sophocles or my Eschylus, Dante, Tasso, Goethe, Shakespeare, Shelly or Byron, and to have the jar of nerve gradually cease, and the darkness in which all life had robed itself to the imagination become light; discord pass into harmony, and physical exhaustion rise by degrees into a consciousness of power. Therefore, is poetry a needful thing for the working man. His whole life, if he could only be taught to feel it, is full-crammed with the sublimest poetry. The poet teaches him, by suggestive inspiration, the hidden meaning of all common things; transfiguring life, as it were, by shedding a glory on it. And if he will reverently learn, from the master thinkers of the past, how in his work, in his little cottage, in his sacred home affections, there is a deep significance—a great awful blessedness, concealed, connecting him with the highest truths of the invisible world, then his work shall be exalted out of drudgery, and his labor shall become a-kin unto worship, and he shall have the large inheritance of the earth for his possession. But the faculty of discerning these things is not to be obtained in the whisky cellar or the wine saloon. A pure heart, and a simple, manly life, will alone reveal to you, and enable you to understand, all that which the poet sees and feels.

Poetry is that invisible truth which is perceived by the intuition and imagination, and is alike distinct from the invisible truths which are appreciable by the understanding, and the visible truths, or tangible realities, of which the physical senses take cognizance. It is also the art of revealing—for there is not a leaf nor a line in the volume of Creation but would be most excellent poetry, if only it were faithfully translated. There is no wind so vulgar but it may be turned into music; all the fragrances of Paradise asleep in the dustiest clod, and out of the commonest sunbeams may be drawn the colors of the rainbow. It is the impassioned expression, the breathing eloquence, which is in the face of all nature; but it takes "the vision and the faculty divine," to give it an understanding and a tongue. It is in our breath, it is under our feet, it nestles here, it whispers there; it springs up from the cradle, it hovers around the altar, it watches at the tomb. Here then are the true elements of poetry. In the ordinary events and scenes of human life; in humble cottages and huts where poor men dwell; in all the sacred beatings and outbreathings of the human heart; in all the sanctities and sublimities of our common nature, in this breathing, beautiful, beneficent world about us; this lowly home of humanity—the scene of all its sympathies and sufferings—its infinite longings and immortal loves; its hopes and fears born of eternity; its sighs of earth and dreams of heaven. Yet just as the rainbow spans the heavens in vain for the soul that lacks an eye; and just as the sweetest music is but noise to the soul that lacks an ear; so without the inward power of love, no outward thing has loveliness for us, and of that man who has no primrose smiling at his heart, we may truly say

"A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

But on the other hand, the ineffable glory of creation shines out in perpetual apocalypse to every soul whose inward springs of beauty have been opened; uplifting him from the base and sordid things of the world, and enabling him

"To bend a pinion for the deeper sky;
And in the very fetters of his flesh,
To mate with the pure essences of heaven."

The Poem of God.

It is written that the world was created by the word of God. Now the word is the expression of the thought, and this visible Universe is the *thought* of the Eternal Father, uttered in a word or form, in order that it might be intelligible to

man. And for an open heart and a seeing eye, it is impossible to look out upon the grand Creation, without feeling that there is indeed a Spirit at work; a living Word, endeavoring to make itself understood; laboring to express itself by signs and symbols, because direct utterance is denied it; partly on account of the inadequacy of the materials, and partly in consequence of the dullness of the heart to which the Infinite Love is speaking; and thus all visible things become to us the grand chanted Poem of the Universe.

Poetry in all Men.

Let no man think that because he cannot appreciate the works of Milton or of Shakespeare, there is therefore no poetry in his soul. Any man who has ever risked his life for the safety of another; or felt his whole being shaken with the mighty and unutterable indignation against some base cruelty or cowardly scoundrelism, knows what I mean when I say that there is something within him which may any day awake, and cleave outward through the husks of his nature, and plant his feet upon heroic heights which he had all along deemed inaccessible.

"UPS AND DOWNS."

"Full of ups and downs is your American Aristocracy," said a poor, sensible washerwoman to us recently. "A very strange aristocracy it is, too, ma'am. Religion and money makes big men, and the lack of it, small women. So long as your people have a fashionable religion and fine houses, so long they are the *first families*; no matter, however much lacking they may be in kingly blood and honest dealings, it's all the same, ma'am, all the same."

"Your own first families that feed me on cold potatoes by their kitchen fire, may remember, if they will, when their fathers had the same humble fare, and if they have sharp sight, they will see the wheel of fortune turning to-morrow; then it may be my poor babes will be feeding them. Then where will their oily religion and their gilded covering be? Just no where. Strange world, ma'am. Up and down, down and up."

Our first thought was: The old lady is not good at limning, but a glimpse into the past, and a good view of the present, convinced us she was in the right. Not an hundred years ago, we fancied we had "troops of friends," but when the larder grew empty, and a new ism was to the old on-grafted, what a fall was there!

In less than no time we fell from grace, and the fall so changed us that the draft upon our time and empty purse, by a class of glad-to-be-rid-of-customers, has been "beautifully lessened." We met to-day, a lady enveloped in furs and velvet. She was an old friend—as the world goes—but she could not quite recall our name, so passed on. "Poor Miss Nancy, we said to our soul, wonder if some of the milliners and dry goods clerks have not better memories than you; wonder if they are put on watch now, when with queenly air you approach their tempting goods."

Well, so goes the world, up and down. A preacher at our elbow and the scavenger at the gate, have exchanged callings. They know practically the ups and downs of life; and they know, too, that gold and religion have caused the change.

The blue eyed newsboy, who is warming his frosty feet by our office fire, and the sweet-voiced Mary, who stands patiently awaiting the appearance of the promised old clothes, are down now. Wealth and the religion that is current in our market is quite out of their reach. But they are coming up, slowly but surely. They are toilers in the world's great field, carving out names that will not die with counterfeit aristocracy; names that will be written in love-letters upon the human heart and in the Book of Life with the "Well done noble workers."

WE HAVE odd numbers of the Agitator that we will send post-paid, for two cents per copy.

Mrs. C. M. Stow lectures in Angola, Ind., March 4th; Lexington, Ind., 11th; Sturgis, Mich., 18th.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, the Banner of Light and Telegraph are for sale at this office.

We are also agent for the papers. Either of them and the Agitator, will be sent to one address for \$2.50 per year. Or we will give one copy of the Herald and 25 cents in books (on our list) for \$2. The Banner or Telegraph and 50 cents in books for \$2.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS!

The second number of this

NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL OF REFORM

Edited by

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

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EDITORIAL ITEMS.

WE expect a vote of thanks from our readers for giving our place in the Agitator; to Mrs. Hyzer and Richard Realf.

SEVERAL who sent to us for the Principle, have not received it. The fault is not ours.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS will commence its regular issue on the 1st of March.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT is considerably enlarged, and is improved in the style of type.

THE TELEGRAPH is merged into the Herald of Progress.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE is suspended for a short time. A. E. Newton has closed his Editorial labors with the paper.

THE MAHONING REGISTER, published in Youngstown, O., has commenced its sixth volume. It is one of our best exchanges.

Mrs. WARNER, we learn, has been, and still is, doing a good work in Oakland and Genesee counties, Michigan.

EMMA HARDINGE did not speak here on the 19th ult. as was expected. She has letters in this office. We will forward them to New York.

Dr. COOPER is preaching the living gospel in Ohio and Indiana. He is an honest hearted truth reflector.

ARTHUR DODGE, a professed reformer, must cease to do evil and learn to be a wise man. American girls are not so partial to "English Noblemen" with borrowed names as he may imagine. We regret the necessity of exposing duplicity and downright deception, but Arthur Dodge, alias Arthur Lynd, alias Arthur Morton, a live English lord, has duped too many honest men and good girls to go at large, unexposed.

Miss MARY THOMAS, a genuine English woman, is a good inspirational speaker. Her address is Richmond, Ind.

ANNIE BROWN, daughter of the sainted hero, writes us that Oliver Brown's widow has buried her little daughter. A mother and widow and childless at seventeen.

THE papers say (and of course they know) that Barclay Coppoc is an exile in Canada, and dying of consumption. That he is sick is true, that he is in need is equally true. We have had the pleasure of sending him antibogus blessings to the mount of seventy dollars this winter. Twenty-five of the 70 was money paid by Uncle Sam to Richard Realf for his testimony in relation to what he did not know of the Harper's Ferry affair. Any money sent us for young Coppoc will be sent him forthwith.

READ the advertisements on the last page. We are enlarging our stock of books.

"VIOLET" has come, but too late for this number.

ITEMS AND NOTICES crowded out.

THAYER & ELDRIDGE will publish the History of the Harper's Ferry war, together with a sketch of the lives of Capt. Brown's men. We, therefore, shall abandon our contemplated work.

AARON D. STEVENS and Albert Hazlett, the remaining Harper's Ferry prisoners, are sentenced to be hung publicly on Friday, the 16th March next, between 10 and 2 P. M. Stevens is a Spiritualist. He does not talk of dying, but of meeting the glorious martyrs of the past, and of linking loving hands with them in the great work of human redemption.

THE ARCANUM OF NATURE is for sale wholesale and retail in this office. We will send it, postage paid, for 1.00.

"REFUSED" Agitators have not all been refused by the subscribers. The Post Masters have in several instances written us that the papers were refused, when the subscribers knew nothing of it. The servants of the people need a little looking after while they are neglecting their duties to look after the private affairs of others.

Mrs. STOWE is going westward again. She has done a good work and been well received hereabouts.

LAURA DE FORCE is lecturing in Massachusetts. Ohio papers speak highly of her as a speaker.

T. G. Forster has so far recovered his health as to be able to go into the lecturing field again. We have few more eloquent speakers than Mr. Forester.

A. B. FRENCH will lecture in Monroe Centre, on Sunday March 11th. Probably in Conneautville, Pa., the 18th o. March. Those who wish him to lecture in their vicinity, will address him at Farmington till March 10th.

ROBERT DALE OWEN in a private letter to us writes "six thousand copies of the Footfalls have been sold in fifty days; and," he adds, "out of forty-one newspaper notices, from all sections of the country, thirty-eight of them are favorable and three others very respectfully written."

READ THE POEMS on the first page. An editor, who ought to know, says the Agitator contains the most and best original poetry of any paper this side the Atlantic. He is a sensible soul.

Look for some fine things in the next paper.

AGAIN "SPEAK AND LISTEN."

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I hardly expected, when I penned my former article, that you would give it a place in your columns; but I thank you for it and now, with your permission, I will endeavor to "prove my statements."

In another column of your paper you say, your paper goes to John Brown's children, and let me say here that it is no desire of mine to wound or injure in the least their feelings. I pity them. I know 'tis human nature to cover up the sins and follies of their demented parent. To cover up the errors of his past life, that the judgment of an outraged and injured people may pass lightly over him. He was their parent, and as such they loved him. Let them, by a true, pure and honest life, atone, as far as possible, for his misdeeds.

In regard to the burning of "hay stacks" and his imprisonment in Akron jail, I may have been misinformed—certainly our friend, Robertson is good authority.

But in reference to the murder of the DoYLES, "John Brown, Jr., who was with his father in the Kansas war," is not good authority. But the evidence of Gov. Robinson, who was at that time a prominent member of the Free State party, with that of Brown, the editor of the acknowledged organ of that party the Herald of Freedom, and who, till tired and ashamed of the outrageous conduct of such men as John Brown, Kagi, and Phillips, the lying correspondent of the New York Tribune, was high in the confidence of Brown and his murderous gang, their evidence goes to prove that old Brown was there on the spot and saw the DoYLES and Wilkinson murdered. But if we take the evidence of old Brown himself it is enough, for he says, "although I took no hand in it, I would have advised it had I known the circumstances; and I endorsed it as it was." The public life of John Brown, by James Redpath, page 119. No more proof is needed than this admission. The same book says, on the 23d of May, John Brown "left the camp of his son at Ossawatimie," and on the 25th, the DoYLES were torn from their beds and murdered. How noble in the good old man and how lofty the patriotism of the old saint, to slip out of the camp that these men, whose only crime was loyalty to their government, could be torn from the bedsides of their sick wives and murdered in cold blood by a band of pirates and outlaws.

Here let me place on record an extract from the Herald of Freedom, which I insist was the organ of the Free State party, and I believe the paper was started with money furnished by the fanatics of Boston:

"Old John Brown is a religious zealot. After his massacre of the Wilkinsons and DoYLES, his whole manner changed; and, according to Redpath, he became taciturn, avoided conversation on the subject of those murders, particularly, and shunned society. Like the Crusaders, who rushed to Palestine to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens, to appease an offended God for some real or supposed guilt, so he wished to wipe out the Pottawattamie massacre from his mind, appease his conscience, and reinstate himself, as far as possible, in the good opinion of Heaven. To do this he set about freeing the slaves of the South. He believed he was doing God's service while engaged in that act, so he was desirous of accomplishing all in his power to offset against his crimes in Kansas."

But one more fact—I stated that John Brown stole horses in Missouri and sold them in this city. You refer me to the Life of Brown by Redpath. I have examined that history, and I find on page 238 the following from Wendell Phillips, who, I presume, you will accept as authority:

"He (John Brown) who could leave Kansas and go into Missouri, and take eleven men and give them to liberty, and bring them off on the horses which he carried with him, and two of which he took as tribute from their masters, in order to facilitate escape. * * * This is the brave, frank and sublime trust in God's right and absolute justice, that entered his name in the city of Cleveland, 'John Brown of Kansas,' and advertised these two horses for sale, and stood in front of the auctioneer's stand, notifying all bidders of the defect in the title. But he added with nonchalance, when he told the story, 'They brought a very excellent price.'"

Do you desire any more proof than this? "Out of your own mouth do I convict you," and here we have the very evidence from almost his own lips, that he stole, not only his two horses, but the negroes, who, by the laws of the land, are as much property as the horses. As to his raid of Virginia, what shall I say. A more cool blooded, dastardly murder never was committed since the world was brought into existence, than was committed by John Brown at Harper's Ferry. And you may talk about the holiness of his mission and all that. Redpath, in his history of the matter, shows conclusively to my mind, that Brown was but a mad and dangerous fanatic. Crazy upon the subject of slavery, and those poor devils who followed his lead committed, by their acts, nothing but suicide; threw themselves into the jaws of death, that they might gain a notoriety, and have peans of glory sang by Northern abolitionists over their graves.

But enough of this. I have no ill will against John Brown, but it is with the principles that I would deal, not with the man; but with that fanatical spirit that is overleaping the bounds of reason and carrying its votaries to the borders of insanity. Slavery is an institution of our land, it belongs to each State who desire to protect it; and so long as 'tis for the interest of the South to own slaves and make money from

them, so long will slavery exist, and the more the crazy, addled abolitionists do to free slaves by force, the tighter do they draw the bonds of the slave. The farther off do they put the day when the slave's shackles shall be loosed, and our land be made entirely the land of the free.

Cleveland, Feb., 1860.

R. O. G.

REMARKS.

"R. O. G." said in the last number of the Agitator that "John Brown burned a neighbor's neighbor's hay stacks and fences, for which he was imprisoned in the Akron jail, that the fact was as undeniable as the fact of our existence."

We asked for the proof of this as well as the other charges. He now thinks there was a mistake in the hay stack story, but proceeds to prove that Capt. Brown killed the DoYLES.—John Brown denied the charge, and John, Jr., testifies that his father "was many miles distant at the identical time, and knew nothing of the killing until some days afterwards."—Yet our correspondent refuses the testimony of those who should know and gives that of George W. Brown to prove Capt. Brown the murderer.

It is now simply a matter of opinion with "R. O. G." Gov. Robinson and G. W. Brown, may think Capt. Brown was present at the killing of the DoYLES; but most certainly they do not know unless they, too, were of the party.

But whose word should be taken? Which of these men are most remarkable for integrity? Ask the unhappy wife of George Washington Brown (she knows well all these men,) whose word to her would first be law, she would answer "John Brown." G. W. Brown would admit to his own secret soul the correctness of his wife's better judgment.

Ask the Jurors who found John Brown guilty of murder—ask Gov. Wise—ask those who would rob the martyr of his integrity, who of all men has been most truthful—who "to save his life" would not lie and they will answer, "John Brown." Those who best know the noble-souled son of the hero, whether friends or foes, will accord to him the same spirit of straightforward, unflinchingness that characterized his unfortunate father.

MRS. BROWN:—I enclose \$1 for the Agitator for the coming year, together with my hearty thanks to you for furnishing, in the past year, so much of pure, appropriate, and modest yet brave sentiment as the Agitator ever comes freighted with.

It is not often that I write for the press, but I am moved to say a word relative to Iowa. I see almost nothing published in any of our periodicals concerning the cause of reform in our young state.

It may be encouraging to progressive persons elsewhere, to know that there are groups of liberal persons scattered all over our state, and that they are not idle either. Our new states feel far more the pressure of hard times than the older ones, which, together with the poor facilities for traveling, greatly retard co-operation, so that the labors of each active power, ever are confined to his immediate locality.

I have been in Iowa five years; have held meetings and debates in six counties, lecturing or debating about an average of once a week. I find it easier to get a hearing so far, than in any other place except northern Ohio, which I have visited.

Two years ago I came to Dallas county; have held about fifty discussions, mainly on theological subjects, and now I do not know of one minister or lay member of any church within 15 miles, who will defend the evangelical idea of the atonement. I have a standing resolution that we are saved by obeying the laws of our physical and spiritual being, but can find no minister to take issue and defend the atonement.

I have just ended a discussion with a Rev. on the fall. I showed from his own witness, Genesis, that man is progressive. Eating the fruit was the cause. The effects were, 1st. It was good to make them wise. 2d. They learned to distinguish between good and evil. 3d. Their eyes were opened. 4th. They BECAME as Gods—all good—all progressive.

It was held that man, for all this, was pure in his primitive state. I held that if eating the fruit was the cause of the fall, that, then he was in his primitive state the moment before the curse was in existence. That back of the curse—and of course back of its effect—Adam consented to do an act

(Theology says knowingly) which caused all of the crime and misery in the world; caused every human being to be born totally depraved, and caused an endless hell, &c., which makes Adam to have been as corrupt as it is possible for any one to be.

It was still held that I had not gone far enough back to find the primitive condition. Two out of three of the moderators sustained me. An appeal was taken to the house, almost every professor voting against me. I then asked their moderator if he could go back any further than I have gone, he answered no. I then asked if there was any one in the audience who knew of a word in the Bible back of where I had gone, which would give any better account of Adam. No one could cite the first word. The only thing they could name was that Adam had given names to all of the animals, which was no evidence of his purity, and but little of his wisdom.

It was then held by their moderator, and by all who spoke on the fall, that we know nothing of man's primitive state.

I then asked them how it happened that theology states so dogmatically that his primitive state was a pure state, if we do not know anything about it.

So it seems that the fall, total depravity, and endless punishment, together with the necessary murder of a pure innocent person, have their origin in a moral and a spirit of revenge, instead of in nature or even the Bible.

Childhood's religion is shaking to its foundation. Let us all labor diligently for the true; earnest for the right; patriot for the result.

J. P. DAVIS,

Wiscotta, Iowa.

Henry Ward Beecher on Woman's Rights.

At a recent meeting of the friends of the above cause, at Cooper Institute, New York, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher spoke as follows:

He thought that men as men and women as women were well enough in their respective spheres; neither could one operate against both together, nor were both together equal to each separate.—But were we to expect as much from women as from men? Men hath been growing more and more valuable to each other and to society, and developing greater capacities. He was better in all the details of civil life than he was in olden times. Progress was the word. Progress of practical intellect, of wisdom, of greater power in every respect. We were always expecting a better day. Was woman an exception to these rules? Was she a thing by her self not requiring these developments? He believed we were to expect as much from women in her own way, just as much as from men. Not that she was to perform man's duties, but that she should perform some of the duties now exclusively performed by men. But woman was beautiful as a blossom, and man is not the fruit. Together they made the one thing. In the beginning, woman was bought and sold. Courtship was at first simply the selling of the daughter by the father, and doubtless reformers of that time would have held up their hands in holy horror at any encroachment. Opposers of reform were always saying: "The thing we have reached is just what God meant." Woman then did the grosser mechanical labor, while her husband hunted, fished, or was drunk. Then woman was secluded in the household, and it was supposed walked out of her own house. She was next a thing to be pitied and despised. But when she commenced in literature, she could not be restrained. A woman had a tongue in her hand if not in her head. The age of Sterne—that elegant scoundrel—(Laughter)—of Swift—that vulgar fellow, though he was a minister; of Dryden, and all that party, has gone, never to return again.—Woman has purified literature. She has also become a teacher in schools, and in all her history had showed a power to do more and more things just as men. She had become more rich in the family relations. The general excuse had been that by giving her a sphere outwardly would diminish her usefulness. But, this was not so any more than it was true of men. The more extended her usefulness, the

better capacity would she have. Woman is not best when confined to simple domesticity. That vulgar saying that "woman should stay at home and the mind her husband's affairs" was a switch cut from same tree from which tyrants cut cudgels to strike down the weak. Man thinks from the physical and passionate stand point, that gives them power. Woman thinks from affection, that gives her purity. Both together make the perfect one. The highest form of influence blends both. For woman to change her nature, would spoil all. We wanted her to do what men do—in her own way. It was not to un-sex women that they pleaded. Man's light and woman's light should be co-ordinate.—From the cradle to the throne, and from the throne to the grave, woman should be allowed to do just what she had the gift to do. When God gave the gift He gave the right, and no law ought to be allowed to interfere with her. She had just the right and power to act that man has. His plea was for men. Men needed that women should have her rights. Man and woman should be put together, and society was robbed by the exclusion of woman. Woman ought to have the same right to vote that man has; that would complete the reform. He had the impression that politics and government needed improvement. Force, passion and fraud were very largely used in the conduct of public affairs, certainly of our larger public affairs, not of our Municipal Government, of course. Man was a brute without woman, man alone was like a leafless tree in winter casting no shade. The age was deficient in heroic justice, in real moral refinement. How should this be improved? By preaching? That was better than nothing. By public sentiment? The woman was God's vicegerent and she who carried refinement every where else, would work refinement in government. Why should not her power in domestic circle be extended? Why should it be hindered in church, in primary meetings or anywhere? His belief was that woman and man should have the same power in all the relations of life.—What would be the effect of woman's vote? Did not every body know that a candidate must be selected to please the voters? The introduction of woman's vote would be the sifting of the officeholders throughout the country. What man—gross, mean and corrupt—what had man would not be blighted before a woman's vote.

All questions that turned upon moral sentiments demanded the control of woman's influence. Our public policy since the Revolution had departed from principle and humanity, and turned on party and on expedients. Statesmen and politicians would talk of refinement and sentimentality and scoff at them. They would kick them out of the caucus—no, they never got in there. When women got a voice, principles would be discussed and applied, civilization would be brought into our primary meetings, and decency in our secondary ones. In New York, we kept specimens of all sorts of people this side of perdition, and some from the other side. Woman would work in public as well as in social and religious affairs. What were the objections? Woman themselves raised objections. They were afraid of exposure. But, the moment that women were to vote, that would be the end of indecent voting places. What exposure and rudeness was there in dropping in a vote, any more than dropping a letter in the post office. It was a neat operation, and the ballot fell like a snow flake on the Alps, only it came down with the power of an avalanche against the money. But why couldn't women stay at home? Why couldn't their influence be private? Yet a man would have a contempt for a woman's judgment in everything, except making coffee and tea, and mending stockings, and there was once a day a man thought that they couldn't do that. Why couldn't she inspire her father or brother, or husband? Oh, yes, that would be very fine for man to be the engine and for woman to do all the work.

It was just so in religion. Men wanted the meek and lowly Jesus preached, and the general influence to work. He believed in scalping wolves, catching foxes, and putting the exterminator on the vermin. He couldn't preach the Gospel as a scattering business; when he fired he aimed. He preached general principles at special evils. It was religion rubbed in that does men good. General progress of sanitary improvement never cleaned the streets, (perhaps nothing else ever did.) But if woman votes she will elect herself. What of it? Are not we under women's government now? We couldn't do worse than now. He would rather have a female woman over him than a masculine woman. A woman

would make a better Justice of the Peace than many men or else she never would be elected to it.—Where there was the fitness, there should be function. But it was said that to give women something to do but kissing and whispering would spoil her refinement. Why should it? Would they defile her by taking her into the hurly burly of politics? No; because there wouldn't be any hurly burly after she got in. Did it dim the brilliant light of the lamp to take it into darkness? If it became the custom he would take his wife and daughter to vote, and there was not a place in the United States where there could be found five men who would insult him and his ladies, but there would be twenty-five on the spot who would knock the scoundrels down for doing it. Women would be met every where with perfect respect. But, politics withdraw woman from home? Would it withdraw women more than man? Man and woman would do a better business in politics together. He did not want all women to be candidates, but he wanted those who were capable, to take their appropriate share. No one thought of making any objection to Jenny Lind's singing. He had heard Sontag sing, and had heard Dr. Cox make a beautiful speech, thanking God that she had that gift. There is no thought of indelicacy. Why should not the same rule apply to any other gift? In modern society there has been a separation between the educated and the uneducated, and in the upper class woman has gone up. In the church, in the nobility, she had rights. There was no statue in England to keep woman from the House of Lords or from voting. Victoria, a woman, stood to-day the proudest monarch reigning.

But when they came down to plain democratic women, the world objected to woman's prominence. Woman had a right of her own self to do all that a man could—that she had the power to do. In conclusion, Mr. Breecher said the plant hath three growths—the root, the slowest; the stem, a little quicker; and the blossom and fruit the quickest of all. He believed the world had had the growth of the stem and of the root. Now we are entering upon the blossom and the fruit, and should see changes rush in their splendor. Possibly these changes might occur in his day. But men would not accomplish it by joining parties and talking about it. They must talk first, and think before they talked. Men were advocating this cause—not so much because women need it, but because men needed it more.—He stood to-night, the defender of man's rights. Women should be admitted to the same public trusts, and be awarded the same legal and civil rights, that man now enjoys.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 1.

Our forefather's have related a story to us of the manner in which this earth on which we dwell came into existence. They tell us that God simply spoke it into being in six days, and rested on the seventh. If you will read the first chapters of Genesis, you will learn, better than I can tell you, what the old Hebrews believed, and what has been believed since Genesis was written. But because an idea is very old, that is no reason for its being true, rather the contrary. Every nation has its own theory, or belief of the manner in which the world was built. This subject is called Cosmogony, as it treats of the origin or birth of the world. There are a great many of these, widely differing. One system is contained in Genesis. The inhabitants of Southern Asia, or the East Indies, believed that as water flows out of a fountain, so the universe flowed out of the bosom of God, whom they call Brama. The subject is too vast for the mind of the greatest sage, and when you mature, you will undoubtedly be more interested in it, and will think much on it, and will endeavor to solve its mystery. What I shall tell you will not immediately relate to this subject, though by and by, I will speak of it again. I shall tell you plainly what men have learned by study, and by observing nature and reasoning on her ways.

I shall take you by the hand and lead you up into the mountains, among wild torrents, and eternal

snows; along fields of ice we shall find there, and tell you all how nature works there; how she built the mountains and formed the vallies; the properties of the rocks and minerals we find there. Then we will take many a pleasant walk by the sea shore, and gather shells and pebbles, and I will try to tell you what the sea has done in the millions of years it has washed its shores. Then of rivers I shall speak, and of lakes, and of fire as seen in volcanos, and about earthquakes which destroy cities and swallow up great tracts of land.

We call our study a science, because we shall classify all we know on the subject, and our science we call Geology, because it relates to the earth. It is from two Greek words, *geos* the earth, and *logos* a discourse.

The ancients supposed the earth to be an extensive plain, surrounded by an ocean of unknown extent. Beneath it they supposed the fabled regions of Heaven and hell were located, known to them as Elysium and Tartarus; and the sky, which they thought a solid dome of clearest glass, rested on the tops of the high mountains. The sun and stars rose and set, out of, and into the ocean, and they said that the inhabitants of the extreme west could have heard the hissing sound of the sun dropping into the waves, like a red hot ball falling into water. This will show you how little they knew of the world, which was not more than the wild Indian knows. If you should ask him about the world he would tell you it was flat, and rested on the back of a great bear, and the bear stood on the back of a turtle, but he can not tell what the turtle stands on. Similar was the belief of the ancients. They supposed the world was upheld by a giant who bore it on his shoulder. They called this giant Atlas.

A little boy once asked his grandmother what the world rested on. "Why, on a rock," said she. "And what does the rock rest on?" "Ah, my boy, it is rock all the way down," answered she.

We will not let you puzzle yourselves or us with such questions. We shall begin by telling you that the world is much like an orange, just a little flattened as you will see the orange, nothing is under it, but it is kept in its place because it moves around the sun. Gravitation, which you see bring your ball to the ground where you throw it, keeps the earth in its place. If you could throw your ball swift enough to overcome gravitation, it would never fall, but go round and round the earth forever, just as the earth goes every year around the sun.

The world is round like an orange, and 8,000 miles through, and of course 24,000 miles around it. If you should travel twenty-four miles a day for a thousand days, always in the same direction, you would go entirely round the earth, and arrive at the place from which you set out.

In our next lesson we will tell you of the elements of which the earth is built, and will follow it by a description of the rocks we shall find on the lone sides of the mountains.

Walnut Grove Farm.

AN ITEM FOR BOYS.—It is one of the besetting sins of the young men of this extravagant and indolent age, to endeavor to get rid of work—to seek for easy and lazy employment—and the consequence is that many of them turn out worthless vagabonds. Boys, avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague spot; banish from your bosom the dangerous desire to live without work. Labor is honorable, dignified; it is the parent of health, wealth and happiness; look upon it as an invaluable blessing, and never as a burden and curse. Shun indolence and sloth; pursue some honest calling, and be not ashamed to be useful.

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