

The Agitator.

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

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

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WHOLE No. 24.

THE SECOND WIFE.

From an unpublished volume of Poems, by Hudson and Emma D. R. Tuttle.

Alone she sits, before a lovely picture,
Her dimpled chin supported by her hand,
No one is near; she feels no chilling stricture
While gazing on that saint of Aiden's land,
She is enchained by the imploring beauty
Which sits upon the brow, so faded now,
And to the canvass picture vows all duty
To those she left on earth, yet watches now.

Slightly she trembles, to her mirror turning—
"And does he love me? I'm his second wife!
My eyes are blue and pale; her's dark and beaming—
He'd ne'er have loved me had Heaven spared her life,
Her glossy hair covered a brow of splendor
With ebon braids, richer than diamond crown;
Her head is queenly, mine wears beauty tender
With its long reeling curls of chestnut brown.

I can but fear her beauty, high and thrilling,
Once stamped upon the heart must ever be;
Oh, it were vanity to think of filling
The heart she tenanted, for one like me!
That faithful picture! would that I could veil it
So 'twould not shame me, nor arrest his eyes!
But no—'tis limned there crape can near pale it;
Upon his heart—and should be 'till he dies.

'Twere selfishness indeed to blot the traces
Of her long-worshiped image from his brain;
Rather, I'll copy all her winning graces;
They charmed him once, perhaps they may again.
I'll robe his darlings in the same sweet dresses
Of sky-blue tint, their mother used to love,
And dress their hair in many curling tresses,
Just as she used to 'ere she went above.

He sought and called me in my life's young morning,
To share his cares, and light his lonely home;
To wreath his wrinkled brow with the adorning
My heart's best love, flowers give in virgin bloom.
My years are few, I long for deep devotion,
My heart is gushing as a summer rill,
And he—he loves me, though the deep emotion
Of youth is quieted. Sad heart be still!

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

[Copied by permission from the "Symbols of the Capital," by REV. A. D. MAYO.]

At the first Exhibition in the New York Crystal Palace, I observed a Gold Dollar covered with finely-engraved letters, which, on the application of a glass, were resolved into the Lord's Prayer. Amid that dazzling show of use and beauty, I remember nothing so distinctly as this new American Dollar, adorned with the oldest utterance of Christian devotion. By its intrinsic nature, the representative of the wondrous results of human industry around me; by the date of its coinage and its image and superscription, the type of the most characteristic age of our Republican civilization—suggesting our first great war of conquest, the golden visions of California, and the great development of heroic enterprise awakened by this period: the symbol of the great material achievements of our country, and almost the god of its idolatry; yet through that inscription seemingly consecrated to the Father whose law is the real constitution of freemen, and whose love can alone save us from our own folly and sin, what wonder that the objects around me appeared insignificant compared with this speaking emblem of a Christian society? I have forgotten almost everything I saw at this

Exhibition; it floats in my memory like a gilded mist, in the centre of which hovers this Dollar most clearly defined. I know not the intention of the engraver in this singular fancy; but it was one of those things which, once done, become forever symbolic. It has preached to me so often on the great theme of our nation's peril and hope, that I will now declare to you some of its weighty lessons:

The Gold Dollar: What does it represent?—How shall we get it? And what shall we do with it? Let this be the subject of the present discourse.

I need not inform a Christian reader that all material things are representative of spiritual realities. The faintest speck of dust that floats across a ray of light, is an eternal fact, as the noblest human form that ever walked the earth was the appropriate incarnation of the Redeeming Love. Every well-instructed child can tell what the Gold Dollar is—a bit of ore wrenched from the stern clutch of California rocks, refined, alloyed, and finally, at one blow of the great hammer in the Mint, struck into coin. But into what wonderful relations that bit of shining metal is introduced by one decisive blow, not all the men and women in America can fully declare. For, as from a new birth, it rises from metal to money; and its natural worth as a piece of gold, is quite sunk in its spiritual value as the representative currency of the world's chief Republic.

From the earliest history of man, money has been as powerful as to-day. In the life of every people, ancient and modern, it has been a controlling force. Eighteen centuries ago, before this continent was discovered by civilized men, Jesus Christ in Judea told his disciples that the love of money is the root of all evil; and the panic of the last year is the commentary the American people are compelled to write on the margin of that awful scripture. It is all this, because it is the most permanent representative of that complex assemblage of possessions and powers which we call "This World." Money is the symbol of material things; not in their simply material aspect, but as they are related to man. Wherever man touches this world he must have a convenient emblem of what he can own in it, and what it can do for him; and that emblem is money. Whether a belt of wampun, a load of iron rings, a bank bill, or a gold dollar, money is always the same; the representative of the uses of this world to the human soul. Of no value in itself, its values are unestimated while used as the type of this perpetual human relation. So this little Gold Dollar runs ever to and fro over the charmed cord that unites the soul and the world; passing from hand to hand, it transmits earthly necessities, comforts, luxuries, hopes, energies, that terminate in worldly success, all individual power and possession, all public grandeur and domination. I give this Dollar to my customer, and thereby endow him with a new power in Amer-

ican civilization; and as far as human success to-day is involved in the possessions and achievements which relate to this state of being and this state of action, this Dollar confers it.

So we may say that all the great visible America is compressed into this little Gold Dollar, for it represents the material aspects of the Republic. And were our eyes clear enough, we might behold delineated within its narrow rim the broad acres of American agriculture—fields of waving grass, hills of solemn forests, prairies of ripening grain, lonely plantations and reeking rice swamps, tilled by joyous freemen, or scratched by lazy and sullen slaves. Beneath would appear the veins of coal underlying whole States; deep caverns grim with iron, or rocks of marble cropping out from the sides of New England hills; mountains of copper on Lake Superior, and rivers flowing over beds of gold into the Pacific. And girdling all with snowy sails, would Commerce weave her mystic dance about the coast, and every river beach and shore of inland sea be washed by the retreating wave of the steamship; and a snarl of iron cords would bind the land every year into a more inextricable knot of blended interests. Then what a picture of the varied industry of these millions; factories wherein is concentrated the invention of four thousand years; mechanics that arm man with the powers of a god. What a vision of comfort; towns and villages lying under the shade of country elms; great cities overlooking the rivers and the ocean. And with this, how much that goes to ennoble man; the Schoolhouse sown over the continent; the Press toiling day and night in the service of the soul; the Church warning the traveller a hundred times a day that there is a God; Art, that ever pleads for beauty; the Family, that mirrors heaven; Government, the imitation on earth of the justice that rules the universe. All this would pass as in a panoramic vision across this yellow disc—a miniature of the American to-day. Who wonders at the desire of men to gain this Gold Dollar, which is the talisman introducing the humblest son of the Republic to the enjoyment of all its opportunities?

But the Gold Dollar cannot be this without being a great deal more. For this great visible America is tied to the soul of every human being that dwells therein, and is, at any moment, of her career, the type of the average state of the American mind. The meaning of this vast heterogeneous appearance is this alone; that here man, having reached a new and singular state of culture—in which the noblest theories, and the loftiest aspirations are mingled with the most degrading inhumanities—has stamped himself on the new continent, and in American civilization drawn a picture of his own soul.

So this Gold Dollar, representing that visible civilization, has also a moral significance, and its inscription is the national idea of life, its objects of worship, its sense of duty, its consciousness of immortality. If those spiritual ideals of the country could be read on its face, as I read the dollar in the

Crystal Palace, I fear the Lord's Prayer would not be found thereon inscribed; but quite another statement of religion, in which a Christian profession would be strangely mingled with a record of heathen practices. And could the real creed of America be written thus on her gold dollar; could the secret, potent ideal of life that sways the forces of her nationality be compressed into a few words, and there read by every man who handles it, what an almost incredible distance would appear between the prayer of Jesus in Palestine and the petition of the great Republic to-day! We might then behold how slowly the world gravitates towards that divine love incarnate in our Savior, and, by the slowness of its approach, measure at once the depth of its estrangement from God, and the mighty power of his redeeming grace.

But not alone is the Gold Dollar the emblem of the national ideal of spiritual affairs; it performs the same symbolic office for each of us. True, a dollar is the same to every man as long as he wishes to buy bread; but when taken as the representative of his character, what different inscriptions would it bear! In each man's hand it is a peculiar thing, bearing the image and superscription of his soul. For a dollar is really to each one of us the object proposed in gaining it, and the motive that dictates its use. Could every American, when he receives it, behold engraved on its face some picture explanatory of his motives in its acquisition, what a startling gospel would be read off every hour in the day, all over the land! To one man would appear the doleful picture of his brother in chains, his body stamped with the marks of property, his soul groping in his dark prison towards a ray of God's holy light of freedom. Another would behold a ruined home cursed by the demon of the bottle which he has sent in there to do its work of hell. To a third might appear a youth passing into the sad blight of honesty and honor, corrupted by it, and changed from a man to a sharper. To the murderer what a vision of his victim lying plundered and bleeding in some lonely spot, lighted by flickering flames that will burn deeper and deeper into his writhing soul! Let the corrupt ruler look at his Dollar, and see there a picture of his country insulted and disgraced before the world by his wicked bribe. Let the maiden in her bridal array consult this mirror, and perchance to her startled vision will appear sensual and covetous age, leading captive ambitious girlhood by the lure of gold. Might not the wearied merchant at his midnight toil for more wealth, would he look into this circle, behold his prodigal son, his imbecile daughter, his wife changed from the maid he loved to the scheming matron who now leads him chained to her car of social success? Could every form of suffering, degradation, meanness, crime that men encounter in gaining this dollar, appear on its face when they took it into their hand, what a sight were there! Yet it is all there as truly as if the magic picture were discerned; for every bad man's dollar is the type of his sin; every dollar gained by fraud and crime, by the unchristian devotion to gain, or the sacrifice of any element of manhood, is stained by the prostitution of the soul; and to such may we say in the words of the blunt and honest Apostle James: "*Your gold and silver is cankered: and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat out your flesh as it were fire.*"

But what a different thing is the Dollar when it represents the putting forth of industry for the noblest uses of life! The father who toils to sustain his home and make it the image of heaven, may behold thereon the beloved circle, the ruddy evening glow, the sweet faces lit by love and peace. The poor girl sewing in her garret to save her old decrepit mother from starvation, if she remain pure and thankful to God, may see an angel standing in

the little golden mirror. The heroic mother saving and toiling for her darling boy may see a noble man in the Senate of his country, pouring forth a nation's rising indignation against a woeful wrong, till the pictured face of Washington almost smiles afresh from the walls, and the enemies of man gnash their teeth with infernal rage. What a Dollar was that which Fulton first received at New York for a fare on his new vessel; he says he felt half ashamed to take it—but if he kept it until he reached Albany, he could have seen all the rivers, lakes and oceans of the world ebbing and flowing, and his vessels flying to and fro like the ministering spirits of the world's new day. The true artist's Dollar is but a frame, in which he beholds new forms of loveliness and majesty. The right-hearted citizen of our land, when he receives it as the reward of a day's toil, may behold it radiant with a patriot's hopes. The author, teacher, minister of religion may not fear to soil their hands with it for to them it is not base unless they have stained the whiteness of their genius by selling its power as a slave in the service of sin. The great statesman who has come out of office uncontaminated with bribes, can behold thereon the page of history whereon his name burns with a white light amid annals of infamy. And in private station, many is the good man who can read off the Lord's Prayer from his Dollar, and feel no sense of incongruity. So is this little coin the representative of our relation to our country; base or beautiful as we have been in gaining it. So is it the symbol of our relation to the world; and whatever use we propose to make of our earthly circumstances is there recorded. So is it the type of our position towards God; and the man who can honestly write the Savior's Prayer on his Dollar has overcome the world by consecrating all its opportunities to the sublime office of fashioning a character in the image of "the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

When, therefore, I proceed to answer the question, *How to get the Gold Dollar*, you will understand that I am speaking only of that which represents the best manhood in its relations to this world—the Dollar inscribed with the Lord's Prayer. For all kinds are to be obtained, and there are all kinds of teachers to instruct in the acquisition. One class of these instructors, whose certificate runs back to the money-changers whom Jesus scourged out of the Temple, protest against the interference of the clergy in financial matters; just as a class of statesmen, descended from Pilate and Herod, are grieved at the interference of the teachers of religion in public affairs. But let them not be cast down; as far as I know the clergy, they do not attempt to infringe on their vocation of teaching the art of "gaining the whole world and losing the soul." In all the tricks by which the base counterfeit Dollar, which symbolizes the loss of manhood, is gained, they are far too expert to dread any rivalry. But when it comes to telling the young how to gain the Dollar that gleams with the light of an elevated character, we have a word to say, since manhood is our province. I do not here attempt to describe the special operations in the varied forms of human effort by which this consecrated Dollar may be obtained—they are as numerous as the honorable professions and the righteous men in the world—but I maintain that the method in all is the same, and I only proclaim the everlasting law of Christian acquisition.

The Dollar is a new privilege in the life of this world, for which every man should pay his fair equivalent of work. Labor of some description; of the hands, or the mind, or subtler toil of noble living, is the God-ordained condition of the best earthly opportunities. For labor is not alone of the hands, and the worker on matter is not alone

worth of his hire. Whoever thinks a shorter way to do any necessary thing, or a better thing to do, or a finer grace of manliness to be obtained, deserves the Dollar, that he may occupy a wider field of effort, wherein he may bless mankind with his new discovery. And there are those who live so grandly that all the gold and jewels in the world are a poor tribute to their worth, and we are honored by giving them money, that their orbit of love and light may evermore expand. Service is manifold, and the worker in spiritual stuff is most deserving. Work alone deserves the Dollar; not that a bit of gold can pay any man for honest toil; but it is the key which unlocks the door to a new region of advantages, to which the laborer has gained the right to ascend. Therefore, let no man or woman, old or young, dream that laziness deserves anything but starvation and disgrace. Whoever will not work in some good way while he can—or when his strength is gone live so nobly that his services increase as his body declines—shall not obtain the consecrated Dollar; if he obtain any it shall be a curse to his soul, for the lazy man's gold is a key that opens the ward of a lower hell, to which his sin has doomed him. Neither shall make-believe work deserve the true reward. Whoever gets his living by doing what hinders society, or is superfluous in its occupations, only disgraces himself; for there is a valuable thing for every soul to do that is born into this world, and whoever plays at work does the double mischief of leaving his task undone, and perpetrating a new sham.—Oh! what a wreck does this savage old school-master, Panic, make with all this trumpery of unreal labor! How do whole professions disappear, and whole classes of men shrink to their native poverty, before his relentless gaze! Better live with him and munch your crust, than feast with a prosperity built on false pretences; for the world knows what it needs, and there will be confusion in the money market a good many centuries yet, until all men get into their own place and do their full measure of their own work.

Then do your best work on the highest plane of your manhood. Multitudes of men think business means going into the lower regions of their life to gain a base Dollar, and then coming up and putting on their clean clothes to enjoy it. But do you rather array yourselves in the purple robes of your largest manhood to go about your daily toil. Put your whole soul into your common life. Put in truth. Let every blow you strike come faithfully down on a real spot; and as you value yourself, do not sink to a dishonesty though buried deep as the bottom of the sea; for you cannot slight your work, or cheat your neighbor, or dodge your obligation, without taking it out of your own character, and erasing a letter of the Lord's Prayer from your Dollar. Put in patience and persistence—for there is no good thing, though hung up in the seventh heavens, that cannot be reached by sufficient toil; and no scandal, though rooted down in the seventh hell, that cannot be plucked up by him that "endureth to the end." Put in moderation—for a crazy man only gravitates to a strait-jacket in any region of life. Put in skill—for you are bound to do your work better in some way than it was ever done before. Put in reverence for man—for true work is always in his service—and your Saviour came to minister to us all; and to defraud in your toil is such an insult to him and disgrace to you as all the material prosperity upon earth cannot conceal. Put in self-reverence; love for family; respect for just law; patriotic devotion to your country's real good; philanthropic concern for all men—reverence for man implies all these. And no job is really done until all these appear in its doing. Do nothing in your work you are ashamed to publish to the world, to yourself, to your God.

Young woman, receive no Dollar that degrades your womanhood. If you are living as true daughter, wife, mother, friend, you are not in degrading dependence, but it is your right to receive as the privilege of man to give, the Dollar rightly earned. But oh! beware the curse of taking the base Dollar; of tempting man to earn it by the disgrace of his manliness; for could you see yourself walling in fine raiment bought by money rung from your neighbor in the bitter competitions of dishonest trade; filched from the slow-witted; plundered from the foolish, the unfortunate, the despairing—as the angels behold you; could every dollar that goes to buy luxuries for your social state and position in the world, reveal the history of its acquisition, would you be able to face your present success? Pitch your wants on a key so low that they can all be satisfied by the consecrated Dollar; and scorn any advantage gained by other coin as you would shrink from pollution.

Say not this method of getting the Dollar is impracticable—a minister's fancy! For the only practical thing in business is to get money that represents the best manhood; and to sell your soul at retail to the devil, for a Dollar a fiber, is about the most unpractical sort of speculation in which a shrewd man can engage. I know it is not very easy to get rich in this way. It is very easy to get rich in America in many low ways; but all the "fine gold" thus gained is "dimed" in the getting, and we shall go down hill as we accumulate these riches. And of all men who thus obtain the Dollar, Jesus said: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for them to enter the kingdom of God." It is as hard in America as it ever was in the world to earn the consecrated Dollar; but the ambition to gain it is worthy our young men, and challenges their finest talent and their utmost heroism. For to desire the consecrated Dollar is nothing less than to long for a larger field of usefulness; to wish for more of the world to fill with love; to pray for the power to be a providence among men. Such a love of money is the root of nobility, and whoever acquires wealth that represents the best he knows and can do in life, has treasure laid up in heaven.

This style of getting the Gold Dollar will insure the true method of its use. The fortune meanly gained will be meanly spent; for the plain reason that the same man who degraded himself to obtain his money, unless he becomes a better man, will continue to act from the same low level, and scourge the community worse in the use than in the getting of his wealth. The reason of so much criminal and foolish expenditure of money in America is found in the wicked modes of acquiring property. Is it strange that the scamp who has sprung a trap in speculation and caught a fortune, should go on speculating in higher things than railroad stocks, and prostitute his ill-gotten substance to pollute the ballot-box, or bribe the community into granting him a social position he does not deserve?—Will not the young man who fills his pocket at the gaming-table, or by some shrewd legal way of swindling, conclude to buy the privilege of unlimited sensuality, or naturally aspire to the chance of spreading himself as an omnipresent coxcomb through the wide limbo of fashionable life? Is it surprising that a wife who shuts her eyes on the questionable tricks of her husband's trade, and tempts him to new meanness by her prodigality, will use her gold in spoiling the bodies and souls of her children, and putting out the light of heaven in her home? Whoever gains money like a knave will spend it like a snob, because the money-making sharper by success is naturally developed into the upstart of society. I want no better test of a man's way of using than a knowledge of his manner of getting; and when I see ostentation, or avarice,

or hard, cold selfishness in the owner of large possessions, I can prophesy that if the whole story were told, his title of possession would be stained by many damning sins before God, and outrage done to man. But when the Dollar has been so truly earned that it represents the best manhood of its possessor, I need no assurance that the same nobility will preside over its use, and bless the world as much in the spending as in the gaining.

Money is the talisman that opens the wards of all regions of life, and he who has it can buy opportunities of many kinds. But since nobody is rich enough to buy all the opportunities of American society, or great enough to use them if they were possessed, there must be a choice in expenditure, and economy in use. Every man must save somewhere; it is honorable to stint ourselves in some directions, that we may obtain better things in others. Therefore, the wisest man is he who spends his Dollar to buy the opportunity most useful for his own growth in character and service to the world. Only a fool throws away his money on things that degrade himself or positions he cannot occupy with honor to the people; but the greatest bargain is made when we buy those opportunities that we can fill full of our own power and make permanent positions of Christian influence among men. The bodily necessities of life are very few. Our Savior while in the flesh was poorer than any of you whom I address; and almost every man can have something to purchase the position he can best use for himself and the world.

Have you then an especial talent for any honorable trade, or have you discovered a new or finer way of doing any necessary kind of work? Save everywhere else, and buy the opportunity to develop your genius in this direction—for this is the best gift you can bestow on society, and through such an elevation of labor, freedom and religion will gain a better chance among men. A true laborer, farmer, mechanic, merchant, who thus fills his profession brim full of his best mental and moral life, is a creature of power in any community, and his position is a seminary in the arts of a consecrated business. Do your abilities fit you best for a social influence? then spend your money on a home, broad, elegant, hospitable; only remember to be so great that men shall forget your house while looking at you. Take your position in society, and then teach your neighbors Christian manners, Christian hospitality, Christian amusements. Let your family circle become a school of social wisdom and beauty; and win America from the worship of tapestry and gilding, and barbaric luxury and habits, to the love of true elegance and the grace of real gentility. Have you an unmistakable genius for letters or art, or are your children gifted with power to charm and bless the world? Then spend for the best culture of the mind. Let fine house, fine clothes, society, business, sink to subordinate matters, and buy the company of the best wisdom, the instruction of the most accomplished in the arts. And when gained, stand on your own manhood, and spend all your life to purchase greater opportunity to move the world in this excellent way. Are you gifted with that peculiar combination of faculties that fit you to heal the sick, to plead the law, to prophesy in the pulpit or outside the Church, on the people's platform? Let no expense be spared to get you into your place, and when there, do not spoil everything by using your position to make money, but use your money to enlarge your position, and trust to your service in that way for your vindication among men. You are born to rule, to live an executive life. You understand the movements of public affairs, and can keep cool and calm, and grow in manhood amid the fierce heats of political conflict. Use all the money you can get honestly to obtain a post of in-

fluence. Do not buy voters, or bribe editors, or insult any man by proposing any partnership in meanness; but buy honestly the opportunity to serve your country. Buy a newspaper, buy a stump, buy a standing-place, and begin to talk.—Spend your money to sow the land from ocean to ocean with stirring appeals and invincible reasons for freedom; and every shoot you plant shall spring up in time a free and pure American voter. When you get power, do not try to seize a new place, before you know the duties of the old. If only a policeman, put your whole soul into to your baton, and let it fall like a bolt of lightning upon the evil-doer, and flash like a ray of light before the oppressed within your "beat." And by saving everywhere else and using your money to enlarge your power to serve the people, you may become a statesman, such as lived in the old days, when great men dwelt under humble roofs, and went forth from narrow farms to guide the destinies of mighty states. And if you can be a wise philanthropist, and are sure that you know some good way to cure those social evils we all too plainly see, pray spend your Dollar to gain a place where you can be an angel of deliverance to the sorrowing, the sinful, the oppressed. *The crown of earthly privilege is to occupy your own place, and the only wise use of money is to buy that place.* And then all is in your hands—for the wisdom to fill it, and the virtue to make it a center of power and love, no money can buy; that must be gained by long weary service, obedience to God, reverence for man, and devotion to those graces of the soul that mould the religious life.

The Gold Dollar is the type of American civilization. As it is a metallic plate on which we may write the tempter's creed or the Savior's prayer, so is our country such a material opportunity as was never seen, wherewith we can do what we will for man and God. But we have not yet learned how to gain the Dollar, nor do we really know how to use it. We run about calling to the nations—"Who will sell an empire? for our purse is full, we would buy—who can offer a new pleasure, a new luxury, a new way to pave the road of common life with gold? we have more than we can waste—who wants a new railroad? we will survey one to the moon—let us float a palace of gold and tapestry on every river and lake, and build up a fairy mart of commerce, wherein every man shall have a stall, and all be rich!" O foolish young nation! save your money, till you learn that the more you spend this way the leaner your soul will grow, till you learn in the fires of panic and the collapse of credit, and the wreck of your lofty hopes, to spend for man. For man is the summit of American civilization, and for him should we gain; for him use the golden talisman. Spend to organize a free and solid industry from sea to sea. Spend for the home; spend for the school; spend for a pure Gospel; spend for true art and generous manners; spend for justice, and order, and official integrity; oh! spend for freedom, the emancipation of man from the tyrannies of the past, that he may learn to obey the eternal laws of God. All virtue and skill in our outward life concentrates now in learning the value of this familiar Dollar; in stamping it with the image and superscription of liberty; in gaining it by the exercise of our uttermost nobility; in using it to buy success in our experiment of a Christian democracy. Always before our eyes shall hover this shining circle, illuminated with the words of Christ; and while following this gleam of the gold, a finer radiance shall mingle with its light, till along the horizon of our country's hopes its circle shall fade into the golden flush of a rising dawn, and over the hills shall leap the new day of love and joy, and the Christ shall again be born in a nation's life, and from the private heart and the public soul shall ascend the prayer: "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven."

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

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TRAGEDY IN WASHINGTON.

An earthquake has shaken the moral world. The consequences to a few have been disastrous. A deep despair—an unspoken heart sorrow—has fallen, like a thunder bolt from a cloudless sky, upon human hearts. The home altar has been torn to fragments by the destructive shock, yet this sad event has afforded a rich repast to the famishing carrion eaters; the scandal vendor is rejoicing that an event has occurred whereby *his* stock in trade has been replenished; and editors no longer look in vain for a rare bit of news to give their readers.

The Washington tragedy has set some people to thinking. Mothers are beginning to look into the future, hoping to avert the doom that, perhaps, awaits their pure daughters; husbands are casting wistful glances at their household gods to see if all is well with *them*; the true philosopher is beginning to solve the social problem, beginning to ask if there is not a moral cancer eating out the great human heart?

Daniel E. Sickles, Member of Congress from New York, is a man of rather questionable character; but it is said he is a capital politician, and, by his pleasing address, has found his way to the hearts of the most fastidious women. In 1853 he married the daughter of Baglioli, the celebrated music-teacher of Fourteenth street, New York.—Mr. Sickles had seen thirty-five frosty winters and the cold rough side of the world. The fair bride had seen but seventeen years. Raised like a hot house plant, she had seen only the sunny side of life. *She* knew nothing of the frost and mildew that blights the unfolding flower. Her beauty and child-like innocence won the heart of Mr. Sickles, while she was bought with glitter and tinsel.—Beauty, pomp, gold and position may dazzle and charm when the wind is fair, but the gale and storm will sweep them away. The husband who will unblushingly repeat to his wife the "follies of his youth," must not wonder if she repeats the tragedy he has taught her. If a woman is too weak to lift a moral leper, healed and heart whole, to her platform she is very likely to endorse his philosophy and sink to his level. Mr. Sickles introduced his child-wife to his particular friends, to those whose hearts and lives were not unlike his own. No one was more cordially welcomed at his house than was Philip Barton Key, United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia, and with the knowledge, too, that his invited guest had never held sacredly the reputation of any woman.

Key was forty years of age; tall, commanding, of easy and dashing air. Just the man to win the heart of a *fashionable* woman; indeed, it is said he was not unpopular with the mothers of marriageable

daughters. It is not unlikely that some disappointed maid or matron, instigated by jealousy, wrote the exposing letter out of the purest revenge. The consequence of the secret meetings of the victim and of the victimized are well known to our readers. Mr. Key fell by the murderous hand of Sickles. He died while seeking an interview with the woman he had ruined and basely betrayed.

How was the seducer—the man who openly boasted of his infamous deeds—regarded? Was there any public demonstration of censure from the husbands and fathers in the halls of Congress? None. Did words of rebuke fall from the lips of men in high places? No. Any sympathy for the poor fallen—betrayed woman? None. With pomp and display; amid tears, prayers and eulogies the murdered man was sepulchred.

Mr. Sickles is censured by a few for his rashness, lauded by many for his bravery, and pitied by the mass for his great misfortune. It is said "his honor has been stained." When was it stainless? "He would compromise his *dignity* by forgiving his erring wife." Who, that knows Mr. Sickles, can remember when his manhood was without a blemish—when he did not ridicule the very idea of virtue in man? "Mrs. Sickles has been false to her husband." Has she not been false to *her own* soul? One would think by newspaper reports that no one had been wronged—"dishonored"—but Hon. Daniel E. Sickles. We will venture the prediction that Mr. Sickles will not only be tried and acquitted, but applauded for avenging the great wrong done to *himself*. He will obtain a divorce from his wife and ask and obtain in marriage the hand of some woman as trusting and helpless as she who has "dishonored" Daniel Sickles.

Mrs. Sickles, the beautiful, human butterfly, will ask in vain for sympathy. She would rise but she is weak and there is none to give her the helping hand. No words of commiseration will reach her listening ear. No gentle Nazarine will say to her "Go, sin no more." And so she will sink still lower beneath the iron heel of Society or she will fold her wings and with the world's bitter curse upon her head and a withering blight upon her soul, she will creep noiselessly to the grave. The Washington correspondent for the National Democrat (Cleveland) says:

As is usual in such cases, the fashionable of her own sex are the bitterest judges she has to encounter, and they speak of her late conduct in the severest terms of denunciation. Nothing, in their estimation, can be said in palliation of her wrong. If anything, their sympathy leans towards the deceased.

Isn't this a terrible, lamentable truth? Women as faltering as this wretched Magdalen—and those too, whose fashionable, fame and fortune-seeking daughters, are nearing the abyss where a sister has been lost—are the first to condemn, the last to pity and save.

"How long, oh Lord, how long will these things be?"

SPIRITUALISTS.

A correspondent of the Boston Investigator, in a letter to a Universalist minister says:

"The Spiritualists are cutting into your clerical ranks, most terribly, or I should have said, *cutting out*! Here are the names of some of the Universalist ministers, who have cut out of your church and become Spiritualists:—Rev. Messrs. Dods, Brittan, Harris, Spear, Hewitt, Toohey, Elkins, Everett, Fishbough, and Ambler. Probably there are more, but these are all I can think of now."

Please add Bartlet, Andrews, Towner, Gage, Allen, Henry, Peebles, Averill, Bell, Brown and Goddard. How many more we have not the pleasure of knowing. Who will add to the list?

THE Ninth Annual Commencement Exercises of the Homœopathic College was holden in the Plymouth Church in this city on the 2d inst. Professor Guilbert addressed the audience upon the "Hero as a Physician," taking as his model of the Medical Hero, Samuel Hahnemann. The lecture was an exceedingly interesting history of the life and labors, toils and achievements of the founder of Homœopathy. It is said that Prof. Guilbert is not a great admirer of "strong minded woman;" but we have seldom heard a more just or complimentary tribute paid woman than the Professor paid the second wife of Hahnemann. Would space in the Agitator allow we would give a synopsis of the lecture, etc., etc.; but as the printer cries "enough" we will give but a brief outline of the sayings and doings.

After the lecture the following persons received diplomas:

D. H. Gregory, O.; Edward P. Scales, N. H.; Sarah M. Ellis, Mich.; Arphax Farnsworth, N. Y.; Thomas Cromlish, Pa.; Llewellyn Oliver, Ca.; Janet C. MacLean, Ga.; Benjamin G. Keyes, N. Y.; John M. Buckner, Ill.; Eady Stevenson, Ca.; Frances Burritt, La.; Orrin Fowle, Mich.; Andrew B. Spinney, N. Y.; Virginia C. Wallace, Pa.; Frederick A. Lathrop, Wis.; Chester Smith, Mich.; Geo. Pyburn, Ca.; Douglas S. Low, Tenn.; Maria M. Cross, O.; Jerome B. Frasier, N. Y.; Anna M. Gatchell, O.; Jonathan R. Hamilton, Me.; John Davies, Wis.; Alexander H. Burritt, La., honary.

It is a promising sign of the times, the fact that six of the graduates are women. Great credit is due Prof. Brainard, and several others of the professors, for aiding women in the achievement of medical knowledge; but far greater credit is due her who has so nobly stemmed the tide of opposition in gaining the Hahnemann Land. We know, personally but two of the female graduates—Mrs. Burritt and Mrs. Gatchell. They are noble women and good physicians. The others are, doubtless, as competent and divinely womanly.

After the services closed at the church, the Professors, students and a few invited guests repaired to the Weddell House. Supper and song, toasts and speeches *concluded* the commencement. Aside from the late supper of every thing eatable the festivity contributed vastly to our happiness.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Several children ask where was the promised story? "The Calico Cloak," was intended for them but the printer put it on the wrong page.

A GENTLEMAN asks how he can best serve us. By subscribing for the Agitator and paying \$1.

A LADY correspondent wishes to know how the ladies dressed when we were in New York. They trailed their skirts through the mud and coal dust; hung splendid hats on the back of their heads; they wore thin hose, paper soled gaiters, and those health destroying fur capes. New York is a good place for an Undertaker.

"N." Don't know A. J. Davis present whereabouts.

"S." "G." and "W." Mrs. Spence, formerly Mrs. Britt, is, of course, married to Dr. Spence else she would not "be called by his name." By the way, why do we women, with all our pretensions to self ship; abandon our names when we accept the wedding ring?

A Subscriber writing from Texas says, "Give us, your distant readers, some *clue* to yourself. Who or what are you?" &c. Read "Helena Miles Heart History."

THANKS to Nelson and Miss Lydia for invitations to their sugar parties. Our heart will be with them in the camp, but, dear me! Patience says "wait a little longer." The "Typo" sends her regrets.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

WE have replenished our stock of books. Read the advertisements.

WE have old numbers of the Agitator which we will very gladly send gratis to any one who will distribute them and then send us the names of those who may wish to subscribe for the paper.

WE can furnish new subscribers with the paper back to October 1st.

THE REGISTER is for sale at the office of the Agitator. Price 10 cents.

CROWDED OUT.—“A true Marriage,”—the promised article was left out to give place to the “Washington Tragedy.” Not because we love to write marriage tragedies, but several persons requested an article upon the subject.

THE Pen-o-graph of J. B. Conklin and several communications were laid over to make room for the “GOLD DOLLAR,” an important thing not withstanding the heresy, the infidel and christian will both find in it.

W. L. BURTIS, PROF. OF ELECTROPATHY is about coming to this city to teach the science and to heal the diseased. He claims that electricity, when properly used, is a panacea for all curable maladies. If a person is insane, some organ is diseased, administer to the diseased portion of the brain and the patient recovers. We saw a religious maniac in Prof. Bolles' charge. The terrors of hell had driven the poor woman to despair. The Doctor saw that the organ of hope was suffering, so he applied the battery to that organ and to its correspondences in the body, the result is, we are informed, a complete restoration to health. If there is a great good in this subtle element let the world have the benefit.

L. A. HINE has merged the “People's Paper,” into the “Type of the Times.”

M. R. Robinson has retired from the Anti-Slavery Bugle; Benjamin S. Jones takes his place. Mr. Robinson has been a bold defender of the slave. His work is not done.

Joel Clayton has retired from the Walhalla (S. C.) Banner. We regret this exceedingly. We liked the *man* vastly, notwithstanding our difference of opinion upon some points. He did not, as some have done, refuse an exchange because we have taken the liberty of expressing our own views.

THANKS TO LITTLE MARY HEWETT for the basket of ferns, moss and acorns. They ornament our sanctum. That's not all. They bring back pleasant memories of the ferns and flowers of N. H.; and they whisper of innocence and immortality.—May the young soul of the donor be forever as fresh and pure as the tiny moss buds and fragrant ferns.

RELIGIOUS STARS OF AMERICA.—The Banner of Light—a weekly paper published in Boston, furnishes its readers every week with verbatim reports of Henry Ward Beecher's and E. H. Chapin's sermons. Terms, \$2 per year, and in the same proportion for a shorter time. Sample copies sent free, with club terms.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—The publishers of the Spiritual Age have announced that Miss Emma Harding is engaged in writing, from spirit-impression, a Powerful and Effective Story, to be entitled “The Improvisatore; or, Torn Leaves from Life-Histories. The publication of which will be commenced in the Age early in April.

MARRIED.—On Saturday, Feb. 5th, Mr. A. B. FRENCH, of Farmington, O., and Miss SARAH A. DEWEY of Pen Line, Pa. Mr. French has, for some time been an ardent laborer in the field of Reform; striving with manly energy to roll back the heavy tide of moral corruption that, like a midnight incubus, is flooding the land. S. P. LELAND.

DIED.—In Painesville, on the night of the 22d, of Congestion of the Lungs, Mrs. CORNELIA M., wife of Joel Tiffany, Esq., aged 47 years.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WE have received Parker's last sermon; Miss Emma Harding's lecture on Marriage; Judge Edmond's Tracts and a new edition of Parker's Sermons.

WE have also a New Edition of Volney's Ruins, Vestiges of Creation, bound, and the Inquirer's Text Book by Robert Cooper.

A SERMON FOR THE NEW YEAR. What Religion may do for Man. By Theodore Parker. To which is added Mr. Parker's Farewell Letter to his Society. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

SYMBOLS OF THE CAPITAL; or, Civilization in New York. By A. D. Mayo. Thatcher & Hutchinson, 523 (St. Nicholas Hotel,) Broadway, New York.—This is a book of rare merit. Price \$1.

“NARCOTIC STIMULANTS.”—J. Brainard, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry, Botany and Toxicology in the Western Reserve College, Cleveland, recently delivered a lecture to the students upon Narcotic Stimulants, with which they were so highly pleased as to request a copy for publication.

It makes a neat pamphlet of 18 pages and contains much useful information. Any one wishing it can be supplied by calling at our office or by sending a three cent stamp to pay the postage.

Tobacco mongers are particularly invited to accept the offer.

A SENSATION BOOK.—Thatcher & Hutchinson 523 Broadway, (St. Nicholas Hotel,) New York, have just published the “Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis,” containing the chapters which have appeared in the Evening Post on that subject, with some ten or twelve additional chapters of great interest, in a neat 12mo vol. of 360 pages, illustrated with 24 original and spirited engravings. Price \$1.

A liberal discount to booksellers and agents who order the book in large quantities, and copies sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of \$1. Early orders solicited, that we may be the better prepared to regulate the number required for the second edition.

From the few chapters of the book that have been published, we judge it is rightly named.

Mrs. Cunningham, of the Burdell tragedy, figures largely in the book. If the wretched system of matrimonial brokerage is exposed and exploded the writer should be booked Immortal.

Bishop Hopkins on Spiritualism; Reply of Judge Edmonds. Price 6 cents, postage paid. For sale at this office.

Published by HIGGINS BROTHERS, 45 Lake St., Chicago, *Two New Songs*. Price 25 cents each.

The first called the SPIRIT'S CALL, represents the voice of an angel, saying,

“Oh my brother, I have sought you with many a fear,
I have spoken why did you not hear.”

The music is by J. P. Webster, of Boston, and in its theme it expresses most beautifully the subject of the words, which are by—T. Z.

The second is called “Here is joy for the mourners.”

It speaks of evidences that assure us of the love of those who have departed this life—that they do not cease to cherish us hereafter, and therefore, there is much reason for joy.

The chorus is arranged for four voices, and in this song, too, a beautiful marriage has taken place between the music and poetry. L. H.

“THE HOMEOPATHIC HEALING ART,” is the title of a new work by Prof. B. L. Hill, of the Western Homeopathy College. It is intended as a guide to domestic practice in Homeopathic families.

The author's object is to furnish something more concise and definite than any work of the kind which has preceded it. It is founded principally upon his own extensive experience and observation

and will, no doubt, prove a great saving of “Drs. bills” to persons of the Homeopathic faith.

It is for sale at Hall's Homeopathic Pharmacy, Superior street, Cleveland, O., and also at Halsey & King's, 182 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.; where those who wish it can be supplied with cases of Medicines to accompany it.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CHILDREN—Is a neat little volume of 64 pages, bound in muslin, large fair type, containing six interesting stories, with appropriate hymns for children, by Mrs. L. M. Willis. The stories and hymns were prepared by her for her Sabbath school class in Coldwater, Mich., and they are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are designed.

Contents of Volume 1.—The Little Peacemaker; Child's Prayer; The Desire to be good; Little Mary; Harry Marshall; Wishes; The Golden Rule; Let me Hear the Gentle Voices; Filial Duty; Unfading Flowers; The Dream; Evening Hymn.

This little volume is very much needed and we, in behalf of the young people, thank Mrs. Willis for the book.

Persons sending us twenty-five cents, will have one copy mailed to them post-paid.

“HERE A LITTLE AND THERE A LITTLE.”—By a Friend of Humanity, is the unique title of an equally unique pamphlet. The author deals largely in personalities; but, fortunately, he (or she) attacks the strong and leaves the weak unscathed.

NOTICES.

The Editor intends leaving Cleveland in April to lecture in some of the towns and cities between here and Portland, Maine. Will those wishing her to speak upon any of the Reforms of the day, address her early in April at Cleveland?

SPEAKERS who may wish to lecture in Cleveland can write to J. McLaughlin. Those desiring to speak in Chicago address Russell Green. Capt. J. N. GARDNER has charge of affairs in Buffalo. Those who expect a letter in return should enclose a stamp.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Richmond, Ind., March 17th; in St. Louis March 20th and 27th; in Cleveland, April 24th.

F. L. WADSWORTH may be addressed office of “Spiritual Age,” 14 Broomfield street, Boston, Mass.

W. A. Hume will answer calls to lecture, wherever his services may be required. His address is Cleveland, Ohio; P. O. box, 2397. Terms easy.

ADDRESS Miss Libbie Higgins, Cleveland, Ohio; J. H. W. Toohey, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. V. C. Hunt, Madison, O.; Mrs. E. Warner, Milan, O.; John M. Spear, Boston, Mass.; S. C. Hewitt, Kiantone, N. Y.; O. L. Sutliff, Mansfield, O.; Miss M. Southwick, Grafton, O.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Sturgis, March 16th; Elkhart, Ind., the 17th and 18th; in Chicago, Sunday the 20th.

MR. TOOHEY will speak in Tremont Hall on Sunday the 13th, and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer on Sunday the 20th.

A. J. Higgins will be in Cleveland about the 1st of April, and will answer calls to lecture.

PROF. J. E. CHURCHILL can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street (above Race), Philadelphia, for lectures on Religion, Politics and Social Reform.

THE Friends of Progress will hold their next Quarterly meeting in Richmond, Ind., on Saturday and Sunday the 19th and 20th of March.

JOSEPH TREAT's present address is Warrensville, Ohio.

THOSE sending us notices will please make them as concise as possible. We have cut down and left out all unimportant words in the above notices for the purpose of making room.

THE TYPO'S TABLE.

SIX O'CLOCK.

Six o'clock at last! The day's work is done. The labor that poverty exacts for to-day is satisfied. Now the faithful fingers may unbend, and the soul resume its ownership: the time-piece no longer ticks in tyranny—it has released the toil it measured out. What a little era of joy to those who every day work and wait for it in weariness—whose scenes of life are laid in a work-room and a few rods on the street—till each has not an object that is not familiar—who welcome it only as a change from one monotony to another. But the street grows noisier with the many feet hurrying homeward; snatches of song and conversation fall often on the unlistening ear; now and then an oath or a whistle vibrates on the air, each telling its story, though never analyzed, of the heart that thoughtlessly threw it into the world. Ah, who shall guess the heart that pulses in the crowd? Who will imagine in its miscelany of the mechanic and day-laborer, the Statesman or President, perchance,—till some future day shall be read in the romance of history, of one, whose heart once thrilled with humble joy, at the chime of six o'clock?

Six o'clock in the work-room: the clamor of the machinery is hushed; the bands have almost a look of experienced weariness, as they rest idly on the pulleys. The foreman catches up a soft, sweet tune in whistle, and walks off briskly, with his arms swinging, to the wash-room; the work boys follow lazily, or linger for a "scuffle." They question no longer the veracity of the clock, nor murmur at its tardiness. Soon every post of labor is deserted, and one after another, with dinner baskets on their arms, close the door gladly behind them, and go out with the sweet privileges of six o'clock.

FEMALE LABOR.

Much has been said, and more has been written on the subject of female labor, and the meanness of its compensation, yet notwithstanding all that has been said and done in the matter, there still remains a vast field for improvement. Female operatives are still oppressed, and their labor—the sweet of their brows but illy requited. Poverty drives its thousands to the sad extremes of working for half a subsistence or starving; and many a poor girl laboring without reward, is driven to despair and shame. Why is this, philanthropist? Why is this, churchman? Why is this, reformer? Your labors are exerted for the amelioration of your fellows—you cause by your untiring efforts, churches to rise, defying number. You deck with vain baubles, the house of God; you lavish your wealth upon the temple, but fail to offer a sacrifice, grateful to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. You bring not the down-trod heart to see the glory you would glorify—go forth then, and let the world judge you by your works; convert the baubles you have paraded before the altar, into bread for the starving million—into dollars for a universe of unpaid slaves.—*Selected.*

An indignant contributor who has been sending "nonsense" into the world through the blunders of the printer sends a private note, in which he wishes him the following horrible pun-ishment:

"I say that any printer who will make such blunders with my copy deserves to have his head over-run, his face battered, and his form knocked into pi. May he be compelled to sleep in wet blankets, surrounded with squalling minions, his wife anything but a paragon, and he destitute of quoins with which to buy a new dress or small caps."

Merciful goodness! How he pours forth his indignation against the craft! He signs himself "Ex-devil." "Ex" stands for extra. He hopes the printer will be destitute of "quoins." I hope he'll get "strapped" sometime, I do; then he'll see.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The typo feels highly complimented at seeing an article from this column copied into the editorial of the Walhalla (S. C.) Banner. She thanks the editor for his appreciation, but won't he please to give credit next time?

SOW THE WIND and REAP THE WHIRLWIND.

LAKE ZURICH, Feb. 12, 1859.

The Agitator comes in upon our quiet domicile once in two weeks, with the noiseless footfalls of our guardian angels. It comes like a thief in the night and I always find a

"Feast of reason and flow of soul"

in the nice, white-clad columns of the "*stirrer up*." I love the Agitator, and the Agitatress. [Love the "Agitatress!" Does n't Seth know that the "Agitatress" is an hundred pounds of humanity in crinoline?—Ed.] From the window of the room in which I write, I look down the snow-clad lawn, which will soon put on its beautiful garments of green, forming an inclined plane that kisses the water of the most delightful lake in the—world. The Agitator is abroad and when Lake Zurich's crystal waves are lashed by the Great Chastener, I find that its purity is still more pure. The Agitator is abroad again and, by his expansive power, the transparent covering of our "Laughing Water" is made to roar like distant thunder as the seams open from shore to shore. These cracks in the ice make me think of a scene on Calvary, when the "veil of the temple" was rent in twain. Cracks in the ice of conservatism open up all around us. The loud, thunder roar is heard on the track of Re-Form. The temple of Flesh is unfit for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Bodies are growing weaker by this universal agitation. The waves of mind are too strong for King Canute and his courtiers. He is being overwhelmed by the breakers of every new birth. He sits in the chair of State, but his authority is no longer heeded. Buchanan may remain in the White House, but Douglas is President of Young America. The laurel wreath of "Popular Sovereignty" is now twining around the brow of "Individuality." All this is the result of agitation. Let the work go on. I hate stagnant pools and I don't love conservatism. Let the angels agitate; let the Siloams be stirred to the intensest action. The time is coming, and now is, when they shall say "Blessed are the barren that never bare and the paps that never gave suck." Thousands are calling upon the rocks of conservatism to hide them from the falling avalanche. The Kingdom of Heaven is at the doors, and the reapers, for the white harvest, are daily increasing.

A new phase of Pentecost is arising from the ashes of agitation. Bless the Lord! let the glorious movement be "engrossed for a third reading." One more number of the *Agitator* and the "Bill will pass." Let the work be "done Brown."

SETH PAINE.

CHAGRIN FALLS, Feb. 25, 1859.

MY DEAR AGITATOR:

Yesterday, I with many others congregated to pay our last respects to the mortal remains of an aged and dearly loved Lady. Herself and loving husband have long been firm believers in Spiritualism and its manifestations. While on her death bed, with all her mental faculties fully in power, she confirmed her belief in this "doctrine," and hopes in immortality, by relating her "spirit seeing" in the past and her then consciousness of a duplicate existence, and requesting that it might be related to her children in confirmation of her peaceful death and hopes of a future state of conscious happiness, and that increased by a power of visitation to the loved ones of Earth. The funeral ceremony took place at the house, and in conformity to the ancient custom, a Divine of the orthodox faith was requested to say a prayer on the occasion, who did so and afterwards extemporized a few remarks and in both, not only gave hopes, but belief that her spirit was then in heaven.

Now how shall we account for this? Are the churches becoming "Spiritualists" or hypocrites?

Both respect, and charity will incline us to the former, but the history of the past, their persecutions, and proclamations that Spiritual Manifestations were the works of the devil, strongly incline us to the latter opinion. Still, as they are beginning to show "works meet for repentance," let us hope that the light of truth is beginning to dawn upon their hitherto creed walled gloom, and let us be ready to assist in striking from their fettered hearts the iron bands of bigotry and point them on to a future radaint with liberty's truth, upon the transparency of which stands this great and glorious maxim, "God is Love." *

MILAN, O., Feb. 15, 1859.

EDITOR OF AGITATOR:—Allow me to make a few corrections in the article entitled "Fragments No. 2," published in your issue of this date.

At the close of the second paragraph, near the middle of the column, your printer makes me say as follows:

"And I say, happy are they who can discern the strings of the spirit—who can perceive something more than 'a glimmering power of air.' Our mother, then, will continue with us—nearer, indeed, than while here in the flesh. Be it ours to believe that we shall know this fact."

The words italicized above are wrong. I have a right to say that I don't send such nonsense to the press. Instead of "strings," read *things*. Instead of "power of air," read *from afar*; and instead of "believe," read *so live*.

In the third paragraph, near its beginning, occurs the following: "But when we know, as we may, that heaven is a condition of the mind, here and hereafter as progressive beings," &c. To make it correct read and punctuate as follows: But when we know, as we may, that heaven is a condition of the mind, both here and hereafter; that we are progressive beings; &c.

In the line following the sentence last quoted, instead of "earthly" read *earthly*.

In the sixth line of the second paragraph instead of "This must be or," read, This *me so*.

And lastly, don't spell my name with more than four e's. It looks bad enough when spelled correctly, without having any of the letters *doubled*.

Yours, &c.,

EBENEZER.

MRS. WARNER.

The Friends at Berlin Heights have secured Mrs. Warner to lecture on alternate Sundays at Free Discussion Hall. She is deservedly popular here, and is listened to with marked interest by large and intelligent audiences. A lecture she delivered two weeks since, on Spiritualism and Christianity, was the best constructed, best delivered, and most conclusive I have yet heard on that somewhat hacknied theme. It was incontrovertible in its premises, and thoroughly logical in its conclusions. As a Physician, few mediums are as reliable, and few meet with equal success. Several of her cures compare favorably with recorded miracles. As a woman, she has that stamina, commonly called "back bone," which gives her a decided character of her own, and while it protects her from the injurious pressure of society, leaves her the free and plain spoken child of Nature.

Mrs. W. is a trance speaker, and appears susceptible of perfect control. Her songs in the Indian tongue thrill the hearts even of skeptics, by their deep, thrilling and indefinable pathos.

February 27, 1859.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE only surviving daughter of Schiller, who some years ago presented the world with the correspondence which passed between her late parents in 1778 and 1789, is now preparing for print the correspondence of Schiller's widow with her friends and literary notables of her time.

INVOCATION TO WISDOM.

Wisdom : holy and divine,
I would bow before thy shrine.
In humility of heart,
Ask, thy blessing to impart—
Ask of thee that holy light,
From thy fountain, pure and bright,
Might descend to light my way
Onward to the perfect day,
Ask that I might rightly feel,
For all human woe or weal,
For the suffering sons of earth;
For the reveler in his mirth,
For the erring and the weak,
For the lowly and the meek,
For the captive in her chain,
Fetter both her heart and brain;
For the oppressor in his pride,
At his humble brother's side,
Whipped and tortured day by day,
Made by law his rightful prey—
Teach, oh! teach me how to feel;
Teach me wisely how to heal.
Give me Wisdom! to impart
Comfort to each aching heart;
And to aid the true and right.
Teach, oh teach me, Heavenly guide:
From myself to banish pride.
Teach me, where so e'er I go,
By thy light myself to know.
Make me humble as a child;
Make me lowly, meek and mild.
Yet, reposing in the power,
That shines forth in bud and flower—
In my womanhood to stand
Boldly forth at thy command,
In defence of all that's true,
Though supported by the few.
Or, the power to stand alone
And thy glorious gospel own.
Give me Wisdom; thus to be
Both in soul and body free.
Thus I'd labor, thus I pray,
Holy Spirit! lead the way.

S. E. M.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE FABLE OF THE RAIN DROP.

There was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he had ploughed it and planted the corn, and harrowed it and wed it with great care; and on that field he depended for the support of his family. But after he had worked so hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for want of rain, and he thought he should lose his crop. He felt very sad and went out every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day, as he stood there looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little rain-drops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer; I feel sorry for him; he has taken such pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drying up. I wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other; "but you are only a little rain-drop; what can you do? You can't wet even one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much; but I can cheer the farmer a little, at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best. I'll try; I'll go to the field and show my good will, if I can't do more; so here I go." And down went the rain-drop, and came pat on the farmer's nose, and then fell on one stalk of corn.

"Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, "what's that? A rain-drop, where did that come from? I do believe we shall have a shower!"

The first rain-drop had no sooner started for the field than the second said, "well, if you go, I believe I will go too; so here I come," and down dropped the rain-drop on another stalk.

By this time a great many rain-drops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about; and when they heard them and saw them going to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one of them said:

"If your going on such a good errand, I'll go too," and down he came. "And I," said another; "and I," "and I," "and I," and so on, till a whole shower of them came; and the corn was all watered and it grew and ripened, all because the first little rain-drop determined to do what it could.

Never be discouraged, children, because you can't do much. Do what you can. Angels can do no more.—*Child's Paper*.

AN INCIDENT.

S—C—, was a little boy of some eight years. He was not one of those bright, impulsive, mischievous little fellows that one would love for his tricks, but rather one of those cool, deliberate little plagues, that did not seem to take part in the plays with other children, but rather among them in a way that was often unpleasant to physical feeling. Many were the complaints brought to me from little ones who had felt the effects of some stone, stick, or other *coup de grace*, from his hand. Repeated talking and chiding, did not seem to produce any sudden change in his course; though, perhaps, the cases of offence became less numerous.

One afternoon, I had occasion to enter the school room among the little ones, and, as it seemed a fit opportunity I told the pupils stories of two children, one of whom had done something wrong, and concealed it from its parents; I then portrayed how bad he felt, how he afterwards became a very bad boy. The other, of a little girl who did something wrong, and confessed it, and thus received the love of her mother more than ever, and felt happy, and became a good girl. I asked them which they thought had done right, and which they would try to be likened to? They were very decisive in their answers, and particularly the little boy that had so often been brought to me for his "naughtiness." He seemed all attention.

The next day I heard a rap, rap, rap, at my door. I was engaged at the moment, and could not open it, and knowing by the sound that it was one of the children, I hurried to get through. Soon, rap, rap, rap again: I opened it, and there stood my little troublesome one. I looked at him kindly, and he broke out,

"Mr. —, I—I—tore—one—of the little girl's dresses—just now—I did—indeed I didn't mean to. I'll try not to do so any more."

"Very well; I am sorry it has happened, but I am very glad that you came and told me. You are excused for it. Next time you do anything wrong, do you think you will come and tell me?"

"Yes sir."

And away he went with a lighter heart. After that he gave me no further trouble.

Thus, by a little moral tale in school, was a little boy set to thinking, and from thinking to acting. How oft may we find opportunity to drop a few seeds in their little hearts, that may spring up and bring forth good fruit.

N.

THE CIRCUS.—A circus came to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tent and horses set all the little boys agoing. Quarters of dollars and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus-riders carried away which was ment for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking around the premises with a great deal of curiosity.

"Halloa, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?"

"No, sir," answered Johnny; "Father don't like 'em."

"O, well, I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny.

"Well, go for once, and I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," said Johnny, "my father would give me money if he thought it were best; besides I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box, twice enough to go."

"I'd go, Johnny, for once; it's wonderful the

way the horses do," said the man. "Your father needn't know it."

"I shan't," said the boy.

"Now why?" asked the man.

"Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been I couldn't look my father right in the eye, and I can now."—*Child's Paper*.

LOVED AND GONE.—What little things serve to remind us of the loved and lost! A vacant chair; a pair of little shoes; a single stocking, or a child's plaything, have stories, all of them, and make the heart grow soft with sorrow. A mother whose little boy is dead, says; "Out of doors the children are being happy with their sleds, and how they rejoice that the winter is here. In the woodshed hangs my boy's sled; though, he will not need it any more. I thought as I looked at it, how he was wishing for snow; and, now it has come he is gone." Sacred is the little sled now. Every time she looks at it she thinks of her boy. It is a mute reminder of the little one that is dead; hanging up by a string, just as he left it, it is a something left behind to keep his memory green. A strange pleasure, that she was blessed with his presence once; and sorrow that he is gone, mingle together while she looks at it; the past is a dream, and the present, sad reality; but the future is bright with hope.—*N. C. Herald*.

A WICKED JOKE.

A few years since some roguish boys persuaded "Joe" to attend a Sunday School. Joe was an overgrown, half witted, profane lad, and the boys anticipated considerable fun out of him.

Joe was duly ushered in, and placed on a settee in front of the one on which his friends were seated, and the recitation commenced. The teacher first questioned the class on their regular lesson, and then turned to Joe.

"My friend," said the teacher, "who made the world we inhabit?"

"Eh?" said Joe, turning up his eyes like an expiring calf.

"Who made the world we inhabit?"

Just as he was probably about to give an answer, one of the boys seated behind, inserted a pin into his (Joe's) pants, about nine inches below the ornamental button of his coat.

"God Almighty!" answered Joe, in an elevated tone, at the same time rising quickly from his seat.

"That is correct," replied the teacher; "but it is not necessary that you should rise in answering. A sitting posture is just as well."

Joe was again seated, and the catechism proceeded.

"Who died to save the world?"

The pin was again inserted, and Joe replied, "Jesus Christ?" in a still louder voice, rising, as before, from his seat.

"That is also correct, but do not manifest so much feeling; do be more composed and reserved in your manner," said the teacher, in an expostulating tone.

"What will be the final doom of all wicked men?" was the subject now up for consideration; and as the pin was again stuck in, Joe thundered out, with an increased elevation of his body, "Hell and damnation!"

"My young friend," said the instructor, "you give the true answers to all these questions, but we wish you would be more mild in your words. Do endeavor, if you can, to restrain enthusiasm, and give a less extended scope to your feelings." *Banner*.

Joy, and Temperance, and Repose,
Slam the door on the Doctor's nose.

Longfellow.

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Men of action, aid and cheer us,

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