

# 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. 20.

DEAR MRS. BROWN.—I send you a few specimens from my "Patch Book." They are at your disposal; put them in the Agitator or in the fire, as your reason may decide. In either place they will be tried "So as by fire."

The poetry I clipped some eight or ten years ago, from the New York Tribune.

I do not think that the Editor of the Tribune would be willing to publish such poems at present; for what was then (ten years ago) truthful, poetical and proper, would to-day be called Free Love. But free love or not here is to my mind a beautiful gem.

V. C. HUNT.

## MY SPIRIT BRIDE.

When evening spreads her robes of gloom  
O'er all the scenes of busy day,  
And hides within his nightly tomb  
The sun's expiring ray,—  
Unwatched I leave the haunts of men,  
And from the crowded city glide,  
That I may muse on thee again,  
My own,—my Spirit's Bride!

Reclining on a mossy bed—  
Beside some softly murmuring stream,  
Whose music soothes my aching head—  
Of heaven and thee I dream.  
Thy tones of love I seem to hear—  
I seem to see thee by my side;  
And oh! I hold communion dear  
With thee—my Spirit's Bride.

What though another claims my care,  
And 'minds me of my plighted vow?  
She heareth not the fervent prayer  
My lips are breathing now.  
What though cold hearted duty call,  
And bids me hasten to her side?  
Upon my ear the mandate falls  
In vain—my Spirit's Bride.

What though my babe with laughing eye  
Essays to speak its father's name?  
Till midnight I remain to sigh,  
And hide my pain and shame.  
For, though to speak it be a sin,  
And though I wound thy maiden pride,  
That laughing cherub should have been,  
Thine own, my Spirit's Bride.

Yes, I am bound for life—for life—  
By legal chains that men have made,  
To cherish and protect my wife—  
And they shall be obeyed.  
But can they force the heart to love?  
As well control the swelling tide!  
My heart I swear by heaven above—  
Is thine—my Spirit's Bride!

Thine! though a thousand chains of steel  
Were forged to force me to comply:  
Thine! though the rack and torturing wheel  
Were ranged before my eye;  
Thine! were the fatal edict passed  
That doomed me to the angry tide;  
Thine! though the word should be my last—  
Still thine—my Spirit's Bride!

Better trust all and be deceived,  
And weep this trust, and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,  
Had blessed one's life true believing.  
Oh, in this mocking world—too fast  
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!  
Better be cheated to the last,  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

## HELENA MILES' HEART HISTORY.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### Julius Gray's Letter to Helena and her Reply

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, Oct., 1858.

Well, Helena, years and the sea have long divided us. Great changes have come to me since I left the United States, but greater ones, perhaps, to you. I have plunged in the vortex of trade—lived to accumulate wealth. I have been successful, but money has not brought contentment or home comforts. But, Helena, it has brought the means of providing for that *mysterious* child and its ill fated mother. I can now say to my conscience "be quiet," for no accusing angel is charging me with casting upon the world's mercy those for whom I should provide. You may charge me with refusing to provide for you; well, I grant I have not been just according to *your* law; but remember there is another tribunal where I have been tried and found guiltless. I never refused you support till you left the home I provided for you, and then you was too womanly weak, with all your boasted strength, to ask of the Court justice; that left me free to give or withhold a maintenance. It may, by some, be regarded as generous in you to conceal the great cause of our separation; but even then I doubt your faring any better. You know that men are not expected to be religiously moral, and half the women love a rake a thousand times better than they do his pure hearted wife.

You might have lived comfortably and comparatively happy could you have borne with my idiosyncrasies, or rather, had you kept out of the meshes of reform. These new ideas of equality and freedom are the ruin of women and the curse of men. They sound well enough in song and story, but when the reality comes, away go your fancy flights, and your splendid air castles tumble down and only a mass of fragments lie at your feet.

Hav'nt you found it so? How many women—the very pleaders for equality—have stood by you? And have you stood by yourself, by your own principles? Do you not look—when the storm gathers—back to the home I provided for—do you not miss my strong arm when Scandal bends her bow and sends the arrows whizzing about your ears?

But I'll not tantalize you. I only want an honest confession from your pen. My interest for you is unabated and I want to know how you are managing with the world.

How are your parents? Does your mother still prophesy evil of you? Where is Aunt Jane?

How are your friends, (?) the Howards? I never claimed spiritual sight, but I looked straight through that family the hour I was housed with them. Their hints and innuendoes at the time, and their subsequent *miss* reports of what I *did not* say, convinced me that trouble awaited you from

that quarter. I suppose you did not heed my warnings and the consequence has been deep heart trouble—has it not?

Now, Helena, write me all the particulars of your doings. Remember I have not heard your name spoken or seen it written in the last five years.

With kind remembrances to all I remain yours  
repentfully, JULIUS GRAY.

#### HELENA'S REPLY.

DEAR JULIUS.—Your cool and enquiring letter is so characteristic of you that you seemed, while reading it, at my elbow suggesting this thing and that; warning and reproving as of old. Well, Julius, the letter is just like *you*; how else could it be? You cannot see as I see, because God did not give you my eyes.

You write somewhat, like one who has been tried at the Bar of God in the human heart and not "found guiltless;" but let the dead past be buried and forgotten—if the angel of *Justice* does not forbid the burial.

I am not unmindful of your disposition to protect me; but I am unwilling to own that God has endowed me with hopes, aspirations,—with all the faculties of the human heart with which he has you and then I prove myself incapacitated for self protection. Why should I not arrogate to myself the right to protect myself? and if some one must be cared for, thought for, talked for and toiled for, why may I not be the one to do the work for you, thereby giving your hands and heart a season of rest? To me, it is supremely ridiculous to hear you talk of protecting and supporting me. When did you ever protect me? when support me? I am certainly oblivious of any such deeds. It is well enough to *talk* about weak women and, with a patronly air, say, "I buy the bread, I ward off the blows." Some one has very truthfully said:

"Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone  
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead  
A course of long observance for its use,  
That even servitude, the worst of ills,  
Because delivered down from sire to son,  
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing."

But to your questions.

First my "air castles" never rose sufficiently high to have a fall. How "many women have stood by me?" A great army—so great that no *man* can count them; from the fact, it may be, that many of the women are *secretly* my friends. If angels could tell you facts, they would reveal beautiful truths of the prayers that go up silently to the Father, for the triumph, for the final success of the battle in which I have enlisted. The poor bond woman looks upon her diseased, deformed, imbecile, discordant children and to her soul she whispers the secret of all this mass of human deformity, this mountain of misery that she has called into existence; but she is cowardly because the iron heel of Despotism has so long kept her in the dust; yet there is divinity in that woman's soul and she sends to the God-Father thanks, while she



listens to the blow on blow that will eventually sunder her chains; or if not hers, those of her children. It is true, Julius, Scandal has set her hounds upon my track; true, tears have stained a few pages of my heart history; but the vulture must have prey. However, I am not disposed to make for it a feast without entering my protest against being devoured.

Our "friends," the Howards, stir up the fires of falsehood occasionally, but they only burn while they are fanning the flame. At first they did annoy me beyond endurance, but now it amuses me to see them twist and turn to crawl out of the net, they have so industriously woven for my benefit.

Aunt Jane has ceased from her school labors, and is patiently waiting the "Well done" from the recording angel. I rather think she is a better woman than she had credit for being. She cannot see the use of birds, flowers or children; how then can she love them? It is not a fault but a misfortune, that she does not. Had she the ordering of things she would grow potatoes and corn where the daisy and rose beautify God's garden. She would convert the canary into shanghais, and the children would be a second edition of herself and Parson Clark. They would walk by rule and talk according to Webster and Walker.

My mother has been three years in her new home and the sod is fresh to day upon my father's grave. Mother lived to see me through the pitfalls and thorn-fields; beyond she saw Truth's mountain and an angel band leading and lighting me thitherward. One question remains unanswered: "Have you stood by your principles?"—Well, Julius, dear, I have never so far wandered from them as to look back, like my weaker sister, Lot's wife, and wish myself in the "home" you "provided" for me in the city of Sodom. Have never forgotten in my prayers to give thanks for the freedom I do possess—never forgotten to pray God to send his ministering spirit to strengthen the hands of the weak, to inspire the souls of the slaves with the love of liberty, that they, too, may break all unholy bonds and live something like a true life. But, to tell the *whole* truth, when I found myself afloat upon the world's great human tide, I hardly knew which way to turn. I felt like a man who had worn prison chains a dozen years; when the chains fell and he was sent out into the world, he found his limbs weak; the light of day blinded his eyes and every soul, save a good Samaritan, turned away from the poor fellow, for his coat of many colors told the story of his past life.

Weak from chain-wearing and by half the world accursed, not for having been a prisoner, but for not keeping my cell. I went out asking what I should do, and how I should do it, to get my bread. Poverty, Scorn, Hate and Malice, like ghosts from Hades, came to haunt me by day and to make even my dreams hideous with their ravings. I had no capital wherewith to commence any kind of business, for the law (not justice) took my means out of my hands and put it in yours. I wrote for the papers, hoping to receive a compensation sufficient to satisfy Nature's stern demands; but my articles were either returned or published without my signature. When I asked the cause, I was coolly told that I had lost caste with the public by leaving my husband, consequently a publisher would lose patrons by patronizing me. With my needle I could barely pay board; my strength of body failed; some of my old friends passed me by without recognition; several of my relations felt that disgrace had come to them by my strange proceedings.—These things combined nearly crushed me and in my desolation I prayed for death; but he had another call and passed me by. At last I said to my soul, "There is no room for us here, let us away." So I purchased, with my last dime, arsenic. Then

I "set in order my house," wrote the reasons for the deed my hand was about to do. There was an indelible pleasure in the thought that on the morrow this aching head would be pillowed on the cool bosom of mother earth; that my weary spirit would fold its wings upon my sainted mother's bosom; that gentle angels would whisper "peace" to the wild waves of human woe and peace and rest would come. I finished my "Letter to the World," sealed it saying, "'Tis finished," and then put forth my hand for the poison. A strange feeling stole over me—my hand was palsied—my heart forgot its pulsation—the outer world was closed against me and I stood among a host of beautiful beings who had left their blood-stained foot-prints upon the earth, and those who had worn heroically a crown of fire. They gave me words of cheer and strength and inspiration. They bade me go forth to walk in the path that they had out-marked; to proclaim God's Eternal Laws to the world, and they would be a wall of fire about me. I awoke from that dream a changed being. I did not know whence my bread would come; but knew the way and resolved to walk therein. I went out into the world saying, in the language of a German poet,

"Pain's furnace heat doth in me quiver,  
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,  
And all my heart in anguish shivers,  
And trembles at the fiery glow;  
And yet I whisper, 'As God will,'  
And in his hottest fire hold still."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

### AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

#### 400 DOLLARS, THE PRICE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

DEAR AGITATOR.—At the recent session of the Court of Common Pleas in this city, an action was brought against the parties, who aided the wife in abducting their only child and placing it beyond the reach or knowledge of the plaintiff.

The jury in this case rendered a verdict in favor of the husband to the amount of four hundred dollars, as a supposed damages and as a compensation for the two year's anxiety and mental anguish he had suffered in consequence of his missing darling.

The writer was the only one of the twelve jurors who was for giving mere nominal damages, and that only in consequence of the law being against him, and in obedience to the strict charge of Judge F—that the authority of the husband was absolute in all respects.

Some were for giving fifteen hundred dollars, but not one thought was taken into consideration, of what might have been the condition of the mother had the scene been reversed.

These are the facts in the case and I leave you to make your own comments. For my own part I consider the price entirely too low for me to part with human happiness. In fact, money cannot buy it. Who then, has the most natural right to their offspring? Is it not the mother? Shame on the country that boasts of equal laws and equal rights! It is only a mockery—it is usurpation! Away with such laws!

For Equal Rights,

H.

REMARKS.—"H" leaves us to make our "own comments." We have only to say that so long as woman goes to the matrimonial mart and there relinquishes her rights to name, property and children, to a man—no matter how good he may be—so long the Rachels will weep for the loss of their dearest treasures. If unmarried women would refuse to marry till the laws were so changed that they would be the equal of the husband in all respects, you would see a great change in the laws in less than two years. Why should a woman take a man's name? A child born out of wedlock belongs to the mother, in marriage to the father.—Why is this?

A South Sea Islander would say "Civilization is robbery," and he would be pretty nearly right.—*Ed. Agitator.*

We give Dr. G. B. Rodgers' reply to our interrogation in regard to the medium he mentions in his article on Spiritualism, in the Agitator of Dec. the 15th.

CHAGRIN FALLS, Dec. 15th, 1858.

DEAR AGITATOR.—It is difficult for me to answer your questions in regard to the medium, spoken of in my last communication.

Your first question, "Why did he use the three substances?" As near as I can ascertain, he had come to the conclusion that passes made with substances, derived from the different kingdoms, as they are called, in nature, would produce different results, and concluded to try the experiment; but why he used the three at the same time, I do not know, but as near as I can understand from him he did so.

"What were the substances?" Any piece of linen or cotton, a piece of wool, a handful of grass, constituted the vegetable: Any piece of iron, without regard to shape, the mineral: A piece of woollen cloth, a piece of leather, hair or bone constituted the animal. The three substances were taken in the hand at the same time and the passes made, in the usual manner from head to foot. As to time, he did not intentionally observe any regularity; but as he was engaged at work in his shop, he only found time in the morning while waiting breakfast, at noon immediately after dinner, and in the evening after supper, so that actually the operation was performed at regular periods, and at very nearly the same hours of the day.

"Did the passes produce the condition?" All I know of this is that the condition immediately followed the experiment, which only renders it probable that the passes produced it. If the experiment should be tried by a dozen individuals with the same result, or nearly the same result, in that case we would say positively that it did, and that it would do so on any number of persons who might perform it, differing only as the persons differed, in regard to health, sex and temperament; taking into consideration the circumstances of diet and habits of life, whether married or unmarried, the use of tobacco and other narcotics, the use of intoxicating drinks, the mineral condition of the water used as a common drink, &c.

In the case under consideration, the medium drank tea and coffee, chews tobacco; and the water is impregnated with a small quantity of sulphate and sulphuret of iron, and sulphate of alumina, that is, it is the common *hard water* of this and other clay districts, below the conglomerate sand stone, and above the grind stone formation. There was nothing peculiar in his diet, and he drinks no intoxicating liquors. I should have stated that this medium never was married and is of good moral character; aged about 40 when the experiment was tried.

It may be thought by those unacquainted with such experiments, that if so many circumstances are to be taken into consideration, it is hardly worth while to make the experiment, as there can be no certainty of the result. But these circumstances are no more than are to be encountered in experiments of every kind, connected with health and disease, and the physician who leaves them out of account in making his prescriptions, may expect to fail in his expected result of the operations of his medicines, and kill man more frequently than he cures. Let it be remembered that the principle upon which all this rests is an immutable law, which always produces the same result under the same circumstances; and that all that is required in order to produce the same conditions, is a knowledge of the circumstances and the means of producing them.

Yours truly,

G. B. RODGERS.



## A FEW PLAIN THOUGHTS.

Our object should be to labor for all that is true and noble. We must adapt ourselves to the promulgation of those new and startling truths which are to day agitating the great world of mind.

We must not shrink from the approach or advocacy of any truth which has for its object the reformation—the elevation of the social conditions of our Race.

Experience has taught us that we must devote our energies, with the aid of the spirit world, to renovate—to purify; and prepare the way for a higher and more perfect generation of human beings. The present legal system has well nigh fulfilled its mission; and is about to fall and crumble amid the dust of the past. It had its work to do—it is done. The work was a true and faithful one. True, because adapted to the development of the age and answering to its needs. But as the soul outgrows external and man-made laws, it demands higher and more liberal conditions. The great Law of Progression calls loudly for Social, as well Theological changes. These changes to be permanently must be beneficial, must be *radical*. Superficial minds have been endeavoring to skim the miasmatic waters of society, hoping by this process to remove the pestilential influences that are poisoning the world. Let us rather aim to purify the fountain whence flow these diseased, discordant streams. The evils of which we complain are but the legitimate fruit of seed sown in ignorance. Every town, hamlet and city, to-day is teeming with loveless offspring, generated in inharmonious conditions, *because* sanctioned by law and religion. But the *Divine Law* speaking in every true soul protests against such violations of nature, out of which proceed such inharmonious organizations, manifesting all the imperfections we term vice and sin. Hence instead of condemning the criminal, we should endeavor to educate and enlighten him. School houses should take the place of prisons, and teachers the place of officers and sentinels. Man must be taught the laws of his being, and the prospect of a higher happiness held out to induce him to obey them.

The Angel world is weeping to-day over the cruel bondage that compels woman to assume the maternal office from other motives than a pure Conjugal or Parental love. How little we realize the responsibility of calling into existence a human—a divine soul. We rejoice that a few progressed minds of both sexes are awaking to the true importance of proper sexual relations, as the condition from which must emanate a *better* humanity; through such minds the elevation and final redemption of the Race must be accomplished.

This germ of truth is now putting forth, and will continue to expand and mature till it covers every land. It is of God and, therefore, must live forever; and exert more and more a purifying influence over the propagation of coming generations. Brave souls are needed to develop this truth; for man through ignorance will persecute them as they have all preceding reformers.

Man, the last product of God on Earth, embraces all the elements in a greater or less degree which go to constitute the character of the first, great Cause of all existence. Conjugal love in man corresponds to creative power of Deity, and from it proceeds the reproductive element. The development of the human soul and the perpetuity of the Race, demand the exercise of this principle in accordance with the laws of harmony; and deviations from it produce discord and unhappiness.

Let those who fear the operations of this law learn a lesson of the Red Man of the forest; he needs no law but that of his interior being to keep him chaste and make him true to his *highest* at-

traction. In lower animals, when free, reproductive use is the limit of the exercise of the sexual function. Why, ask, is sexual excess limited to *civilized man*, unless it is the result of legal restraint?

OLYMPUS.

## O. L. SUTLIFF IN WOOSTER.

DEAR AGITATOR.—A few days since Mr. O. L. Sutliff of Ravenna, Ohio, arrived in Wooster and announced his intention of giving a short course of lectures there on The Phenomena and Philosophy of modern Spiritualism. Mr. Sutliff was told that if he did so, he would probably, like most others who have lectured in Wooster on that subject, have to lecture to small audiences, as there were so few advocates of the Harmonial Philosophy here, (there not being a dozen of them) and the subject being so unpopular, and the prejudice so strong against it, the people are afraid to turn out to listen to discourses on that subject for fear of being branded as spiritualists.

Mr. Sutliff replied that he was impressed to speak here, and that he was confident he would get out an audience and have a revival of spiritualism. And to the surprise of the few lonely spiritualists in Wooster, he did call out increasing audiences. The first, though small, (consisting of some 15 or 20 persons) was succeeded by still larger and larger ones until the 7th and last was about as large as the Court House could comfortably seat.

An interest in Spiritualism was awakened never before known in Wooster. Mr. Sutliff left a mark here that will not be easily erased. He gave spiritualism an impulse that will never cease to be felt. His lectures were interesting and instructive; his points all plain and his arguments clear. He made many friends and I trust a few added numbers to the harmonial philosophy. Not only the spiritualists and investigators came out to hear but many of the church members, and some of the clergy dropped in to hear what might be said. A number of the clergy raised objections to some points in the lectures; but they were answered in a prompt and satisfactory manner by Mr. Sutliff.

Several of the church members proposed to have the subject of modern Spiritualism discussed by Mr. Sutliff and some one of the clergy, to which Mr. Sutliff complied by throwing out a challenge to meet any one of them who would be endorsed by the rest as competent to the task. The one proposed to take up against Mr. Sutliff attended his last lecture, but did not accept the challenge, although Mr. Sutliff remained four days after the close of his lectures to give him a chance to accept. A remark made by a gentleman not long since on a similar occasion might be applicable in this case, "That they are a set of theological cowards," hiding themselves behind mountains of old, misty dogmatisms and dare not venture out, boldly and manly to have their old, misty, theological dogmas discussed and tested in the light of the nineteenth century, for fear their absurdities, monstrosities and deformities would be made manifest to the public gaze."

As soon as Mr. Sutliff had left town the clergy each seized the opportunity and ascended his pulpit, calling around his flock of bigoted and creed bound slaves, drawing a little tighter the chains of orthodoxy and sectarian bigotry, suppressing free thought and free investigation, as much as to say, "We only have the right of interpretation;" and therefore compelling their subjects to bow under the yoke of sectarian tyranny, and subscribe to their dogmas without the privilege of even asking the question whether they accord with common sense and reason. There is no liberality of sentiment in the church, neither is there charity for those out of it; and where there is no charity there is no Christianity, but *churchanity*.

The protestants have always persecuted the Catholic priests for their illiberality in not allowing their laity the privilege of private interpretation, or attending other churches than their own, while the protestants, the clergy in particular, and standing on the same grounds, doing what they condemn in others, and drawing the chains of sectarian bigotry upon those over whom they would domineer, closer than any Roman Catholic priest or Pope has ever done. The spirit that kindled the fires of Smithfield, that established the Inquisition and erected the gallows for the execution of the so-called witches of New England, is still in existence and would be brought into action, had the clergy, instead of the so-called infidels and heretics, the control and making of the laws of our country.

The churches have always opposed moral, religious and scientific investigations in whatever form they came. Who opposed the gospel dispensation of Christ? The Jewish church. Who opposed and persecuted Martin Luther? The church.—Who persecuted John Wesley? The church. And when Columbus broached the idea of there being a Continent west of the ocean, the church opposed him and the clergy preached against the new idea; said it was contrary to the Bible and led to infidelity. When Dr. Jenner discovered that vaccination was prophylaxis against small pox, he was persecuted and deprived of an extensive practice, and the idea was regarded as being the work of the devil and leading to infidelity; and hand bills were posted in the streets of Boston, (in the year 1799 or 1800 I think) stating that people who had been vaccinated, had horns growing in consequence. In Liverpool two sermons were preached by the same man on one Sunday against Mesmerism, calling it the work of demons. In Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio in 1846 a sermon was preached against mesmerism, stated it to be the works of the devil and calculated to deceive and lead away the saints &c. In Fredericktown, Knox Co., Ohio, Phrenology was preached against by a Methodist, and that, too, was called the works of the devil and infidel in its tendency. And now, right here in Wooster, Wayne Co., Ohio, in the year 1858, the clergy have arrayed themselves against modern Spiritualism, calling it the work of devils. They take up mesmerism which they once denounced as demoniac and are trying to use its truths to overthrow Spiritualism. Oh, clergy where is your consistency? The gospel dispensation, the teachings of Luther, the teachings of Wesley, the ideas of Columbus, Dr Jenner's vaccination, mesmerism and Phrenology, have all become established and popular in spite of all opposition; and so will Spiritualism in time be popular. It will grow and flourish in the soil of persecution.

AN INVESTIGATOR.

## REMARKS.

We judge of persons as we see them from our stand-point, and judge the mass by a few representatives. This is not always the correct way of judging, however.

Our friend, "An Investigator" has seen the clergymen from one point and we from another. There is no doubt of his honesty, no doubt of his truthfulness in regard to O. L. Sutliff; but it strikes us he is a little too sweeping in his denunciation of this class of men. We have been more fortunate in our acquaintance with ministers. They have—many of them—been among our friends. They do not endorse all we say and write; but they have paid for the Agitator; written for it; opened to us their church doors and in a few instances introduced us to their congregations. True, some of them have said rather unkind and anti-Christian things of us; but the number is so small, and the men so small in spirit, that we quite forget that aught but loving and gentle words can fall from consecrated lips.



## THE AGITATOR.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

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

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

CLEVELAND, O., JANUARY 15, 1859.

Single Copies of the AGITATOR, are for sale at the Agitator Office, Superior Street, and also, by HAWKS & BROTHERS, at the Post Office, Cleveland, O.

S. T. MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones, St., N. Y.; BELA MARSH No. 14, Broomfield Street, Boston; A. HUTCHINSON, Cincinnati, O.; HIGGINS BROTHERS, Chicago, Ill.; BARRY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; N. T. WATERMAN, Coldwater, Mich.

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

SINGLE COPIES of the AGITATOR, will be sent by mail for five cents.

WHO WILL ANSWER.—Rev. H. R. Nye, Editor of the Star in the West, after commenting upon a remark of ours in the Agitator, asks, why this sundering of marriage ties, and why so many men and women "perambulating" the county without their husbands and wives? The first question is easily answered. The married are seldom united in spirit. For gain, a home, position, etc., etc., men and women ask and pay a clergyman for permission to live in the relation that *should* be regarded as sacred. They try to convince their souls that the priestly mockery has sanctified the union; but outraged virtue will not always be hushed. She will speak, will be heard, and there are some few hearts on God's green earth, that will heed her voice and forsake their evil doing.

Why are so many married people going about without husbands or wives? We are not the keeper of other people's consciences, therefore can answer only for ourself. We know the way and have no need of a pilot. We are able to care for ourself, it would, therefore, be folly to put a man to the trouble and expense to follow and watch us. A few persons in the world may be trusted with themselves; we think ourself among the number. Can Mr. Nye inform the public why a certain fine looking minister is often seen from home without his loving wife at his side? And then it is said that Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Chapin, Star King and Henry Ward Beecher, go about the country reading lectures, and preaching morality and even Christianity leaving their dutiful wives at home. Who can tell the cause of all these terrible things? And who knows what these men are doing and saying and thinking when *alone*? Something must be done straightway or the nation will go to perdition.

We *must* have a *Weekly* paper. Who will help us get subscribers enough to warrant the undertaking? Our present list barely pays the printer. We do not like to risk the extra expense of a *Weekly* till our list is doubled. With our fine list of contributors we could make a paper equal to any now published.

Any one who will send us five new subscribers will be entitled to the *Weekly* at its present price or the semi-monthly gratis.

Many thanks are due to Mrs. Michner, Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Martin for the helping hand they have so generously given to help us through the last year's labor. May they live so long as the world needs working women.

O. L. SUTLIFF's address is Mansfield, O. He will lecture there three times in the week until next May.

HAWKS & BROTHERS have removed from the old post-office to Rouse's Block opposite the Bennett House.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRAT is the name of a new Morning Journal in this city. It is edited by C. B. Flood, Esq., and published by Pinkerton and Nevins. The journal is devoted to politics, literature, reviews of the markets, &c. It is respectable in size and appearance; it is ably conducted, and no doubt, it will work valiantly in the ranks of Democracy. If we were disposed to "battle for time honored principles," for the "preservation of the administration of the sage and statesman, James Buchanan," we should certainly say subscribe straightway for the National Democrat.

MUSIC.—THE VALENTINE OR THE SPIRIT OF SONG composed by Miss Libby Higgins; published by Higgins Brothers, Chicago. We can give no better commendation of this charming song than by printing it.

Oh! if I were only a Spirit of Song  
I'd float forever above you;  
If I were a Spirit it would 'nt be wrong,  
It could 'nt be wrong to love you.

I'd hide in the light of a moon-beam bright,  
I'd sing sweet lullabies o'er you.  
I'd bring rare visions of pure delight  
From the land of dreams before you.

Oh! if I were only a spirit of song  
I'd float forever above you;  
For a musical Spirit could never do wrong,  
And it would 'nt be wrong to love you.

The music can be had of the author, of the publishers, or at the Agitator Office. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE AGE, with a glance at the Church of the Present and the Church of the Future; being addresses delivered in New York, by Samuel Osgood, D. D., T. J. Sawyer, D. D., Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Rev. Henry Blanchard, Rev. C. Miel, Rev. B. F. Barret, E. H. Chapin, D. D., Henry W. Bellows, D. D., Rev. A. D. Mayo, Rev. T. W. Higginson, Rev. B. Peters, Richard Warren, Esq., and Hon. Horace Greeley; published by Thatcher & Hutchinson, New York.

The world has seen few better books than the Aspect of the Age. It is full of brilliant thoughts and good ideas; it inspires the soul with the love of the Good and the True. Rev. T. W. Higginson's Sermon alone is worth the price of the book. We will give a brief extract from it, to give the reader some idea of the plea Higgins is making for Woman:

"He is idle, she is idle; who attribute to any temporary excitement the great and gradual movement in these times, which assigns to woman her equal position in the future, as man has had his predominance in the past. For want of this movement, for ages, a minor key of sadness has rung through all the words and works of woman. No man can ever speak of the position of woman so mournfully as she has done for herself. Charlotte Bronte, Caroline Norton, and indeed the majority of intellectual women, from the beginning to the end of their lives, have touched us to sadness even in their mirth. And the mournful memory of Mrs. Siddons, looking back on years when she had been the chief intellectual joy of English society, would only deduce one hope that there might be another world hereafter, where justice would be done to woman.

"It is not alone in the great tragedies of life; it is more in the unseen and private sorrows; it is more in the prosperous classes than in the unprosperous; it is more among women who make no complaint, than among the complainants, that we see wrongs in the position of women. The life—the ordinary life of a single woman in the community—their life from eighteen years to their wedding day—what is it in tens of thousands of cases, but one long petty tragedy! A life reputed blameless indeed, but also sinless; a life without a noble hope, without a large enjoyment, without an earnest purpose! It is impossible that the soul should be satisfied with what society gives young girls as the solid material of their lives, dancing parties, a crooked needle, the last new novel, and the occasional amateur manufacture of rather indigestible sponge cake. The soul demands an object or it dies. This emptiness of life to unmarried women, has led again and again to insanity and premature decline, for which doctors could find no sufficient reason. Every man knows it whose position has given him the confidence of woman. Again and again have I been asked by women, almost with tears in their eyes—persons who had everything that fortune

could give them—'Do not merely preach to us resignation, but point out to us some object in existence.' How hard it was to answer."

Price 75 cents; postage 12 cents. For sale at the Agitator office.

THE SUNBEAM, is the name of of a new Spiritual Paper just started in Buffalo, N. Y. It purports to give communications from the Spirit of Elijah, the Prophet of ancient times, and others. Price, one dollar a year for single subscriptions paid in advance. We trust the Sunbeam will dispel the gloom that hangs like a pall between us and the spirit world.

THE HOME GEM, is published monthly, in Cleveland, by Anne Denton Cridge. Terms, twelve cents per annum, single copies, two cents. This is a gem of a paper, and the children will bless Anne for the interest she is taking in their welfare.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

MRS. SYLCOX.—You are credited 50 cents.

Several poems for the "Closing Year" came to late. Time does not tarry for the Muse. However they will be good when '59 is dying.

Some of our subscribers are asking why their papers are discontinued. Our terms are advance pay, and if the subscription is not renewed we infer the paper is not regarded worth ten dimes a year. We remember our indebtedness to many of our readers for generous deeds nobly done and would gladly manifest our remembrance by sending the Agitator to them gratis; but the printers must be paid and our principle dependence is upon subscribers to pay them; consequently debts of gratitude cannot be cancelled this year.

"M. L. L."—Sketches sent.

A. MENDENHALL.—Books sent to Corrogosdo (Is that the name of the town?)

MR. HEWITT.—Your articles will appear.

MRS. A. D. CRIDGE AND MISS LIBBIE HIGGINS occupied the speakers' stand at Tremont Hall on Sunday, the 2d inst. Mrs. Cridge spoke upon Education. Her lecture was replete with great and startling truths. Miss Higgins spoke for the first time upon reform; but the call for a repetition of the lecture spoke volumes in its praise. These women workers will assuredly "beat the spears into ploughshares;" the cannons into fragments;—they will very likely, send the doctor, the lawyer and the minister out into the world's wide fields to grow their bread by hard hand-work. "Oh there's a good time coming, wait a little longer."

MISS LIBBIE HIGGINS will speak in Tremont Hall, Cleveland, Sunday, Jan. 16th.

## A HOAX.

We published in the Agitator of Dec. 1st, an article regarding a strange, spiritual manifestation in East Huntsburgh, signed Jonathan Green,—which S. P. Leland writes us is a rascally fraud. Mr. Green did not write the article and "Mrs Wood" knows nothing of it. We hesitated about publishing it, as it was wretchedly written; and only did so from the fact that the writer urged its immediate publication in behalf of the citizens of Huntsburgh.

We pity a soul who is so destitute of principle. It is much better to be duped than to carry about that poor man's conscience. We do not give Mr. Leland's letter entire as another person is implicated in the fraud, and he, too, may be innocent.

## CROWDED OUT AGAIN.

Sketch of Cora Hatch—a part of Helena Miles' letter, and several other promised articles. Also "Reply to a Humanitarian," a letter from Mr. Barnum, and an article from S. P. Leland, the Geneva Petition.



## TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

BOTH OF WHOM PASSED TO THE SPIRIT HOME IN THE SPRING OF  
1858.

When storms descend, and fierce winds howl,  
Dear loved ones, ye are not forgot;  
But well I know ye are safely housed  
Where storms and tempests enter not.

When darkness gathers, as a pall,  
And clouds obscure the mental sight,  
I know such shadows never fall,  
Within your mansion pure and bright.

My father! I rejoice that thus  
Thou hast obeyed the high behest;  
"Laborer; thy work is done,  
Enter thou, into thy rest."

For thine hath been a thorny path,  
A path of trial and unrest;  
And many an arrow keenly set,  
Hath pierced with grief thy manly breast.

For thou hadst, much to overcome;  
A moral pioneer wast thou;  
A struggle hast thou ever been,  
To win the crown thou wearest now.

And mother: gentle mother; thou,  
Proved all a mother's love to me;  
Tho' but in truth an orphan child,  
That claimed a mother's love in thee.

Oh; how have I repaid thy care?  
How strove to smooth life's rugged way?  
With willing heart thy griefs to share,  
And open up a brighter day!

Ah! sadly retrospection brings  
An impress to my conscious heart;  
Showing by guilt's remorseless stings,  
How illy I performed that part.

But as we read from wisdom's page,  
And con its lessons o'er and o'er  
We learn that for each seeming ill,  
There is a recompense in store.

Then where through weakness I have erred,  
This consolation now I find,  
(Which else my soul's deep fount had stirred;)  
*Progression is the law of mind.*

And oh! how I rejoice to know,  
That still thou art on Progression's way;  
That leadeth ever on and up—for aye  
To bask in a perpetual day.

Oh! joy be thine, that ye have gained  
The promised land—the Spirit's home;  
To join again our severed band,  
From which no loved one e'er shall roam.

And joy be mine! that but a while,  
I linger still a prisoner here;  
Soon, very soon, I, too, shall find,  
My rest, my home, my kindred dear.

S. E. M.

## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

A correspondent asks how we get along with the world and the world with us; if we have more shadows than sunshine; more curses than blessings?

To give an idea of our editorial life, we will give extracts from a few of the two thousand letters we have received during the last twelve months. The reader will readily see that the clouds are wee bits of things and with them come large sheets of sunshine. On the whole the past year has strengthened our faith in humanity. The few curses have fallen harmless as a shower in July.

True some few of them have made us a little blue for a moment, and then comes the great panacea, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence."

I wish I could see you, Hannah, and aid you. I know that your work is very difficult and arduous, but I think you may rest assured that it is appreciated, and that you are in the line of destiny, and that the great work upon which you have so nobly and heroically entered is onward and upward.—There is one prominent, practical idea before this age—"The emancipation and elevation of woman;" and yours is the work of its annunciation. Do your work; do it fearlessly, womanly, and if all Hell join with the weak, cowardly, cringing earthly souls to crush and devour you, remember me. My heart and head and right hand will aid you.

The failure of the "MOVEMENT" nearly crushed me. I looked to that as the exponent of great Truths—as the herald of the coming morning. But I must not lay my armor off. Humanity is calling me from this miserable place and so soon as vintage is over, I'm away. Then I will answer your question, "Where are the workers?" My grapes crop has failed as usual, and the peaches, like some civilizers, have wept themselves to death beneath a sunless sky, or have been bored by a miserable worm that pretends to love them, and they have fallen prematurely with destiny unfilled. Civilization that blasts all aspirations to friendship and love would be untrue to itself, if it did not habitually carry its blight and mildew to the grapes and peaches, their passion's correspondents.

I always think of myself as the chief of fools for attempting to cultivate harmoniac fruit in this age of social subversion. The vegetable world is the hieroglyphic representation of the spiritual or social. And I knew before I commenced that there is no friendship or love in present society, without which grapes and peaches must fail of spiritual support.

But I have learned wisdom by experience and hope to profit thereby.

Faithfully thine, JOHN ALLEN.

H. F. M. BROWN.—William Bruce does not take the Agitator from the office. The consequence is I have had the reading of it, and if you will permit me, and old man, to utter his thought, I will say, God bless you in your beautiful mission. I honor, I love a fearless woman when she wields the sword of Justice. Enclosed find \$1.00.—Please send me the paper.

Ever thine, P. L.

MRS. BROWN.—I must, though I do so reluctantly, request you to discontinue sending me the "Agitator." I like the spirit of the paper and shall miss it; but am under the necessity of curtailings.

I am respectfully your friend,

T. C.

H. F. M. BROWN.—Stop the Agitator directed to W. H. He wont have it—and J. C. is dead and don't want his.

W.—A. C., Post Master.

Your paper is worth the meditation of every reformer. Your cause is good, go on? God bless you.

P. S.

Send Mrs.—the Agitator and I will pay for it. She is not poor; but her master refuses her \$1.00 to pay for "the trash." What fools women are! What slaves!

I like your paper about as well as any I read, and a little better than most of the reform papers; in a word I like the Agitator. Sometimes I imagine I like the "Agitatress" for her bold and womanly position; but I have so often been cheated that I may not like her after all. There is a vast deal of difference between deeds and words. I often wish to see persons from whom great thoughts emanate; but alas! they often send me back to common humanity for the great deeds.

Words are like the foliage, deeds, the fruit. I am called a fault-finder, but I dare not tell the world half its wrong doing; because I see things not lawful to be told.

I had a great curiosity to see Mrs. Lewis. I have seen her. Now I am wishing to see you.—How do you look? I cannot judge of you by news paper reports. Are your eyes black? What a world of fools and knaves we have. Let us see you in Michigan. Our door is open to the white and black, to the man and woman. May you live to do your work of agitation.

I don't want your paper; stop sending it. We are not all fools in W.—

I have a word to say to you as a friend, You are too radical—too reckless—too regardless of public opinion. You may think what you choose, but it is not wise to cast pearls before swine.

You are a little too conservative—too afraid to speak the plain truth. We had supposed you were another Luther and expected the thunder and the lightning. Give us your deepest, divinest thoughts, and let the heavens tumble down if they will. To you—to you we are looking for a leader in the great battle for Freedom. Now don't be a traitor. Frank; don't allow the world to write your name beside Benedict Arnold's.

You say the printer lost my article. Perhaps he did; but I did not believe you would have courage to publish it. There is a slight difference between you and me. The world calls me a knave and I call you a coward. You want a duplicate, you say, of my article. I have none. I should not have given you the article had you not asked for it.

From the first time the "Agitator" greeted my eye till the last, I loved it—loved its brave yet tender spirit. Only poverty kept me from subscribing at first—I have been blessed with the reading of it till within the last two months.

I do sincerely hope it will not have to die for want of support, and more than all, I hope it will continue in the spirit in which it started.

So many in beginning such an enterprise have high, noble, true purposes, yet when the trying hour comes—when opposition rises like mountains before them, they are ready to faint,—to compromise truth, to "sell their birthright for a mess of pottage." But pardon me, I did not intend troubling you thus. I wanted to give you my sympathy my blessing, my love—useless though it may be to you—and say, go on!—be strong in the great work,—and the thousands may curse, yet a few with strong arms, brave hearts and true souls will bless.

T. E. T.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.—I return the Agitator. Keep the damned trash at home. F—sends the same compliments.

K.

## AGITATOR RECIEPTS.

Joshua Moon, \$1; T. C. Haywood, 50 cts.; Mrs. Phebe Randall, \$1; Mrs. H. G. Cheney, 25c.; Dr. N. B. Laird, 50c.; W. C. B. Richardson, 50c.; Mrs. E. D. Watrons, \$1; Milo A. Townsend, \$1; Eliza Moore, \$1; Mary Charles, \$1; Hannah J. Sharples \$1; Chloe Crocker, \$1; Agnes Cook, \$1; N.E. Warner, 50c.; John Outhwait, \$1; George Hutchins, \$1; A. F. Randall, 25c.; E. C. Blair, 50c.; S. Everett, \$1; Phebe Freeman, 30c.; E. G. Folsom, \$1; Mrs. Chandler, \$1; R. Holland, \$1; Matthew Johnson, \$1; Mrs. Homer Higley, \$1; R. G. Hocum, \$1; H. B. Vincent, 50c.; C. K. Green, 50c.; Mrs. Harriet Delamater, \$1; John Moore, 1; John Rice, 50c.; C. Meritt, J. C. Lang, \$10; W. Samson, \$3; H. K. Smith, \$1; C. Ellsworth, \$1; B. K. Case, \$1; Alfred Pierce, 50c.; Julia Star, 50c.; A. B. Weeks, \$1; L. B. White, \$1; S. Reyburn, \$1; Mary Butterworth, \$1; John B. Park, \$1; A. A. Hosford, 25c.; A. H. Cowdry, \$1; Ellen Walker, \$1; S. D. Crane, \$1; A. B. Brown, \$1; Jane Stokes, 50c.; Villetta Boardman, \$1; J. W. Towner, 70c.; Eli Baldwin, \$1; W. H. Raymond, \$1; Mrs. S. B. Morrell, 50c.; Alvin Joener, \$1; Almire Bancroft, \$1; M. A. Edwards, 25c.; Mrs. Winterstern, 25c.; Miss Ettie Clark, (is that the name?) \$1; J. Cross, 50c.; D. S. Bethel, 50c.; Miss Ann Fory, \$1; N. E. Smith, \$1; Mrs. O. Vanfleet, \$1; Amos Mendenhall, \$1; B. A. Norcross, 50c.; Mary Wilber, and Jane Knight, \$1 each, (by Dr. Newberry;) S. M. Day, \$1; M. Harris, 25c.; J. R. Naylor, 25c.; Henry Faulds, 25c.; Dr. R. McDowell, 25c.; Samuel Hills, 50c.; Peter Zieber, 25c.; D. S. Fracker, 25c.; R. F. Newton, 50c.; Mrs. L. Cowles, \$1; R. Ellis, \$1; Mrs. N. Pebody, 50c.; Mrs. Mennells, 50c.; C. A. Crittenden, 50c.; Wm. Hayse, \$1; A. B. Severence, 50c.



We give our readers another article from the pen of "T. S. S." Some who read and admire the bold and startling thoughts these papers call forth may be ignorant of the fact that the writer is T. S. Sheldon, the person the papers have reported a maniac and the squanderer of a fortune in spiritualism. Read his articles and then decide as to the sanity of the author.

*Papers on the Physical, Moral, Social, Intellectual, Religious, Spiritual and Celestial Improvement of the Race, through a Discovery of Principles as they Underlie and Govern all Combinations, Universes, Marriages in the Mineral, Vegetable and Animal Kingdom.*

The earth is our mother, she speaks to us as to children, she says, "come learn of me! Study the laws and processes of impregnation, of conception, of concretion, of expansions, of outer birth, of growths, of culmination, of decay, of resurrection, of continual and perpetual unfolding. Our Maternal parent clothed in flesh, bones, muscles, is but an abridgment of our real Mother. We are products of our common mother—the earth; the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, the human, the spiritual, the celestial and the super celestial infinitesimal specimens and grades of life which belong to this earth, are all the material products of womb-omic laws and processes ever at work acting and reacting in conjunction with that luminous body around which we revolve. In the future man will catch the thought and comprehend it, too, that the sun is but the medium through which life essences magnetically are infused into the countless wombs of this earth.

The earth as a mother has her seasons of passive receptivity, her changes in life, all of which are written out correspondently in the various products that emanate from her loins.

To day there are underlieing her surface the germs of new and distinct forms of mineral, vegetable and animal lives; but before those new forms can come forth there is to be a preparation for them. The scientific, philosophic, clear-headed agriculturist has caught the thought that there are times, seasons, periods, conditions, preparations of a varied character that may be seized upon, which aid in increasing the size quantity and qualities of such products as he would rear for home consumption, or for market.

The observing animal breeder has already learned that certain climates, soils, grains, grasses, waters, are favorable or unfavorable to the improvement of the product to which he has turned his attention, and thus there might be presented, thread after thread of thought which is inwoven with the cultivation and improvement of this earth and its products.

The main object that we have had in view in presenting preceding papers, has been to rivet and hold the mind to the thought that there is but one simple set of laws to be grasped to enable the race to see how this earth with all its vast range of uncultivated deserts, forests, mineral, vegetable, animals and human products, is to be brought into subjugation to the *God Power* that is unfolding in man.

Miracles are out of the question; there never was one, there never was a necessity for one. Phenomena have occurred, nay, are occurring daily, that are startling and incomprehensible to the most erudite scholars of our times; but it does not follow that *nature* is out of joint, or that any special agency has been called forth to intimidate or agitate the people. All of the phenomena of the day, startling as it is, is natural; man need not pass beyond the plane of this existence to grasp the laws, comprehend the principles which govern, control

and permit of intercommunication between the individualities existing in the finer and coarser conditions of substance, movement and intelligence which are inherent properties of all planes and grades of physical, spiritual, celestial, or super celestial life.

The intercourse between the sexes when fully comprehended will solve all the mysteries that to day cloud the spiritual vision of those who are seeking to discover the origin of spiritual intercourse in any other direction.

Marriage in the future will be looked at in a much broader sense than it has in the past.

Gradually light streams into the avenues which lead to the central council chambers of the spirit, and it begins to ask itself, *Who am I? Whence come I? What am I? Whither am I going?*

These queries agitate the whole being; every fiber and nerve is interrogated; back, back, along the fibres of an intertangled physical form, it goes, through animal, vegetable, mineral life and finds itself a component part of substance, movement, intelligence, and would scale the walls of inherency and interrogate the *Father God*. The *spirit* that moves, pulsates, through all life responds, saying, feeling is finer than ideas, ideas are finer than thoughts, thoughts are finer than words, written language is not the expression of interconscious faculties, and hence there is no mind fine enough to catch, hold and transmit felt thoughts. The soul that is keenly alive to the presence of the ever living *God*, is speechless, is dumb, needs not to move the lip, to express its gratitude to the giver of all life, the author and originator of feeling, idea, thought, intercommunication between mind on the earths, or in the yet finer conditions of substance called for convenience sake, the heavens. Often are we called to follow to the grave the outer form of a loved one in which there has once throbbed a pulsating, and to appearance an intelligent form of existence, and we ask, is this the ultimate? the finalty? The soul answers, nay! nay! this is not all of life, there is a perpetuity of existence in all substance; those inherent processes resting on adamant principles which are now, and ever have been re-combining, re-refining, re-producing, re-generating and bringing forth finer orders of beings, have not ceased their workings, their acting and reacting, and cannot while male and female properties of matter play their part in the actualizations of the *Infinite*.

To clearly comprehend the whole subject of marriage is a work of more than three score years and ten, and yet ends of threads of thought often put persons on to heretofore unthought of veins which may in process of time open the way to very broad fields in which the mind can roam and find nutriment for hours, days, weeks, perchance years.

Of the subject of planetary influences upon the products of this earth, the schoolmen and the professors of the day are profoundly ignorant, and we might say dogmatically determined not to investigate; now it may be seemingly presumptuous in us to utter our thought upon a mooted question of so subtle and intricate a character, but having picked up our pen for a practical purpose, and to us an important one, we must say our thought, visionary as it may seem to him or her who may read.

To us every human germ is an absorber or attractor; it draws to itself its needs, and in due time and seasons, reaches its outer birth state of existence; for illustration's sake we will analyze in part a human being; we discover characteristics peculiar to the horse that may have been driven, the cow that may have been milked, the cat, the dog, or bird that may have been petted, and so we might go on to the end of animal influences which are absorbed or attracted to the forming fetus and which are indelibly written out in its animal na-

ture. One illustration further—the mother perchance was a painter, sculptor, fond of music, during gestational processes used her piano, guitar, or harp, and behold in the offspring these characteristics are traced in language not to be misunderstood; by the same laws and processes of absorption scientifically carried into practice, thieves, murderers, villains of every hue can be manufactured to order; on the contrary the face of this planet may be thoroughly changed. Through a system of reforming, re-combining, re-generating, an entire new order of being will be brought into existence, which shall physically, mentally, socially, intellectually, religiously, spiritually celestially, transcend any being that now, or ever has trod this earth in human form.

The way is opening for such a form of effort; men and women as such are beginning to fear the blighting, withering curse of a forced maternity and paternity.

The hour of agitation, of the utterance of thought upon the vital questions which sap the fountains of life itself, as manifested through human organizations, has fully come.

Through a grasping of the thought of an electrocal theory of the universe, through the discovery of principles which underlie the perpetuity of motion, consequent of the positive and negative, or masculine and feminine condition inherent in matter, it is conceived to be clearly within the range of man's possibilities to account mathematically, chemically, planetarily, magnetically, and spiritually, for every order and form of being that now moves, or ever has moved, or ever will move upon the face of this planet.

With this system of philosophy clearly unfolded to our interconscious existence, we see that it were as possible to bring forth crops of Neros, Caligulas and Judas's as briars, thistles, thorns, or on the contrary, people this earth with an entire new order of being, which is to come as naturally as suns, universes, planets, worlds have in their order, unfolded from apparent chaos, and through ceaseless rounds of spiral movement, reached their present harmonial states. As have been the wars of nations, and of elements, on this planet in the past, so correspondently has there been a war among worlds—as comes harmony among worlds, so in the order of events comes there a corresponding harmony among the products thereof. But to catch the beauty and grandeur of the thought of a war among worlds, and consequent thereof, universal harmony, the mind is to pass out on the magnetic fibres of planetary influence absorbed and attracted to the earth itself as a mother and to each product of her loins, including man, the present highest type of sentient existence upon the earth. There is no grander vein of thought than that which opens clear to the eye of the inner man the intercommunicating links which connect him with each and every planet belonging to this system of God's family of worlds, and who shall say that he is not magnetically connected with all.

Reader, we leave this subject at present; you will readily perceive that our view of marriage is no narrow or miserly one, but that it is broad enough to embrace worlds, narrow enough to trace out male and female properties in atoms, and demonstrate the absolute necessity of harmonious universe, if we would physically, morally, socially, and otherwise improve the race. T. S. S.

Winter is here. Remember the houseless, the poor and the stranger.

THE EXPERIENCE OF LIFE.—What a fool I've been.



EDITOR OF AGITATOR.—My attention has been directed to an article in your paper in which I am represented as having had charge of an association at Newton Falls.

Permit me to say that while professionally engaged at Newton Falls, I desired to effect an informal association for social and intellectual ends, and Mr. Tiffany being about to deliver a public address I requested him to propose it. This he did with some propositions noble enough, but having no relation to my design.

Any connexion with Spiritualism rested only in the imagination of some not very clear-sighted persons. So far was this from being the case that several who were prominent in it regard Spiritualism as the present delusion—and the gentleman with whom I was boarding, an elder in one of the churches, at the Falls, who designed to become connected with it, has distinguished himself by his vigorous and intelligent opposition to Spiritualism.

The opinion that I hold and ever have held in regard to Spiritualism and Spiritualists (technically so termed) is in the main very well expressed in an address by a Mr. Randolph recently published in the Tribune. H. P. GATCHELL.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### NOTES TO CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN.—I wish you had all taken a trip with me to New York and Boston. We would have had a nice time; and, then, one must see a person or thing to *know* just *how* it looks. However I will tell you a few things now and when I go East again I will invite you all along to take notes for yourselves. I should like to tell you about a dear, little boy who went with me down the Hudson river. Wish I knew his name, but do not. His mother is a widow and deaf. They had been to Michigan and were returning to their home on the banks of the Hudson. The child was all kindness and attention to his mother. He seemed to feel that he was to be her staff and protector. When she wished to know anything she whispered her wishes into the listening ear of her child and he would make known her wants to the conductor. And then he was my guide and pointed out all the places memorable in History. I saw in that child a great, noble-hearted man. He will always be proud of his blessed mother—always be as ready as now to listen to her voice and obey her wishes—unless his human heart is changed. There never was a great and good man who did not love and listen to the teachings of his mother in childhood. If a boy is disrespectful to his mother, be sure that boy will be a bad man; but if he is kind and obedient look out for a man worth having.

When you go to New York do not forget Dusseldorf Gallery. No place interested me so much. There is a pleasure in visiting the head quarters of Washington, an old house on the Battery, and other places of revolutionary memory; but in the picture gallery you will see the picture of moral heroes—of those who have become immortal in the great Kingdom of Mind.

Hiram Powers has sent his Greek Slave over the sea. You will find it in Dusseldorf Gallery. The poor slave tells in that speechless marble, a sad and noble story. She seems to say as she looks down upon her chains, "You have bound my limbs, and sold my body; but here is a chainless spirit that *will not be bound or sold*." And the very thought that the soul is free gives tone to the marble face. I would rather be a Powers with the gift of writing my name in marble—of leaving on stone my autograph for freedom—than a Napoleon or Washington whose names are traced in blood. The martyrdom of John Huss, by Lessing, is the finest picture I saw in New York. The reformer, Huss,

has been charged with heresy, found guilty and sentenced to be burned. I will make an extract from the Catalogue to give you an idea of it:

"The moment chosen is that of the memorable scene before Constance, whose steeples are seen in the distance. Upon an eminence, forming the centre of the picture, the stake of martyrdom is seen, surrounded with fagots; and the executioners, three in number, await the order for the sacrifice with a cruel indifference to the suffering in store for the noble victim. Around, in the background, are the troops of Duke Ludovic of Bavaria, with the banner of Constance over them. Before the stake, to the left, is Huss, the martyr whose flesh is so soon to mingle with its mother-earth. He is in the attitude of prayer. Such a face! Surely that spirit has already triumphed over the flesh, and is holding converse with the angels! Full of faith and confidence, he looks toward heaven,—the sun, breaking through light clouds, illuminating his countenance. In the act of kneeling down, the paper cap, upon which three devils are painted and inscribed "Arch Heretic," has fallen from his head."

I have other notes of things and persons I saw in Providence and Boston, but must defer them for another time.

Yours in love,

FRANCES BROWN

"LITTLE LIBBIE" is from the pen of a girl of 13 years. Few older people write better than May Hewitt. It is a remarkable fact that children use but few superfluous words. They tell a simple story, leaving the listener to add adjectives at his leisure.

### LITTLE LIBBIE.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

Dear little Libbie! How well I remember her sweet face, deep blue eyes and glossy brown curls. I can see her new bringing Papa's slippers and placing them before the grate in the sitting room where a bright fire was blazing, gladdening, with its pleasant light and genial warmth, all who came within its influence.

And it made little Libbie happier—and she thought how tired dear Papa would be when he came home from the city, where she knew he had been writing all day, for he had told her so once when she asked what had kept him so long from home.

But where was Libbie's mother all this time? Poor little Libbie! How she loved her dear, invalid mama, for consumption was wasting away the little strength she had.

How Libbie wept one morning, when tripping into her mother's room, the nurse stopped her saying, she must not go in because her mother was *very* sick.

Poor little Libbie! She was very sad; she did not want to go into the garden and see the flowers, or hear the birds sing in the cherry tree, for her dear mama could not go with her.

"Poor mama;" she sobbed, "how sorry I am she is so sick; I wish she would always be well. I wish I could go in and see her and help take care of her. The doctor says she cannot bear any noise, but I would be just as still as a mouse, Oh, dear! And the child sobbed as if her heart would break.

Friends gathered around the bedside of Lillie's dying mother, and everything was hushed and still as the sufferer tried to speak. They caught these words, "bring Libbie." The father went out of the room and soon returned bringing with him the little one so soon to be motherless. With a cry of mingled joy and grief, Libbie sprang to her mother's bedside and clasping her arms about her neck, sobbed "Dear mama, I wanted to see you so much, but they would not let me."

The mother kissed her beautiful child saying, "My darling Libbie;" then the angel of Death came and took her to the "Better Land."

Thus little Libbie lost her mother—no, not *lost* her, for often, when weary and sad, she would hear a sweet, angel voice saying, "My dear child, do not despond; be cheerful; help your father to be happy—try to lessen his cares, and God will bless you, darling." Libbie knew it was her mother's voice, and that she had come to make her good and happy.

MY DEAR AUNT FRANCES.—When I saw Emma's piece in the Agitator a few months ago, about her bird, it put me in mind of a little Canary bird I had when I was not over four years old. Well, I had this sweet, little bird in a beautiful cage and we all loved it very much; when one day it died, like most all pets will, when it is loved a great deal, we all felt very bad over our great loss.

I never had such grief before; I cried for days till I was sick—my ma could not comfort me—death seemed so cruel to me then, to take away my precious little singing bird. My sister and I got a nice little coffin for it, and buried it under an evergreen tree in our front yard, among roses, violets and sweet flowers. I used to go every day and sit under the tree, looking up into the sky and listen, for I was sure I heard her sing to me—I would run in for my ma to come and hear her—I would ask, "Ma will Jennie sing for us in the Spirit-world?" And when she told me she thought she would, I was happy.

What do you think, Aunt Frances? Do you think birds pour forth their sweet music there?

S. AMELIA BURTIS.

Rochester, Dec. 1858.

Yes, Amelia, I think heaven would be shorn of its loveliness, if there were no flowers, birds or children there.

People have a mistaken idea of heaven who think we are to put on long faces there and sing Psalms forever. The dear Father created all things and they "are good." Then why may not birds live and sing as well as we? Can life be destroyed? Is there any such thing as annihilation?

FRANCES BROWN.

### "FEARFULLY SHARP STICKS."

Speaking of the Agitator, the Spiritual Clarion says:

"A correspondent in the same paper throws out a vindictive threat to run after all "liars" and "tattlers," and transfix them with some fearfully sharp sticks! Poor business, bretheren; and will pay no better than to chase down every puny dog barking after you on the highway. Living a true life is the best refutation of lies and scandals."

I make no accusation of "falsehood," (not even in its mildest form) against any good bretheren, and yet I can't help believing that some writers would tell the truth twice as much in the same space, as is done in the first three and a half lines.

It may, I think, be possible, that, "living a true life," during those moments of time, might have been a greater blessing to the race, than to have used them in writing the seven first lines.

The twelve last words are very beautiful, and all who read them must feel the force of the truth therein contained.

Fear not my bretheren or be dismayed. I felt no "vindictive" spirit. I did not intend to convey any "threat." Should the proposed lecture on "The Philosophy of Falsehood" ever be printed, those who have inherited from parentage, or those who have imbibed the habit from example, may, I hope, none of them be injured; whilst some may be aided in the work of reformation, and eventually become practical in "living a true life." Not with a design of any particular "reputation of lies and slander," but to enquire into the "Philosophy of Falsehood" with similar intentions, as are those who induced an inquiry in Conventions for "the cause and cure of evil." Now are you willing that I attempt to write the proposed lecture, Brother Clark?

A CORRESPONDENT.



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S. J. FINNEY.

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Will other papers please copy?

Signed,	S. P. LELAND,
A. B. FRENCH,	O. L. SUTLIFF,
O. P. KELLOGG,	J. E. MORRISON,
H. L. CLARK,	and others.

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