

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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CLEVELAND, OHIO, FEBRUARY 1. 1859.

WHOLE No. 21.

The following poem we scissored from the Richmond (Ind.) Palladium. We do not publish it to dun our readers, but for the benefit of some poor, unpaid printer. We pay *our* printers.—Ed.

HIAWATHA.

Would those who are owing us, have their "peace flow as a river," and their hearts like "laughing water," to leap and sparkle with joy, they must necessarily discharge their indebtedness to the Printer. We hope this will not be considered a dun on our part. It is not for our own benefit that we throw out the "gentle hint," but rather with the desire that each one of our kind patrons may have a conscience void of offense."

Should you ask us why this dunning,
Why these sad complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs loud about delinquents
Who have read the paper weekly—
Read what they have never paid for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read of Church affairs and prospects,
Read the essays and the poems,
Full of wisdom and instruction :
Read the table of the markets,
Carefully corrected weekly—
Should you ask us why this dunning,
We should answer, we should tell you :

From the printer, from the mailer,
From the landlord, from the carrier,
From the man who taxes letters
With a stamp from Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him—
From them all there comes a message,
Message kind, but firmly spoken,
"Please to pay us, what you owe us."
Sad it is to hear such message,
When our funds are all exhausted,
When the last bank note has left.
Gone to pay the paper-maker,
Gone to pay the toiling printer,
Gone to pay the landlord's tribute,
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,
Gone to pay Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him.
Sad it is to turn our Ledger,
Turn the leaves of this old Ledger,
Turn and see what sums are due us,
Due for volumes long since ended,
Due for years of pleasant reading,
Due for years of toilsome labor.
Due despite our patient waiting,
Due despite our constant dunning,
Due in sums from two to twenty.

Would you lift a burden from us ?
Would you drive a spectre from you ?
Would you taste a pleasant slumber ?
Would you have a quiet conscience ?
Would you read a paper *PAID* for ?
Send us money—*send us money*,
SEND US MONEY—SEND US MONEY.
Send the money that you owe us !

ALONE.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

It seemeth grand to stand alone,
Upon life's dashing stream,
And hear the howling thunder's tone,
And see the lightning's gleam ;
To feel the strength within the soul,
To reach alone the shining goal
Where sin's dark waters never roll.

To guide with firm, unflinching hand,
The soul's own tossing bark,
And steer it clear of every strand
Which blighting error's mark ;
To have Hope's snowy wings unfurled,
When hearts are cold, and cold the world,
And we in wreathing darkness hurled.

HELENA MILES' HEART HISTORY.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

CHAPTER VIII.

Julius Gray's Letter to Helena and her Reply

CONCLUDED.

Would you know what I have done and what I purpose doing ? Well, Julius, I listened to the voice of the Eternal and heard him say, "Each soul is an individual existence and is sent to Earth on a mission. No one can do the work of another. The laborer lives because of his labor ; the laggard starves and dies and the world forgets him." Then I looked back into the Past and thought of my darked life, my wasted years, and all of the good deeds left undone. My hands were weak and my heart palsied for *use* had not given them strength and inspiration. Then the voice said, "Beside the thorn the rose may blossom and the heart-mould is enriched by tears and blood. Showers and sunshine, light and darkness are conducive to the growth of all plants whether of the physical or of the spiritual kingdom." Then, Julius, I felt the folly of quarreling with destiny and of wasting time in unavailing tears ; I blessed *you* then for the blessing withheld ; and I resolved to turn to the bestsings possible account the soil freshened and enriched by the strong hand of misfortune. But, then, came again the question, "What shall I do ? how and where shall I begin ? for Penury holds me in her iron grasp and a withering curse such as the world gives all lovers of freedom is upon my soul. I remembered then the prophecy of Mr. S— concerning me, and thought its fulfilment, a part of it at least, was at hand. He said, as you may remember, "To-day thou art hiding and hugging thy chains, vainly trying to subdue thy soul by the terror of laws and creeds ; but the Heart-searcher is on the way. He will write, as with a pen of fire God's laws upon the heart-tablet, and thou shalt read them at morn, noon and midnight. Then thy bread will grow bitter and thy palace-home seem the veriest hell ; for these are the fruits of thy soul perjury. But a change will come ; thy chains will fall from limb and soul. Angels will open thy prison doors and, baptized at Freedom's fountain, thou wilt go forth *homeless*, penniless, but not alone. The Father cares for his own, and they who keep his commandments will not perish by the way. Henceforth thy rest shall be in labor. Thy thoughts like seeds shall be scattered over the earth ; they will take root in human soil and bring thee bread. The curses of to-day will come back blessing laded ; and they who hate thee now for loving freedom better than bondage will in the future write of thee "Well done." You called the prophet a dreamer then ; but had you remembered that the anti-human laws of our anti-Christian country rob the married woman of her hard earnings, of her marriage portion—of her all, if it has once passed into her husband's hands ; had you remembered

that a man is not supposed *norexpected* to be better than the laws he has made, you would have said, "There is nothing strange in all that. Mr. S— knows something of human nature and knows woman will not always bow her neck to the yoke and when she refuses the consequence is clear enough.

But, Julius, I was going to tell you how I was led through the Red Sea of Sorrow, and who went with me and who scattered manna along the sandy desert.

One morning, when I was feeling unusually hopeless and helpless, Mrs. Caldwell called and said, "There is to be, what never has been a meeting of free speech in A—. I mistake if great thoughts are not uttered there—let us go Helena." I looked at my wretched wardrobe and thought of my empty purse. She seemed to divine my thoughts and said, "Never mind the money. I have enough for us both." We went, and strange as it may seem, I was called upon for a speech upon human freedom. Of course I declined ; what can a woman who was born weak and dumb, say for any cause, however dear to her heart that cause may be ? But our old friends, Mrs. Alden and Lora Farmer, were on the committee. They, by the way, have grown to a great and noble womanhood. I *must* speak, they said, and I did try to speak. I do not know what I said, nor how I said it. I only know when my fragmentary speech was ended I waited culprit like for my doom. After a moment's pause Dr. Robberts slowly advanced and said, outstretching his hand, "God bless you for all you have uttered." Whether that good man's invocation was merited I do not know, but the words fell upon my trembling spirit as words never fell before—as words will never fall again. They gave me hope and faith in humanity ;—they gave the audience faith in me. Another blessing awaited me. Father Carmden, a gray-haired saint of the Fourier school, arose and said, "Our gospel teaches equality ; let us make manifest our faith by our works and pay Mrs. Gray as much for that Sermon as we pay a man who preaches no better ones." I was paid—paid enough to square all my accounts with the world and—*ten cents beside*. The few persons who encouraged, by endorsing me, turned the tide in my favor and I floated again upon the waves. The way was now clear and forth I went doing and saying whatever my soul said was good to be done. The tide ebbs and flows ; night succeeds the day, darkness the light. 'Tis even so in the spirit world in which we live.

Sometimes I groped in darkness, but the light is sure to break ; I often find myself out at sea in a storm, but "he who holds the waters in his hands," whispers "Peace" and there is a calm.

I was not quite content with scattering my thoughts from the rostrum to a thousand or two souls ; nor to write for those who have power to say to my fetterless spirit, "Thus far and no farther." I wanted to speak my deepest, truest divinest

thoughts; I wanted to speak to the bond men and enslaved women every where; I wanted to write my curse upon wrong doing—wanted to leave upon the world's great Heart-book my Autograph for Freedom. But again I said, "How can the work be done? The world isn't ready yet to listen to the whole truth, and it would be folly to expect it to pay for what it would not hear. I heard again the angel voice saying, "The way is out-marked—thou shalt walk therein." Thou shalt write a *curse* and it shall to the world be thy legacy—thy blessing." And so I waited in hope but not long. A winter's morning two years ago, I sat in my little easy chair looking into the blazing grate watching the glow and sparkle of the stony coal wondering the while if my thoughts did not correspond to the coal—if they would not warm and light some darkened, freezing heart, even as the fire light warmed and lighted my soul; if some friendly hand would help to exhume and bring to the light those buried treasures of mine. The rattling of doors and a heavy tread aroused me from my reverie. Mr. Farwell stood before me. "What, idle hands! folded because it storms! This will not do!" was the salutation of my friend.

"I have little courage to work," I replied; "my work is not marketable."

"Doubting, distrusting heaven again. What would you do?"

"I would see an independent press some where in the wide world, and I would see its managers men or women who will refuse a bribe when Jesus is to be sacrificed."

"Well that's quite an idea," said Mr. Farwell musingly; "quite an idea; wonder if such a thing could be; supposing you try it."

"But," said I "the world will starve me; let a rich man who can afford to tell the truth, do the work."

"I am not rich," he replied, "and beside I have no writing talent; but I will see you safely though one year if you will start a paper that will tell plain, simple truths."

I knew he had not counted the cost so I gave little heed to his suggestions; besides my ignorance of the business and my want of ability to manage a paper seemed a sufficient reason for declining the proposition.

In a few days I received a note from Judge Gilman of N. Y., offering me pecuniary aid and another from John A—— making a tender of his financial and intellectual ability in my behalf. It was enough. I launched the Life Boat, put out to sea and floated well a whole year. Floated because I could not sink with three strong men and as many storm-defying women plying the oars. John still aids me;—his thoughts flow from my pencil's point; but to mortal eyes he is unseen. He went away with the messenger the Father sent to lead him to another field.

I have, thanks to earth and heaven angels, said and done a few soul-approving things; but have only commenced what I am wishing to accomplish. The few books I have written are not just what I am hoping to write. From a little volume entitled "Heart Histories," soon to be published, you will learn the happy or wretched earth ending of some of our dearest friends; and when you read a larger book entitled "Thorns and Flowers gathered by Life's Wayside" you will retrace the path that we together and I alone have trodden.

Julius, dear, this is not all of life; our ending is not as you imagine at the grave's portal. There is a Beyond—a life not devoid of change, perhaps; the days may not be cloudless nor the walls of night always star-gemmed; but the law-maker, the chain and gag vender, and they who traffic in human hearts, will there find their's a profitless business.

Then and there you will not refuse me the love and sympathy of a sister because a priestly mockery gave you another name than that of a brother. There the heart that I love best—the heart that responsive unto mine is beating—will call me his and no soul will dispute the claim.

"There soul to soul will be united,
There all the wrongs of life be righted."

Till then, adieu. HELENA.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

THE BIBLE AND GEOLOGY HARMONIZED.

BY G. B. R.

The following rule will be found convenient for harmonizing the Bible chronology with the discoveries of modern science. By it all the difficulty, vanishes in a moment.

Proposition; The days mentioned in Genesis, 1st chapter are not periods of twenty four hours, but are days of the Lord, or periods of one thousand years each.

Proposition 2d: Adam was created during the sixth of these days and God rested on the seventh.

Proposition 3d: Adam was one hundred and thirty years old when he begat Seth.

Conclusions: There are 365 days in one year. One of these years then is equal to 365,000 astronomical years.

365,000 multiplied by 130 gives 21,450,000 of our years as the age of Adam when he begat Seth. Eve was created on the same day as Adam. (Gen. 1 chap., 24 to 31 verses) probably at the close of the day, so that she might have been a trifle younger than Adam, say eight or nine hundred years, when Seth was born. "And the days of Adam after he had begotten Seth were eight hundred years—and he begat sons and daughters." (Genesis, 5 chap. 4 verse.) "And all the days of Adam were nine hundred years; and he died." Genesis 5 chap., 5 vrs.

365,000 multiplied by 930 gives 339,450,000 of astronomical years as the age of Adam when he died.

If we extend this rule to the rest of the chronology up to the flood, and there is no reason why it should not apply to this as much as to the life time of Adam, and the days previous, we shall have a period of 611,740,000 years of our time; a period long enough for all of the changes, which geology shows to have taken place on the surface of the globe. If we apply this rule still further to the period of the flood, we shall have a period of 150,000 years, during which the whole earth was covered with water to the depth of more than five miles, which accounts for what geologists call the drift period. It may be objected that there is no positive proof that it was upon the earth so long. To this we answer that the drift itself is sufficient for that, if it is proof of the flood at all. Thus it will be seen that by the simplest rules of arithmetic applied to a few plain texts of Scripture, we have been able to remove all the difficulties which skepticism, by the aid of science had thrown in our way, and the very facts which are offered as objections of science, only go to prove the truth of our theory. With the simplest touch of arithmetic we have been able to establish the truth of the Scripture accounts of creation, with as much certainty as Mr. Miller, by the same means, foretold the time of the second coming of Christ. And we all do know that by the aid of arithmetic applied to the prophecies, Mr. Miller did predict the year and day of the year and almost the very hour when that event would happen.

Chagrin Falls, Jan. 7th, 1859.

REMARKS. Our readers will thank Dr. Rodgers for his wonderful skill in dissention the Bible and finding it after all only a simple translation from the Holy Book of Nature.—Ed.

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE UNIVERSE.

Sweet hope fills my heart this beautiful morning and gives me peace. I slept sweetly last night. The angels were with me in my dreams, and God was with me and is with me still. All nature is with me, too. I am in one of the many picture galleries of the Universe. in which the Great Artist hangs, in rapid succession, various specimens of his own beautiful skill—pictures of the stars and their children—of the suns and their sweet families of globes; pictures of birds and of beasts, of beautiful groves and waterfalls—of tall old forests and mountain peaks—of oceans and of continents; pictures of races in the human form and races below the human form; pictures of sweet, loving friends,—dear beautiful children, and happy and hopeful lovers, and heart companions. Oh! there is no end to these pictures—these *living* images, which hang forever in the picture gallery of the mind and soul!

But my picture gallery, (and yours, and all soul-picture galleries,) is a combined and beautifully varied one. It is a connected series of galleries, which begin at the base and sweep grandly along and around, forming a beautiful ellipse; then it rises more grandly and beautifully still, in the ever ascending spiral, and as term after term of the spiral winds gradually and gracefully upward into light and beauty, so higher pictures appear—more beautiful—more fine—more spiritual—more celestial—more Divine! And now I gaze with intense and most joyful interest, on all I see. The pictures, even in the galleries below, get new brilliancy from the descending light which constantly emanate from those above. A new universe appears to my view. All kingdoms of nature seem transmitted scenes of finer substance, and a grander sublimity, rolls majestically before me. Continents spread their broad fields, their mountain peaks, their valleys, forests, groves, rises in most inimitable variety and brilliancy athwart my spirit's vision. Every thing now seems instinct with life and order—all movement is living movement.—Even the rocks and fixed earth seem all aglow with light and life. I see no ugly forms—no chaos in all their movement. The fluent elements sweep past me in gentle modulation; they ripple gently across the lakes of my spirit, and hang their pictures in the higher galleries of my mental nature. Oh! thought! Oh! mind! Oh! Spirit! What and whence are you?

The answer comes gliding now gently into my being; it is a new picture hung suddenly, and yet quietly, in the higher mind gallery. Thought is a living picture of entity and the life of entity. It is the hieroglyph of substance in living form. It is the image of the sculptured and the sculpturing universe. It is the Macrocosm of the Microcosm.

"Mind is the highest mechanism of the Infinite Builder—the plate on which the images of two universes are fixed—the gallery, where hang the life-pictures of the two eternities—the Microcosm which reflects the Macrocosm.

"Spirit is deeper than mind. It is the matrix of thought. It is, at once, the inner life and the envelope of thought—the living channel of the inflowing universe. Spirit is the self moving entity—the mighty inner ocean, whose ever moving tides set upward and high, but never ebb—whose silent undulations move suns and systems, from and to eternities! It is the *all in all* because it embraces all!"

And so here, then, I stand and gaze—I gaze steadily and long. I look upon that which is, and upon that which *moves and lives*. And so, ever more, the living universe comes to me—into my spirit, and rises to, and reposes in, its own beautiful and serene Temple—the GRAND DOME OF THOUGHT—THE MIND OF THE SPIRIT.

S. C. HEWITT.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER SEVEN.

We come now to the consideration of Spirit rooms, as they are called, and on this subject we can speak with some certainty, having witnessed the experiment in more than one instance.

For this purpose a room should be selected which can be properly ventilated, at the same time that all light can be excluded. In shape the room should be oblong. Place what is called a retainer, at one end of the room, (we will omit the description of the retainer, as it has been so often described, and drawings given of it in various newspapers.) In front of the retainer place a table, so that the edge of the table is in contact with the retainer. Upon this table place a tin trumpet, a triangle and a hand-bell, with such other instruments as you may happen to have at hand. Upon the retainer, as a matter of course will be fastened a tenor and bass drum. These are all that will be necessary, but you may have as many musical instruments as you please.

You will now consult the raps, as to the selection of your circle, or you will obtain information through some reliable medium. This should be done before selecting your room, as the spirit will inform you through the medium of the best location. If you have no medium developed, you must proceed to develop them by forming a developing circle, before you can proceed with your spirit room.

But we will suppose that you have a sufficient number of media developed for your purpose.

The media will now hold a circle and some one will state the object of the meeting, and desire the spirit to examine the location, and also give the names of the persons who are to form the circle in the spirit room. If the place is suitable, the names of from eight to twelve persons will be given either by raps, (using an alphabet) or by some one of the media becoming unconscious.

Among the persons named will be one who is an unconscious moving or tipping medium, and one or more who can play upon some instrument of music. Also one will be named to take charge of the light, and see that the instruments are in their proper places. The spirit will then appoint the day of the week and the hour of the day on which the circle is to meet in the spirit room. On taking your places in the circle, or rather semi-circle, it will be found that the unconscious physical medium will be placed on the extreme right, and the medium having charge of the instruments on the extreme left, with the musician next to him. The circle will be seated in front of the retainer in a semi-circle about three feet from the table and facing it.—When the circle is once seated every member must recollect his position, and the position of the members must not be changed during the sitting nor at any subsequent sitting, except under the control of the spirit. And during the development no person not a member should be admitted into the room while the circle is sitting.

When the circle is formed and the lights removed, the spirits will commence harmonizing the conditions. Sparks like meteors will be seen to pass from one individual to another—flashes of light like summer lightning will be seen; lights resembling fire flies will be seen moving about over the wires of the retainer; long conic-shaped lights will be seen as if standing upon the table, which will vary in length from the blaze of a candle to three feet high. Shocks like those from an electric battery will be felt by one and then another, and sometimes simultaneously by all, and balls of fire as large as a man's fist will appear as if thrown from one side of the room, and striking the table, bound off to the other and disappear. And this

may continue for several weeks before any other manifestations occur.

It is during this period that difficulty usually arises. The impatience and inquisitiveness of some who cannot refrain from making requests or asking questions of the spirits. Or the loquacity of others who on seeing a light, hearing a noise, feeling a shock or perceiving that their neighbor has felt one—or feeling the house jar, will be continually speaking of it. But the worst thing is suspicion. One of the most essential things in a circle of this kind is purity of intention. Now your suspicions are accusations against your neighbor, and the spirits who know whether your charges are true or false, will not allow of hypocrisy. If your charges are true you will soon discover it, for there will be no advance in the circle, and the deceiver will be turned out or the circle broken up.

If nothing happens to break up the circle, as soon as the conditions are harmonized, the spirits will commence using the instruments. First the retainer and table will commence to shake, attended with a roaring noise, which as it increases resembles very much the noise made by a train of railroad cars, and which may last from five to ten minutes at the commencement of each sitting. After which the drum and triangle or hand bell may be struck a few times, and these manifestations will increase at each sitting until they will keep exact time with the instrument played by the musician in the circle. If you have furnished a full set of instruments, as if for a band, they will all, at length, be played upon with more skill than any band of mortal performers in the world.

Long before this the spirit will speak in an audible voice, especially through the horn. The spirit hand may be grasped, and finally the members can see the spirits. When the circle is fully developed the room need no longer be kept dark, or visitors excluded. But as in such a circle the spirits can converse freely with the members, they will inform them when light and visitors may be admitted. In our next we will give a few examples of attempts to develop spirit rooms, in which we have taken a part, with some remarks on the causes of failure.

G. B. R.

"There are Thousands now such Women but Convention beats them down."

A short time ago, as many are aware, twelve women in Michigan had the presumption to demand admittance to a literary College lately established there for all persons, upon the ground that they were *persons*; but it was deemed inexpedient to allow such unhallowed feet to enter, and their request was refused.

A like detestable spirit of innovation animating several of the female students of the Penn Medical University, Philadelphia, Pa., they drew up a petition praying for admittance to the "Pennsylvania Hospital," upon the ground that they were Medical students desirous of availing themselves of every thing that could add to their stock of Medical knowledge and thus render themselves the more efficient physicians.

Their request was also refused by the worthy conservatives forming the majority of the Medical staff, for the same convenient reason—*inexpediency*!!

I may be wrong, of course I am, but I cannot help thinking, (even women can't help thinking sometimes, you know) that if our political existence were recognized, by its only tangible evidence, the extension to us of the "Elective Franchise," thus constituting us a Power in the State, that such applications would be responded to by a polite acquiescence, which might or might not be thus interpreted:

"Woman have a right to vote! Upon election day, a refusal might affect our interest, if not directly, perhaps indirectly; therefore a denial might be utterly inexpedient, consequently we graciously concede to them their demand. After all, now that we view it in the light of the Elective Franchise, it seems only their just due. We wonder why we never saw it before."

In some lights things do change their *aspect*, at such a rate! The annexed is a copy of the petition referred to:

"To the President and board of directors of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia:

"We, the undersigned, female students of the Penn. Medical University in presenting our petition for admission to your Institution, would respectfully urge upon your consideration, the injustice of withholding the advantages we should derive from its privileges being extended to us. We are well aware of the necessity, to insure accurate diagnosis, of having opportunities of seeing disease in the various and manifold forms in which it presents itself, and therefore feel keenly our exclusion from precincts where materials for this invaluable part of a medical education are so numerous and interesting, and to which our brother students have ready access. We cannot believe that minds so enlightened as yours, can be so far governed by the narrow prejudices of bigotry and intolerance, as to refuse the request of those, who are ardently desirous of preparing themselves thoroughly for the noble profession, whose object is the alleviation of suffering; and fully convinced that it is rather from want of reflection, than from obstinate conservatism, that your doors have been hitherto closed against us, we present our petition for admittance, as students, to your Hospital in full expectation of an affirmative answer.

M. Adelaide Grennan, Emily Ridgeway,
Susan Ann Hamblen, Frances Davis,
Angeline L. Wilson, Sarah Caldwell,
Emily Ellis, Sarah Parsons."

Mrs. Brown:—The publication of Prof. Gatchell's note as a correction of the statement in my article, seems to call upon me for retraction or justification. The latter is the only course for me to pursue. Prof. Gatchell was at the meetings at at Newton Falls at the time Mr. Tiffany gave his lectures and made the effort to form an organization. At the close of his first lecture upon that subject, (Sunday afternoon) Mr. Tiffany invited Prof. Gatchell to speak. Gatchell made a few remarks in favor of organization, that he was ready to co-operate &c," but declined making a speech, and moved that Mr. Tiffany be requested to proceed with the subject of organization by another lecture that evening. And that motion Prof. Gatchell put to the audience and announced it carried. At the close of Mr. Tiffany's evening lecture Prof. Gatchell made a speech in favor of organization, and in his speech said, "the plan of organization is now about to be presented," and when he closed the plan of organization was presented and Prof. Gatchell was the second individual who subscribed his name to it. At the close of the evening Mr. Tiffany by way of encouragement said "Brother Gatchell will be with you." Here my knowledge of the matter ends, but I am informed by credible persons that Prof. Gatchell was at each subsequent meeting of the organization and took a leading and active part in its proceedings.

Braceville, Jan. 4th 1859.

Yours Truly,

H. BARNUM.

NEWTON FALLS, Jan. 4th, 1859.

The foregoing statements of H. Barnum according to the best of our recollection are true.

U. D. Kellogg, Lucy Hudson,
Mary Kellogg, Adeline Earle,
J. G. Calender, Franklin Hall,
H. S. Robbins, Uri N. Merwin,
Calvin Moffat, L. R. Prior,
Moses Hudson, E. H. Ensign,
Mercy B. Catlin, J. B. Merwin,

THE AGITATOR.

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

CLEVELAND, O., FEBRUARY 1, 1859.

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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.

PEN-O-GRAPH NO. 1.

CORA L. V. SCOTT was born in the romantic little town of Cuba, N. Y., on the 21st day of April, 1840. Her parents were plain, sensible people, possessors of greater spiritual than physical wealth. Her early advantages for a school education were somewhat limited; but had they been otherwise, the probability is she would never have availed herself of a fashionable education. She is a simple-hearted Nature-child. She knows and appreciates her kinship to the birds, flowers and singing streams. They are her teachers. From them she has learned love, purity and honest dealing;—from the holy book of Nature she has gathered wisdom and courage and strength.

When Cora was but a child her parents moved to Lake Mills, Wis., where in 1850 she was developed as a medium.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock in a letter to the "Sunbeam" writes of meeting her about this time at Lake Mills. He heard her first lecture, took notes and preserved a copy, which we will transcribe:

Speaking is the art of using words to express ideas. But we cannot express our ideas in words so that you can comprehend them as we do, but we shall endeavor to express them so that they can be understood by you.

Our ideas are not of the low and groveling kind like those of many on earth. We seek for ideas of a high and more elevated nature; ideas that will help us to progress; ideas that will help us onward, and upward forever.

Although there are in Spirit life some low circles, yet there exists harmony in all, and although there are some in the lower circles who do not wish to progress; yet they feel a desire for something higher. If a Spirit in a lower circle has a strong desire for something higher, or to be in the circle next above him, he will soon be there.

When we wish to come to the earth, we no sooner wish so than we are there; we go upon the wings of thought. During a communication we can go to our Spirit home several times; hence we can go where we choose, but we choose to go in elevated company! Thus we are governed by the laws of affinity, hence we seek congenial Spirits, and consequently we go where we find them. Could the Spirits from the 5th and 6th circles be happy with those from the 2d and 3d? they could not, consequently they do not go there. I advise you to do as we do; go where society is congenial to you, for if you regard the laws of affinity, you need not fear harm. I shall now discontinue speaking."

In June, 1856, Dr. B. F. Hatch visited Buffalo, and while there made the acquaintance of Miss Scott and immediately made her an offer of marriage. The Doctor is a decent looking man and of rather fine address; but he was forty while Cora was but sixteen years old. He had already been the husband of three unhappy wives which seemed sufficient to terrify the strongest, bravest heart.

"Why did Cora marry him?" is often asked. Who will answer? Who is responsible? Her father had passed to the Spirit world leaving a

wife and three small children without means of support. Cora at fifteen was struggling against wind and tide to sustain herself and aid her mother. True, she had friends but how many manifested their love and tenderness for the orphan child by opening the doors of home and heart? When with guile upon his lips and treachery in his heart, Dr. Hatch led the young girl to the sacrifice, how many law-abiding logicians were they who did not say, "Cora Hatch has done admirably in finding a man to maintain and give her a position in society?"

But those best versed in the heart's needs and aspirations said, "That marriage is a wretched sale of a great human soul."

In August, 1856, Cora and the Doctor were law-bound. In August, 1858 they separated. The public know something of the history of that terrible two years—know a little, it may be, of the sleepless nights and gloomy days and tearful hours she has passed; but it does not know—the world cannot know—the heart struggles, the deep desolation of spirit, the praying for death, the utter hopelessness she often felt. Sorrows like these, are known only to the suffering heart.

The midnight has passed—the morning is breaking to that watching, waiting soul. She has asked for a dissolving of the marriage ties, and we overestimate our humanity if any Judge can be found so devoid of every feeling of justice as to refuse her request.

No lecturer has given to the world, in two years, more, or finer lectures than Mrs. Hatch has given.

Her prayers seem harbingers of good will to the world. There is a freshness, a loving faith and trustfulness manifested in all her spirit utterances. We have listened to her forgetting the while all earthliness, and have afterward gone our way feeling as if our spirit had listened to the sweet tones of an angel and received a fresh baptism at the life-fountain.

We will give below a short invocation that preceded her lecture in N. Y. on the 12th of Jan.

Our Father, thou who art our God—the Infinite Ruler of space, the guide and director of all things—thy children approach thee to-night and pour out to thee the best offerings of their spirits—all the immortal aspirations of the soul. Thy children, love, praise and bless thee. We do not approach thee to ask any especial favor this evening—we simply ask thy presence to fill us—we ask that our souls may appreciate the blessings bestowed upon us; that, as the brightness of the morning sun drives away the mists of the evening, so may thy light beam over us. May thy children realize that not only near the sanctified altar art thou—not only where men lay aside their every-day garments art thou—not where is any especial one, art thou only; but wherever a child of creation is—wherever is darkness and sin. Father, thou dwellest in the soul, and as our souls fly on towards eternity, thou art in all places and at all times; and thy majesty is awakening thought and inspiration. Bless thy children, and may they realize thy mercy, and that thou art Ruler and King. May we realize that out of darkness cometh light, as out of night cometh day; and we ask that the power of thy wisdom may be known and felt, and that wherever thy children may be—whether in the halls of the wealthy, or in the tabernacle—in the cot, or the palace—they may feel and realize thy inspiring presence, and make thee the theme of their adoration forever and ever."

Mrs. Hatch is not wholly crushed; not hopeless. Her strange experience has nerved and strengthened her heart for the coming conflict with the powers of darkness. She will yet be found in the Vanguard of Truth's army, working valiantly for the Right.

Miss A. Polk, a Healing and Speaking Medium, is now stopping at the Weddell House. We know nothing of her healing powers, but her appearance is very much in her favor. For examination her price is one dollar.

THE REGISTER is not out.

GRACE GREENWOOD'S LECTURE.

GRACE GREENWOOD has lectured recently before the Library Association in this city. Subject, "The Children of To-day the Men and Women of Twenty Years hence." Ask the multitude who listened to the lecture, how she succeeded and nine out of ten will tell you that the lecture, taken as a whole, was perfect in point of beauty and brilliancy; that it was full of happy hits; beautiful suggestions, and gentle rebukes. All that is true, and it is also true that she demonstrated the fact that a woman can collect a greater and more attentive audience than any man in the nation. But we were disappointed—sadly disappointed in the lecture. We had known the speaker as we know the evening star, by its light and brilliancy; and would have thought as soon of trafficking in the star-light, of turning Venus from its everlasting pathway in the deep, blue heavens, and of bringing it, with all its priceless wealth an offering to the blind God—Popularity.

She, perhaps, was not turned from her orbit, and we did not for a moment think she was bribed with gold; but we felt that a conservative clique had engaged her services which had in some degree fettered the soul that would, but dare not, speak the whole truth. It may be that we expected too much; but we knew she was the friend of the African; knew that she had refused to be silent when the black man was dumb; we knew that she had refused position at the cost of principles. Had we not, then, good reason to hope, nay to expect, that in a lecture like this, some excuse would be offered for the mothers of the weak, imbecile, nervous, slavish "Young Americans?" and that a human-hearted plea would be made for the mother who

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
Is, in unwomanly rags,
Flying her needle and thread—"

For her who,

"In poverty, hunger, and dirt—"

is "stitch, stitch, stitching," to keep her children from the poor house and the Potter's Field? But there was scarcely a hint at the prime cause of the terrible degeneracy of our youth. The reason is not ignorance. Grace Greenwood is a woman of too much good sense, and she is too clear-sighted, to be blind as to the real cause of the disease, beggary, idiocy, slavery, and of the short narrow graves in our church yards; yet, somehow, she did not present this side of the human picture.

We watched and listened, hoping that in her prophetic vision she would see the girls of to-day glorious god-like women, fulfilling nobly, womanly, their earth-mission. We hoped the "twenty years" would rust asunder the galling chains of the White slave and she would join her brother in taming and training for a noble destiny "Young America." But again we were disappointed. The speaker only saw the sea veined with telegraphic wires; the nations bound in iron bands and palaces floating in the upper deep—the mighty work of some masculine mind.

Grace Greenwood uttered great thoughts, told beautiful truths; but Grace Greenwood—the brave, fearless, liberty-loving, slavery hating Grace—never wrote that lecture; her great soul never said of it "Well done."

She saw the wants of the world and the work to be done to meet those wants; but she knows, too, the fate of those who listen to the voice of God and give utterance to Truth. She was not quite prepared for the thorn-crown and so, perhaps, she prayed, "Let this cup pass from me till I am a little stronger." With our limited vision we see that noble woman turning away from the puny phantoms, fame, position and applause to seek the gems of truth. The divine thoughts that are now

smothered in her soul will not forever remain unspoken; among the women prophets and saviors the name of Grace Greenwood will yet be chronicled.

A NOTE TO THE CHILDREN.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—The editor crowded you into a "corner" thinking, perhaps, it was the only place for you; and you, like good, patient souls have coaxed yourselves into submission to her decrees; but now what do you think she has done? Crowded you out of that nook. Wonder what she will do next! The printer says nothing was sent to her for you, so it is quite evident where the fault lies. The editor excuses herself by saying she forgot you. Poor excuse. Did your dear mothers ever forget to give you a supper and then lay you away in your little bed with a kiss? But have patience and you shall have, in our next number, a fine story to compensate you for this ill treatment.

FRANCES BROWN.

"THE TYPO'S TABLE."

Our typo, a young lady, is *setting* other people's thoughts in motion while her own (often better) must be coaxed into quiet; she has sometimes sounded the trump for unworthy fame-seekers and been obliged to pass true merit without a recognition. She often laments that she is not queen of the quill, then *she* would rebuke wrong in high places and lend a hand to uplift the down-trodden. We have heard and felt the truth of her complainings and have offered her a "table" in our office and a column in the Agitator. The typo is yet in her teens, but she has had sufficient experience with the world to judge pretty correctly of human nature. Therefore we would gently hint that cant, hypocrisy, gilded depravity, sham charity and counterfeit Christianity may look for but little mercy at her hands.

"NOT ANSWERED YET."

Our good brother of the Walhalla, (S. C.) Banner, and Rev. H. R. Nye of the Star in the West, say that we have not answered their questions. Dear me! What strange mortals these men are? We thought the questions were forever settled, and threw down our pen with a degree of satisfaction seldom experienced.

Br. Calyton of the Banner asks, "Do not Reason and Inspiration teach that the higher intellects must control the lower?" If there are those who are not capable of self-control, let such be cared for and governed by the "higher intellects." But might has been the right. The wife is often the strong mind in the household and yet *controlled*, soul and spirit by a man as destitute of intellect as the world is of Christian charity.

And the black slave may be a very king in the intellectual kingdom and still be the chattel, the menial of the veriest knave who has a pale face. If therefore, Mr. Clayton's pro-slavery principles are the outgrowth of the hypothesis that the negro is always the weaker intellect, he is mistaken in the character of that down-trodden race.

Br. Nye charges us with "conveniently" refusing to answer his question—"Why are so many Reformers lecturing who have separated themselves from husbands and wives?"

We did not for a moment think of evading the question, but told the plain truth—the whole truth—so far as we are concerned. But it is not sufficient that we have answered for one. Mr. Nye said he referred to men (not women) who are "not unknown" to us.

Well, we acknowledge we do know a full score of public lecturers—who have left their wives, and as many more who are miserably married—who live a *lie*—who outrage their own sense of right—

who are cursing the world by peopling it with the fruit of domestic feuds—and all to keep peace with old Mrs. Grundy. For these terrible facts there is—there must be a cause and should be a remedy. If our enquiring brother will give us "two weeks to deliberate," we will endeavor to answer the question for those who have not spoken.

We would gently hint to the Clerk in the Star Office, that if he does not mail us the Star, we may wish an extra week in which to "deliberate" the question.

THOMAS GALES FORSTER, one of the editors of the Banner of Light, in a letter to the Banner writes:

During my recent visit East, I met with Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Editress of the "Agitator" published in Cleveland. She had been delivering a course of lectures in Brooklyn; but, at the time I saw her, had been compelled, for the first time in many years, to cease from her labors on account of illness. May she soon be restored to her labor of love and usefulness. Mrs. Brown in addition to her editorial and lecturing labors, is engaged in preparing a series of harmonial works for youthful readers. These works will fill a hiatus in spiritual literature, too long neglected. She enters upon the task with qualifications that warrant its being well performed. An affectionate nature, a high order of talent, a soul full of generous sentiments, and an enagay of character I have never known surpassed, are qualities that she possesses in a superlative degree, which are eminently adapted to the proper performance of the duties that lie before her. May her success be commensurate with her deserts."

We bless our brother, and other friends, who have manifested their solicitude in behalf of our lungs; but we are happy to say that we were only frightened by the doctors. They, no doubt, had great compassion on our audiences, and consequently enjoined upon us six months of silence.

We came home to our little sanctum and prepared for a winter of rest in writing. But being suspicious of our medical advisers, we sent for Professor Edgarton, a gentleman who has but little sympathy with pills, and less with people who listen to our radicalisms. He would have no motive in deceiving. But, then, he, too, is a physician—heals the lung diseases by teaching the art of breathing—a wonderful art, by the way.

Well, we put our lungs into his charge—joined a small class in elocution.

The consequence is, we are as strong and well as any women in the land. We have not the most distant idea of ever dying;—but if we do it will not be of consumption.

As for the books, they should be written. The children demand them; the times demand a reform in juvenile literature; the trusting, young heart has too long been crammed and nauseated with miserable trash. There is a prophecy in our soul that twelve juvenile books will be the children of our brain. The first has been well received. The second is commenced.

Let other hands and hearts set about displacing the old, dead dogmas with the living, loving truths of the Present.

We can furnish the back numbers of the Agitator to Oct, 1st.

THE CROSS.

WEARING AND "BEARING" IT.

I met a lady to day walking the streets of the city. She carried herself quite proudly along the walk and wore on her neck a finely carved, black, ivory cross.

Then the spirit of The Christ came upon me and said these words to my *inner* ear:

Pride wears the cross; but Humility bears it. Son of the Highest, choose thou now and here, that which least suits the tone of thy spirit."

Then I answered the Christ and said: "I will "bear" the cross; for Humility is of Heaven, and Pride of Hell."

HUTCH.

The Typo's Table.

MOUNT VERNON.

"Fifty seven thousand dollars have just been paid in, as the first instalment for the Mount Vernon place, by Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, regent of the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association."

Fifty seven thousand dollars consecrated to dead inanimate, useless dust, because it was once thrilled and subject to the soul of a patriot; but living, breathing, feeling clay is dying of starvation and the lingering torments of poverty; and helpless age and innocent childhood, and the victims of want and lingering disease tell their story in vain, and find relief only when death stifles feeling in the grave.

O, Miss Cunningham, are there no needier objects for your charity? are there no poor to feed? no dying to comfort? no fallen to save? The dead rest peacefully anywhere; the coldest winds that moan above them cannot thrill them with a shudder; and their pale, stern repose, the experience of where all life's pomps and glories lose their charm and interest forever, would seem to mock your hollow philanthropy. O, how many a face of sorrowing childhood, with the wan, responsible look inherited from care and poverty, might have been lightened with a smile, a gleam of faith and hope, by a few coppers from those swelling thousands! How many whose lives and souls are bowed by drudgery, your thousands might have given a little relaxation and left your memory in their hearts forever!

Fifty seven thousand dollars! The last instalment might have been paid on the cottage of some poor mechanic who week in and week out, year after year plods on in his thankless toil and at last sees the modest goal of his aspirations sacrificed to the legal rights and grasping avarice of the rich. How many a poor soul might have been saved from a life of shame and loathsome prostitution—how many a cursing, despairing heart saved from becoming a skeptic of humanity! Dispensed in true charity to the *living*—how much pain might be eased—how much good be done with fifty seven thousand dollars! The rickety tenant house in the gloomy alley, so universally the abode of the destitute, might be repaired and warmed; and though you shrink from the disgusting degradation that cannot help but flourish with such influences—though your deeds are less romantic—seem less patriotic—though the papers puff you less, the thousands will bless you more. If there is really charity in your heart, and in the nation you appeal to—if it is its honor you work for, is there not enough live dust to regenerate, reform and purify, instead of uselessly ornamenting and lavishing millions on dead men's rotting bones?

About many of the finest hearts hang a mist of concealment—a veil of secretiveness resulting from we know not what innate sentiment of modesty, that prompts the covering up of the most sacred emotions from the eye of the world.

This tendency often results in sad mistakes, yet we could hardly wish to see it destroyed. There is something so fine, so admirable, in the surprise of finding sweet and tender sensibilities under a rough and apparently callous exterior, that such a discovery more than atones for the under estimation we are apt to bestow upon these secretly noble organizations.—*Selected.*

We welcome with pleasure for which we have sighed;
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
Which nothing but Reason can fill.

Love in a cottage is all very fine, when the cottage is paid for, and you've got money at interest.

CORRECTION.—Dr. S. L. Randall writes that we made a mistake by saying in our 'Notes by the Way' that Dr. Bolles was the discoverer of the science of Electropathy. He says the "word and theory were originated by Dr. A. Paige."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We are almost daily receiving communications with the request that they appear in the next number of the Agitator. We have a great number of articles on hand—some of them have waited long for room. We have other articles that contain good and beautiful ideas, but they are rather badly expressed. We have hired a scholar to rewrite some of these communications; but, as the Agitator pays us nothing, we have not the means of employing a person longer for this purpose.

We expect to punctuate and capitlaize; but when an article must be re-written it will not appear at present. Those who desire us to publish their thoughts and are not qualified to give them form and grace will do well to submit them to some skillful hand for re-fitting; or, we will employ a person to correct and rewrite for the Agitator or any other paper at a reasonable price. No person should write poetry who does not fully understand poetic rules.

Those who write readable articles will understand that we do not mean them; and those who have living words for the world and will send us a respectable article will receive the blessing of the Reader. Our object is to make the Agitator a first class paper. If we fail it will not be for want of determination to accomplish our purpose.

The following Petition comes to us from Geneva, O. Geneva has long been famous for its reform spirits and the present prospect indicates a dying of the martyr and the resurrection of the Christ spirit. Mrs. Louisa Sheppard has obtained in and about Geneva over three hundred names to this call for justice. Let the petition be circulated in every town in the State and then send the names to Columbus and if our law makers have not hearts of stone they will erase from the Statute Books the laws that are a foul disgrace to this freedom boasting nation. *Ed.*

PETITION FOR EQUAL RIGHTS.

To the Honorable—the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Ohio.

Your petitioners, Citizens of the State of Ohio, most respectfully represent: That in our opinion, the rights of Women are not now sufficiently and adequately guarded by constitutional and statutory provisions and enactments.

We therefore most respectfully pray your Hon. Body to consider the following principles which were recognized by the people of this country in their memorable Struggle for Independence.

First—That taxation and representation are inseparable.

The Women of this State pay a large amount of Taxes, but there is no legal provision made enabling them to represent this body of Tax-payers by their vote, or by the election of Representatives.

Second—"Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Women are governed by the laws of this State, but there is no provision enabling them to express the justice or injustice of the Laws to which they are subject. And when we consider that the earnings, Person and Children of the wife belong to the Husband and are under his control, we conscientiously believe we have the right to question the justice of such laws, because good men do not wish

for such legal power and control and bad men should not have it.

Therefore—we most respectfully request and pray your Honorable Body to so change, amend, alter and enact the laws of our said State that Women may have the same legal rights and privileges that men have, and be subject to the same restrictions and disabilities; so that the rich Inheritance of a Great and Equal Government which our Fathers and Mothers of the Revolution sought to establish for themselves and their Posterity, may be enjoyed equally by all their children and descendants, whether Men or Women—and your Petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray, &c.

Females of 18 & upwards. | Males of 21 & upwards.

Will the Ohio papers please copy?

PASSED FROM EARTH.

Julia Manton of Fredonia, N. Y., aged 13 years. Julia has gone out from the household where she was the light, the life, the joy. Her silvery laugh and lightsome step are heard no more. Hearts are weeping deep and silent tears. A father and a mother had hoped that she would cheer their declining years and smooth for them the pillow for the sleep of the grave. But the angel of death whispered, "Julia thy time on earth hath ended," and she dropped her fair head and said, "I am so weary." Anxiously did they seek to avert the fate impending over this loved child, but there is no healing balm! The burning light of her eye and cheek whispered a fearful prophecy, "she is going." Dust has returned to dust, the spirit to the heaven-home.

O Life! how transient, how quickly gone! O Death! how universal! In a hushed room dimpled hands are folded peacefully forever above the stilled heart. A rounded, child-like form cold and fair as marble, is clad in snowy robes. The damp earth claims this treasure!

Human life is fraught with mysteries, and before us is one we may not solve; we cannot tell why this glad child is taken from a happy home, from fond and doting parents and brothers and sisters, while so many are left to struggle in bitterness with the burthens of life! To the circumscribed visions of human life, the circumstances of Death often appear mysterious. Though we do not see clearly we cannot for a moment doubt the Wisdom of the Divine. He who is "too wise to err and too good to be unkind," is our Father and does He not know where an angel is needed? Above these dark earthly clouds the celestial sun is shining. When there is weeping in the earthly home we do not hear the rejoicing in the courts of the blessed. We did not hear the melody that sounded Julia's entrance into eternity. We did not see the clasping of kindred hands; we did not see the angelic messengers as they opened the roseate gates of heaven and cried, "Welcome, welcome sweet child of earth, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

We did not behold her a shining seraph clothed in immortal robes of light when the damp earth demanded its original dust. We did not hear her whisper, "I am still with you loved and sorrowing ones, and when the shades of external life fade in the light of immortality, you will behold me, your own Julia, and I am only here first, to welcome you and to lead you lovingly through those shadows called death."

Could we but know the glorious destiny of immortality which awaits our loved ones as they pass from external life, we should exclaim,

"No longer the shroud and the pall wear gloom;
They are travelling robes to a fairer home,
Where hearts that were linked by an earthly love,
Shall meet to inherit the kingdom above."

L. A. D. A.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Hope on, hope ever! though to-day be dark,
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow;
Though thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow!
Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
With none to echo back thy thought, or love thee,
Cheer up, poor heart! thou dost not beat in vain,
For God is over all, and heaven above thee—
Hope on, hope ever.

The iron may enter in and pierce the soul,
But cannot kill the love within thee burning;
The tears of misery, thy bitter dole,
Can never quench thy true heart's seraph yearning
For better thing; nor crush thy ardor's trust,
That Error from the mind shall be uprooted,
That Truths shall dawn as flowers spring from dust,
And Love be cherished where Hate was imbruted!
Hope on, hope ever.

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt,
With the heart's honest pride at midnight wrestle,
To feel the killing canker-worm of Want,
While rich rogues in their stolen luxury nestle;
For I have felt it. Yet from Earth's cold Real
My soul looks out on coming things, and cheerful
The warm Sunrise floods all the land Ideal,
And still it whispers to the worn and tearful,
Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever! after darkest night,
Comes, full of loving life, the laughing Morning;
Hope on, hope ever! Spring-time flushed with light,
Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.
Hope on, hope ever! yet the time shall come,
When man to man shall be a friend and brother;
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all Earth's family love one another!
Hope on, hope ever.

REPLICATION NO. 1 TO H. BARNUM

MOUNT HOBART, O. Jan. 2d, 1859.

DEAR SIR.—A progressive Humanity, and happy New Year to you. Thanks to our sister who has kindly thrown open the gate to her enclosure, that we may do battle on her premises. But we are reminded that it is done with "some misgivings," and that our weapons must be short. Hence, I have drawn from my armory of truth the short, but heavy two edged sword, upon which is written Dispatch. You will not fail to see that our encounter must be close.

I see you have not failed to throw out a large quantity of rubbish in my path to the battle ground; this was quite an act of generalship in you, as you would naturally suppose much of my strength wasted previous to my arrival. To the rubbish I shall apply my battle axe and make short work of it.

You are right, when you attach to me the masculine gender; and I will venture an assertion, that you are in a transition state, from impulsive, superficial and irregular youth, to the more orderly, profound and compact organization of manhood, (for the style and matter evidently denote it).

You say, you believe no effort has yet been made at organization since 1854, with the exception of some uppertons in New York, and Mr. Tiffany's efforts at Cold Water, Michigan, and Newton Falls, Ohio. Well, there has been quite a number since; but you are no more to be blamed for ignorance of that fact, than I am of Mr. Tiffany's efforts; which will release me from the guilt of plagiarism, and at the same time show the commonality of the Humanity cause.

You enquire, "what good do you expect by organization that cannot be done better without?" I expect to do by organization, that which is talked about without organization.

About Tiffany's disgraceful confinement and Professor Gatchell's kindly offices in his behalf, I know nothing; and I fail to be the wiser for your information, for newspaper report says, that Professor Gatchell denies officiating in the manner you assert; and if that be true, it shows that the recklessness and confusion of youth, still keep truth and well organized harmony at bay. This is corroborated by the reckless and untruthful assertions in regard to myself; leaving out of view the comparative

wisdom of Mr. Tiffany, Professor Gatchell and myself. Mr. Tiffany is wiser in the sphere of his action, than I am in his; so is the Professor in his; and I am wiser in my sphere of action than either of them. And my learned friend, H. Barnum, pretends to more wisdom than all of us—for he sits in judgment on all of us, in order to do which, he must necessarily assume to be wiser.

In regard to being a broken down teacher or to rear a "Sect on Spiritualism," or making an effort to establish a "priesthood" of any character for "maintenance" I deny—there is not a word of truth in any of it. But those words come with a grace from one who is paid by the year to lead a flock. One word more in regard to my name, and I will meet you face to face. I will confess my cowardice and stand trembling in your presence, albeit, "I raise my own potatoes," and say what I please. I had supposed we had enough of name and authority; but it appears that names are still called for, where wisdom is wanting to let truth have a free pass. My position may become such, that it will be a duty incumbent on me to let my name be known. That time and position will be when I surrender my sword to you and beg for quarter or flee ingloriously from the field.

As to the subject of organization, its necessity appears so self evident to every well disciplined mind, that after giving you a few suggestions, I think you will freely and nobly yield that point and cross swords on Humanity associations and organizations (for I admit that we would associate to organize) or unite with us in our Humanitary efforts, after learning their nature.

Now let us gaze at the stars—are they not organized? do they not move in an orderly and well organized manner? See how system upon system moves! all based upon progressive and harmonial principles and ever acting in obedience thereto. Behold the plants, are they not organized? The trees of the forest, are they not organized? do they lose individuality in their associated capacity? The pine, the hemlock, oak, maple, chestnut, and all the family of trees, do they not draw nutrimental food from the same soil? and branch entwined wave in the same breeze and bask in the same light?

Do not the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field all possess organizations? Can you see without an organization, and an organized object to behold? hear, feel, taste, smell, or speak without an organization? can there be design without organization? can there be intelligence without organization? Here, I think I might safely rest, and leave you to a few moment's reflection. But, perhaps, you say, I refer to a body of human intelligences organized for some special purpose. Very well, then your desire is for anarchy; you wish a return to the good old times when might made right. You would encourage the selfish, avaricious and destructive principles, or attributes of our nature; let lust revenge and war have unbridled sweep over earth. Is this the way you "unite by a mutuality of sentiments, feelings and interests, for the removal of evil?" this the way you "implant good and banish ignorance, by perceiving, receiving and imparting truth and wisdom—the true enlightenment of mind?" this the way you unfold the affectional nature? Ha!—ha!! I wonder how much the people of Rochester* give you for such liberal and sage unfolding? But I will not insist on knowing. In exchange for your advice, if you have a counsel fee in your books against me for not disclosing my name, I would advise you to cease talking of priesthoods until after you cease priestly offices. Perhaps you mean

sectarian organizations—I can justify them also if necessary.

I think I have said enough to lead you to reflection; and if you have tangible arguments to offer against organization, I will be happy to respond to them if able.

If you mean any special organization, I will discuss a Humanity organization as viewed from my plane. In order that you may understand me properly, I will say, it is not intended as a religious organization. We calculate to investigate every thing new and old within the reach of our knowledge. We calculate to organize and strike through the ballot box at all the evils we can possibly reach. You and I may agree as to one evil, but differ as to whether another be an evil; well, we will unite against that which we both acknowledge to be evil, but not that upon which we differ. We will organize and dissolve from time to time as the case requires, but we will associate as often as needs be to investigate and have a general conference to learn from all parts, not to domineer over any part or any individual. We will be like a flying battery on the field of battle, limber and unlimber to meet the enemy or coils of the serpent.

We will throw the balance of power with the party or man that will co-operate with us. It is a more speedy and efficient way than preaching, and leaving the people without a modus operandi to accomplish the good their hearts desire to do.

Now, sir, you may consider our swords as crossed or, after understanding my position, if you like, join with me in my Humanitary efforts, not for name or position, but for the good of Humanity.

If you have not heretofore taken the trip, I would suggest for your spiritual health, that you take a trip to the Humanity circle of spirits, and afterwards visit the circle of Fraternal Harbingers and then the circle of the Universal Brotherhood I think you will return a wiser man.

Yours for Truth,

Progress and Humanity,

A HUMANITARIAN.

BUFFALO, JAN. 14th, 1859.

DEAR AGITATOR.—I am thinking that it may not be entirely uninteresting to your readers—some of them at least—to know how I find things of a reformatory character in Buffalo. As you know, I began my course of lectures here on the first Sunday of the present year. My audiences are fine in all respects. For some time previous, the cause of Harmonial Philosophy in this city seems to have been not dead, but inactive; but now from the Spiritual atmosphere there is a new awakening, and fresh currents of inspiration from the ocean of mental life are setting through the souls of the Spiritual minded. To my mind the bending skies are full of radiant thoughts and angel faces—beaming down upon Earth the sunshine of immortal lands. The soul of the conscious world below, throbs quicker, with the touch of the love power of the Spiritual Spheres.

This is true of Buffalo at least, and I am fully convinced it is the result of a general inspiration from the realms above.

I have spoken two Sundays here and am to speak for two to come—and then I go to Chicago on my way to St. Louis, in which latter place I am to begin a four weeks course of lectures on the 15th of February—thence back to Chicago, and thence to such places as wisdom may seem to dictate. I can be addressed by my friends as follows; in Chicago, care of Higgins Bros. until the 13th of February—then at St. Louis till the 13th of March—then again at Chicago until the last of April.

The friends in Buffalo gave me a very cordial reception, and opened their hearts and homes to me

and my family. They are having fine social parties here once per week with music and dancing. I attended one of them this week, and was much pleased with it. They are a partial prophecy of the "good time coming;" and I feel that this age more than any previous one is to become eminently social.

I look over the ample page of historic life and can see any quantity of force, physical and intellectual—but a pure, refined and elevated sociology nowhere. If, as the Gallian system of phrenology indicates, man's social qualities lay in the bassil-region of the back brain. Why is it that the infantile age of man was not the most social and genial? Will you reply—it was? I can only say there is no proof whatever of such fact; but on the contrary we see women, the very incarnation of the social soul of the world, only just arising in her sphere to grasp the golden sceptre of the affectional world. Look at the feudal age if you please, and behold its highest boast is to tear down some little work toward the elevation of woman. But what a precious little it was though; it exalted her from the slavery and drudgery of the field and the chase to the more refined servitude of the bridal bed and the unbridled passions of her brother man. Go back of feudalism into barbarism and downward still into savageism and the case becomes still worse. History then is proof that the great Social Age in its fullness of joy is yet to be on Earth. But, as the faculties of brain laying in closest proximity to the body are the first to be unfolded into the historic life of man, and as the Social Age has not yet opened upon the world, therefore, the social qualities do not lay in the basis of the brain, but are farther forward and higher up in the cerebral structure of man, as Neurological Anthropology fully demonstrates. And hence the Social Age is to come out of the coronal region, the brain, and upon the top of the centuries. It is, therefore, and per se, a Spiritual Age. Hence, the true Sociology of history is the fruit of the Spiritual faculties of the race. The lower passions of man have but little to do with a true and Divine Sociology. I would fain pursue this great theme, but time presses me. I will do it at some future time.

I am Truly Yours,
S. J. FINNEY.

A CUIOURS CASE.

Mr. S. of Windham, Ct., related to the writer of the Telegraph the following incident: His wife is a medium; a few evenings since they were both sitting for communications; presently the hand of the wife was drawn up and out of shape. The manifestation was first upon the foot then upon the hand. They inquired the meaning of it; the answer was, "It will be explained to you to-morrow." The day following this, a brother of the medium was the house of Mr. S., when he fell and injured his foot—the foot having the same appearance as indicated by the hand of the medium the evening previous. The significance of the manifestation the evening previous was then fully understood.

The glory of an age is often hid from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is growing clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet whose name is to fill the earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer, who is to move the church and the world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring.—*Channing.*

"Gently the dew is o'er me stealing," as the fellow said when five due bills were presented to him at once.

* What does "A Humanitarian" mean by "Rochester?" Does he not intend to say Briceville?—*Ed.*

OBITUARY.

FESTUS FULLER of Russel, O., left the form on Jan. 3d. He fell from a wagon and broke his neck and back. He survived 20 hours. He was a firm believer in the blessed faith of spirit communion. He leaves a wife and four small children to mourn the loss of a husband and father. S. MORRIS.

Departed this life on the 7th inst., Henry Walker, aged 48 years. In the deceased, the cause of humanity and Spiritualism has lost a thorough going, practical advocate. He carried the Spiritual Philosophy into all the details of life—social, domestic and public, and proved that is a system of Christianity, such as the world has not seen before. Kind and affectionate at home, generous and obliging as a friend and citizen, he is lamented by a large circle of acquaintances.

Mrs. Warner gave one of her consoling trancellectures, proving that the spirit arose above the wreck of his mortality, and deeply felt the grief of his mourning friends.

He fell like giant oak
By lightning riven;
But as an eagle freed,
He rests in heaven.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

WHEN God contemplates some great work, He begins it by the hand of some poor, weak human creature, to whom He afterward gives aid, so that the enemies who seek to obstruct it are overcome.—*Luther.*

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