

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.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN. TERMS—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME II. No. 7.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, JANUARY 1, 1859.

WHOLE No. 19.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS FOR THE AGITATOR

BY OLYMPUS.

Death reigns! so saith the iron tongue of Time;
And one, on whom old Time hath lavished love;
One whose limbs had feeble grown; upon whose
Pallid cheek no bloom or freshness lingered,
Hath laid his sandals by and gone to rest.
'Twas long and lone, the pilgrimage he made
Across the desert, hill and barren moors,
To scatter, manna-like, bread and blessings
To the desert dwellers and the peopled
Towns. 'Twas winter when his race began,
The snows lay heaped along his trackless way;
Fragrance and flowers from the earth had passed,
And men were mourners for the lost verdure
Of field and wood.

But a stripling came,
A strong, young giant. A time in swaddling
Clothes he slumbered; but, gathering strength, he
Roused, strong man like, and called sweet voiced spring
To the Throne. Thus bidding the world farewell,
Went to join his brothers before the flood.

Spring, warm hearted, breathed upon the icy
Earth and, forthwith, the trees put on their robes
Of living green. The frozen fields aroused
And, like a blushing bride, enrobed themselves
In daisy-tinted flower-gemmed garments.
Brief as beautiful was the young queen's reign;
Strong of heart and dusky brow'd summer came,
Bearing flowers and fragrant leaves an offering
Meet to lay upon sweet Beauty's shrine,
But over Summer's sunny brow old Time
His deathly fingers passed, and, gathering
Up her flowing robes, she donned her crown of
Fragrant blossoms and hastened onward.

Sober Autumn, the bearer of rich fruit
And ripened grain, came. She called her subjects
To her royal feast, and gave to each some
Token of her love. But waited not to
Taste the ruby wine or ripened fruit her
Generous hand had brought. She heard the Time-call,
And laid her staff and sandals by, to join
Her sisters in the land that *Was*.

The year has laid her gorgeous robes aside,
And donned the snow-white shroud the Ages wore.
The streams breathe now a mournful lay; old ocean
Chants a dying dirge; and the low wind-wail
Comes in memory of the YEAR that has died.

We will not jest or charge with wrong, the dear
Departed, for it has battled bravely—
Battled well with two wretched robbers, Church
And State. Hand to hand it has met in fierce
Conflict, cowed Cant and red eyed War, Slavery
With all its venom and its oily tongue.
A noble pleader found him; woman wronged;
And young children are breathing blessings on
His very name. Oh, meet it seems that we
Should, with the silent dead commune; and bless
For blessings its cold, dead hand hath given,
Then turning to the *Now* garner Truth, Love,
Wisdom and goodly deeds to lay upon,
The loving Heart-altar an offering
To the *Brotherhood*—the great *Humanity*.

Let not soft slumber
Close your eyes, before you have
Recollected thrice; where e'er your
Thoughts have taken their way,
And all your actions through
The day. What know I more,
That's worth the knowing? What
Have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I done that I should shun?
Or into what new folly run? Or
What duty have I left undone?

HELENA MILES' HEART HISTORY.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Howard's Tea Party.

"An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

"Heard the news, mother? Heard the news any
of you?" interrogated Mrs. Mary Stow, as she pre-
sented herself at a rather late hour, before the
company invited to take tea with Mrs. Howard.

"Don't you think Mr. Gray has got a divorce
from his wife—the good-for-nothing creature?"

Mrs. Stow sank, with evident satisfaction, into an
easy chair, awaiting the exclamations and the re-
joicings that she expected her bit of information
would call forth.

"You don't say, Mary," replied Mrs. Howard;
"that Julius Gray has *succeeded* in slipping out of
that noose."

"Yes, mother, I do say just that for I have the
facts from the very best authority."

"Where did you get them? Who told you? Do
tell us all about the affair;" chimed in half a doz-
en voices, while a score of sensible women looked
on in silence.

"Well," replied Mrs. Stow, pulling off her gloves
and wheeling her chair about to face the company;
"let me take breath and I'll tell you how well I
managed to get the news."

"How Mary Stow-like," whispered Mrs. Ray-
mond, to a lady at her elbow.

"I called upon Mrs. Laird (she ought to have
been called *Lard*, she is so swineish and fleshy.)
She, you know, has all the news; her house is a
regular news depot."

"You one of her friends?" asked Mrs. Raymond
a little sarcastically.

"No, not exactly; but, then, I like to happen in
there just to get the news."

"Laudable object," replied Mrs. Ogram.

"Well, Ladies, now listen and then judge for
yourselves whether Mrs. Gray should be counte-
nanced or even tolerated. I, for one, am glad I
did not recognize her in the cars the other day.—
Well, as I was going to say, Mrs. Gray got into her
head all the new fangled notions about love-mar-
riages and 'heart-unions,' and then just turned her-
self out of a good home and out of respectable so-
ciety, too, by her whims."

"You have no faith in 'heart-unions,' perhaps,"
said Mrs. Shepherd.

"I have no faith in a woman who will leave a
good home in defiance of public opinion, for no rea-
son but the absence of love."

"Then, Mrs. Stow, you are not a true woman.
There is no marriage where there is no true soul-
sympathy, and if, for this reason only, Helena Gray
left her husband, she is to be commended for her
course. But your friend, Mrs. *Lard*—is that the

name?—mistakes; she had other reasons—reasons
the world will learn in due time."

"But at any rate, Mr. Gray got a bill on the
ground of her refusing to live with him."

"That may be; but did he give the reason of her
refusal?"

"Do not know; but I do know he has given her
no property—not a dime."

"Mrs. Laird said that she saw enough, while liv-
ing in Mrs. Gray's neighborhood, to convince her
that all was not right."

"*She* is easily convinced if a woman is suspected
of wrong," replied Mrs. Raymond.

"Well all that may be; I know Mrs. Laird to be
a great gossipper; but, then, I think her word
may be relied upon."

"When a sister is slandered," said Mrs. Shep-
herd.

"But what do you think Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Gray's
own sister, says—told me with her own tongue?"

"That Helena was an independent thinker and
fearless actor, I suppose," replied Mrs. Shepherd;
"for such I know her to be."

"But she said no such thing, Mrs. Shepherd; I
have seen her. After I left Mrs. Laird's I called
there just to see how she bore up under the dis-
grace."

"What disgrace?" interrogated Mrs. Ogram.

"The disgrace her sister has brought upon the
family by separating from her husband. I hear
that her brothers are indignant enough. And I
am glad they are, for when people take it upon
themselves to outrage public opinion, every lover
of good order should—"

"Scandalize them," said Mrs. Lake, looking up
for the first time from her embroidery.

"Mary, dear, what did Mrs. Noble say?" Mrs.
Howard impatiently enquired.

"Well, at first she did not seem inclined to say
anything; but at last she said, with tears in her
eyes, 'Mrs. Stow, it is true that Helena refused
to live with her husband—true he has got a bill
and has not given her much of the property.' I
asked how she would be supported. The reply
was, 'I shall have to give her a home, which I re-
gret on many accounts.' Then she told me she had
fears of her husband. Poor Mrs. Noble! But, la-
dies, this is strictly confidential. I beg you not to
repeat it."

"I certainly should never think of repeating a
story so absurd and false as I believe that to be,"
replied Mrs. Raymond.

Mrs. Stow colored at the insinuation of dishon-
esty; but her maiden sister, a tall, sharp-voiced
news vender, came to the rescue and in her pecu-
liar, off-hand style, told various things she had seen
with her "own two eyes" and heard right straight
from Mr. Gray's lips. The opposition party by this
time had gained the floor and they were rejoicing
in the prospect of offering another victim upon the
altar of Public Opinion.

"They say" remarked Mrs. Howard, in her low

soft voice—"they say that Mrs. Gray would not have so willingly relinquished home and the means of support but for the prospect of aid from a *certain* quarter."

"What do you mean by a *certain* quarter?" enquired Mrs. Clough. "When insinuations are made against a woman,—and that woman a member of our church—I think there should be an explanation at least."

"Yes, so it may seem, and although I am the very last person to repeat gossip, yet when a thing is well authenticated we may be pardoned for speaking of it."

"The rent of Deacon Carter's block has been paid to Mrs. Gray; isn't that a little suspicious?"

"So it might seem if Deacon Carter ever owned the building; but as it is not, and never was his, I see in that no proof against Mrs. Gray. The building was erected with Mr. Gray's money on ground leased of Deacon Carter, and Mr. Gray has made over the lease to his wife."

"Mrs. Carter was my informant. Poor woman! how very unhappy some things are making her!"

"And how very unhappy some people are *trying* to make her!" Mrs. Raymond said in an under tone.

"Doesn't that story belong in the same category with some others that have been told here to-day?" said Mrs. Sheppard. "I doubt if any of you can tell a story to the injury of Mrs. Gray. She left her husband without retailing to the world the why's and wherefore's and we have no right to condemn her for so doing. There are things between husbands and wives, that the world has no right to know, and I commend the woman for keeping her own secrets. Mrs. Gray has not asked our sympathy or assistance. She has consulted her own soul and if to that she is true, the public have no right to interfere."

"But," replied Mrs. Stow, "Helena Gray is making a vast deal of trouble in families by preaching her revolutionary doctrines. Have you heard, Mrs. Sheppard, how she undertook to defend Charles Whipple who fell in love with a married woman and then shot himself?"

"I remember of her writing an article upon the death of that ill-fated youth."

"And do you know how the people out in Slabtown treated the obnoxious thing?"

"I heard that the majority of the people called it a fine article."

"Well, you haven't heard the truth, then. Mrs. Gray was out there talking about '*freedom*,' *affinity*,' 'false marriages' and unwelcome children," till she turned the heads and hearts of half the people. When forbearance became a sin, some few of the order loving citizens took the matter in hand. They knew that Mrs. Gray would attend the Conference meeting and so the thing was cut and dried to set her down a peg."

"They perhaps succeeded. Helena Gray is so very easily set back and down," remarked Mrs. Raymond derisively.

"Well ridicule it as you will, it was done effectually I assure you."

"How was it done? do tell" said Mrs. Howard with an air of utter ignorance.

"When the people were congregated. The reading of the Christian Clarion was called for, whereupon Judge Streeter,—who by-the-way had been disposed to befriend Mrs. Gray—arose and read the 'Suicide.' 'That is an infamous article! and in a religious Journal, too!' said Deacon Hammond. 'Who is the author?' All eyes were turned toward Mrs. Gray. She unblushingly arose and claimed the authorship of the miserable thing, and then went on to excuse the suicide, by telling a foolish story about the young man's unfortunate organization—of his gloomy life—his heart askings for love and sympathy, and wound up the list of excuses by calling the married woman lover 'a starved heart.' She of course wept, and her tears

so psychologized the congregation that half of them wept, too, and they really supposed the suicide was the most abused man who ever lived. But when the magnetic influence was gone the people, Richard-like, were themselves again. And the best part of the Society called a meeting and resolved not to be so egregiously humbugged again. And I'll venture Helena Gray will not show her head in that town again."

"Your version of that farce may please you, Mrs. Stow; but allowing all you say to be true, it only proves the people in Slabtown are living in false relations, and fear the light. Truth cannot die nor does the *truth* searcher fear investigation. When people are *truly* married you may as well displace the fixed stars as to change those relations. Those only who are conscious of their sandy foundations fear the searching spirit of investigation."

"But," continued Mrs. Sheppard "is it noble, womanly or Christ-like to defame a sister? What if she has not thought your thoughts, lived your life?—what if she has set up a self thinking system without the consent of the dear old dame, Public Opinion? Shall we raise the hue in cry and cause her to be starved or stoned to death?"

"Walk out to tea, ladies."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

THE VISION OF PROPHECY.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

An elderly man and a fair-haired child stood within a picture gallery in France. Soul-thrilling was the beauty around. The essence of the creative genius of the past seemed to float around upon the viewless air.

The arched ceiling, beautifully carved and gilded; the pink marble entablature; the massive columns which here and there broke the monotony of the long extent; the light falling, now subdued from the high, narrow window upon a white ghost-like statue—anon flashing with effrontery upon some dark lined picture of the olden time; the solemn, death-like stillness that prevailed—were all calculated to work strangely upon an impassioned soul.

The little girl who held the hand of the old man was herself a study. Never had prettier eyes drank in inspiration from the mighty works of art. They were hazel eyes—calm, holy—and yet flashing at times with unwonted brilliancy. Her hair fell in luxuriant masses around her fair neck and shoulders, and the irregularity in her features was amply atoned for in the clearness and freshness of her complexion, and the classic mouth that bespoke a time when she should emerge from the timid, blushing maiden, to a brilliant, resolute, self-possessed woman—strong and beautiful in the integrity of her soul.

The little girl stopped and gazed for a long while upon an historical painting. Her eyes became riveted to the canvass, and her hand for the time let go of that of her father. It was the anointing of Charles VII. of France at St. Renny. The dark, massive walls resting upon their clustered columns; the curious and elaborate carvings everywhere visible; the vast interior crowded with ferocious soldiers, bearing their battle-axes and cross-bows; knights with plumed helmets and gold-embroidered surcoats; the glittering mail of the men at arms; the ladies of Rheims in their lofty head-dress; the nobles in rich coronation robes grouped about their monarch who stood prominent in the stately array of royalty; the pompous arch-bishop—and the renowned Joan of Arc, with helmed head, and the sacred banner, the *fleur-de-lis*, dropping in graceful folds upon her white armor; the superstitious throng hushed with feelings of awe and wonder—formed an admirable painting, and the artist had done it justice.

The father noticing how absorbed the child was, approached the picture—when he was startled by hearing a deep, sepulchral voice exclaim:

"Gratien—Gratien Philippon!"

Turning round, Gratien beheld an old man arrayed in a dark cloak—with grey hair, wan features, and black, piercing eyes—eyes burning in their intensity, contrasting strangely with the haggard face.

"Hist! the spirits of the dead are around us; you can hear their breathings on the viewless air. The spirits of the dead in oil and marble, and the spirits who embalmed the other in the fire of their genins! See your child! She moves not; she hears not; she is lost in contemplation of the record of a glorious past. Gratien, dost thou know me?"

"I know thee not," returned the father, abashed before those burning eyes.

"Listen then," and a halo seemed to spread over the strange visitor's features—"I am the spirit of Prophecy! Nay, startle not; I have aught to tell thee of thy child."

"Ay, disturb me not. From the groves of wine and olive, where the balloon-shaped hills of the Vosges stretch to the confines of the shore away, and where the purple vineyards smile upon the slopes of Burgundy—came to your heroine of a by-gone age, Jeanne of Arc. The sweet toned bells of the chapel of the Lady of Bellemont lulled her infant slumbers, and her soul drank in the richness from the scenery, wild and boundless in its range as her own imagination. She came forth when superstition taught that there was a Deity to smile on every aspiration. She came forth to save France as by a miracle—"

"And then?"

"She died upon the scaffold—the dark and flaming tribute of her gratitude. Your Jeanne shall too come up, like unto her, and meet a like untimely fate."

Gratien started; his cheeks grew pallid, and he demanded huskily.

"What meanest thou?"

"As I have said; am I not the spirit of Prophecy? That child, ere many years, shall be worshipped. The bitterness against pampered nobility and arrogant superiority, which you are instilling into her heart, shall rise up against you. She is destined to sway the deliberations of statesmen—to tread in consciousness of pride the regal halls. Great men will receive her counsels, and seek no appeal from the decisions which may fall in words of burning eloquence from her lips. Look yonder?" and the stranger pointed solemnly down the vista of the white statuary.

"Tell me—what seest thou?"

The old man looked and almost became transfixed with horror; the cold sweat stood in drops upon his forehead. He thought he beheld a long line of carts issuing from the yard of the Conciergerie—victims for the guillotine! In the last was the "white-robed heroine of the dungeon"—beautiful still—the cool air adding freshness to her transparent cheeks. In the weak, trembling old man—the old man with whitened lock—he recognized himself.

He clasped his hands wildly together, and uttering a low cry, leaned against a pillar for support.

The fair-haired child knelt at his feet, and murmured wonderingly, as she looked up into his face,

"What ails thee, my father?"

"Jeanne, my child—didst thou see no one?"

"No one, my father."

"And hear no voices?"

"None, my father; we are alone."

"Look down yonder aisle—what seest thou?"

"Naught—save the statues with their ghost-like vestments. But how pale you are yourself!—pale as those very images!"

"It is nothing, Jeanne; I feel better now. Let us go, Jeanne, child."

That little girl became—MADAME ROLAND!—*Peterson's Magazine*.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION AGAIN.

EDITOR AGITATOR:—Our controversy seems to have reached a point where a vindication of some kind of marriage contract on the one hand, and an unqualified rejection of it on the other, are the alternatives.

But I remarked at the outset, that I would not not apologize for *every thing* that may be found upon our statute books over the *nom de plume* of "law and order."

Many things have been desecrated in the name of "LAW," that Satan might righteously be ashamed of; and in the catalogue comes that long and frightful list of "unhappy unions," that curse the parties, blight the offspring and afflict humanity in general. Marriage is a thing of Nature. Laws, originate in drachm shops, gambling hells and halls of legislation. Marriage did not originate with tyrannical kings or bigoted priests, and hence they have no right to assume absolute control of the institution.

But I do most earnestly believe that parties designing to live together in conjugal union, should publish to the world their intent to do so, in some suitable way; that society may not be outraged, or virtue traduced.

And equally necessary it is, that there should be some honorable means of escape from these conjugal triangles, whereby the parties themselves may not be subjects of public ridicule and contempt, or the offspring sent into the street, ultimately to graduate in whiskey saloons and brothels.

Every rational mind must deplore, with deep horror, the crimes, miseries, and infanticides that are practiced under the cloak of legal marriage; but that the social world would be renovated by an entire removal of every form and custom regulating the marriage institution, seems to me presumptuous.

Every evil that exists in the wide world, is the result of ignorance, and to cure the evil, we must remove the cause. And while there are other causes potent in their influence to curse domestic life, prominent is that of ignorant deception.

'Tis said that "Cupid is a blind god;" but the study of human nature, aided by the science of phrenology, would open *his* eyes if our youth would open theirs.

Courtship is carried on as people trade horses, by concealing every defect, and exhibiting every attractive feature.

Its victims feast upon gay parties, brocades and broadcloths, trashy poetry and French novels; and instead of studying the real character as they should, they are usually blinded by the superficial accomplishments.

And after two or three years of wedded life with its earnest realities, their areal imaginations and practical effusions are suddenly precipitated; and if the case be an extreme one, the records of the court show an application for divorce.

Would these disastrous consequences be avoided, were every public contract of marriage annulled, and the parties left to "follow attractions?" Their "attractions led them into the difficulty in the first place; and there is the point for national reform to commence, by giving the victims a correct understanding of themselves and surroundings. The highest and holiest form of domestic bliss, is monogamic marriage, and its continuance, the highest degree of happiness. Many of the lower animals associate promiscuously, some for a year, and then are divorced, while a few species marry for life.

The lion, king of beasts and monarch of the forest, who might assert and maintain his right to indiscriminate love, quietly selects his mate and remains faithful and constant to that one for life. The eagle, whose imperial wing mocks the flight of

the ascending clouds, and from whose presence other birds hide in submissive fear, quietly selects his life-companion and remains faithful in the bonds of holy wedlock for life.

Is the true development of man's social nature beneath that of lions and eagles? Man exhibits in most distinct characteristics, every mental quality that is possessed by the lower animals; therefore the disposition to mate for life is inherent in his nature. And the doctrine of "variety" is the result of either the idiotic development of the faculty of union for life, or mental and physical malformation, combined with ignorance and misdirected perceptions.

Then if the full development of man's social nature gives a desire to marry for life, the forms and customs regulating the institution, should be based upon that fact, and should tend to elevate the race to that point, rather than retard its development, as many of our laws do at present.

And while it is evident that true marriage is the love-union of two souls for life, it is equally evident that numberless loveless and inharmonious unions cannot be maintained without cursing the parties and offspring. Hence an *honorable* means of escape, is demanded.

Our brothels, prison houses, asylums, gambling shops and whiskey hells, are already too full to demand any more victims from such "domestic triangles."

When children are obliged to date their earthly existence to a male parentage of rum, tobacco and lust, and a female parentage of pride, vanity and deceit, it is no wonder that our theological seminaries are filled with "debilitated young men" who feel themselves commissioned to go out into the world to preach "total depravity" and eternal damnation to all but "*our church*." It is no wonder that we need fourteen thousand lawyers to tinker up our quarrels, and superintend the gambling saloons and Congress halls of Washington! It is no wonder that we have twenty-four thousand doctors to patch up our miserable bodies and drug the effects of our vicious appetites. To say that all this is not the result of ignorance, is to deny the doctrine of progression.

Meanly organized heads and hearts are but stereotyped editions of ignorance that existed somewhere, and furnish no evidence to upset the position.

Mere tear down operations are not wholly efficient in the work of advancing the race. Then if we would abolish unhappy marriages, and remove prison houses, grog shops, brothels, and all other things that belong to a benighted condition of society, we must educate the world in the principles of love, truth and charity.

Every one who agitates a truth, does the world a lasting benefit.

Free-lovers, free-thinkers and free-talkers who are endeavoring to elucidate the principles involved in the solution of the great social problem, are doing the race a benefit, which the harmonious children of love-unions in the future, will bless them for doing. Every truth discovered, every principle unfolded and every fact demonstrated, are so many powerful engines to speed on the car of progress.

And the heart-torturing scene of a *domestic triangle*, aggravated by the presence of diseased and deformed offspring, and its attendant trail of crime, misery, murder and prostitution, are the legitimate effects of *not* understanding the organic laws of marriage and the physiology and phrenology of men and women.

Thine, for the redemption of man, the freedom of woman, and the rights of children.

Chagrin Falls, O.

H. B. V.

It has been said that a woman *will* have the last

word; but we will prove the falsity of the charge by giving our brother the opportunity of saying the last word upon the "Marriage Question." We would like, however, to say that he has progressed wonderfully since he wrote the first article upon the subject.—*Ed. Agitator.*

WOMAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Nearly four thousand years have left upon the annals of history, the deeds of the "unfolding germ," placed in the Human organism, for its growth to maturity. In the progress of events, various questions of reform have come before the mind, to agitate and thus induce a better condition in the various departments of human society. The question now, in the true order, is the "Elevation of Woman"—a question, in which all the questions of the past will be merged, because Woman is the *centre* or "wheel within a wheel;" and when the motion is properly regulated, all the outer wheels will be controlled by the law through which the central wheel is moved—the pivot round which all others revolve, each in its order. The work now to be done (in the progress of reform,) is to regulate the motion of this wheel in the human mechanism. The query then arises, what is the grand regulating ingredient, which must be applied to keep this wheel moving, so that friction will not be induced, the wheels chafe and wear each other—producing disorder and chaos as the inevitable result? Sympathy which comes of the combined action of the brain and heart is the needful element to keep this wheel in motion. Without it, chaos will ensue; and the social fabric, whose pillars are the "Homes," will reel, totter and fall; and the dust of centuries will be scattered over the spot to show the passer by its burial place.

Woman of the nineteenth century! thy mission is to impart this sympathy to man—to him who has made the Law, upon which is based all human Institutions.

The brain of man has acted its part, without the aid of the heart. But no sympathy has been generated and applied to this central wheel, to produce a healthy motion first in the heart home—second in society—third in the political spheres—the three grand wheels in the human machinery, which control human events and produce human weal or wo. But ere thou can'st enter upon thy mission, thou must drink the dregs in the cup which man puts to thy lips and which are "Legal enactments," that thou may'st know that the foundation upon which thy house is builded, is a sandy one and must fall. Then thou wilt co-operate with man in rearing a superstructure, whose base is Truth, and which comes of the combined action of heart and intellect. Then human sympathy will come to be a "river of life;" all along its banks will spring into existence "Homes of Harmony" where no discordant note will fall on the listening ear. For woman is redeemed, by being first crucified by the strong power of the Law, which has executed the orders written out through the hand of the intellect only. Hence, in the true order, man will be the victim, who will be pierced by the rugged spike, which he has driven through woman's flesh, that he, too, may be saved by the application of this sympathy, which comes to his rescue through her resurrection.

This is the Key which will unlock the door into the Inner Temple, where a "Legal corps" (made up of male and female) reside and who are atoning for the sins of their Earth-Life, by giving to mortals, a higher code of laws, which will place Woman in her true position and thus redeem the race.

Chicago, Ill.

C. M. H.

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 1, 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.

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

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

THE PAST AND FUTURE.

We are standing to-day upon the verge of the old year and looking into the next. This is a befitting time to look back and beyond—to review our lives to see what has, and what has not, been done—to settle accounts with Old father Time.

Dear Reader, how has the dying year dealt with you? and what account have you to render to it? Has it brought you hope or heart aching? joy or sadness? Have helpless Age and pleading Poverty held forth their feeble hands to you in vain? Have you refused the cup of love to him who asketh and sent the poor starving soul with curses away? Have you helped to plait a thorn-crown for your sister's brow, and sent her, with bleeding feet and broken heart, up the Mount of Crucifixion?

Are your loved ones with you in the earth-form to cheer and to bless? or is there an empty chair at the hearth side—a dear voice hushed—the heart made desolate by the good angel, men call death?

We would, while we question others, interrogate our own soul, and learn if it has been faithful to friends and to *itself* been true. Dear me? The recording angel has written upon Memory's walls, "Mene, mene, tekel upharson." And these burning words bring back the wretched recollections of misspent hours, of love and sympathy withheld from the asking heart—of the forgiveness withheld from those who have done us wrong. We have been reminded of an oft repeated prayer we learned in our childhood from a good old Deacon: "Oh Lord! we confess unto thee that we have done many things that we ought not to have done and left undone the things that we ought to have done;" but we hope to profit by experience—hope to shun the shoals and sand bars that have impeded our progress in the Past.

To-day, a year ago, we sent forth the Agitator. We hoped and we feared as to its success. We felt all the difficulties it would encounter from *professed* friends, from well-meaning enemies and from our own inability to provide suitable food for the famishing soul. The path has been rough—the clouds have sometimes come between us and the sun; and weary-hearted we have often asked permission to go down and rest upon the bosom of mother Earth.

But our life-picture is not all shadowy; strong hands have upheld ours; loving hearts given us cheer. Stranger voices, blessing-laden, have come to us from the prairies of the West, the icy north, the sunny south and from over the sea. Blessings for blessings, friends; the dear God helping us we will not be unworthy your faith and friendship.

Some charge us with cowardly conservativeness; others with being recklessly radical. We have no censure for those who disprove our course of action; but we must be permitted to walk by the

light of Reason; to do and say just what our own soul approves. We have not shrank from the investigation of a new thing however startling or unpopular it has been; and hope never to hush the voice of Truth when it asks of us an utterance.

The Agitator is not—will not be accepted by the mass so long as we borrow the words of Jesus and Thomas Paine for mottoes; but while the world needs agitating upon the wrongs it is inflicting upon her suffering children,—so long as we can furnish "copy" and cash for the printer, we shall send it forth; hoping it may do something toward regenerating the Race.

The Old Year is dying. Let us

"Link the great Past to a noble Future,
And set the new World singing on its way."

Let us join hands in burying the feuds, jealousies, hate and envyings that like ghosts of evil, have stalked unbidden in our way. With the morrow let us go forth, with hearts united and pulse beating warmly in response to the call of the Master-BUILDER. Let us rear a Humanity Temple where Justice will not be outraged, Truth mocked; where Vice in Virtue's guise, will not be petted and pampered; where leer-eyed lust will not usurp the throne of love. Let us strike hands for the Right, for a

"Mighty Future is about to break
The hush 'o the world—the gloom of Heaven."

MISS LIBBIE HIGGINS, of Chicago, has been giving concerts in Cleveland to full houses. She is a genuine Reformer, and has brought to the Truth-Altar her great wealth of poetic inspiration, music and harmony. Her purpose is to save souls by preaching, in song, the glorious gospel of Love, Faith, Temperance, Freedom and Fraternity. She will succeed. No heart, however hardened, can listen to the out-gushing music of her womanly heart—can hear her nobly pleading with and for the fallen—without resolving to live a better life. Let her hands be strengthened by dimes and her heart by gentle words.

Her present address is Cleveland. Letters sent to the Agitator office will reach her.

"HOLD! HOLD! ENOUGH?"—The Walhalla Banner, the Clarion, the Investigator, the Star in the West, the Christian Spiritualist, the Cleveland Herald, the Age of Freedom, and a few other religious journals, are arraigning us for the wicked things we have written. Well, brothers, we are an awful wicked sinner; but then 'tis "human nature" to err. If Rev. H. R. Nye, of the "Star," will give us time to take breath, we will solve, in the next number of the Agitator, his mighty problem.

BE JUST, BROTHER CLARK.—Mr. Clark, of the Clarion, says:

We regret to see a certain paragraph in the Agitator. At the Revenna Convention in 1857, a well known married lady protested against Free Lust and maintained the marriage relation. Since that time, it seems she has claimed adequate cause to separate from her partner; and now the Agitator taunts her with a sort of railing interrogation.

If Mr. Clark will read again the article to which he refers, he will see that we said *nothing* about a lady's "protesting against free lust." We said, "a test medium declared herself 'life-joined' to her husband and had now, by her own hand, loosed the marriage link." Then we asked, "Why the change?" We had no "taunts" for the woman in question; but great sympathy. Correct our faults always, Brother Clark; but do not forget to be just.

NOTICE.—Several persons are indebted to us for books, and a few for the Agitator. Our needs are great just now. Will those who owe us remit the small dues soon?

THE Register is not yet published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN INVESTIGATOR.—The \$1 with the note has been sent to Mrs. A. D. C. "The Gem" will soon reach you. We make it rule not to publish anonymous communications; but we will publish "O. L. Sutliff in Wooster" in our next. It came to late for this number.

CROWDED OUT.—"Notes to the Children." "To my Father and Mother;" a "Few Plain Thoughts;" "Book Notices," and "Sketch of Cora Hatch."

G. W. asks *when* he may look for a Weekly Agitator? If he, and every other subscriber, will send us one new subscriber, we will commence it forthwith. We are not much in favor of asking favors, but really, we should be delighted by the addition of a thousand names to our list. What say friends? Will you make a little exertion in our behalf?

J. W.—"Helena Miles" will be finished January 15th. We will furnish the eight numbers containing the story, for 25 cents, or send them gratis to any one who will furnish us with a new subscriber.

E. C. B.—Do not know the whereabouts of Dr. Eaton.

Ed. "Circular."—Please send the Circular to Rev. W. Penfield, Willoughby, O.

MRS. HANCE.—Books sent by mail.

HETTIE RAY.—Did the likeness reach you safely?

N. HUNT.—Send to us for the "Infidel Text Book."

Thanks to Hudson and Emma Tuttle for their communications. Be patient.

Sarah Michiner, send your promised articles; and yours, Laura Frankensine.

WILLIAM DENTON is lecturing in the "region round about" Cleveland. Why does he pass us by? He will commence a course of lectures in Clyde, O., the 3d of January.

CORRECTION.—Since Mr. Barnum's article has been typed, our attention has been called to a note in the Vanguard from Professor Gatchell. We give it place, thinking if Mr. Barnum has made a mistake in regard to Dr. Gatchell, he will wish to see a timely correction.

CONTRADICTION.—Editors of Vanguard—A friend has called my attention to a paragraph in your paper representing me as a "speaker" for a society at Newton Falls, organized by Mr. Tiffany.

Permit me to say that I am ignorant of the fact that Mr. Tiffany has organized such society, or that I am "speaker" for any society at Newton Falls or elsewhere. G. P. GATCHELL.

NOTICE.—The Friends of Reform will hold a meeting at Chagrin Falls, on Saturday evening and Sunday, the 8th and 9th of January. S. J. Finney and H. F. M. Brown, are engaged as speakers.—Libbie Higgins, of Chicago, will furnish the music.

SINGING BOOKS.—We have the PSALMS OF LIFE.

"HARMONIAD" and the SPIRIT MINSTREL. Let those who have song in their souls and want books send to the Agitator Office and get them. See advertisements.

Miss Southwick, an impressible and trance medium, will speak at Newberry, Jan. 3d and 4th; Auburn 5th and 6th; Pope's Corners 7th and 8th; Rapids, Sunday 10th; Pope's Corners, 11th; Parkman 12th; Middlefield, 14th. She will also examine and prescribe for diseases during one day at each place. Post office address, Chagrin Falls until January 1st, then Parkman until 11th. She is prepared to answer calls to speak any time after the 14th, if notice is given before the 12th.

WM. DENTON commences a course of Geological Lectures at Clyde, Jan. 2d; near Mendon, Mercer Co., 11th; Marion, 18th; will speak at Paine Celebration, in Cincinnati, on the 29th; and commences a course at Camden, Jan. 21st.

TIME.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

Yet why muse

Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and beauty, yet why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past; in their bright round
The seasons come and go; the same blue arch
That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet;
The same pure stars have lov'd to watch
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour
Like lilies on the tomb of Day; and still
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old Affections: Hope
And Joy and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen, and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraved on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves,
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro as if the winds
Of Heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths
And struggling to be free.

Weep not, that time

Is passing on; it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the Nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams—
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward with his night of clouds
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant FREEDOM: and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones,
From every hill-top of her western home;
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood.
And "FREEDOM!" "FREEDOM!" is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The dayspring!—see, 'tis brightening in the heavens?
The watchman of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal fires flash free—
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas
That heards the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing. Yon glorious bow
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
Tells that the many storms of human life;
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the Heaven.

S. J. FINNEY.—It will be seen, by an advertisement in another column, that this Apostle of Humanity has again gone forth crying, "prepare ye the way for the Kingdom of Heaven is waiting too be welcomed to the earth." He has spoken in Cleveland till the hall has been found quite too small for his congregations. We must send him away or furnish him with more commodious quarters. The churches say, "send him away, or our cause will be ruined."

We give Mr. Barnum's letter, to "A Humanitarian," a place in the Agitator. It is not, however, without some misgivings as to the propriety of so doing. We hoped to avoid personal feuds. For this reason we have rejected articles from friends who are desirous of protecting us from the tiger-like attacks of our enemies. But as the parties engaged in this Organization Warfare, are lawyers, and consequently accustomed to plain speaking, we will remove the old landmarks and allow them a battle ground upon our premises. We hope the articles will not be very lengthy, and that they will be forwarded as early as possible as the side of the paper containing communications goes to press several days before the day of publication.

A RESPONSE TO "A HUMANITARIAN" IN THE AGITATOR
OF NOV. 15.

DEAR SIR, (I say Dear Sir, for the style is evidently masculine,) the plan of association, which you invite every body to become a member of, for the purpose of "doing away with the evils that afflict the Race," is a subject which has long been more or less agitated. But I believe no effort at organization has been made since 1844, when a few of the "upper-ten" in New York formed themselves into an organization and dub'd it "National," and made an effort for the organization of the Spiritu-

alists of Brooklyn as an auxiliary to the New York Society. I say I think no effort has been made at organization since that time, until the recent efforts of Mr. Tiffany at Cold-Water, Michigan and Newton Falls, Ohio. The Newton Falls Society drew three short breaths and expired; and the Cold-Water Society (I am told) is constitutionally consumptive.

You have used the term Association, but as you have used so much of Mr. Tiffany's language in your article; and propose that the association shall do that which they could not do, without being an organization, I must conclude that organization is what you intend.—Besides if you only mean *Association*, then your article would be merely inviting every body to do what Spiritualists and most of the liberal minds have all-along been doing, viz: uniting by a mutuality of sentiments, feelings and interest, for the removal of evil, by the implanting of good, the banishing of ignorance by perceiving, receiving and imparting truth and wisdom—the true enlightenment of mind, with a corresponding enfoldment of the affectional nature, being the basis upon which all true reforms must rest.

And now, sir, let me enquire; what good do you expect to accomplish by organization that cannot be done better without? You have given a schedule of evils, but when has organization removed such evils? I regard merging the *personality* of the *individual* into that of the *organization*, a greater evil than any you have mentioned; you annihilate the manhood of the members, and give them back the honor of being *serfs*, to those who would be *lords*.

The evils of which you complain are but the product of organization; the effect flowing from authority—the yielding up of private judgment; the being led and leaning upon fancied external support, occupying the place of a cipher, and not being of any value, but only of importance as you add to the value of others. The tending of organization is to evil, especially sectarian organizations. They are now and ever have been schools of scandal and hiding places of iniquity. Aside from the ignorance, the degradation of Woman, the chattel slavery, the "oligarchy of government," our prisons, schools of crime, impoverished old age, destitute and wayward orphanage, of which you complain; and which organization has created, and entailed upon the present generation. There is a still greater evil which organization has and will create, and that is the slavery of *mind*.

But you seem to think that *another organization* will prove an infallible remedy for all the ills that Humanity is, or may be afflicted with. If so, it must be upon the principle that the "hair of the same dog will cure the bite." Men placed in like circumstances are apt to act much alike, if occupying the same moral and mental plain; and as you invite all sects and sexes, orders and complexions, to become members of the Auxiliary associations in the several townships; of course all you can gain beyond what would be accomplished without the organization must be effected by the *Rod of Coersion* which the organization holds over its members, and the coercive power which the general conference will exercise over the subordinate organization. Now, do you not see that you have all the *machinery* of *despotism* with which other sects have cursed the world? And had you signed your article "Sectarian" instead of "A Humanitarian," the definition of the name would have corresponded with the character and object of the article. Organizations from their very nature must be exclusive—it implies acceptance and rejection—it must be governmental and coercive—a standard must be erected, to which all must bow, and that standard is always stationary. It allows of nothing higher or better than itself. The bond of

union which Mr. Tiffany presented for signatures at Newton Falls, was very much like the invitation part of your article; but the first man after it was signed was to appoint a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, to coerce obedience to the ruling power of the organization. Professor Gatchell assisted Mr. Tiffany at the birth of this illegitimate child and was left in charge as nurse and physician; and notwithstanding his skill and care it expired at the drawing of its third breath, from contending elements inherent in its constitution. Now, sir, I do not believe that you are a better or more skillful physician than Professor Gatchell; neither can you be ahead of Mr. Tiffany in the matter of Sectarian machinery; for he has his forms and ceremonies already written, bound, gilt-edged and printed on the cover in golden letters, "*Books of Worship*." Now sir, if Mr. Tiffany with his preparation and experience fails in making Spiritualists believe, that organization is the only thing needful then indeed would it seem hopeless for any other individual to undertake such a work. I must say to you, sir, as I said to Mr. Tiffany and the people at Newton Falls, that I regarded it as an effort to lay the foundation of a separate order of *Priesthood*, and to rear a sect upon Spiritualism, for their *maintenance*; for who is it that is so determined upon organization? It is those who have occupied the position of teachers, public speakers and writers; and when their fund of knowledge is exhausted and these speakers and writers become but a re-hash of previously expressed opinions, instead of withdrawing from the field as public teachers and again reinvigorating their minds with useful labor and pursuing new themes of thought and reflection, they still cling to their positions as teachers; and hence, the attempt to found a sect, and adopt forms and ceremonies, of which they may become high-priests. Instead of retiring from their public positions with honors, and the heart-felt blessings of thousands, upon them, for the good work (some of them at least) have done, they arrogantly assume to be wiser than all the world beside, and cling to positions with the same tenacity that a politician clings to his office. Mr. Tiffany has written and spoken much that is good and valuable; for this he is entitled to our love and respect; but in his present effort at founding a Sect, he is blotting the work of years and blighting the hopes of many of his friends. Where, sir, shall the good man and good woman labor for the abolishing of Evil? Shall they coop themselves up in an exclusive sect, association or organization? or shall they like the reformers of 18 centuries ago, mingle with those who most need reform? If they impart wisdom, shall it be only to the wise? If they reform the vicious, shall they only mingle with the virtuous? and shall men so soon as they perceive a ray of Divine truth, shut themselves up in some sectarian shell and place a priest at its door to keep them in? or shall they go forth with honesty of heart and trueness of purpose, as men and as women and not as a *sect*, to do good, and reform by enlightening the erring and the ignorant? Shall they preach by their individual example goodness and truth? or shall they point the ignorant and the erring to an organization where all the ills are to be cured? I see not why some one of the 700 organizations now in existence might not open its arms and embrace all those who have attained to that degree of super-fine purity that the great Brotherhood of man and the great association of Humanity is too vulgar and too corrupt for them longer to acknowledge themselves as members, without the mark of some *sect* being placed upon them to distinguish them from the vulgar herd. And now, Mr. "Humanitarian," do not again advocate measures over a name, that you dare not do over your own signature for fear they may not become popular; whatever you honestly and truly believe be not ashamed, nor afraid, to endorse with your personal responsibility.

Yours in all kindness,
Braceville, Ohio, Nov. 21st. H. Barnum.

MILAN, Ohio, Nov. 23, 1858.

DEAR AGITATOR:—The following paragraphs are extracts from letters written by me at various times. On examining the old copies a few days since, it occurred to me that a portion of them contained sentiments worth publishing. If you agree with me in this respect, please give them a place in your columns. I send them, under the head of,

FRAGMENTS.

BY EBENEZER.

NUMBER ONE.

"My occasional absence always has the effect to make me more and more satisfied with a country life. Go where we will we shall find vice in some of its hideous forms; but it is in large towns and cities that we see it in its worst aspects. Here the impure, and obscene, and drunken—the midnight robber and secret assassin, all find an abiding place. Night is made dismal by their carousings; and families are made wretched, and their names rendered infamous by their deeds of darkness and crime. Oh, I would not make a *home* in such a mass of moral pollution! Let us live far from such scenes of discord, and rear our children in honest poverty, rather than have their young minds polluted by breathing such an atmosphere.

"I think I can each day see, more clearly, the *true* path of Life. We have been taught that it is obstructed with thorns; and *it is* to some extent. But *ours* is the fault if every thorn in our way does not produce a rose. The thistle by the wayside has its fairy blossom; and that blossom contains the germ that shall bring forth its thousand other blossoms—pleasurable to the eye, and giving evidence that the Infinite Mind has clothed all things with Life and Beauty. The disappointments and pangs of life are the thorns and thistles by the wayside. We meet with trials in our onward march. Sin and error obstruct us in cultivating the field of Progress. But from these grow flowers of joy, 'new every morning and fresh every evening;' but which bring fragrance only to the pure in heart. Love to man—an ardent sympathy for those who are in distress—a pure example, joined with a lofty principle of soul, and an unwavering opposition to all that is wrong and impure—these are the flowers, the joys, that we may cultivate and engraft upon our characters—joys we had never known had no evil existed—joys which shall grow and expand, and the fruits of which shall be as enduring as eternity.

"It is my desire, S., that we cultivate our minds, and bring ourselves more and more into harmony with the perfect Father. I aspire to nothing great (as the world counts greatness) for myself or family. But oh, to be good! That is the problem I wish to work out. Hard it is for one like me, whose habits were formed under such corrupting influences. I know I could and would have better thoughts and affections had I been kept at home under the influence of a father's *companionship*, for it is in this that fathers almost universally fail. In sports and pastimes—in the field, the workshop and the study, how few children feel that in their father they have a friend and companion who can bend his mind to the promotion of their happiness, and become a participator in their delights? A desire for companionship and sympathy is natural to children. It is as necessary to a proper development of the soul as food is to the body. And this feeling in the child is always directed to the parent. But how often is the child repulsed and driven forth to seek the companionship it needs among those who are made coarse, and whose feelings have been blunted, by having undergone a like treatment. The tie of sympathy between parent and child is broken. Evil habits are soon formed; and then when all too late, the father rai-

ses his voice against wicked companions and corrupting influences."

"And this brings me to our own little pledges of affection. That we may exercise an influence for the benefit of others should be one of the objects of our life. But for the sake of our dear ones I want our *home* influence to be pure, elevating and refining. I want our offspring to *know* when they reach mature years, that we have been their best friends, I want them to *feel* that in *our* society they have spent their happiest moments. And above all I want their principles based upon the law of Love. This is my ideal of all that is worth laboring for in their case. And with such a knowledge, and such feelings, and such a basis for their principles, we can have no fears that others will not rise and call them blessed."

"Such are a few of the many thoughts that flitted through my mind last night, long after I had retired to rest and which I determined to write you, my wife, while they were yet fresh in my memory. I have written them because I know how fully I have your sympathy, and how gladly you will receive them as according with your own thoughts and feelings."

Warren, Ohio.

IS MAN IMMORTAL?

BY N. M. STRONG.

Though ten thousand angels from the land of spiritual existence should cluster round and tell us that man was immortal in his individuality, it would not be a positive proof that it was true. Because my friends that have passed the river of transition, return and whisper to me of the beauties that awaited them at the change *falsely* called death, it is *no* evidence to me that they will *continue* to live and enjoy the enrapturing scenes of nature in the eternal ages to come. Man *must* have a stronger proof to convince him that he is immortal, ere he can rest satisfied; and it must be a proof that appeals to his own internal nature fresh from the great fount of intelligence.

'Tis an inherent desire of man to lift the veil that obscures the future and read his own destiny, be it one of life and joy in circling spheres, or one that shall be enveloped in the dark gloom of oblivion. This *inherent* desire for knowledge of his future is a proof that he can, by sufficient investigation, obtain that knowledge from the ever open fountains of nature, from whence this desire and the knowledge it is grasping for, flow in *equalized* streams. If they do not nature is false, and man is dwelling in a world of false desires and uncertainties.

'Tis a grand law of nature that there is not an attraction in the boundless Universe, whose gratification is not somewhere. The different formations of matter in the mineral kingdom have attractions for particles of matter in affinity with their own, and by this means formations are ever developing. The different plants in the vegetable kingdom have attractions in harmony with their organic structure, and they never cease to attract until each formation has reached its plane of perfect unfoldment. The various animals have different attractions and each finds what it is seeking.

This grand law of Demand and supply, holds good from the mineral up through the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and what shall we say of the spiritual kingdom, or kingdom of mind? shall this be an exception to all the inferior? shall the attractions of mind, as they reach out and explore the vast domains of nature, return tired and unsatisfied to their home in the soul, without having found the gratifying knowledge they were in search of?

Ye who base your arguments of immortal life on faith, I ask if the soul must be guided by faith

when its deep attractions are ever asking for positive knowledge of its future existence? You claim that man's desire for immortality is sufficient proof that it is his birthright. I acknowledge this is an insurmountable argument; that desire and gratification are coextensive in nature; and by this very argument you prove my position good that man may gain an actual knowledge of his immortality, for he has the desire for that knowledge ever gushing up from the depths of his soul.

The man that is guided by faith triumphantly asks for an individual case, where man has received a positive knowledge of his immortality. Stop, friend, not quite so fast. Let us look calmly and dispassionately at this subject that is fraught with so much weal or woe to the soul.

Man is living a two-fold life, an outward and an inward. As he walks in the outward world and observes the various outward forms of beauty, he reasons concerning them from outward observation, and from continued investigation he can obtain a positive knowledge of their outward formations; but when he attempts to look within and gain a knowledge of their internal life, from his outward stand-point, all his efforts are baffled and unsatisfied and he returns from his investigation thinking there is no source from whence to gain a knowledge of the principle that brought these outward forms into existence.

So it is with his own being; he can reason concerning his connection with this outward world from his outward sight, but fails in finding a knowledge of his internal existence and its eternal perpetuation.

Then where can man look with perfect confidence for a knowledge of his immortality? Verily, not to outward observation and reasoning drawn as they are from the sphere of the mortal; they never can reach within the sphere of the immortal and satisfy the demands of the imperishable part of our nature.

This is where many stop in their investigations and feel there is no positive knowledge of immortality. A class still cling to a faint hope that it will be thus in the hereafter; and others pass to the verge of the future life without a glimmer of light to point them to the bright beauties that await them there.

As I said before man is living a twofold life. Each organ of the brain has its outward and inward manifestation; therefore if man obtains positive knowledge of his destiny in this outward existence, he can just as positively arrive at a knowledge of his inward life, and where, if ever, it will terminate.

From ages past this has been called intuition. Every inspired penman, prophet or seer that has lifted the veil that obscured the future and read for man an immortal existence, has been guided by the inward action of mind. Just as positive proof have I of my celestial and immortal existence, as I have of my terrestrial and mortal; and while I recognize the latter as true, is it *reasonable* for me to deny the former, which appeals with as much force to my internal understanding as the other does to my external? Too long has the world been guided by external light alone, which plunges man beneath the dark rolling waves of skepticism, in regard to his future life. In this age of free investigation, it does not seem necessary that man should long remain in ignorance of the pure joys that await him across the river of transition.

Free thought must sooner or later elevate man to a plane, where his inward powers will act in harmony with his outward.

When man shall have ascended this plane of immortal beauty, the dim light of faith that has been his guide to the bright beyond, shall give place to a positive knowledge of his immortal unfolding.

Bright minds shall be snatched from the billowy sea of skepticism and their spirit barks launched on broader and calmer seas. Joy and delight shall take the place of sorrow and suffering, and truth of heavenly import shall cause each countenance to be irradiated with smiling happiness.

Fredericktown, Ohio.

A SHORT EPISTLE TO ALL PEOPLE EVERYWHERE.

God is in everything, everywhere; so there is good in everything, "for of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory forever. Amen." Romans, II chap., 36 verse. Evil has no being in itself; it is only the effects of the wrong use, or wrong application of good.

Fire is always good; it warms our parlors, cooks our food, but apply it wrong, and it will produce evil by burning houses, or other things; yet it is as good and pure while it is burning houses or people as it is when it is warming our parlors. So love is all good, but apply it in a wrong direction, or to an unworthy object; and it will necessarily produce evil effects, but apply the same love to worthy objects, and it will produce good effects.

I feel to bless everything and everything blesses me, though some may aim to hurt or curse me, but I make it bless me. Now, beloved brothers and sisters everywhere, if you will really bless everything, then everything will bless you, and you will be truly happy. This I know from experience.—It is like the new name written in the white stone, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. See Revelations, II chap., 17 verse, and III chap., 12 verse.

The heavenly, New Jerusalem people can understand and appreciate the language of this epistle.

God bless you all everywhere; yea, and you will be blessed when you are spiritual minded enough to receive the blessing.

SETH HINSHAW.

Greensboro, Henry Co., Ind., Nov. 22, 1858.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A SONG FOR JANUARY 1, 1959.

Tell John to set the kettle on,
I mean to take a drive,
I only want to go to Rome
And shall be back by five.

Tell cook to dress the humming birds
I shot in Mexico;
They've now been shot at least two days,
They'll be "un pen prop haut."

And, Tom, take down your gold-leaf wings,
And start for Spain at three,
I want some Seville Oranges
'Twixt dinner time and tea.

Fly round by France and bring a new
Perpetual-motion gun,
To-morrow, with some friends, I go
A hunting in the Sun.

The trip I took the other day,
To Breakfast in the moon—
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire—
Has spoiled my new Balloon.

For steering through the milky way,
He ran against a star,
And hurrying around again too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

But, Tom, get you the car repaired,
And then let Dan and Dick,
Inflate with ten square miles of gas—
I mean to travel quick.

My steam is scarcely up by noon,
Put the high pressure on,
Give me the "breath bag," for the way,
All right! hey!!! Whiz!!! I'm gone.

C.

DEAR CHILDREN.—Those connected with the Agitator, including "devil," pressman, typo, foreman, clerk and editor, join in wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"Mary," said Mr. Hayden to his wife, "I have seen a dear, sad child to-day."

"Well, what of it?" replied Mrs. Hayden.

"Nothing; only I have been thinking of her all day. She has soft, brown curls, large spiritual eyes, and her voice is as sweet as the song of the birds. I have seen that child in my dreams, and we must find her out, and do something for her."

"What is her name? do you know?"

"I think she said it was Lucy Layton," replied Mr. Hayden.

"Lucy Layton! I know her, but I wonder you can think of doing any thing for her, when her father spends all his money for brandy."

"But I must do something for her, Mary; whenever I meet the gaze of her heavenly eyes, something seems to say, 'save my child!' I must and will save her from her wretched father."

"We give our money to the missionaries and to the Martha Washington Society; what more can we do, husband?"

"Why, Mary! we can turn missionaries ourselves and save that poor young soul."

"How save her?"

"By taking her to our home and hearts."

"What! Mr. Hayden, take that poor forlorn child home to be the companion of our boys?"

"Yes, Mary, she, with all her rags, has a pure, gentle spirit, and I am sure she will be a great benefit to our rough boys."

"But then, Charles," replied Mrs. Hayden, "Mr. Layton is so shockingly intemperate, I fear his child will be like unto him."

"That child, Mary, had a pure mother, and if she is like her, she will be an angel in the house. Her sunny smile and sweet voice will chase the darkness and gloom from our hearts."

Charles Hayden went to his office that morning wondering why his wife could not feel just as much interest in Lucy as he did. "I wish," he thought, "that she could see the poor child in dreams as I have, could see just how pure and lovely she looked to me."

At breakfast, next morning, Mrs. Hayden asked her husband if Lucy Layton wore a gingham sun-bonnet and plaid sack.

"Yes, why?" said the husband.

"Then I dreamed of her, too. Strange we both dream of that child!"

"No, Mary, it is not strange a good spirit—the child's mother it may be—comes to us in dreams and tries to impress us to take care of the child. I knew Mrs. Layton when we were children, and a dearer girl never lived. I loved her as dearly as if she had been my own sister, and I would like to take care of her poor child."

It was a freezing cold morning, but when breakfast was over and Mr. Hayden had gone to the office, Mrs. Hayden put on her hood and cloak and went in search of the Laytons.

In a little house in a dirty alley, she found Mr. Layton's family. Lucy was building a fire out of the remains of her yesterday's fuel. Two little boys, ragged and dirty, were nestling in the corner to keep from freezing; and Mr. Layton was asleep on a pile of straw in the corner.

Mrs. Hayden had brought a basket of cakes and other eatables, so, throwing aside her outer garments, she set about helping Lucy get breakfast.

Mr. Layton got up to eat his breakfast, but was not sufficiently sober to see the stranger who was there. When Lucy set him a cup of coffee, its delicious flavor called back the memory of better days.

"Why, Lucy," he exclaimed, "has your mother

come back from the grave? I have not seen such a meal before since she died."

"It is this good lady—she brought the breakfast," said Lucy pointing to Mrs. Hayden.

"La! ma'am," said Mr. Layton, addressing himself to Mrs. Hayden, "it's hard to get along without a wife."

"I know it is," she replied, "and I think you had better put your children out and break up housekeeping."

"That's just what I'd like to do," he said, "children are such a care that I'm tired of them."

Christmas came, and with it all the confusion and commotion with which the day is usually ushered.

Long before light the clatter of coal-hods, the slamming of doors, the boisterous shouts of boys, and the suppressed laugh of older ones, made general confusion at the Hayden house.

"A merry, merry, Christmas! papa," said one of the juveniles, rushing into the sleeping room of Mr. Hayden; "come down, papa, and see what Santa Claus has brought you; the biggest bundle you ever did see is under the Christmas tree for you." When Charles came down the whole household rushed with him into the parlor to see the "big" Christmas present. "Look at that, papa!" shouted a pair of juveniles, "See that big bundle for you."

Charles walked up to it and read the label, "From Mary to her husband." "What's here, Mary," he said, unfolding the blankets and bonnets that enveloped the present. At length, with a bound and a shout, a fairy form, arrayed in a holiday dress, sprang into his arms. "It is Lucy Layton, upon my soul!" said Mr. Hayden. "How came you here, Lucy?"

"A Christmas present for you," exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"Won't you accept the present?" said Mary.

"And won't you let me call you father?" Lucy said, putting her arms around Mr. Hayden's neck.

"And mayn't she be my sister?" chimed in Charley and Edward.

"Accept her! yes, Mary, and thank God and you for the gift. She shall be our child and your sister, darlings; and Lucy, call me father and I will be to you a parent and protector."

Lucy, with tearful eyes, imprinted a kiss upon the lips of her new parent.

"You are an angel, Mary," said Mr. Hayden; "I never, till now, knew half your worth."

"And I," rejoined Mary, "never till now knew how much I could do to contribute to the happiness of others. You suggested our turning missionaries, and I have accomplished this one deed—brought a frail, perishing lamb to our fold. Mr. Layton and the sons are coming to dine with us to-day. By kind words and a little assistance we may be of great service to them."

Years have passed leaving their impress every where. Death and adversity have made sad changes in the Hayden family. Lucy, pure and beautiful as an earth-angel, has grown to womanhood. Her mission is to guide the feeble step, to whisper hope and to smooth the rough way of her father and benefactor. He, in thanking Heaven for blessings received, never forgets to give thanks for and to ask a blessing upon his Christmas present.—*Frances Brown.*

THE BODY POLITIC.—Quaint old Fuller says: "Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

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