

The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."—JESUS.
"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."—THOMAS PAINE.

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WHOLE No. 22.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

When will all other institutions be so true, that those of charity will not be needed?—*Shahmah.*

The soul
Is strong that trusts in goodness, and shows clearly
It may be trusted. MASSINGER.
Who looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time;
And through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted far behind,
Hears no reproachful whispers on the wind
From the loved dead!

For every one life has some blessing—some cup that is not mixed with bitterness. At every heart there is some fountain of pure water, and all men at some time taste its sweetness. Who is he that hath not found in his path of life some fragrant rose-bush, scenting all the air with its sweet perfume, and cheering the heart of the weary traveller with its beauty.

Our life is but a tale, a dance, a dream,
A little wave that frets and ripples by;
Our hopes the bubbles that it bears along,
Born with a breath and broken with a sigh!

I have long ago been convinced that it was better to love men than to hate them; that one would be more likely to convince them of wrong belief by showing cordial sympathy for their welfare, than by nipping and pinching them with logic. And although I do not disdain, but honor, philosophy applied to religion, *I think the world just now needs the Christian heart more than anything else.* And even if the only and greatest question were the propagation of right theology, I am confident that right speculative views will grow up faster and firmer in the summer of true Christian loving, than in the rigorous winter of solid, congealed orthodoxy, or the blustering March of controversy.—*Beecher.*

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a way-side sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink in it, simply and earnestly, with all your eyes; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! woman's love a holy light,
And when 'tis kindled n'er can die;
It lives, though treachery and slight
To quench the constant flame may try.
Like ivy, where 'tis found, 'tis seen
To wear an everlasting green;
Like ivy too, 'tis found to cling,
Too often round a worthless thing.

You might as well go to the catacombs of Egypt and scrape up the dust of the mummies, and knead it into forms, and bake them in your oven, and call such things men, and present them as citizens and teachers, for our regards, as to bring old, time-worn institutions to serve the growth and the living wants of to-day.—*Life-Thoughts.*

Oh! there is nought on earth worth being known,
But God and our own souls. BAILEY.

WOMAN AND HER WORK.

BY REV. DR. CHAPIN.

The relation between man and woman is the most beautiful expression of the great law of nature. Woman is simply the equal of man—nothing more, nothing less. We have no right to determine what is woman's sphere by any arbitrary prejudices. I cannot recognize any such fact as man's rights or woman's rights; I only recognize *human* rights. Woman's orbit is the orbit of her humanity, and hence she ought to be man's equal—equal before the world, before the law, as she is before God. And let no one be disturbed by visions of strong-minded woman with spectacles, lecturing on Kansas. The question is what is truth, and not what are the imaginable consequence. Man may run against God's will but cannot alter it. I urge that woman should actually be something more than she has been held to be. She has been placed above the scale and cast below it; she has been man's slave and his empress. In one place you may see her the poor drudge of the wash-tub or needle, working to support a drunken husband; in another place we see her in some parlor listening to the confectionary of small talk furnished by some dandy. Society around us is but little more than a modification of these two pictures. What we want is some way of deliverance for woman from being a mere slave, and something more substantial than those accomplishments that make her a mere gewgaw.

Woman ought to be less dependent upon man. Our present state of society too often so trains her as to make marriage an absolute necessity. I am glad if there is some advance in this respect; I am glad if women and clergymen are regarded as something else than respectable paupers. Woman can become what she would be, and do what she should do, only by a genuine education. I cannot see why there should be a very sharp discrimination between the education of boys and girls. If a certain kind of learning will develop the intellect of the boy, why not of the girl? You may say woman cannot be a Newton or a Shakspeare. Well, if she can't she won't, and so where's the harm?

Why should a woman with a liberal education be less fitted for the duties of a wife and mother? If in the cultivated mind there is a reserved force for emergencies, why should woman be debarred from that blessed skill that unlocks the treasures of truth and opens communion with the distant and the dead? In many cases woman is brought up, not to a self-reliance, but merely to make a settlement for life. We all have a horror of female gamblers; but how many women are really gamblers for a lucky match? Do we wonder there is often the gambler's loss as well as his hazard? In the world's version it is not charity but money that covers a multitude of sins. The rich profligate receives the hand of virtue and beauty. But there would not be so many serpents in the par-

terres of fashion if there were not Eves in the garden to listen. In rude society woman was bought and sold as a slave, and some of our manners are not much better. Christianity teaches us that woman has a soul; but many men act as though they had none to give. Women have a right to a proper culture, not as woman's rights, but as human rights; as man's equal and companion she requires a training which will develop every human faculty. The true way to find the sphere of anything is to educate it to its highest capacity. A genuine culture will produce nothing that will overrun its divinely appointed limits. Woman's work will follow spontaneously from woman's nature, and will accord with the qualities of her being. It will not therefore be strong physical work, but where clean, delicate work is needed, where emotion mingles with thought, it will be her work in the future, and still more future opens into civilization. Woman's truest work is of home and its sanctities. Let us not fear; these offices will still be the heart of the wife and mother. There are many women for whom this sphere of home is enough. But if woman is enslaved and degraded at home, where shall she have honor? In this sphere I claim for her a large and liberal culture. Is it of no consequence who is to discharge these offices—who is to teach and train the life, the heart, of the future man? Among women there are two classes, whom home duties do not absorb, and they claim something to do. They comprise those who are not forced to work for a living, and those who are. In behalf of these, I say a large field is needed for woman's work. Consider what ought to be done for that class of women who must work or perish. What are they to do? That is the question.

I might specify many forms of labor, such as some parts of watch-making, telegraphing, of the work of newspaper offices, and countless others, all of which are adapted to woman's nature and her claim of this class of women is simply the claim of their humanity. They must have this work or perish—perish in one or two ways—physically, either from lack of work or scantiness of it. Think of the poor widow who makes shirts at five cents apiece—and I suppose the man who pays it covers the New Testament with that five cent piece. She can perhaps make one a day. Is not that reducing humanity nearly to starvation? Think of those noble women who virtually say, "Let Death have us, so he takes to God our womanly purity untainted." Thank God for the women who die honorably and only perish physically. I think what saints they make in Heaven, with their sweet faces from which all the trouble is glorified away. What did those men, whom the world call heroes, do more than those noble women, who, clinging to their conscience died at their posts? This ought not to be so. Then should she work for all, and least of all, should work be denied her be-

cause she is a woman? and yet this is really the fact. We reverse the Divine law which tells us not to oppress the weaker, and turn and oppress them simply because they are weak. To some men; the shirts they have made might be the shirt of Nessus. I wish these old scrougers who pay five cents for making shirts, might be haunted with women's ghosts who should bear the inscription "More work and better pay." But there is another class who perish morally. We must not shrink from all the facts, and it is a fact that want of work has a great deal to do with driving to shame the 20,000 women in our city, whose smile is only seen by gaslight. But the shame is not all with them. Shame upon him who offers the price of dishonor; shame upon those honorable women who smile upon the victorious debauchee; shame upon ourselves if we flourish any prejudice that depreciates the value of women. Let all these shames blend with the shame of the poor lost girl, and lighten a little the curse that bears too exclusively upon her. Here are these two classes who must have work or else honorably or dishonorably perish.

But there is another class of women, who are not compelled to work, concerning whom one of the noblest women of our day [Mrs. Jameson] asks if a more enlarged social sphere cannot be allowed women? I can merely say, that this field is indicated in the philanthropic institutions of the age. It is exemplified in women like Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale. One of those poor soldiers of the Crimea said, that her shadow seemed to do him good as it passed over his bed. What a compliment was that of another sick man who said to her, "I believe you are not a woman, but an angel."

How much better is that than the homage of the drawing room, or triumph of a flirtation. How many a woman might be an angel to the poor hollow eyes that followed her from a sick bed. Let us remember that this is not an attempt to draw woman from her sphere. But let us consider how many claims there are out of this sphere. Let us not fear any ridicule which may be cast upon us. Ridicule is the feeblest weapon which can be used; it proves the lack of heavier artillery; it fires scattering shot and does not hit the mark. It is rather a fearful picture, to be sure, of a masculine woman scheming in Wall Street, or shouting in Tammany Hall. But when called to step forward to the line, who shows more courage, more manliness, than woman? Look at the maid at Saragossa, look at Grace Darling, and at that noble woman who a year ago brought home the ship of her poor disabled husband; she may have been out of her sphere, but she circumnavigated the globe. I am inclined to believe that a woman starving in the streets is fully as incongruous as a woman in the Senate or the Forum.

The true idea of civilization will never be unfolded till woman has been placed upon an equality with man. In the cabin of the Mayflower: in the war of the Revolution, when the wives loaded the muskets, there were such men, because there were such women. The grandest transactions of history are unfolded, when she stands nearest to man as an equal; and when Christianity shall have reached its highest point, her heart will be near his hand. Let woman stand upon the ground of her human nature, then there will be no discordant music in the march from the Paradise which they left together—to the paradise which they hope to obtain.

At a recent Festival in Milwaukee, in honor of Robert Burns, the following was one of the toasts offered.

"Scotland—Her mountains, the refuge of patriotism; her cities, the homes of industry and thrift; her lowliest cots, the birth-place of immortal genius."

LINES ON THE BIRTH INTO SPIRIT LIFE OF PHILENA G.

A fair flower that bloomed in life's pathway lies dead;
A spirit that ripened for heaven hath fled;
A dew drop exhaled in life's early morn,
A joy but just tasted, has vanished and gone.

But Oh! murmur not, but list ye and hear,
What seemeth to vibrate on my spirit ear;
In tones of soft music it floats from above,
As thus it would utter its accents of love.

Mother: dear mother, O, weep not for me!
For an angel of light, shall I ever more be;
To shine on thy path, to illumine thy way,
And show thee a brighter, a happier day.

Father: loved father, O couldst thou but see,
The form of thy daughter, so joyous, so free;
Thy soul would exult, and with rapture adore; [more
The power thou hast doubted, thou wouldst doubt never

Sisters: sweet sisters, I'll meet with you yet,
Then banish forever those sighs of regret,
For love such as ours, no death can divide,
We shall live and love always, and dwell side by side.

Brothers: my brothers, O would I could tell,
Of the love that for you in my bosom doth dwell,
And the joys that are ours where none more shall roam,
But all shall be gathered to this, our bright home.

Friends: my kind friends, gaze not thus on my dust,
Ye see but the casket, the gem cannot rust,
But grow brighter and brighter, till ages are past,
And will shine as a star in the heavens at last.

S. E. M.

THE CALICO CLOAK.

"Have you seen the new scholar?" asked Mary Lark, a girl of 14 or 15 years, as she ran to meet a group of schoolmates who were coming towards the school house; "she cuts the most comical looking figure you ever saw. Her cloak is made out of calico, and her shoes are brogans such as men and boys wear."

"Oh, yes, I've seen her," replied Lucy Brooks, "she is the new washerwoman's daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr. Brown would have taken her into the Academy; but I suppose he likes the money that comes through suds as well as any. It is clearer, of course."

And the air rang with the loud laugh of the girls.

"Come let us go in and examine her," continued Mary, as they ascended the steps of the school-house; "I am thinking she will make some fun for us."

The girls went into the dressing room, where they found the new scholar. She was a mild, intelligent looking child, but very poorly, though tidily clad. The girls went around her whispering and laughing with each other, while she stood trembling and blushing in one corner of the room, without venturing to raise her eyes from the floor.

When they entered school, they found the little girl was far in advance of those of her age in her studies, and was placed in classes with those two or three years her senior. This seemed on the whole to make those who were disposed to treat her unkindly, to dislike her more; and she being of a retiring disposition, through their influence had no friends, but went and returned from school alone.

"And do you really think," said Mary Lark, as she went up to the little girl a few weeks after she entered school, "that you are going to get the medal? It will correspond nicely with your cloak?"

And she caught hold of the cape and held it out from her, while the girls around her joined in her loud laugh.

"Calico cloak get the medal! I guess she will! I should like to see Mr. Brown giving it to her!" said another girl as she caught hold of her arm, and peeped under the child's bonnet.

The little girl struggled to release herself, and

when she was free, ran home as fast as she could go.

"Oh, mother," she said, as she entered her mother's humble kitchen, "do answer Uncle William's letter, and tell him we will come to New York to live. I don't like to live in Bridgeville. The girls call me 'Calico Cloak' and 'Brogans,' and you don't know mother, how unkindly they treat me."

"Lizzie, my dear," said her mother "you must expect to meet with those who will treat you unkindly on account of your poverty; but you must not be discouraged. Do right, my child, and you will eventually come off conqueror."

Although Mrs. Lee tried to comfort her child, yet she knew that she had to meet with severe trials for one so young.

"But, mother, they are all unkind to me," replied Lizzie; there isn't one that loves me."

And the child buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

In Bridgefield Academy there were a few selfish and unprincipled girls, and the others joined them in teasing the little "Calico Cloak" as they called her, from thoughtlessness, and from a love of sport. But they knew not how deeply each sportive word pierced the heart of the little stranger, and how many bitter tears she shed in secret over their unkindness.

Mrs. Lee, learning that the scholars still continued their unjust treatment towards the child, resolved to accept her brother's invitation, although he was a poor man, and become a member of his family, hoping that while there, her child could continue her studies, and perhaps through his influence, lead a happier life among her schoolmates. Accordingly at the end of the term, she left Bridgefield and removed to New York. Although Lizzie had been a member of the School but one term, yet she gained the medal, and it was worn from the Academy beneath the despised garment.

Weeks, months, and years glided away to the students of Bridgefield Academy, and the little "Calico Cloak" was forgotten. Those who were at school with her, had left to enter upon the business of life.

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee and her daughter left town, a Mr. Maynard, a young clergyman, came into Bridgefield, and settled as the pastor of the village church. It was reported at the sewing-circle, the week following his ordination, that it was expected that he would bring his wife into town in a few weeks. There was a great curiosity to see her, and especially after it was reported that she was a talented young authoress.

Soon after Mr. Maynard gratified their curiosity by walking into the church with his young wife leaning on his arm. She was a lady of great intellectual beauty, and every body (as they always are at first) were deeply interested in the young minister and his wife.

The following week, the ladies flocked to see her, and she promised to meet them at the next gathering of the sewing circle.

The day arrived and although it was quite stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's parlor was filled with smiling faces. The Deacon's carriage was sent to the parsonage after Mrs. Maynard, and in due time it returned, bringing the lady with it. The shaking of hands that followed her arrival can only be imagined by those who have been present on such an occasion.

"How are you pleased with our village?" asked Mrs. Britton after the opening exercises were over, as she took a seat beside Mrs. Maynard.

"I like its appearance very much, it certainly has wonderfully improved within the last twelve years."

"Were you ever in Bridgefield before?" asked

another lady as those around looked somewhat surprised.

"I was here a few months when a child," replied Mrs. Maynard.

Their curiosity was excited.

Have you friends here?" asked a third, after a moment's silence.

"I have not. I resided with my mother, the Widow Lee. We lived in a little cottage, which stood upon the spot now occupied by a large store, on the corner of Pine street."

"The Widow Lee?" repeated Mrs. Britton: I well remember the cottage, but I do not recollect the name."

"I think I attended school with you at the Academy," replied Mrs. Maynard; "you were Miss Mary Lark, were you not?"

"That was my name," replied the lady, as a smile passed over her features at being recognized; "but I am really quite ashamed that my memory has proved so recreant."

"I was known in the Academy as the little 'Calico Cloak.' Perhaps you can remember me by that name."

The smile faded from Mrs. Britton's face, and a crimson blush overspread her features, which in a few moments was seen deepening on the face of others present.

There was a silence for some minutes: when Mrs. Maynard looked up, she found she had caused considerable disturbance among the ladies of her own age by making herself known.

"Oh! I remember very well when the little 'Calico Cloak' went to the Academy," said an old lady, as she looked up over her glasses, "and I think if my memory serves me right, some of the ladies present will owe Mrs. Maynard an apology."

"I had no intention whatever, ladies," replied Mrs. Maynard, "to reprove any one present by making myself known; but as it may seem to some that such was my intention, I will add a few words. Most of the younger ladies present will remember the little 'Calico Cloak,' but no one but the wearer knows how deeply each unkind word pierced the little heart that beat beneath it. And as I again hear the old Academy bell ring, it brings fresh to my mind the sorrows of childhood. But let no lady mistake me, by supposing I cherish an unkind feeling toward any one. I know that, whatever the past may have been, you are now my friends. But ladies, let me add, if you have children, learn a lesson from my experience, and treat kindly the poor and despised. A calico cloak may cover a heart as warm with affection and as sensitive to sorrow as one that beats beneath a velvet covering. Whenever you meet a child that shows a disposition to despise the poor, tell them the story of the 'Calico Cloak,' and it will carry its own moral with it."

"That is the shortest and best sermon I ever heard," said the old lady again, as she put her handkerchief under her glasses. "and I do not believe its moral effect will be lost on any of us."

The old lady was right. The story went from one to another until it found its way into the old Academy. At that very time a little boy was attending school there, whose mother was struggling with her needle to give him an education. The boys often made sport of his patched knees and elbows, and he would run sobbing home to his mother. But when the "calico cloak" reached the scholars, the little boy (for he was naturally a noble hearted child) became very popular in school; and the children, from that time, were very kind to "Little Patchy," as he had been called.

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story of "Little Patchy," she felt that she was well repaid for all she had suffered in childhood.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

MY DEAR AGITATOR;—You sometime since informed your kind readers, that a debate was to take place here between Messrs Denton and Gaffield, and of the question of dispute.

Well, the debate did come on; but contrary to the expectations of all, or nearly all of the large attendance, Mr. Gaffield refused absolutely to quote the Bible as authority or reply to any strictures made upon it by Mr. Denton. Near the close of the debate Mr. Denton prophetically remarked that Mr. Gaffield would soon find it necessary to again come and lecture to the faithful and by unopposed argument patch and plaster up the discrepancies between the Bible and Geology. Well, the prophecy has been fulfilled, by Mr. Gaffield's coming here last week and delivering six lectures for the purpose above stated; but such a jumbling, jumping, staggering, floundering mass of contradictions and absurdities as he exhibited, would have been ridiculous and fun provoking, was it not that the anxiety and desperate efforts of the speaker exhibited so plainly that he knew and felt the hopelessness of his position, and the necessity of the task, all combined to induce our pity for his unfortunate situation. That your readers may fully appreciate and be benefitted by his lofty thoughts and far seeing mind, I propose to give you one of his arguments, (from the Bible) to show how all the various races of man might or did spring from the original single pair, Adam and Eve.

Coming down from Adam to the Flood, he of course claimed from and with the Bible that Noah and his three sons comprised the entire population of the earth. He further claimed, and the Bible says that Japheth was a white man, Shem a red, and Ham a black man, and thus the white, red and black races. This at first glance looks reasonable; but how shall we account for the fact of this strange variety of color in Mr. Noah's family?

Should such an event transpire in these days, it would be regarded by all Courts as a good cause for divorce. The Bible gives us no account of any "marvelous conception" in the case of this strange family medley, and therefore we should be left to suspect the purity of Mrs. Noah, was it not that each of the strange offspring were "full bloods," not half breeds or mulattoes.

This is the only argument that can save the character of our grand mama, Mrs. Noah.

Mr. Gaffield ridicules the "progressive theory," and talks about our grand dads, the monkeys. How does he like his Bible grand mama?

He may attempt to excuse her by supposing she occasionally took walks with her loving husband, and by chance saw some of those ring streaked and speckled sticks that a certain Bible christian of olden time placed before the sheep and goats for certain honorable and christian purposes and thus, with them account for our progressing, but this arguments will hardly meet his wants, as her issue was not spotted, but on the contrary one was a fair skinned, noble Circassian, one a straight, black, coarse haired, high cheek boned, revengeful Indian, and the other a flat nosed, thick lipped long heeled, wooly headed Negro. But was not this an interesting family? I fancy I see grand pa Noah looking around on his young hopefuls, and as his vision falls on the little darkey, in the exuberance of his pride and happiness he sings:

"Thy father's hope and mother's joy,
Blessed little nigger boy."

But to the serious. Let me ask my Bible friend which is the most absurd, the "progressive theory" or this Bible story. I will leave them the question for reflection, and may in due time propound another on Bible authority.

Chagrin Falls, Jan. 21st, 1859.

EDITRESS OF AGITATOR:

Perhaps the most successful method of misrepresentation consists in suppression of truth, more adroit, by far, than a direct perversion.

Two communications have appeared in your paper evidently calculated and apparently designed to make the impression that I was engaged at Newton Falls in an effort at an organization of "Spiritualists."

It is not true that I attempted an organization of "Spiritualists." It is not true that I attempted any organization at all.

It is true that I repeatedly and publicly repudiated both—proposing merely an informal association for intellectual and social purposes, without reference to any ism or doctrine whatever.

I have improved and shall continue to improve every convenient opportunity to investigate "Spiritualism." That I agree with "Spiritualists" in some points, is true. So do Roman Catholics and Swedenborgians, with which latter people I concur in regard to spiritual things more than with "Spiritualists." Regarding them, (Swedenborgians) as the more spiritual people of the two and Swedenborg as a colossus by the side of the pigmies of the new dispensation. As to the fraternal expressions of Mr. Tiffany, I cordially reciprocate them, as I am pleased to do with all worthy persons of all denominations.

With "Spiritualists," as a body, I cannot, for this reason in addition to others, that I regard them as constituting one of the most intensely bitter sects with which I am acquainted. They appear also, to confound Spiritualism, a set of doctrines, with Spiritualism, a state of mind. I object, also, to their appropriation of the term "Spiritualists," not only because others are spiritualists, but because the great mass of them are, so far as my acquaintance extends, materialists and not spiritualists at all.

H. P. GATCHELL.

MRS. BROWN.—Although much has been said and written upon the subject of the Origin and Cure of Evil, yet with your permission, I will give my views or impressions upon the same topic. I believe evil to be the negative principle to good and that it is co-existent and co-external with the world. Its baneful effects will only cease to be felt, or known when man shall cease to do evil and learn to do good, and that continually. I believe man to be possessed or endowed with an animal and a spiritual propensity, (negative and positive).—One or the other being sure to govern man in all his actions. So long as the spiritual propensity is allowed to hold the reigns of government, just so long will man do unto his fellow man as he would be done by. But when man, for base or selfish purposes, allows the animal propensity to run riot, without let or hindrance, it is then, and then only, that evil becomes developed, by, and through man, to do harm.

Under the broad cloak of orthodoxy, its members are not allowed only to buy and sell their fellow men, but even their own children into African slavery, and that too, in this boasted land of civil and religious freedom.

Each sect and denomination are striving to outdo each other in the magnitude and splendor of their church edifices. The very heart's blood of its members is being wrung out, and sold for filthy lucre, in order to enable the Priesthood to erect marble palaces in which to worship the God of Mammon. All the cunning and ingenuity of man is brought into requisition, for the sole purpose of making the outside of the platter clean. The inside of said palaces are divided and subdivided—then sold to the highest bidder among the faithful, who dress "in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day." All profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. But I am of the opinion that but very few of them will ever get within sight of the noble Nazarene. They will find in the end that they have followed him afar off.

W. S.

THE AGITATOR.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

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

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

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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.

REV. H. R. NYE AND THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

The following article is from the pen of Rev. H. R. Nye, editor of the Star in the West.

NOT ANSWERED.

Our friend of the Agitator—after two weeks deliberation—has evaded, not answered the question we put. We did not ask why men should sometimes journey without their wives, or wives travel without their husbands. Duty in many cases may require one to be abroad, and the other to remain at home, while both are harmoniously laboring for the same ends. But our question was why among the Reformers, now lecturing through the West, so many husbands have separated themselves from their wives, and so many wives dissolve altogether the marriage tie? And that question is conveniently passed.

The "fine-looking clergyman" to whom the Agitator refers would probably speak for himself should the question reach him. But to compare the temporary absence of such men as Chapin, Phillips, Beecher and King from their homes, while engaged in preaching and lecturing in different parts of the land, to other persons who have deserted their wives, and go about lecturing and preaching without contributing one dime to the support of those wives, or the education of their children, is simply an endeavor to fool ourselves, or those for whom we write. We allude to men, not unknown to the Agitator, rather than to women, in this remark. Some of these Reformers seem, like sailors, to find a wife in every port they make.

It is true—a truth we would not disguise—that many reformers have separated from wives and husbands; but it is not true that we wished to avoid answering the question, "why is it?" We came out promptly and answered for ourself; leaving others at liberty to do likewise.

We know persons, too, claiming to be reformers who do little toward sustaining themselves or those dependent upon them. For sweet Humanity's sake we wish it could in truth be said, that this class of persons are found only among the reformers; but the daily and terrible record of clerical crimes prove that guilty hearts beat 'neath other than reformers' robes. There is no effect without a cause, and for all seeming evil there is a remedy. The question comes—not only from Mr. Nye—but thousands are asking, "why this great social revolution?" Why our courts are thronged with a great army of dissatisfied souls, praying for the loosing of the marriage bonds? We are often urged to solve this great social problem; and we have felt the necessity of its being done. Ridicule, contempt, and the old story about the sacredness of men made institutions will not silence the truth searchers. We should have attempted the task long ago, but our contributors are wishing to be heard upon this all important subject. But since the question is urged upon us, we will beg the indulgence of our readers and writers for a few

weeks as in one article we cannot discuss the question in all its bearings.

The marriage question is *the* question of *to-day*; it is of the greatest moment of any subject that has ever been presented to the world. Upon marriage depends the world's weal or woe—the eternal destiny of God's children are in the hands of those who go up to the marriage altar.

There is no vice, no crime that is not the legitimate offspring of men-made marriages. Drunkenness, pauperism in rags; sensualism, seeking unblushingly for prey; red handed war, and slavery, with its iron heart, may with propriety claim kinship with unloving unions.

The inebriate turns to the wine cup to forget that at the marriage shrine he perjured his soul, and to quench the memory fires that will out-break and blaze on Love's desecrated altar. The broken heart goes down to the grave, hiding away from the misjudging world its sacred love and secret sorrow. The world weeps for the victims she has slain, and loved ones write "Consumption" upon the tombstone.

The maniac, the murderer, the suicide, are the ill fated victims of false marriages.

S. P. Andrews, in a letter to the N. Y. Tribune, says, five-eighths of the children die in infancy and he attributes these early deaths to the lack of adaptation in the parents. He knows that discord engenders disease and disease death. Why did he not add "the deformity, the imbecility and the juvenile depravity, that throngs the street are attributable to the same cause?"

Dr. Sanger, in his history of "Prostitution in New York," says many of the out-cast women are the victims of unhappy marriages. In two senses this is true: First the animal passions in the child are inherited and developed by the parents prior to birth, and then an ill adapted marriage drive these poor unfortunates still deeper into the pit of pollution. Dr. Sanger knows these facts, but had he written them—had he sought to purify the institution where this great mass of human misery and degradation is manufactured, the sale of the book would have been ruined.

Mrs. Stowe, told terrible yet truthful tales respecting the wrongs of the colored slave; but she quite overlooked the fact that the mother of Southern Slavery was a white slave robbed, in the name of law and gospel, of her name, fortune, individuality and the right of self-ownership. The Uncle Tom's Cabin of White Slavery—the history of Legalized Prostitution—is yet to be written.

The whited sepulchre, filled with broken and crushed spirits, must and will be razed to the earth and a new, a Divine institution that no soul will dare to desecrate, will be built upon its ashes.—Who is ready to go forth to the holy work? Wish our clerical friend would unglove his hand and join a band of angel workers in the demolishing of the Old and in upbuilding the New. It certainly seems befitting his calling. They who join in God's dear name, human hearts should know the cause and consequence of the deed their hands have wrought. But if the task has been assigned those who, by bitter experience know the desolateness of a loveless marriage life—to those who have suffered by misplaced affection and unhallowed passions, then let such, with clean hands and truth-seeking hearts, commence the work.

But we have written on quite unmindful of the fact that we picked up the pen but to answer the question we had so "conveniently passed by."

During the "two weeks deliberation" we investigated into the whys and wherefores of some few of the disunions among the reformers. We will give a brief history of a few of the many who have broken the marriage bond. It may not be pleasant to our friends to see their secret-heart history

transcribed to the pages of a public journal, but we trust the demand will be an excuse for the deed.—A few of the external causes of separation will doubtless be all that is required.

Heart-aching, repentant tears, sleepless nights, praying for a quiet nook in the grave and soul starvation, are among the unwritten but remembered things.

It is customary with physicians to investigate into the cause of the disease of his patient. Upon this principle we will go back to learn the prime cause of separation.

Mr. — is a man of fine intellectual powers; has a nervous temperament and is exceedingly sensitive to the sphere of those around him. At an early age he made the acquaintance of a woman ten years his senior. By artifice she succeeded in slipping a noose about his neck, then led him to a minister who pronounced the *two* one and asked the holy God to bless the binding. The youth awoke as from a fever dream, to find his hopes wrecked, his life-plans forever frustrated. He tried to submit to the demands of the law and to the iron will of the woman; but his spirit protested against the outrage upon all that is divine and aspirational in the human heart. He has loosed the wicked links and asked Indiana (the married slave's Canada) to acknowledge the deed.

This man is one of our Western lecturers. His late experience has not tended to give him any very exalted ideas of our present system of matrimony.

Another western lecturer married a school girl while yet in his teens. Neither knew aught of the great law of affinity, or the sacredness of marriage. Time and sad experience taught them that they were not married according to the higher law, consequently it was a crime against humanity, a desecration of the soul to live together in the married relation. They obeyed the voice of God and are bearing bravely the curses of the multitude. He is preaching a new gospel to this generation—love, truth and purity.

Mrs. — loved, as woman loves, a man of some talents and respectable acquirements. He loved her father's houses and lands and married them.—That noble woman learned too late that she had been victimized at mammon's shrine. Year after year she suffered on in silence, breathing only her bitter griefs to heaven. But the midnight passed. A pitying angel, whose earth-life had been like hers, listened to her story and opened to the poor captive the gates of freedom and sent her forth to preach freedom to the captive and to open the eyes of the blind that they may read the law of the living God in the Book of Nature.

Mrs. — at an early age found herself a homeless, penniless orphan. The world doesn't always deal gently with her dependents. The girl learned this. But she had wealth untold—a loving, gentle heart and a charming face. Her blessing became her curse. A heartless miser coveted these. By deception and falsehood he won them. The mask was left at the bridal altar and the girl who loved only the good and the true found herself bound to the veriest libertine that lives. For a time silks and jewels covered the barbed arrow in her heart and she wore patiently the thorn crown. But the sunken eye, the pale brow and faltering step revealed the terrible tragedy in which she was taking an active part. After years of silent suffering she said to her soul, "I will be true—true to myself and true to humanity. I have a mission on the earth, I will do my Father's will." She broke the bonds because they were unholy, and is lecturing because God and angels have missioned her to teach the beautiful gospel which will eventually bring love, peace, purity and heaven-harmony to the earth.

If Mr. Nye is now satisfied with the reason given for these few separations we will leave the others and in the next number of the Agitator give our ideas of the cause and consequences of false marriages.

ITEMS.

Mrs. Achsah Thompson.—Mr. H. L. Clark has not paid your subscription to the Agitator, nor has he paid us for any one else. I hope it is a mistake. We do not like to think people are forgetful.

Read Miss Polk's advertisement in another column. We have the fullest faith in her healing and clairvoyant powers. Those in want of her aid should lose no time in seeking it, as her stay in this city may be short.

Mrs. A. Swift, a noble and unselfish worker for woman, has sent her petition to many of our readers with the hope that they will aid her in obtaining signatures. Let no time be lost in obtaining names. Then let them be sent to Columbus with, not only a prayer, but a demand for the rights of women.

Dr. O. H. Wellington has commenced a Reform School in Jamestown, N. Y., just the thing needed. It is time reformers looked after the education of their children. The Doctor says:

"Our method is original and very peculiar. We never reward merit nor punish transgression, but have more confidence than ever that 'the rank weeds that infest the moral character of children will wither and die' in an atmosphere of love and purity. We never assign lessons to be committed to memory, but our pupils give their thoughts in their own words and go to books, as they go to the table for the food they need and crave. To a great extent we have won them from mere play, to amusements that develop as well as entertain. The two sexes associate with a freedom, purity, and beauty we are proud to have observed and examined."

GRACE, the interesting little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Munson, of N. Y., has recently passed to the spirit world. The beautiful bud will bloom in heaven.

SURPRISE PARTIES are fashionable. Has any one surprised the poor by sending them fuel, food and clothing?

WHERE will a line reach Joseph Treat?

MISS LIBBIE HIGGINS has spoken in Cleveland four Sundays, to good acceptance. Sunday the 6th inst. she sang to the spirits in our city prison. "Oh, scorn not thy brother," is a text for a glorious sermon; and no doubt that sermon in song did more to soften and harmonize the souls of the poor convicts than all the wrathful sermons have done since the horrible invention of the doctrine of total depravity and endless damnation.

A NEW BOOK.

"SYMBOLS OF THE CAPITAL, OR CIVILIZATION IN NEW YORK," is the title of a book soon to be published by Thatcher & Hutchinson, 523, Broadway, New York.

Judging from what we have seen of the book, it will be a work of rare excellence. Its author, A. D. Mayo, is a sensible and liberal minded clergyman, and one of the finest prose poets.

The book will contain about 350 pages, neatly bound in cloth, and will be sold for one dollar. Orders for the book may be left at our Office.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Baltimore the two last Sabbaths of February and in Newark, Ohio, March 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th; in Dayton March 13th; in Richmond, Ind., March 17th; in St. Louis, March 20th and 27th. He may be addressed as above; he expects to return to Ohio from St. Louis and go to Michigan, early in May, and return to N. Y. in the summer.

Warren Chase is authorized to receive subscription for the Agitator.

W. A. HUME, an impressive speaker and writer will lecture wherever his services are required.—His address is Cleveland.

ARTICLES TO BE PUBLISHED.

S. J. FINNEY gave recently, a course of Lectures in this city upon the Bible, its Origin, Authenticity, its Beauties and Contradictions.

They have been carefully prepared for the press and put into our hands for publication. Those who know Mr. Finney's strong and clear reasoning powers will expect a rare treat in the reading of these lectures, and they will not be disappointed. Few persons are so well qualified to do justice to old Theological questions as Mr. Finney. It would be wise in the friends to call meetings in their neighborhoods on Sundays and read these lectures.

We will commence the publication of them so soon as we have disposed of some of the long communications already filed for publication.

JOHN ALLEN.—Rev. A. Gage has kindly collected the unpublished writings of John Allen and prepared them for the press. A package of them has been sent to the Agitator. Many thanks for them.

We have, also, a communication from our brother from the Better Land. Thanks to him for sending that.

"PRACTICAL THEOLOGY," by Rev. S. M. Landis is on file. "Side Issues," by G. B. Pond. "The World's Needs," by E. E. Morehouse. "Papers on Women," by Mrs. Hawley, Joseph Treat and others. "Spiritualism," by Dr. Rogers and others. "Marriage," by H. B. Vincent and twenty-four others, and articles upon other subjects, from various persons.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We have received a quantity of articles upon the subject of "Organization." The writers do not seem to be aiming at principle but persons. One writer sends Mr. Tiffany straight into the kingdom of Heaven, crowned and glorified; another hints that he is seeking "Popedom," and he must be demolished. Then Mr. Barnum and "A Humanitarian" have been brought to judgment and sent both ways. And we have come in for a good share of blessings and curses for our preface to Mr. Barnum's article. It would give us pleasure to see all these sweet and sour things in print; but, unfortunately, ours is not a mammoth sheet and it is printed but twice in the month.

If our contributors will send us a few subscribers we will publish a large handsome weekly paper. Will ye do it, friends?

Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, will lecture during the winter upon Human Rights and other reformatory subjects. Let us have her in Cleveland. Her address is St. Louis.

A. J. HIGGINS, of the firm of Higgins & Brother, Chicago, Ill., has sold out his interest in the firm and holds himself in readiness to preach the Harmonial Philosophy. Mr. Higgins is a true friend to humanity. What to him is truth he will utter tho' the heavens refuse to tumble down.

His address is Chicago, Ill.; care of H. M. Higgins.

AGITATOR RECEIPTS.

H. F. Thornburgh, \$1; Mrs. Susan Hall, 50c.; Fanny Freed, 50c.; Wm. P. Hazen, \$1; W. S. Crawford, \$1; Mrs. A. Fisher, \$1; L. Nettleton, 50c.; J. Roby, \$1; C. B. Vincent, 50c.; Wm. J. Smith, \$1; J. H. Van Auken, \$1; Geo. Farkle, 25c.; F. Pool, 50c.; H. Earl, 50c.; Hiram Farewell, \$1; Daniel Sprague, 50c.; C. W. Shaw, 50c.; B. Graham, \$1; J. P. Davis, \$1; S. G. Pierce, \$1; Mrs. L. Finney, \$1; G. W. Towner, \$1; A. Crawford, 50c.; W. E. Crane, \$1; Mrs. C. Segar, \$1; Martin Reed, \$1; Cyrus C. Greene, \$1; Pro. Feesor, \$1; A. F. Randall, 25c.; Mabel Fanbush, \$1; H. Donahoo, \$1; Mrs. C. Kent, \$1; Mrs. O. Oatman, \$1; N. B. Lane, 50c.; J. P. Bowham, \$1; H. Hiatt, \$1; Laura Denslow, \$1; Mrs. Kimball, \$1; R. W. Jailhot, 50c.; S. L. Randall, \$1; C. H. Ginn, \$1; Mrs. Paul, 50c.; N. S. Sevrance, \$1; Mary Hadlock, \$1; Mrs. M. Thomas, \$1; Esther Messenger, 25c.; W. Pulsiphor, 25c.

The Type's Table.

WORK!

A sigh for the shop-girl—whose life is tied to toil and tediousness;—who must spend the bright days of womanhood under the dreary influence of turning wheels, and the clattering irons of intricate machinery. No wonder the few resources for relaxation in her sphere grow insipid and lose their interest. No wonder she longs to escape the path that is marked out only by forced foot-prints and the soul's unspoken remonstrance; and while the tiresome monotony and sneer so identified with labor, close all opportunity to be aught in her sphere but a drudge—no wonder she only appreciates the idea of happiness, as wealth and no work to do.

We hear a great deal about the dignity of labor, but it is the dignity of idleness that receives the homage. Its very little consolation to those who spend their days in a dingy shop-room, at the teachers desk, or at the kitchen fire, perchance, to know they are engaged in a dignified business; its dignity, those who have not, have no inclination to acquire—and those who have, are anxious enough to dispense with it. It will do in poetry and sentimental paragraphs, or to enlarge upon in speeches before Agricultural Societies and Mechanic's Clubs; but in practice it would be laughable presumption. Yes, the dignity and poetry of the affair die out in the reality—when, whether the days are long and sunny, or dark and gloomy—whether feeling bright or blue, it must make no interference in the unbending requirements of labor, in the little treadmill of your life; it may be dignified, but the number is very few that this philosophy contents enough, to make the soul's satisfaction any equivalent for the body's weariness. Ah, no! while the proprietor only schemes to pay it less—while wealth and distinction only seek to separate themselves more widely from a contact with it—how many must say:

"For you is the feast of beauty spread,
And for us the drudgery."

HARD TASK OF THE PRINTER.

None but some poor printer who has been the victim of bad MSS. can fully appreciate the justice of the complaints so often made against it; who after vainly studying his copy and hunting through the dictionary, is obliged to resort to the foreman, and at last call a general consultation of the compositors, in hopes that some one may hit upon the happy word that will translate the hieroglyphics, so as to fill up the lack of meaning in the sentence; or some poor, half-pay apprentice who sees the "fat takes" and readable MSS. coolly appropriated by his seniors in the trade, as if it was theirs by the right of pre-emption—while he must take the blame of misprinted articles, and often finds himself obliged to set up his own condemnation for ignorance or carelessness.

Another fault is: writers often seeing the injunction to write only on one side of the paper, go to work with a self satisfaction, no doubt, that they are obeying orders; accordingly they huddle on one side of foolscap what four would comfortably and decently hold, but remembering to leave one side blank; this has no resemblance to hand-writing at the distance the copy should be from the compositor to enable him to work with convenience and facility; so he must either use a magnifying glass, (which has not yet been introduced for that purpose) or spend a great deal of his time in bringing it to him; and consequently on Saturday night the poor printer, &c.

Authors, writers, contributors and friends, if you have any respect for the memory of Franklin—if you wish to save printers from being "hard cases," suicides, and believers in total depravity, send us good manuscript, and you will have at least one class to admire and appreciate your writings.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SPIRITUALIST REGISTER for 1859, is published. It contains many valuable facts and statistics. We are disappointed in finding the Register minus a calendar. Has it been forgotten or purposely omitted? However the purchaser will find a dime well expended.

U. Clark, Auburn, N. Y., Publisher.

DANTE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

A poem of eighty pages written by W. A. HUME, dictated by the spirit of Dante, Poe, Capt. Kidd. The book contains many fine things. Poe's poem is decidedly Poeish. Dante dedicates the poem to a lady friend of ours in the poem. We will give it to our readers that they may better judge of the merits of the book.

My lady friend: thy love for me I
Appreciate; wilt thou allow
Me this token (of my love) to thee
Bestow; 'tis poor, 'tis feeble; 'tis of
Value naught; still from me
Immortal came. When thou its pages
Read, weep thou not; (for I have
Seen thee weep) but tears are the
Dews of Heaven. Remember that
They should be used sparingly,
When thou art lonely;—this read: for
Perchance thee it may comfort,
And when the storm cloud 'round
Thee lowers, look up! courage take;
Be kind; be loving; let thy prayers
To thy God; be the pure essence
Of thy soul immortal; and when
Thy mission on earth is finished,
I'll meet, and escort thee to
Heaven. Fare ye well, my friend.

Thine truly in love,

DANTE.

The book is for sale at our office. It will be sold, post paid, for 25 cts.

THE PROVIDENCES OF GOD IN HISTORY.

A lecture delivered through, and by L. JUDD PARDEE, at the Melodeon, Boston, Sunday morning, July 25th, 1858. Boston: Published by Bela Marsh.

This is a great sermon, replete with grand thoughts clothed in beautiful word-ropes.

Price 10 cents. For sale at the office of the Agitator.

TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN ADAMS, through Joseph D. Stiles, to Josiah Brigham. Boston: Bela Marsh.

We have just received the book, consequently have had no opportunity of judging of its merits, except upon the authority of others. When Allen Putnam, Josiah Brigham and A. E. Newton endorse a book, we feel safe in recommending it.

The following notice is from A. E. Newton:

"This is an elegant octavo volume of 459 pages, published at the request of the reputed spirit author. Mr. Brigham is a highly respectable citizen of Quincy, Mass., a townsman and friend of Mr. Adams, when in earth-life. In his preface he gives a detail of the facts connected with the production of this volume, which are certainly curious. The medium, being at Mr. Brigham's house, is first controlled to write a short communication to his (Mr. B.'s) daughter, in the peculiar, tremulous handwriting of Mr. Adams, and embracing a proof of knowledge beyond the medium's own. He afterwards addressed Mr. Brigham in such a manner as to interest him in the investigation of Spiritualism, in regard to which, till then, he had been entirely skeptical. Soon after which the writing commenced and continued through four years, the medium being in an unconsciously entranced state while writing. The whole manuscript bore a strikingly exact resemblance to Mr. Adams' peculiar chirography in his latter years. Fac similes of both are given in the book; also of writings signed by Mrs. Adams and George Washington, through the same medium, and which are singularly faithful imitations of the chirography of these two persons when in the earth-life.

The "Messages" purport to be a history of Mr. Adams' reception and experience in the spirit-life, embracing addresses made to him by numerous worthies who had preceded him, with responses from himself, and reflections on various topics.—The whole, by the author's request, was revised for the press by Allen Putnam, Esq., of Roxbury.—Both Mr. Brigham and Mr. Putnam seem fully convinced of the authenticity of the work. The latter,

in his preface, refers to the messages themselves as containing, to his mind, strong internal evidences of genuineness.

The price of the book is \$1.50. It is for sale at the Agitator office.

"THE GOOD TIME COMING;" A Free, Reform Journal, published weekly at Berlin Heights, O.; C. M. Overton, Editor; J. P. Lasley, Associate Editor.

The Good Time has come to take the place of the Age of Freedom. Frances and Cora Barry, the *Spirits* of the "Age," have retired from the editorial ranks. They have been fearless, uncompromising advocates of what, to them, seemed true and right. Mr. Overton is one of the former editors of the Age. He is one of the clearest reasoners and strongest writers upon social science we have ever met. Of Mr. Lasley, as a writer, we know less, but his introductory speaks well for him.

The object of the Good Time Coming is not to demolish, but to present to the world something better than the old.

Terms—One or Two dollars per Volume of fifty Nos., in advance, according to the ability or liberality of the subscriber. Subscriptions received for any length of time. Address.

OVERTON & LASLEY,

Berlin Heights, O.

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL; with suggestions for more Ennobling Institutions and Philosophical Systems of Education; a New Book by A. J. DAVIS.

Some idea of this little volume or pamphlet may be obtained from the following table of contents:

1. The unity of truth.
2. The ante-human theory of evil.
3. The inter-human theory of evil.
4. The super-human theory of evil.
5. The spiritual theory of evil.
6. The harmonial theory of evil.
7. The causes of civilization.
8. The world's true savior discovered.
9. The harmonial cure of evil.

The world is asking a remedy for its ills and Mr. Davis has, like a good doctor, gone back to the cause and now prescribes the remedy.

Published by Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass. For sale at the Agitator Office.

RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS—THEIR INFLUENCE.

The Religious newspaper has become one of the "institutions" of the country. It is emphatically an establishment. It fills our mail bags, loads down our cars and coaches, and silently finds its way to half the houses in our land—and by common consent, and without much inquiry it is deemed indispensable to the social and religious well being of the nation.

In the name of the Gospel it addresses itself from week to week to multitudes of our sinful race. And because of its profession and the learned men connected with it, it has escaped the examination, criticism and dissection before the public, which has fallen to the lot of other institutions professing to be the herald of the Gospel of Peace and good will; the promulgator of Glad Tidings among men, proclaiming the deliverance of captives, it has avoided being questioned as to what it has done. It would be well to inquire into the work and influence of this immense institution. Is it working for the freedom and elevation of mankind? Does it war against all tyranny, material and physical? Does it seek to enlarge the thoughts, extend the sympathies and make the race a brotherhood? Look into a legion of the papers of every orthodox sect in our land, and what do we find?—what is the burden they bear so heavily, and the work done so heroically? We find dogmatic expositions of unimportant texts of Scripture—dry disquisitions on the fine points of Calvinism, or equally stupid essays on Armenianism—defenses of the Trinity—total depravity—vicarious suffering and self-glorifying correspondence, foreign and domes-

tic. There are fierce attacks upon heretics and heretical doctrines—scolding sermons—twaddling extracts, canting personal experiences and an eternal dun to subscribers. The virtuous editor recounts some catastrophe or "unprecedented" wickedness, ending it with an inference of the importance of his paper to the salvation of the world and defeat of Satan's kingdom.

Each sectarian sheet is devoted to its own proprietor's sect and creed, and perhaps slightly to the cause of truth and humanity. And this it does in two ways; *first*, by most impudent dogmatism—by constantly protruding its own narrow creed upon its reader's notice in every possible form and manner. Secondly, by violently opposing every thing that does not fit its own pattern—by suppressing every inquiry out of the sectarian range—by ridiculing, misrepresenting and slandering all opposing persons and opinions. These are grave allegations, and would no doubt be regarded by the pious *scribes* of the evangelical sheets, as purely blasphemous.

But look at the facts. Take as illustration those grand sectarian propagandists, in the city of New York, the Observer, Advocate, Evangelist, Churchman, *et id one genus*, which, though they cry out against wealth, pocket their thousands annually.

The temperance reform was cursed by their efforts to sectarianize it. And with all their power combined with three hundred church organizations, the city is given into the hands of a rum oligarchy. With untiring energy they war against Catholicism and false systems of religion far away in heathen lands; but denounce as infidel every new thought not first coined or stamped in their own sectarian mind. They cry out against the wickedness and the pride of the human heart. But not a word to say against the pride and extravagance that builds gorgeous churches from which the poor are excluded. Where is the greater sin, in a gay woman who adorns her person with rich apparel, or a monument of social pride like Grace or Trinity, which stands a towering splendor in the midst of want and misery? If it is wicked for an individual to use wealth prodigally, how much less so is it in a religious society to waste vast sums to gratify a meaner pride?

These saint sustaining journals whine pitifully at fashion in "upper tendom," but never see it in those churches, which are but grand bizars where fashion airs itself once a week. The Observer and its ilk, grow tearfully eloquent at the irreligion of the masses, but are silent as their unpublished tract in regard to the villainies of human bondage. They would send tracts on election and reprobation in anti-eternity, and on hell fire and brimstone in post-eternity to the heathen abroad. But not a line in regard to the hell of chattel slavery, that "sum of all villainies." They glorify a soft headed priest who will away to the Rocky mountains, or to India to sprinkle a flat headed papoose or Brahman baby. And will caress a human juggernaut which crushes the head and imbrutes the heart of four million of God's children in our *Christian* land. But they have curses for those who practically believe that charity and justice should begin at home. The fact is our religious papers are clogs to the car of progress.

They are behind the pulpit, for there is some life there. But the paper has thrown its Prierian arms around the clergy, and they cannot breathe a large and full respiration. Their thought is crippled, their freedom usurped, by this incubus upon all spiritual growth and vitality. The religious press has become the inquisition of Protestantism, to check every free thought, to suppress every new truth, and morally gibbet and torture all who do not yield to its dictates.

It struggles with agony to preserve the dead

theology of the past, and to keep the corpse which is foul with error and loathsome to the sight, above ground. But its vitality and venom are gone, and no editorial charms, and sectarian conjuration, can save it from the grave of oblivion.

The religious press has ever been at war with all gayety of heart and cheerfulness of soul—with all expressions of a healthy body and elasticity of spirits, unless they should sing Watt's hymns or groan a glorious amen!

It frowns upon amusements, anathematizes the play and opera, is horrified at the dance, and dooms all recreations of the young.

A more inexorable curse and cruel fiend, never hounded on the track of youth, or dogged gladness out of the heart of the young, than our religious press. In relation to the Reform movements of the age, they are opponents. They insist that woman shall remain the very slave she has been—that she can have no selfhood in the marriage relation. Horrified at the fornications of mormonism, they plead for legalized adultery, which is one of the bitterest curses of Christian Civilization.

How manfully, or murderously, they stand up for the penal code, which makes punishment, and not prevention and reformation, the end of legislation. Champions of the gallows, that relic of barbarism, they glory in vengeance, and delight not in mercy.

What sympathy has the religious paper with our prison reform movements, and our charitable and reform societies which seek to better the external condition of the masses? to give them pure air and water and homes and health? The large and liberal spirit of Christianity which is seeking an expression in various ways in this age, never finds approval in their columns. With holy horror they exclaim against the wickedness and infidelity of the age. We are yet to find in all their columns the first noble appeal in behalf of the poor, ignorant and enslaved of our land! When great social evils are inheming our countrymen in ruin, these nightmare incubuses are crushing every effort at reform. Instead of lending a helping hand, they are nursing sectarian prejudices, building sectarian walls, and galvanizing antiquated creeds. They are dumb dogs as accursed as the false prophets in Ezekiel's day.

It is time these canting, creed sustaining and truth opposing broodnags, were held up to view—time that the people demand of them the need of their continued existence. It is time that their cant was dispensed with and their narrowness driven from them. For ourself we shall continue to expose their faithlessness to truth, their treachery to the Gospel, and their desertion and betrayal of humanity.

G.

FRAGMENTS.—NO. 2

"Is it indeed true that our mother must quit this sphere of action? I want you, my sister, to think. I would make her a visit if I could. I want her blessing, and I want *you* to write down what she says. Tell her I have cherished for her that affection due from a son to a kind mother. Years ago if I was not faithful to her it was because my surroundings were such that often I did not know how to order my steps aright. For a number of years my own family ties have drawn me away, and circumstances which I did not know how to control have made me seem neglectful of my friends. My desire to do has been very different from what I have done. But through it all I have not forgotten my mother. I have cherished her precepts; and since leaving G., eleven years ago, it has been my labor to strengthen the desire she implanted within me to lead a true life. I believe some portions of the world are better for my having lived in it. I may speak thus of myself because I know it will

gladden our mother's heart to have such an assurance. But she will know it all when she has forsaken the "material body" and put on the spiritual. I believe this.

"Our friends when they leave this life, do not go away to some far off locality. They are essentially persons in a spiritual body, as they are persons here in an earthly body. They are substantial having a form, and retaining all the faculties and powers of their minds. This must be or, else there is no immortality. The law of sympathy and affection that binds us together on earth, is a law not of the body, but of our spiritual nature; so if that spiritual nature is immortal the law is also immortal. Hence, the same feeling that binds us to our friends here, and them to us, must continue in the spirit world. The death of the body cannot weaken or destroy any of the powers of our interior being. Therefore as our mother's heart has yearned for her children—as she has watched over us and followed us with her prayers—so will it ever be. She will ever be near us a "ministering spirit"—impressing us with higher and holier truths, and leading us in such paths as shall tend to our spiritual development. Have you never realized the truth of this? Have you never felt that some angel friend was near, pouring sweet counsel into your mind, and impressing you with pure desires and aspirations far beyond what you had before thought of or imagined? I have. And I say, happy are they who can discern the strings of the spirit—who can perceive something more than "a glimmering power of air." Our mother, then, will continue with us—nearer, indeed, than while here in the flesh. Be it ours to believe that we shall know this fact.

"I cannot mourn over the so called death of friends as I did when Lucy's body was borne to the grave. It seems to me not well that the spirit and body should be separated prematurely; but when the shock of corn is fully ripe why should not the reaping angel gather the grain into one of those "many mansions" prepared in the Father's house? Could it be an eternal separation from us we might well mourn and curse the laws that gave us an existence. But when we know, as we may, that heaven is a condition of the mind, here and hereafter as progressive beings; that in the next sphere we shall be freed from this "earthy tabernacle" which cramps and dwarfs the growth of the spirit—not necessarily, but through the laws of inherited and contracted disease, which prevents the spirit from acting in harmony with Nature—and that therefore, the faculties of the mind shall have full scope to go on, and expand, and reach out and grasp that which is higher and beyond what we can now comprehend; that we are not necessarily separated in the next sphere; that our angel friends are constantly with us, noting both the good and impure of our lives, and laboring unweariedly to change our false conditions; when we know all this, as we shall, ultimately, we may shed the tear of regret that the form we so long cherished is taken from us; but we cannot mourn on account of a separation which to-day has an existence only in theory. I trust you will not think me unfeeling when I say that with my views, it would be selfish to sorrow when our mother's transition hour comes. I can only sorrow that I have not been truer to her, have not done more to render her happy and turn back the tide of bitter waters, which for so many years have rolled over her spirit. But when her hour of dissolution comes—whether soon or late—may we find ourselves prepared to live as she has lived—faithful to the truth as it has dawned upon our interior visions. So shall our happiness, our heaven, our love and wisdom, in the next sphere, be pure and exalted; and so shall we hear the voice within saying, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

EBENEZER.

Milan, O.

A GOLDEN THOUGHTS SET IN PEARLS.

We clip the following from the National Democrat. The editor very justly gives it his sanction; but had we written the same thing half our readers would have held up both hands in holy horror and exclaimed, "What won't that woman say next?" But these same persons reading the gem in a popular journal endorsed by a man who has't been trying to turn the world "down side up," and they will say, "That is as true as preaching."

"Marriage should always be a question not of necessity, but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a loveless union stamps upon her as foul a dishonor as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether—and that, however dark, toilsome and dreary a single life may be, unhappy married life must be ten-fold worse, an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

THE READER may remember that in No. 18 of the Agitator we published a poem entitled "Grammar in Ryme." We had often seen and admired the poem, but had no idea to whom it belonged. The Agitator fell into the hands of the author, whereupon he wrote us a note acknowledging the authorship. Some of our readers may be familiar with the name of Dyer H. Sanborn, A. M., the author of Sanborn's Norman School Grammar. He is the author of the poem. It was written in A. D., 1820. Professor Sanborn has sent us his GRAMMAR and "SANBORN'S SCHOOL MOTTOES," giving Direction to Teachers and Rules for Spelling." The Grammar needs no commendation. Of course every one knows that it is *good*; but the "School Mottoes" is, to us, something quite new. It contains valuable hints and suggestions to teachers. It is a small book worth, perhaps, a dime. Published by Edson C. Eastman, Concord, N. H.

A SMART BOY AND MEAN MAN.—The lady correspondent of the National Democrat says, that on New Year's day one of the carriers of a daily paper presented, among others to whom he had served the paper for months, a copy of his address to a *millionaire* of this city, whose charities are all of the beneficent and magnificent order. Upon receiving the address he magnanimously handed the boy a *five cent piece*; whereupon, with characteristic coolness, this young *imp* from a printing office, promptly tendered *three cents change*. The rich man took—not the money, but the hint—and made a hasty retreat.

VOICE OF A CHILD.—In the course of some remarks on the insufficiency of the prevailing belief, or unbelief, the Rev. Mr. Higginson told a story of Harriet Beecher Stowe and one of her little girls which is noteworthy. The little girl, he said, came to her mother one day and asked her if it was right to get angry?

"Oh, no, of course not," was the answer.

"But," said the little girl, "it says in the Bible that God is angry with the wicked every day."

"Oh, that is another thing; he is obliged to be angry."

"What, God *obliged*? I thought he couldn't be obliged to do anything."

"Yes, he is, according to his holy law; you will understand it when you get older; you must wait till then."

The child wanted an answer; then she was quiet and thoughtful for a minute, and then, with a bright look she said:

"O, mother, I understand it now: it's because God isn't a Christian."—*Tribune*.

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