

# 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. 11.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, MARCH 1. 1859.

WHOLE No. 23.

## O! BRING TO ME A GOLDEN PEN.

BY LILLIAN ST. CLAIR.

Oh, bring me a golden pen  
Of pure Australian ore,  
With a diamond point, from Brazilian mines;  
I would trace in full and glowing lines  
A tale of beautiful lore.

I would tell of spirits bright, that come  
To us in the "stilly night,"  
When the earth is 'rapt in sweet repose,  
And the zephyrs fan the cheek of the rose,  
And the stars are twinkling bright.

I would tell how their soft hands soothe  
The pain in the aching head;  
I would tell of their never-failing love,  
Of their ministry from the world above,  
That land where liveth the dead.

How they tune with joy their golden harps  
When a soul to them is given,  
How they sing a glad and joyous strain  
For the soul that is loosed from grief and pain,  
And born again—into HEAVEN!

## OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side,  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see.  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide,  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue—  
He crossed in twilight, grey and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;  
We saw not the angels who met him there—  
The gates of the city we could not see—  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another—the household pet;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark,  
We know she is safe on the further side—  
Where all the ransomed angels be—  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye,  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day—  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

I caught the sparrow's note from Heaven,  
Singing, at dawn, on the alder bough,  
I brought him home in his nest at even;  
He sings the song, but it pleases not now—  
For I did not bring home the river and sky;  
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

## AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

### SECOND RESPONSE TO A HUMANITARIAN.

I greet you kindly!—And will proceed at once to the subject of discussion, having neither time, nor disposition to meddle with the vagaries contained in the introductory and statement part of your article. I regarded your first article, with Mr. Tiffany's and others movements in favor of Organization, as bringing the subject fully before Spiritualists for the acceptance or rejection. And in discussing the subject, I must be permitted to meet the whole subject as presented by the advocates of Organization; and not be confined to any speciality which you, in subsequent articles, may see fit to adopt. As you write over a fictitious name in behalf of a measure, you, of necessity, assume the responsibility, and become the Generalissimo, in its advocacy. Having no personal responsibility, the arguments of all others, in behalf of the measure, become your arguments. Hence you cannot be properly charged with plagiarism, for your *ideal* being; and are entitled to all the weapons of defence which, that responsibility confers. Or, in other words, you as an ideal being, having no personal existence stand as the embodiment of the aggregate advocacy of the measure. And hence your stand-point, or plane must be the plane of the advocates of Organization. And that is the plane upon which I propose to discuss the subject. Mr. Tiffany, at Newton Falls, addressed the people upon the subject of Spiritualism, its various phases and tendencies; its good and evil influences. But in his invitation to become members of the Organization, he extended it to all classes and conditions, sex, sects and faiths, and to those without faith. So you, in your first articles, speak of Angels and Spirits, and their communication to us, and the continual demand for more "as if we had nothing to do but receive;" but in your invitation you ask about as many to join your Organization as Mr. Tiffany does. But in your second article you say, "it is not intended as a *religious* organization.—We calculated to investigate everything new and old within the reach of our knowledge." The religious element in man, it seems, is to be repudiated in your organization, and that religion is neither new nor old, nor comes within the knowledge of man. Worse and worse!

I had supposed that the religious element in man's nature was one of the most ennobling, and when properly cultivated, gave beauty, symmetry and strength to all of the other attributes of man. I discover by the last quoted remarks the *Sectarian Spectacles* through which you see. You would make religion a matter of *faith*, and not *knowledge*. You would have it a Sunday suit, to be put on and taken off, and not permit it to become solid by performing its office amid the every day duties and concerns of life.

Again, you say, "we calculate to organize and strike through the ballot-box." Political it would

seem. Your article ought then to have been published in a political paper, where politicians would have seen it and had the benefit of its profundity. Again you say, "We will throw the balance of power with the party or man that will co-operate with us." Yes truly political; but when you throw your numerical power, you at the same throw throw-away your moral power; and at the same throw, throw yourself upon the plane of force, trust to that which politicians call the strong arm of law, to make man good virtuous and wise. Oh, folly, how blind! Has not age and experience brought no wisdom to the "more orderly, profound and compact organization of mankind." Oh, where goes your faith in the power of truth? and where goes the *basis* of all progress, and of all reform? the true enlightenment of the understanding? Ah, they are discarded, repudiated, and the sectarian policy of force and fraud take their place.

But I must not dwell longer upon the statement part of your article. Let us look at the argument. "We associate to organize," you say; but sir, we do not organize to associate. You seem to use the *terms* as synonymous, when, in fact, there is nothing more unlike when applied to a collective body of people. I think I made the difference plain in my first article. You give your organization the title of *Humanitarian*, and so does Mr. Tiffany his. But what idea does that convey? It is as definite as a piece of chalk. It defines nothing; it has become as much of a *clap-trap* term among would be reformers, as Democracy has among politicians. It is used most frequently as an adjunct to give currency to that which would not pass of itself. But let us pass on, for you are far away; you are even among the stars, "Are they not organized, do they not move in an orderly manner." The plants, the trees, the fish, the birds, the beasts, and many others which you refer to as possessing an organization, which is true physically, but not as collectively united or joined to each other in a governmental relation. Why did you not leave the stars to be governed by the laws of affinity, or in other words, by attraction and repulsion, and take the humble ant and industrious bee for an illustration; then you would have come to the grade of mentality next below reason, viz; Instinct. But instead you refer me to mere gross physical organizations, as an argument in favor of man as a moral, intellectual and reasoning being, forming themselves into aggregate organizations. Upon the plane of instinct there are unitary homes and a community of interests, but association is not organization.—Instinct is unerring upon its own plane, but it soon arrives at its full development, attains to a point it cannot pass; but not so with man. The Divine individualized in him, is infinite in its powers of expansion; hence the absurdity of fixing bounds and prescribing limits which are antagonistic to that expansion. Great minds, when they make mistakes, are apt to make great ones; and it is so with you and Mr. Tiffany. Mr. Tiffany claimed that God

worked by organizations, and illustrated by reference to physical organisms, somewhat as you have done. Now I do not suppose that any one ever thought of denying that the vegetable, animal, and man, as well as the planets, had each physical organizations, or that man had a spiritual organization. But what does that prove? The reverse of what you claim; it proves that God's mode of working is not by aggregation, but by *disintegration*. The planets were once constituent elements of the Sun; they became separated or disintegrated and are now individualised organizations or sovereignties; they are indeed, a beautiful illustration of individual sovereignty. And the intelligence of man has become individualised, apart from the Great fount of intelligence; so has the sensation of the animal, the life or vitality of the vegetable and the motion of the mineral, each and upon their respective planes; so that God's work upon every plane is to individualise. For the individualisation of motion on the mineral plane; of life or vitality on the vegetable, and sensation on the animal, are but the preparatory processes, and are the basis upon which rests the individualisation of intelligence in man, or upon man's plane. In man, then, is concentrated the grand total of the individualisation of the planets from the sun up to where reason crown the work, as the ultimate end and design of all the preceding.

But now the advocates of organization propose that this intelligent being, man, shall take the back track; that his individuality shall be merged in that of the organization. That instead of following his own individual reason and judgment, he must look to the reason and judgment of the aggregate; which is usually that of the priest or leader; and his reason and judgment will be measured out to him by the general conference. By that process you would soon make man as stationary as the trees you refer to, with his feet firmly rooted in the ground. Now, my dear sir, is not every point in your argument fully answered, and your conclusions reversed; and that, too, by sound and legitimate deductions from the facts to which you appealed. I said to you in my first article, that when Mr. Tiffany and Prof. Gatchell failed, it was folly for others less prepared and less qualified to undertake the work of organization. I am more confirmed in that opinion after seeing the utter absurdity of the strongest arguments that can be offered.— Association is good, Association is natural, Association is harmonious in its influences, and instructive in its tendency. But Organization is the reverse; it is unsocial, it makes distinction among its members and separates them from the rest of the world, so far as they become identified with the organization. It is exclusive and consequently not Humanitarian in any proper sense; it is unsuited to the advance of mind; it is a hedge-fence with its thorns, thistles and briars ready to pierce any one who may attempt pass beyond its enclosure.

"When from the lips of truth, one mighty breath  
Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze  
The whole dark pile of human mockeries;  
Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,  
And starting fresh as from a second birth,  
Man in the sunshine of the world's new spring,  
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing."

It is but *mockery* to call your proposed organizations copying nature's works.

But trusting in the final triumph of truth, I must bid you a kind adieu. H. BARNUM.

Braceville, O., Feb. 2, 1859.

"What are things eternal? Powers depart,  
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,  
And passions hold a fluctuating seat;  
But, by the storms of circumstances unshakon,  
And subject neitoer to eclipse nor wane,  
DUTY EXISTS."

## PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER EIGHT.

In the preceding numbers we have used the term spirits without any reserve, because the beings of which we have been speaking are spirits; no matter how they were created. They are beings of intelligence and power, and such beings are spirits, and more especially when not clothed with mortal bodies.

It has been our intention to give as minute a description of the manner in which media have been developed, as our space and knowledge would admit of. We have endeavored to describe the phenomena, as far as possible, in the order in which they occur, during each experiment. Whether our readers will give us credit for having stated the truth or not, is of as little consequence to us, as if we had been describing as many experiments in chemistry and their results. We should feel as much ashamed of our weakness, in asking a person to believe our statements, as we should to ask a person, after describing the process of making detonating powder, with the manner of using it, and the result, to ask him to believe. There is no need of his depending on our veracity. He has only to make the experiment and satisfy himself. Spiritualism is now in its infancy, as chemistry was five hundred years ago. We know almost nothing of the laws which govern its phenomena. Spiritualism may fail in its main result. In other words, we may fail to obtain the result which we expect, as the alchemists failed to produce the philosopher's stone, yet this is no reason why it may not become a science.

We know nothing comparatively of the laws of the human mind, and until within a very few years, every one who wrote or attempted to lecture on the subject, gave only wild theories unsupported by facts, and based on religious dogmas. Abecrombie is, we believe, the first who attempted to collect and present facts.

We have too long been taught that to contemplate the Infinite cause of finite existence, as a kind of whimsical being, continually changing his plans to suit the wants or desires of a few at the expense of the many. Every strange event which has happened, instead of being looked upon as the result of existing law, acting upon present conditions, has been considered as some new freak of fancy in the Divine Ruler of the Universe, either to please himself or a few favored ones, at the expense of the regular order of things. And this idea still contaminates all our works on science. We were present not long since at a lecture on anatomy, where the lecturer took up considerable time in trying to convince the audience of the wonderful mechanical ingenuity displayed by the Divine Being in making a joint in a man's neck, by which his head could move in two directions, without breaking the bone. On another occasion the lecturer, on the subject of mercantile ethics, actually arrived at the conclusion that storms at sea were occasioned by the dishonesty of merchants on shore. Such ideas pervade all our scientific works, and are little less than blasphemies. When spoken of earthly potentates we always understand them as flatteries derogatory to the good sense of the individual who speaks and of him spoken to.

It will not be supposed that we have given all the means which can be made use of to develop media. Nor do we profess to have given the best directions, we only claim to have given the best which has come to our knowledge. And we have stated the causes in some instances, which have appeared to have stopped the development.

At one time we were at the house of a friend, early in the evening. There was a physical medium present, and a number of children, some of them belonging to the neighbors, the oldest not

more than ten years old and the youngest about three. Their boisterous play disturbed the lady of the house, and we proposed to them, to go into another room and hold a circle for raps. When we were all seated, the order was as follows, we sat facing the children with a bass drum standing on head, between myself and the physical medium, and a dulcimer back of us close to the wall, and our chairs nearly touching it. The children sat in a semi-circle facing us, and extending nearly around from wall to wall; outside of this circle and in the corner of the room, stood a tenor, or snare drum, with the sticks lying on the head, as was the case with the sticks of the bass drum; directly in front of us and behind the children, at a distance of about eight feet, was a table with its leaves spread. We took a violin, and more for the purpose of amusing the children, than any expectation of what was to happen, commenced playing, when both of the drums commenced beating, keeping exact time; the stick of the bass drum occasionally striking the table in rear of the children, without missing a single stroke on the drum. The room was dark at the time but, in a few minutes, the music attracted the attention of the lady of the house, who came with a lighted candle and suddenly opened the door and the drums ceased instantly. The children were sitting quietly as when the light was put out, and the drumsticks were lying on the heads of the drums apparently as they were at the commencement. One of the children appeared frightened and refused to have the light again removed, saying that there were several men in the room, before the light was brought in; one of which she described as wearing black whiskers. The children never formed a circle afterwards, to my knowledge.

The manifestations at this place ceased, in consequence of admitting undeveloped persons, with a view of convincing them; and the practice of dishonesty by the medium. G. B. R.

## THE HUMAN MECHANISM.

It has been truly said, that we are wonderfully and curiously made; and probably it will be long before we become acquainted with ourselves. If we contemplate the mechanism of the hand, we shall be struck with astonishment to see the ropes and pulleys and the wonderful and diversified motions it is capable of performing. It is one of the most splendid arrangements the human mind can contemplate. Were it not for the hand, we could not communicate with our friends. We could not make those various manipulations that are requisite to move the lever of the mighty printing press, whose unseen influence has shaken the thrones of kings and made the despot tremble. If it were not for the hands, we could not poise the magnetic needle, that guides the mariner amid icebergs and unknown seas. Were it not for the hand the chemist could not make those manipulations by which he has wrenched from nature, those secrets that have been locked up in her bosom for untold centuries. Were it not for the hand, the astronomer could not poise his telescope towards the heavens and give us the direction, magnitude and relation of those heavenly bodies that have been for so many ages the wonder of the world. Were it not for the hand, the husbandman could not use his implements and consequently we should be deprived of the fruits of the earth. The mind sits in its sanctum and with intelligence directs all the various organs with which it is connected by those little wires, the nerves. The organs of locomotion are asked to move the machine in a certain direction. With lightning speed, the message is conducted to the lower extremities, and they instinctively obey the mandate. Beautiful arrangement! It must have taken thought to contrive such a wonderful machine. And the muscles, how splendidly adap-

ted to their position; arranged in a manner that secures symmetry of form, and union of action. And the climax of all is, that it has within itself the power to make its own repairs, and propagate its specie. God is the supreme Architect that constructed this beautiful whole—the garment of an immortal spirit.

J. R. H.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Real life takes the starch out of Romance.

Necessity is an iron master.

The tempest prostrates only the decaying trees. The worm eaten and uncovered, are broken or shorn of their rotten branches, while the vigorous trees when shaken by the storm winds, strike their roots the deeper into the soil, and push out new branches.

Storms and whirlwinds are wonders, working in nature's garden, tearing up the old and decaying trees, making room for a fresher and younger growth, which otherwise would be dwarfed from deficiency of sunlight. So revolutions in the human world, are but occasional whirlwinds, extinguishing the worn out usages of the past, that new and brighter systems may mature.

I have observed that the mother fresh from the hands of the shearer was not recognized by her lambkins. Many a human mother has found that she was scarcely recognized by her offsprings, when she came to them shorn of all her worldly possessions.

Mad dogs bite those only who intercept them; and it is better to let them pass unnoticed than risk life in the inglorious combat. So is it better, oftentimes to let fanatics die a natural death than to exalt them at once to a conspicuous position by attacking them.

The sly cat catches the mice; the truth is sometimes advanced by indirect measures.

With a wise man, the end has great weight in justifying the means.

The mountain that lifts its granite forehead above the clouds, meets the stern rebuke of the tempest; storms of rain, snow, sleet and fire war against its daring pinnacles. So the man who towers above his fellows and looks beyond this life, thro' its clouds and enveloping shadows, into the next, must expect the storm, the lightnings and the thunders of his perilous position; but genius, and genius alone like the granite mountain will stand unmoved amid the contention of popular elements, and survey with calmness the opposing forces, and with a Godlike serenity of soul and magnanimity of courage, dare all their strength combined. And when the sun breaks again from the clouds, it will stand with calm meekness on its adamant base, while above its head circles the bow of promise, and its sides are strewn with glittering diamonds.

The laboratory is useless when the chemist has departed. The body is nothing when the spirit has fled. The worn out garment is laid aside without hesitation. So should the spirit cast off the body at death.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

## UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

The New York Dispatch, in an article on divorces, thus enumerates many of the causes that lead to unhappy marriages, and consequent estrangement and perpetual separation:

"So long as match-making mothers make the marriage of their daughters, a matter in which money is the prime consideration; so long as fathers bargain off their children's happiness against income instead of affection, and so long as daughters are taught that 'position in society' is the chief end of matrimony, so long will marriages take

place in which there is a disparity of age, antagonism of nature, uncongeniality of taste, and in fact nothing in common. From such alliances of interest, disgust, then hatred and misery must ensue, and it is these cases—sacrifice to a selfish conventionalism—that demand the relief laws our divorce do not afford. And others also, of marriages the result of errors of youthful judgment, of untoward necessities, of beguiled confidence, to which it is needless, now more particularly to allude, in which young women are the dupes of their own affections, or the arts of deceptive men whose true characters are discovered too late."

The following Toasts were read at the Paine Festival in Boston:

By B. F. Dodge. The Age of Reason, the Rights of Man—Twin brothers, strikingly illustrated here this evening; they cannot die, though pyramids to dust have crumbled; as lasting as the human race, is the *genius of Paine*.

Paine's "Rights of Man"—The voice of eloquence may be mute, and the harp of the bard unstrung, but this great text-book of Republicanism will spread wide and far as a bright and cheering light to the degraded and enslaved of every clime.

By H. S. Abner Kneeland—One of the noblest works of Nature, an honest man; his name shall live in the memory of the principles which he exhibited, and the virtues which he illustrated.

By an Unbeliever. Col. Ethan Allen, a member of our church, and a jewel of the Revolution, for like a jewel he shone most brightly in the darkest hour.

By Elizabeth Mendum. Woman's Rights—Her wrongs obstruct the path of progress; therefore let us earnestly work to clear the track, that we may have a safe and speedy march to the temple of liberty, then will the goddess throw wide her portals that the whole of humanity may enter.

By a Guest. Thomas Paine, the author of "Common Sense" and "The Crisis"—Freemen should never forget the powerful influence they exerted in establishing American Independence.

The Day we Celebrate—One of the most glorious in the annals of history; it gave to our country and to the world an unwavering patriot and disinterested benefactor, whose great deeds for freedom and humanity will be remembered and proclaimed through all coming time.

Thomas Paine—Who sapped the foundation of the temple of superstition, rocked the thrones of tyrants, fired the sons of liberty with patriotism, and laid waste the heritage of priestcraft.

The Declaration of Independence—The Leviathan of the western continent; suggested by "Common Sense," built by the great Jefferson, and successfully launched by the Revolutionary patriots, whose strong arms were nerved by the "Crisis."

The United States of America—When suffering with a "Crisis," may the "Paines" of the nation be her physician, "Common Sense" her nurse, the "Rights of Man" her medicine, and the "Age of Reason" her restorative.

ROYALTY AND POPULAR EDUCATION.—Speaking of popular education, in his work on the "Theory of Politics," Mr. Hildreth says:

"In answer to certain interrogatories from England in 1761, Gov. Berkley thanked God that Virginia, 'had no Free Schools, nor Printing offices, and hoped she might not have for a century—since learning has brought disturbance and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both.' The hopes of this loyal and pious Governor have been, alas! but to literally fulfilled; and the consequence is, that Virginia to this day presents nothing but a few partizan newspapers, while in activity of intellect and freedom of speculative inquiry, and even in learning the present generation is vastly behind that of three-quarters of a century ago. There were more ideas in the head of Thomas Jefferson alone, than in all Virginia at the present moment."

## LUTHER.

A coarse, rugged, plebeian face it was, with great crags of cheek-bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But his dark eyes were floods of sorrow—and deepest melancholy, sweetness, and mystery were all there. Often did there seem to meet in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He for example, of whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he, when he first began to preach, suffered unheard agony. "O, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the Vicar-General of his order, "I cannot do it; I shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it."

Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember they need good heads up yonder, too. So preach, man, preach, and then live or die as it happens."

So Luther preached and lived, and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world, and also before he died he wrote very many books—books in which speaks the true man—for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay! Look at the Table Talk, for example.

We see in it a little bird, having lighted at sunset on the bough of the pear tree that grew in Luther's garden. Luther looked upon it, and said, "That little bird, how it covers its wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces, and the great blue depths of immensity. Yet it fears not—it is at home. The God that made it, too, is there." The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in the other passages of his book. Coming home from Leipzig in the autumn season, he breaks forth into living wonder at the field of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it—the bread of man sent to him another year." Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see, visible across its tempest and clouds a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted—he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.—C.

"THE SEA SHALL GIVE UP ITS DEAD."—Prof. Maury, in his lecture on the Atlantic Cable, announced the interesting fact that animal matter at the bottom of the sea owing to the superincumbent pressure, the exclusion of light and heat and the saline properties of the water, could not decompose, but must remain precisely in the state in which it is deposited for ages and ages. So that Pharoah and his host, when the last trumpet shall sound and the sea shall give up its dead, will come forth fresh in feature and perfect in form as when in pursuit of the Children of Israel they were engulfed by the waves of the Red Sea. This conclusion is reached by numerous ingenious experiments, one of which was the sinking of a cannon ball through an apparatus for grappling sediment from the bottom, in which sediment were found remains of animal life, fresh as when extinct, such as clams and other smaller specimens of shell fish.—*Troy Times*.

Dr. David Dale Owen and his brother, Dr. Richard Owen, sons of the socialist, Robert Owen, are about establishing a school of the Practical Sciences at New Harmony, Ind.

A knitting machine, that will knit a perfect pair of stockings in less than five minutes, has been invented by a New Yorker.

## 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., MARCH 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.

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

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

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

## MARRIAGE—THE REASON and RESULTS.

Marriage has been regarded an invincible fortress—as a sort of hands off institution. Other men-made laws and institutions may be amended or abolished entirely if the public good makes the demand. But question the laws that bind human hearts and the cry is at once raised “Our fire-sides are being invaded—our home-altars torn down.” These poor, frightened souls seem quite unconscious of the fact that what will not bear blows and criticism is not of God and should be demolished. Truth is eternal and cannot come to naught.

But our purpose is to look marriage full in the face, question it and give its own testimony.

What is marriage? The Jewish Law Giver would have said, “Let a man take to himself four or four score wives, if he so desire, and they shall serve him; but if the woman take to herself a second husband, while she is the wife of the first, she shall surely be put to death.” Jesus and the apostles often quoted from the fathers, but never rebuked their Mormon principles. Hence it seems safe to infer that Polygamy was a divine institution in the days of Solomon, Abraham and David.

In ancient Assyria the marriageable girls were assembled yearly and sold as wives to the highest bidder. The young ladies had no choice in husbands; but were ‘led like lambs to the slaughter,’ without even permission to express the horror and hatred they often conceived for their owners.

A Chinaman may, and often does, sell his daughter in marriage with as much unconcern as he does his other merchantable property.

The Moors betroth their children in their infancy. The girl may dislike, despise, the man chosen for her, but if his character is good and he can pay the purchase money the hatred is regarded as a “womanly freak,” and all her entreaties are of no avail.

In Sumatra men purchase their wives, and if they find they have been duped they gamble them away or sell them for a mere pittance. In England woman has the right to refuse an offer of marriage; but the crowned heads have no right to marry a titleless lover. The consequence is the intermarrying system has produced a great mass of imbecility, insanity and deformity throughout the British Isles.

We, Americans, are proud of our Republicanism and thank God, that, like our sisters over the sea, we are not bought, but it is nevertheless, a lamentable fact that not a few of the men are “sold” in the matrimonial market.

American Marriages—what are they? A man wants a cook, washer-woman, housekeeper, he wants a woman to contribute to his happiness and to satisfy the demands of his perverted nature—he wants a wife because Nature designed the union of the sexes. But, instead of learning the divinity of soul

marriages, he has only been taught the marriage recognized by law and Theology—material unions, for fame, home-comforts, position, &c. &c. American women often marry from necessity—they are only educated to get husbands and thereby a home and the means of support. The road to distinction is hedged that she may not pass. The Institutions of Learning are closed against her. She is paid for her labor about one-half the wages paid to man for the same work. And, then, her sphere of labor if often monopolized by her brother, and he not unfrequently treats with contempt any effort she may make to gain her own legitimate labor field. She has little opportunity of speaking in self-defence. The Pulpit is forbidden her because she is a woman; she is not permitted to go to the ballot box and demand equality and justice, because “*her morals would be corrupted*,” by mingling with the law makers there; the legislative halls are closed against her simply because she is a woman. All of her laudable efforts at self-support and position (if out of the ordinary line) are regarded with contempt by her brother, father and lover, (with a few honorable exceptions.) She, therefore, goes back sorrowful and disheartened, to the kitchen or parlor to learn the old lesson, submission, ease, grace and dependence. The consequence is stern Necessity often drives women, with perjury in their hearts and falsehood upon their lips, to the marriage altar to be bartered for bread a home and a grave. In all this there is no disgrace; in fact these unions are sanctioned by the priest and called holy.

When a man, in America, wants a wife he looks about among girls in his own sphere and selects the one best suited to his interests. In his best attire he goes wooing the fair maiden. Like persons in a masquerade they flirt and say soft and sentimental things without knowing anything of the brain behind the masque. After a few flirtations the wife seeker proposes himself in marriage and the woman, often by virtue of necessity, accepts the offer. The two then go to a minister or magistrate, when the man is made to promise support and the woman obedience. Henceforth the humanity of the woman is not recognized in law—unless she sin against the laws. She cannot sell land without the husband's signature. She cannot collect a debt neither can she be compelled to pay her own. Upon the demise of the husband the law allows the widow (the *relic* of the dead man) the use of one-third of the property that may have been her marriage portion. Her property, her person, her earnings and the children all belong to the husband. In some of the States the husband has the right (of which he has availed himself,) of disposing of his wife's bed and children and wardrobe. If she does not love the man—if she feel the sacredness of a true marriage and the falsity, the profanation, of her loveless life and, for this cause, refuses to live as wife with the man he may advertise her as having left *his* bed and board and forbid persons trusting her on his account. Then a bill of divorce may be granted the husband without allowing the woman a single dime of their joint earnings. And then this bond woman, seeking freedom, is not unfrequently stoned to death by the great number of sinless souls found everywhere.

This is the marriage of Civilization; of Christianization. We do not wish it understood that there are no love-unions, no soul marriages; but they are rare and even over such these wretched laws have no less power.

Who can count the victims of ill-assorted marriages? Who can number the multitude of crushed and broken hearts, that wander back to the fabled Fairy Land to find faith, trust, truth and purity in man? And yet the great mass, knowing all these terrible evils, refuse to expose them; hush the voice of the Eternal that in their souls is asking to

be heard in behalf of the breaking heart of Humanity.

What are the results of uncongenial marriages? Ask the murderer. He will answer, murder and hate in my mother's heart was my only inheritance. Ask the suicide. He will answer “I had no welcome here. I was the offspring of discord—accepted as a necessity. The curse of my mother is upon me and so I go to the grave hoping to leave it at its portal.” Go through the streets, go to the dens of want, of drunkenness and degradation, read in the semi-human creatures there, the truth that God has visited the sins of the fathers upon the children. In nineteen of twenty cases, you will find the libertine to be the ill-fated child of a bond-woman. She knows and feels her degradation and upon the innocent unborn the seal of infamy is set.

The mother of a fallen daughter (a sensible German woman) said to us to-day, “In God's eyes my child is as pure as I am, and then what else could I have expected of her? When I should have been developing the god, the good and the beautiful in my unborn child, I was administering to the appetites and passions of a man I could not love.”

What a terrible truth? There is no sin where Nature is obeyed, but outrage her laws and the penalty is disease, discord and death. A sensitive man cannot eat at the same table with a brother he hates without carrying that hate into the world with him, and woe to those who come in his way while the magnetism is yet upon him. But how much greater is the misery of those who unlovingly sleep upon the same pillow! They go into the world, into eternity diseased by the poisonous atmosphere of the other. Who can estimate the amount of crime, sickness and human misery engendered by those who, without a sacred heart union, call into existence human souls?

It is time the world lovers, those who are working to suppress the poisonous streams went back to the source and commenced there the work of purification. Building prisons, poor-houses, churches, and asylums will not stay the tide of wretchedness. The cause must be removed then there will be no longer a demand for prisons or charitable institutions. The prophet and seer are talking of the good time when human souls will loving link hands and destinies. We will try and catch a glimpse of the glorious future and give our readers the result in the next number of the Agitator.

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

We have a friend, a plain sensible German woman, who, in dreams, wanders back to her Fatherland. One night she saw her sister (who was unhappily married) sitting upon the river bank in her night clothes. She was contemplating suicide.—My friend listened at the door of that loved sister's soul and heard her say, “Oh, how terribly my sister in America will feel to hear that I have died by my own hand! For her sake—to spare her feelings—I will live.” The woman then arose and slowly returned to her prison house. Since then my friend has heard that all she saw and heard was literally true.

What does it mean? Do we go forth when the body is sleeping, to visit the loved and the distant? Did the poor woman not hear the pleadings of her sister this side the sea—did she not feel her presence and the great sorrow the rash deed would cause, and resolve “to live for her sake?”

WARREN CHASE, lectures in Newark, O., March 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th; in Dayton March 12th; 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.

## ITEMS.

JUDSON HUTHINSON committed suicide in Lynn, Mass., on the 11th of January. He was *Soprano* of the soul inspiring quartette—The Hutchinson Family. There will be music in Heaven, for four of the family are now there.

THEODORE PARKER has gone to Europe for his health.

THANKS to Mrs. Watrons, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Martin, and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Warner and to O. L. Sutliff and Mrs. Michener for the service they have rendered us by selling our books and sending us subscribers.

F. L. WADSWORTH, W. Chase, S. J. Finney, A. J. Higgins, of Chicago; Mrs. Dr. Barrett, of N. O.; and Prof. J. E. Churchill, of Philadelphia, have kindly offered to act as agents for the Agitator. Give either of the above mentioned persons your names and dimes, friends, and we will bless you and them. FAIL will be an obsolete word in our vocabulary so long as we have the co operation and sympathy of good men and true women.

REFORM BOOKS may be obtained of Mrs. E. D. Watrons, Munroe Center, O.

THE ladies of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, are raising a fund to assist in the purchase of Mount Vernon.

Wonder how much they will raise to feed those who are starving in their streets?

Mr. H. P. Fairfield has a letter in the Agitator Office.

Mr. F. L. WADSWORTH has spoken in Cleveland two Sabbaths. His logical and rational doctrines, his earnest words and noble endeavor to live the gospel he so eloquently preache to others, have won for him a large place in the hearts of the people. He goes east. The dear angels, and our good wishes will go with him.

Mrs. WILCOX it is not true. Mrs. L. has not left her family.

Subscriptions are received at this office for the PRINCIPLE, the GOOD TIME COMING, the BANNER OF LIGHT, TIFFANY'S MONTHLY, and the SPIRITUAL AGE.

PROF. J. E. CHURCHILL, can be addressed at 202, Franklin St., above Race, Philadelphia Pa. He will answer calls to lecture upon Religious, Political, or Social subjects.

Miss Libbie Higgins of Chicago having been engaged three months (a part of which has expired) by the Spiritualists of this City to occupy her time on Sundays with singing and the Superintendence of the Sunday School, will attend to calls that may be made from places in this vicinity, to sing or Lecture during the week. Address care this Office.

P. S. Miss. H., would if desired, take a few pupils for private lessons, for vocal instruction, also instructions upon the Guitar, Melodeon or Piano.—Residence, 21, Mandrake St.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

Read the prospectus of a new Magazine on the last page.

The publishers promise much for the overthrow of the commodity called Christianity. Let them work. Possibly, they may accomplish much good. If their aim prove abortive they will have the satisfaction of knowing that their's is not the fault.

THE RATIONALE OF SPIRITUALISM; Two Lectures delivered at Dodworth's Hall in New York, by Rev. T. W. Higginson. T. J. Ellinwood publisher, No. 5, Tyron Row, (Room No. 7.) New York. The book needs no commendation, to those who know the author. It is understood that those who garner good and beautiful thoughts, will love to read Mr. Higginson's sermons.

## A FREE-LOVE-DOCTRINE.

One of the doctrines of the Freelothers is, that a woman has the right to choose the father of her children. This is a lustful doctrine, for a loose woman might choose as many different men for fathers, as would be necessary to gratify her low animal passions! But then, if the woman has the right to choose the father of her children, has not a man an equal right to choose the mother of his children? Certainly, for it is a bad rule that will not work both ways; and a pure man will always choose a pure woman in love's purest wedlock for the mother of his children.—*Wallahalla Banner*.

If we wasn't the most amiable and peace and quiet loving woman alive, we would make a few strictures upon the above item; but, really, we would not like to arouse the southern blood in Brother Clayton's veins. But just by way of agitation, we will ask a few questions.

Mr. Clayton says it is a lustful doctrine that a woman has the right to choose the father of her children. Who has the right to choose for her?—Isn't she as capable of judging in matters of this kind as other people? What would our bachelor brother say if he should be called from his editorial duties to constitute one of a committee to decide who shall be the father of an unborn child? Would he not say "she who is worthy to be the mother of an angel—she upon whom the cares and suffering of maternity devolve, should be the sole arbiter in this holiest function of womanhood." But our brother isn't shocked at the idea of man's choosing the mother of his child; but, like a sensible soul, he says "A pure man will choose a woman in love's purest wedlock." How very magnanimous it is in men to legislate, and limit woman, to keep her out of the labyrinths of crime!

## TRANSLANTED.

Little Charlie E., a beautiful child of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward of this City, 8 months old was removed from its earth form on Sunday, Feb. 13th, to grow to manhood in a sunnier clime. Mr. and Mrs. Ward are Spiritualists and fully realize that DEATH has not entered their home, yet deeply do they feel and regret, the parting with the form, while many friends give them of their soul's purest sympathies. The undersigned attended the funeral, giving as best he could that consolation which a Father and Mother need on such occasions, and Miss Libbie Higgins gave her flood of melody in song with such sentiment as would cheer and bless the bereaved and sorrowing.

The gloom of custom, and the agonies of fear were not there, and we knew, that the Grave had lost its victory and Death its usual sting.

F. L. WADSWORTH.

## PREMONITION.

A friend in a private note mentions a singular circumstance which transpired recently in Vincennes, Ind. He writes that there was in contemplation a horse race, and three successive nights before it came off, one of the riders dreamed that he fell from his horse, while riding, and broke his neck. The dream so impressed him, that for a long time he refused to ride, assigning his strange dream as a reason. At length, being over persuaded, he consented and while riding fell from his horse and broke his neck.

## AGITATOR RECIEPTS.

A. E. Barnes, \$1; Ann Elithrop, \$1; Mrs. E. Wilcox, \$1; C. Brown, M. D. \$1; Mr. Tabor, \$1; K. St. James, 50c; Dr. Beach, 50c; J. H. Edgerton, 50c; Louisa Draper, \$1; A. Cowels, \$1; Ann Elithrop 25c; Martha Howzer, \$1; V. Handy, 25c; E. Hough, jr. \$1, (paid by Miss Higgins); E. G. Driver, \$1; John Patterson, \$1; H. Benschoter, \$1; R. Benschoter, \$1; J. E. Dey, \$1; Clara McRoberts, \$1; Mrs. Sharp, \$1; J. Judson, \$1; B. A. Virdin, 50c; G. Freed, 50c; J. Calkins, \$1. A. Perrin, 50c.

## The Typo's Table.

## FEVER.

A cup of water, Nora.  
What! do you call this cool?  
It is like they were used to give us  
In summer days at school!  
Well, well, good soul,—no matter;  
It is all the same to me.  
Raise the window just a little;  
I can hardly breathe, you see.  
*It is a waltz of Weber*  
*That the musicians play*  
*For fairest feet to dance to,*  
*Over the way.*

You need not light the candle,  
But draw the stand to me, so  
That I may easily reach it.  
—No,—the fire is not too low.  
Ah, I cannot eat!—To-morrow?  
If the doctor thinks it best.  
Must you leave me now? Good night, then.  
Oh, that my brain could rest!  
*It is still that waltz of Weber*  
*That the musicians play*  
*For merriest hearts to dance to,*  
*Over the way.*

Mother at home, come bless me!  
Can you sleep when your boy in pain  
Longs so for the touch of your fingers  
To cool his feverish brain?  
Sing me to rest with the murmur  
Of your hymn with its holy tune:  
—In my broken dreams I heard it  
Through the long, long afternoon.  
*Again that waltz of Weber*  
*Sets hearts and feet to play,*  
*Whirling, and thrilling and throbbing,*  
*Over the way.*

I cannot lie here much longer;  
I have great, great work to do.  
Wealth I must win for the dear ones;  
—Fame.—How I wish I knew!  
Perhaps, perhaps, she would love me,  
If she could but see the star  
That will one day shine above me!  
Ah me,—'tis so very far!  
*The soft, white cheek is flushing;*  
*Is it often so hot in May?*  
*Talk they only party gossip,*  
*Over the way.*

Quiet and gray was the gleaming  
That brightened upon the wall;  
For the merciful day was breaking,  
And the birds began to call.  
But a face was changed in the shadows  
Of the early, lonesome dawn;  
And a pulse had ceased its throbbings  
And the fever all was gone.  
But hushed was the waltz of Weber,  
And weary that dawn in May,  
The heart and feet that danced so,  
Over the way.—*Selected.*

## THAT "TABLE."

Let no one imagine that when the editor of this paper announced that this interesting column was represented by a "table" in her office, that she was only indulging in a figurative expression; no, indeed! the table is no beautiful theory, but an established thing. And although it stands in a farther corner, it is acknowledged by all, an ornament to the office, as well as a fitting tribute to budding genius. I composed a beautiful *impromptu* poem about it on the spot, which I shall send to Mr. Bonner, to publish in his new book of Poetry. Some people can never stand good fortune; no doubt, some would never work at the "printing business" after such brilliant literary prospects; but not so with me; I worked the next day the same as ever; no one would suspect by any change in my daily walk, that I owned a table. My good fortune did not make me ashamed of my calling, nor above my trade. I shall continue ready to receive and consider, bids for a higher price "by the thousand," as if nothing had happened; and I am still willing, and shall always advocate, that men ought to be paid as much for their work as women, provided they do it as well.

## PLENTY AND POVERTY.

*Plenty.*—"When e'er I take my walks abroad,  
How many *poor* I see;  
What shall I render to my God,  
For all his gifts to me?"

*Poverty.*—"When e'er I take my walks abroad,  
How many *rich* I see  
What shall I say unto my God,  
For his neglect of me?"—*Boston Investigator.*

As Henry Ward Beecher, or some one else says,  
"Let them laugh that win."

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE AGITATOR.—Devoted to Spiritual Philosophy and Social Reform, published semi-monthly at \$1 per year, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, O. Mrs. Brown is evidently a lady of fine abilities, and makes an excellent paper. However much we may differ from the "Agitator" in the doctrines which it advocates, we confess our admiration of its ingenuous, independent spirit. We heartily wish the same earnestness might be infused into some of our health periodicals.—*Western Water Cure Journal*.

The Agitator is a finely edited semi-monthly sheet of this city.—*National Democrat*.

"THE AGITATOR," published at Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the most consistent exchanges we receive. It is edited by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, who wields a pen evidently governed by that reason and good sense, which does honor to her sex, and which, if more generally used as a guide among the masses, would soon prove a death blow to the popular superstitions of the day.—*American Eagle and Flag of Liberty*.

We have received several numbers of the Agitator, a paper published at Cleveland, Ohio, an advocate of the social and legal rights of woman. It is edited by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, a woman who speaks fearlessly her convictions of right, and possesses decided talents as a writer.—*Pioneer Farmer*.

We copy the above for two reasons. First we are glad to know that our work is regarded with favor by such men as these editors. Kind words from strong men inspire with confidence the faltering heart; and they are not classed among the radical reformers, consequently, their kindly notices are suggestive of the spirit of toleration—a rare virtue, by the way.

## A PAINFUL CASE.

The well known dramatic reader, Mrs. Emily P. Lesdernier, has met with a severe though not unexpected affliction in the death of two children, twin brothers, one dying on the 23d, the other on the 25th ult. They were taken ill about a year ago while she was in California, when she returned as soon as possible only to find them so badly afflicted with disease of the lungs as to be considered in imminent danger. She took them to the Southern States, but found no permanent relief, and recently returned to this city. On Sunday week one of them died, and the other, noticing something that made him suppose they were waiting for him before they buried his brother, said to his mother, "I am sorry, mother, to keep you waiting; I shall be ready to-morrow." In the morning he died, and their remains were taken to Roxbury, Mass., where they will be placed in one grave.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

We have known Mrs. Lesdernier long and loved her with a sisterly affection. We deeply sympathize with her in her great sorrow. May the darlings, who gladdened and lighted their mother's darkened and changeable life, be with her still whispering peace and hope to her desolate heart.

The following letter was mislaid, hence its non-appearance earlier. We are right glad the friends of Reform are interesting themselves in the young people. It is time the children had their rights—time better books were put into their hands. Let the call of our brother be heard and heeded. Let Sunday Schools be established and books of a suitable character be put in the hands of the children.—Ed.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 11, 1858.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN:

I am prompted to communicate to you a matter, which I am impressed, will awaken an interest, not only within you, but in the minds of all who seek to advance the cause of human progress.

On Sunday afternoon (Oct. 3d) at the circle, where you met with the friends the Sunday previous, the controlling influence through Mrs. Carver, urged upon us, the important necessity of beginning immediately to bring the children of the

friends of Spiritualism and those friendly to human progress and mould and instruct them into the beautiful truths of Spirit love and light. The *controlling intelligence* began the work by selecting your unworthy correspondent as Superintendent.—Several Teachers from those present in the circle, and among them the mediums; Mr. Lovell and Mr. Goodin, Committee men, as a preliminary organization, and the same was announced in the evening at the close of the lecture, at the Melodeon Hall. At half-past 9 o'clock yesterday morning, we met at our Hall, and for the first small beginning, we have reason to thank God and take courage. An interesting company of children, and their friends were present, and as one of the mediums suggested, we did not talk *at* them, but *with* them. One interesting little girl handed me the following note:

"CINCINNATI, Oct. 10, 1858.—Gentlemen, I send my daughter, Corinna, to your school. She knows no other teaching but that of the Harmonial Philosophy. May the blessings of Heaven attend your undertaking to instruct our children in regard to the principles of truth and progression.

M. DE SILVIA."

You perceive this is the first leaven that will eventually leaven the whole lump. The same *intelligence* informed us yesterday that *we* were the first in this glorious movement, and we shall endeavor to let our light shine, and may it radiate from this great centre, the Queen of the West, that others may "go and do likewise." We want your co-operation, in the way of books, spiritual songs, &c. Will you, and other lovely human spirits, engage to prepare them for us? We contemplate obtaining contributions from time to time to procure what is requisite to carry out our delightful enterprise, and if any of the Friends of Human Progress feel prompted in the benevolence of their nature, and the kindness of their loving hearts to aid us in means or otherwise, we will enroll their *names* on our record book and keep them in *everlasting* remembrance. May our little nursling grow till it shall become the Beacon Star in the illimitable space of Light and Liberty, Truth and Progression.

"Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Send the fact abroad, that the dwellers in the spirit realms, selected our bigoted city as the nucleus of great and coming triumphs, that shall eventually result in the universal emancipation of the spirits of men from the slavery of despotic creeds, and the bondage of earth-born dark superstition. Then shall Truth, Love and Harmony, "go forth as brightness, and their glory as a lamp that burneth." May you and I live to see this glorious consummation.

Yours in Friendship Truth and Love.

DAVID H. SHAFFER.

PRESENTATION TO PROF. B. L. HILL.—Last Friday afternoon, the students of the Homœopathic College, Ohio street, presented their Professor of Anatomy, B. L. Hill, with an elegant gold headed cane in token of their esteem and appreciation of his services as a teacher, as well as of their good wishes.

The presentation was made by Mr. Bailis, a member of the class from Wheeling, in an appropriate speech.—*Ex.*

PRESENTATION.—During the recent visit of Mr. F. L. Wadsworth to Delphi, Ind., he was presented with a valuable watch, gold pen and holder, by the Spiritualists of that place, as a token of their appreciation of his gifts as a lecturer and his worth as a man. The affair reflects honor on donors and recipient.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

CHICAGO, Feb 14, 1859.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN: I noticed in the Spiritual Telegraph of the 5th inst., a letter written from Chicago, headed "Mr. and Mrs. Spence in Chicago." The writer goes on to state how long Mr. and Mrs. Spence had been here lecturing, and how well they were liked, &c. All well enough, but in the last and closing part of the letter, the writer states that Mrs. Spence spoke two and a half hours in a *clear* and *musical* voice, without faltering in the least; also, that it was truly an interesting sight to see that vast sea of human beings swayed by that woman's magic voice, &c. I have given you the substance of what was said, but I cannot give the precise language, for I have not the paper by me.

Now for the facts. The Lady in question spoke two hours and ten minutes, and it was observed by every one with whom I conversed afterwards, that they expected her soon to break down from hoarseness. Metropolitan Hall will comfortably seat 1800 or 2000 people and there were but a trifle more than 330 persons in the Hall. This I know for I sold the tickets. We had an admission fee of ten cents. If all articles from correspondents to the "Spiritual Press" are no more truthful than the one in question, what is the use of trying to reform the world by letter writing? How the writer of the article alluded to could make such a blunder I cannot conceive, and if we are to take this as specimen, I do not wonder that skeptics cry "humbug" to spiritual facts. We have truths enough. There is no need of exaggeration.

Russell Green, Esq., has rented Mechanics Institute Hall for one year. Speakers can have it during the week and also, on Sundays by applying to him.

Miss F. M. Hewlett speaks here the 20th and 27th inst. A. J. and Mary F. Davis will be here March 6th and 13th.

Your brother,

A. J. H.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I can't let sister's note go without putting in a line, but I feel more like weeping than writing. I can't have anything I want or do anything I wish to, and I see nearly all my best friends—all the best persons I know, I mean—in *just about the same case*; and it grieves me. I can't do anything myself or help those who *are* doing. My health is poor, not able to do much, and get very little for what I do. There is nothing a woman can do for which men will pay her reasonable wages, or only *one thing*—you know what that is—(gratify their perverted or diseased amative-ness,) and they will dispise her for doing that and expose her to the world's bitter scorn. "What shall we do to be saved?" For my part, I scorn the idea of getting my living in that way, either in marriage or out, but many of my sisters yield to the force of circumstance and give themselves up. A widow with one child, I fear will yield this winter and go to a house of ill fame, where she was offered high wages, by a female fiend, for cooking. Last winter she was obliged to pay a dollar and a quarter a week for her child's board and care, and she worked like a slave in a *respectable* family, doing the work, large washings included, for a family of twelve, and all they would pay her was a dollar and a half per week; that left her only twenty-five cents a week to cloth herself and child with. It took her a month to earn a calico dress; she had but one. She is a very smart, beautiful woman; has been in good society. What can she do to be saved? What will society or legislators do to save women from such a fate? When will woman have equal wages for doing an equal amount and kind of labor, equally well? When have the means of gratifying her desires for knowledge, usefulness and happiness? O, tell me when!

Yours in love and truth,

S. S.

There are many who would take your paper but for the scarcity of money. All like its tone and spirit, and think it just what the times demand, but many will deny themselves mental food, before they will physical luxuries. "Starve the mind to pamper the body." I have taken great interest in the welfare of the Agitator from the first, because a woman fearless and alone, had undertaken its management, and I know of no paper, edited by any man, or company of men, that is conducted with a more skillful or masterly hand; and as long as it is published nothing but sickness or death will prevent me from being its subscriber, and from exerting my humble influence to extend its circulation.

E. D. W.

Though I have frequently written you as the publisher of a paper, yet I have often desired to write to you as a *friend*, that I might thereby encourage you in your noble efforts in the field of Reform. Yes, as I see you passing to and fro, sacrificing ease and comfort that you may be instrumental in the elevation of Humanity, and especially your own much neglected sex—the mother of a race of angels. I would give you a word of cheer! Woman is paralyzed, and O! where are we men?—How necessary it is for her to understand *her* power and *her* rights! With her, I consider, rests the very foundation of all reform; for should she act, by compulsion or otherwise, regardless of the just function of her being, physical or mental, how can the tide of sorrow, that now rolls irresistible over the earth, be stayed; but let her understand and appreciate herself,—let man appreciate and *respect* her, that she may step forth in the dignity of her womanly nature, in the exercise of her sacred rights, springing from the constitution of her being—rights that are hers as *one* belonging to the great family of Humanity; and what a change must be wrought! Instead of a slavish posterity, we would behold succeeding generations march forth with a spirit of nobility and greatness, erect, filling the measure of their existence as beings "but little lower than angels!"

We must learn from whence spring rights—must learn in what they are founded, and then will woman be regarded as something more than a mere child or a slave—will be regarded as an equal with man; for then will we see that the same philosophy in which man's rights are founded also applies to hers and shows *them* to be equally sacred; then man and woman may no longer so debase themselves as to transfer curses to the unborn beings!

It has been with pleasure that I have seen you fearlessly calling attention to those circumstances and convictions that now weigh so heavily on my suffering sisters! It ever affords me pleasure to meet those who are awakened to the interest of struggling humanity.

Go on in your noble mission, ever consulting your own highest sense of the right. Yes, be true to *yourself*, and as o'er life's stormy sea, you steer your bark along, you will ever find in me a *warm friend*. Let the great sea of human thought still be agitated; for there is need of awakening from the lethargic condition into which we are cast!

Thy Friend,—Adieu!

G. B. P.

COVINGTON, La., Feb. 7, 1859.

MY DEAR SISTER!—God speed you in your glorious mission. The angels are wreathing your brow with laurels. May they strengthen you to keep the polished leaves undimmed by the spray of the cataracts of ignorance and superstition, which you must pass under.

I have become a resident of the old town of Covington, about thirty-six miles, by water,

from New Orleans, where for the consideration of eight dollars per month, I have a large house, extensive grounds, pure air, quiet and liberty, and the society of my husband. Tom Moore sings in one of his melodies of

"A bower of roses by Bendemar's stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long,"

I can boast of a bower of roses on the banks of the Bogue Falaque (good heavens how these crack jaw names strike the poetry out of things!) where the mocking birds unceasingly trill their varied and melodious songs.

At this season we have only the quiet, quaint, sober citizens, most of whom have become identified (by a life long residence) with their age browned homes which look as if they had grown out of the earth in rows, along the sides of our respectable streets; but during the warm season the place will be gay with the butterflies who flit from the city to revel in our healthful breezes, and drink the waters of mineral springs adjacent to the town.

The old fashioned quiet of the place suits me well, and so weary have I become of change that I pray fate to proffer me the cup of lethean waters that I may be content to keep my home among these quiet shades. May no innovation ever disturb the profound repose of this haven of rest, excepting the reform ideas as expressed in the "Agitator" which, so inconsistent have I become that I shall according to the best of my abilities endeavor to disseminate.

Yours for truth,

FRANCES E. HYER.

#### HATTIE IN HEAVEN.

Escaped from earth, I'm tired no more,  
Life's hard probation now is o'er;  
I've joined the assembly of the blest,  
Zion I've reached, and now I rest.

Ah! the sweet peace that fills my soul!  
But how shall I express the whole?  
Eternity itself would fail  
To sound its depths, or to reveal  
How blest I am, what joy I feel!

Salvation to the Eternal King!  
With saints in white I ceaseless sing;  
I see the Lamb! And oh, the bliss!  
No joy in Heaven doth equal this!

But God himself and spirits, too,  
Unvail their glories to my view.  
Wrapped with delight, my joys above  
No end shall know, for God is Love.

#### THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MY LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—Did you know that you had a *Sister Hattie* who has been casting wishful glances towards the corner in the good "Agitator," which is devoted to the entertainment of little people; vainly wishing that she could say something that would make black eyes and blue sparkle, and dimpled mouths look merry? But it is in vain that she has wished, for that pleasure belongs to Aunt Frances, who has such cozy little stories laid away in her brain, that I almost wish I was a child again, when I read them. It used to make me very happy, to think that these *wise* people, so much older than I was, sometimes thought of little folks. Yes; it used to appear like a great condescension in them, but now I know that when people are trying to be Nature's "Lords" and "Ladies," they cannot help loving the little ones; for their hearts are more like the fresh flowers, more like the free dancing stream; there's more of God in their souls, than after they have been in the world's school a longer term.

And now, little brothers, try and keep those hearts all pure and bright. *Don't* think it will make a *man* of you if you do imitate your Fathers, and use *Tobacco*, and say "big words." *Tobacco*, although it does grow on the same soil as *cabbage*,

is not half so good to make *souls* of. And the "gentlemen" only use those hard words because they are obliged to use their spare breath in saying something, as they have not learned to talk sensibly yet. Love your mother and sisters, and don't be ashamed to own it. Never make that mother's heart ache by being unkind to her; for there will surely be a "thorn in your pillow" if you do. If you should see her body laid in the cold grave and think her voice would never speak her forgiveness here, it would make your life very sorrowful.

And little sisters, don't think about that new dress, so much; don't put on those little airs to catch a "beau." You may catch a "Tarter" unawares. Be women and help yourselves, and your brothers will respect you and every one love you for it. Don't try to become a lady—they are useless now a days—but let the world know you have a soul, and intend to take care of it. My word for it, you will succeed.

Lovingly by your sister,

HATTIE.

Dear Hattie—The young people, and the older ones, will thank you for remembering this shockingly abused and terribly neglected part of creation—the children. Let us hear often from you. Ed.

#### THE CEDAR BIRD.

This is a very beautiful bird, and that is about all that can be said in its favor. Like a great many persons, we are sorry to say, his dress is the best part of him. He cannot be said to sing, as the only noise he makes is a very feeble lisping one when he rises or alights. He is a great glutton, and seems to live but to eat. No wonder, when they eat so much, that they want both the ability and inclination to sing. In fact, I can find nothing in his character that we should imitate, thus proving, that it is "not fine feathers that make fine birds."

Last winter, about the first of January, I saw a flock of about 150 on a tree in front of the City Hall. The air was cold and sharp, yet the birds were quite lively, eager in picking the berries from a mountain ash. If any of our readers should ever have a chance of examining one of these birds, as those of you who live in the city can, by going into one of the bird-stores, you will see at the tips of part of the secondary feathers of the wings, a red oblong substance, resembling sealing-wax. Now a person at first seeing this would be surprised, not knowing how it came there. If he saw a stuffed specimen in a cabinet, he might think, perhaps, that the owner of the bird had been ornamenting it by putting a touch of sealing-wax on its wings. But he would be mistaken, for it is on all the Cedar Birds, which are over two years of age. This seems to be the ending of the shafts of the feathers and is probably intended for keeping the ends, and the vanes of the quills, from being broken and worn away, as the bird flutters among the rough and thick branches of the Cedar.

But the Cedar Bird has to answer to the charge of taking for himself the best of our early cherries, and the ripest and most luscious of our fruit. I have read also, that the presence of Mr. Scarecrow does not at all trouble them, for they will feast from the same tree, from which one of these "guardian angels," is dangling.

They have a very pretty crest, which they can lower and contract so closely to their head and neck as not to be seen. Their plumage is of a very fine and silk like texture, lying smooth and glossy. They generally fly in flocks of a dozen or more, and alight so close together upon a tree, that a person might shoot half of them at one shot.

C. FREEMAN.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 1858.

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