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THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

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A Wife worth 100,000 Dollars.

It was fifteen years ago this winter that I attended a dancing school in Detroit, with a young lady then residing in the city.

A Chapter on Matrimony.

A young lady out West, in a communication to the Sandusky Register, upon the subject of matrimony, says:

Hints to Horse Dealers.

Tompkins bought a horse—paid three hundred dollars for him. The horse, after a few months proved to be lame in the right shoulder.

Communications.

But a few days will pass ere you will be called upon to cast your vote to help decide the great pending struggle.

"Helen, you promised to let me know to-night, whether you would marry me this spring. Have you made up your mind?"

"But, says some good woman, you do us injustice; for any woman that truly loves a man will adapt herself to his circumstances with the greatest pleasure."

"I am afraid," said Miss Chalmers, "that you will think still less favorably of the discretion of the horse when you see the garden."

"I look it to the garden," said the doctor. "To the garden!" she exclaimed; "Then all our flower and vegetable beds will be destroyed."

To this the National Era very pertinently responds: "Is it possible that our sprightly cotemporary never heard of 'American women' laboring in the fields?"

"Well then, good night," said I. "I didn't think you would do it—but I am bound to marry somebody, and this spring too."

"Now, what is the remedy? Plainly that women must fit themselves to be such wives as the young men must have. Else the young men must fit themselves to be such husbands as the women want, and spend the very choicest years of their life in the dismal drudgery of a ceaseless toil, breaking down health, happiness, energy, only to give themselves up to marriage when the best of their manhood is gone."

"I never could have imagined that horses were such senseless animals."

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When the fowls of the air—the cattle upon the hills—the dogs of the streets and reptiles that crawl upon the earth, fail to distinguish a slave from a brute, then will I stop to argue the manhood of the slave.

"What do you say?" "I have concluded to marry you!"—she said.

"There's some good sense for you, girls."

"The dog came back at you?" "No, Dennis, yer honor. And that's all I did to him, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

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fight? Shall we not rather raise than diminish the majority of last Fall? Work just now is what we want. Action will accomplish everything.

AMERICAN WOMEN.—The Press, of Philadelphia, criticises an article in Harper's Magazine upon American politeness and says: "He has told us of what terrible violations of politeness Americans are guilty of."

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Hoops.—With the exception of the comet, nothing has afforded a more common mark for that portion of the press who deal out small wit to satisfy weak minds, than hooped skirts.

An old toper after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse.

A certain lady had been much annoyed by the ring of the door-bell by the mischievous boys, and determined to be fooled no more by going to the door.

An Englishman speaking in favor of his own country, said to Dr. Thompson: "You have no coal; and it is this that gives England its manufacturing importance."

The doctor replied: "We are not altogether destitute of coal. We have one small bed called the field of Illinois, which is larger than the whole of England. If you will wait till we scoop some of it out, and then bring your Island over, we will drop it in and annex you."

As a rose, after a shower, bent down by tear drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand once more upon its stem,—so one who is bowed down with affliction, longs for a friend to help him out of his sorrow, and bid him once more rejoice.

THE QUESTION is now under discussion at Cambridge: "Which can smell a rat the quickest, the man who knows the most, or the man who has the most nose?"