

# 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. 25.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### I'VE BEEN THINKING.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,  
While the storm around me raves,  
Of the woe the poor are drinking,  
Plunged in agony's wild waves,  
God of love, oh! why thus bleeding  
Raise the poor their bony arms,  
Asking that, while ravens feeding,  
You will bless them with your alms?

What mean all our shrines of glory,  
Steeple reaching heaven high,  
Pulpits drawling godly story,  
Anthems ringing to the sky—  
While beneath the tallest steeple—  
Damned to brutallizing toil—  
Crowd the weary starving people  
Eager in the wild turmoil,

Loud and angry curses heaping—  
Curses blackened by regret—  
On the heads of those who're reaping  
Harvests from their bloody sweat?  
Boldly, bravely are they asking  
Right to home and right to soil,  
Right to live without o'er tasking  
Soul and body with their toil.

Sharks on land, like sharks in water,  
Vampires drinking human blood,  
Wolves and tigers loving slaughter,  
Such are they who dam life's flood,  
Shutting out man's precious birthright  
To the earth, the sea, and air,  
Shutting him from light and knowledge  
Making him the hoppel heir,  
To the black tartarean region  
In which Ignorance reclines,  
Where her offspring swarm in legion  
From the miasmatic climes.

Gods! what are our teachers thinking?  
Why do they from danger fly?  
Why are they forever shrinking  
When a storm-cloud flecks our sky?  
Are we lost? are we forsaken?  
Are we doomed to live and die  
Like dumb beasts for burden taken?  
Ne'er to freedom can we fly?

Aye ye gods! 'tis this I'm thinking;  
That the soul cannot forget,  
That it ever dreamed of drinking  
From a fountain not dried yet—  
Waters pure and spirit laden  
Balmed because they are its own,  
In a land as free as Aiden  
Free from sigh, and tear, and groan.

Come the time, and come it quickly  
When the wolves and sharks of earth,  
And the pulpits, drawling sickly  
Psalms, about our second birth,  
With the loathsome perpetrators  
Of the hoary, thread-bare, old;  
And the shallow conservators  
Who would soul and spirit hold,

Shall no more feast on the bleeding  
Hearts of those whom they have crushed,  
When Jehovah their hearts reading  
With successes champagne flushed,  
Shall pronounce the joyful sentence,  
Dooming them to endless night,  
Past all power of repentance,  
And the earth throw back to light.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,  
Give us love and give us mind,  
And each one his birth-right drinking,  
And like brothers all combined,  
Earth would not so oft be watered  
By our blood, and briny tears,  
Nor her nations drowned in slaughter,  
But the heavens would echo cheers.

Berlin Heights, O., Dec. 12.

## AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

### SECOND REPLICATION TO H. BARNUM.

In the name of Humanity I greet you—I am happy to see in your last article a greater degree of caution and moderation of expression. This is a decided improvement. The Homœopathic motto "*similia similibus curantur*," is, according to your rendering; "the hair of the dog cures the bite!" If one dose has so good an effect, I have no doubt the second would effect a cure. But as you invite discussion on an intellectual and spiritual plane, yielding the question, as to the physical world, I hope in your ascent you will hereafter leave all "*clap-trap*" expression on the "*clap-trap*" plane.

The importance you give to this discussion, forbids the use of such expressions—the honor of your profession forbids it—the dignity of your manhood forbids it—and above all our readers, (especially those who have "sent us both ways") demand it.—You say, I repudiate "the religious element in man." If you mean what the words convey, I certainly do. The word is taken from the Latin *ligo*, which means to *bind*. Re, as a prefix, means to bind again. Ion, as a suffix, denotes the act or state of. Hence the word means, the *act or state of binding again*. At present, God has a church and a state; in the "good time coming," God's church and God's state will merge into one. Do you ask me why? Because man will yet see, that every organ of body and mind should be harmoniously cultivated. That each should be allowed to perform its own office in its own way. Do you not see that when this is done, there will be no difference of days; no "Sunday suits; but every day will be consecrated to doing good, feeling good and being good? Did you not mistake somebody's else "spectacles for mine?"

You ask, why I did not publish my article in some other paper. Because, it was an agitator. How fitting, then, that it should be published in the "Agitator." Where should I publish it? In the "Boston Investigator?" That is not a leading paper—it is a following one. It professes to ascertain the truth and expose the fallacy of what others have said and done. In the "National Era," or "National Democrat?" They live in the valley. In the "Spiritual Age?" That has a "cause to support," a popularity to maintain. Yet, it has a brave and competent corps of editors; but cautious and jealous of the "cause." No! The Agitator is the one; with no cause to support, ever ready to lead where angels wave their flowing torches over discovered truth. But oh—how timid the band she leads! See her! how resolute—yet trembling in every nerve—not for herself; but for the timorous ones who take fright at every strange sound. She looks within, and a voice says, be bold—she takes courage and beckons onward. Yes, the "Agitator" dare publish truth; and such a paper *only* is worthy of an article which proposes, not only to strike at

the root of the tree of evil, but also at the Devil that planted it. An article which recognizes in the church of God a harmonious Humanity. In the worship of God, a harmonious unfolding of humanity, individually and collectively, mentally and physically. In *praise* to God, love to him and every thing he has created. In *fidelity* to God, an active exercise and careful observance our being, in internal causation and external use. Our *duty* to God, that efficiency and sufficiency which can only be obtained by *well directed Organization*. But, perhaps, you do not believe in a Supreme Intelligence, having the attributes of Omniscience, Omnipresence, Omnipotence, and as being the Ruler of the Universe and every thing that is; how is that? I have got the impression that you do not; will you please inform me? I conceive it to have a bearing on the question.

You say, you "will not be confined to any speciality," and desire me to discuss the question as one who sanctions every kind and grade of organization whether Roman Catholicism, Calvinism, or Buddhism. Well, as you have acknowledged the necessity of organization on mineral, vegetable and animal planes, I suppose you must have your own way and will be equally happy in "reversing the conclusions of the present article.

I shall now ask you to follow me on the intellectual plane, thence to follow a guiding star, starward until we reach the milky-way of human intelligence and behold the blazing suns that, by their potent spells, hold and enlighten worlds of associated thought, and organized principles, through which they disintegrate and aggregate continually. But do not let the thought palpitate the heart—I will endeavor to prepare you as we go, for changes of climate and diet.

To that end, let me observe you for a moment upon the intellectual plane. I find you a creature of sensation, desire, formation, use. I perceive that my article on Humanitarianism, first created in you a sensation, that thrilled through your nerves, and begat the desire to respond. The desire was "without form and void;" but it set the mental organization to work, and the chaotic desire moulded into form, there it existed, born in spirit, with a spiritual organization; yet it has no external organized body through which to express itself. There it exists, and of no use, until clothed with words for utterance; and out comes response number one.

Every idea in that response, is as an individual, all the ideas could have been clothed with words and existed in that response without regard to form, and in your language, they would have been as "definite as a piece of chalk." But thought arranged them all in order, and the expressionless association of ideas, when rightly connected, in intelligent organization, capable of being read and understood.

So with man, in mere association, without definiteness—without power—without expression—

without efficiency—without sufficiency. In your associated capacity you cannot even pass a resolution, without form; and the moment you assume form, you to the same extent obtain organization. An insane man has association of ideas, but where the intelligence? Every organ of the mind gives forth characteristic associations of ideas: these associations of ideas are all organized before utterance. You cannot write out a declaration in assumpsit without stating in an intelligent and formal manner the promise expressed or implied, and it must be formal in order to be intelligible. You cannot write out a declaration in Trover, without formally alleging the finding; if you do, it will be a demurrer. You cannot write out a Bill in Chancery without alleging in a formal manner the charges of complaint. There is no intelligence without form, without organization. Again, you desire to make a railroad, with cars and engine ready for service; the desire sets all those organs at work which become necessary to its completion. Every organ sends forth its might toward the general object. At the Auditor of Wisdom, these messengers assemble; and wisdom, after proing and coning, takes such from the associated mass as best suits the object to be accomplished, and moulds each into form that, when placed in their respective positions, their connection with each other, and their relation to the whole may be such as to accomplish the object desired.

Now please tell me; what could all these associate ideas do in their association? How like your forest tree, deep rooted and immovable; or like all the parts of an engine thrown into a pile; of no use until put together or organized. Here, every idea is an integral part of the whole. That is, whole in themselves and individualized; yet only parts of another whole.

There, every idea is disintegrated from the mass of ideas, and placed into an *organized and effective relationship*. As in the mineral world, the process of segregation and aggregation is continually going on; so in the intellectual world, the process of disintegration, and congregation is continually going on.

In the religious world, the Jews followed the law of Moses as obtain from the God of Moses.—They lived and worshiped in organized form. Jesus of Nazareth, catching a new idea suggested by a kinder heart, disintegrated from the mass of the Jews, carrying many with him and disintegrated others from other organizations and associations. Roman Catholicism gathers up its loins, and the Christians also; grow ambitious to rule the world. Organizations, tyrannical in character, forcible in action, oppressive in endurance, blighting in result, have been formed to subserve the ambition of the Pope. It culminates, and the work of disintegration commences. Luther thunders, and the multitude gives back the echo. New congregations and new organizations follow. The last milder than the former.

Calvin finds fault on another point, and he becomes a center-staunch, around which others cluster who have disintegrated. Then come Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, &c. Each finding fault with the God of the other; and each in the *charity of the human heart*, deeming God a *little better* than the other would have him, disintegrate from the old to affinitize, congregate and organize anew. According to their form of organization, those who have adhered closely to the form, have shown no signs of progress or separation from the body. Others have disintegrated to form new associations and organizations.

As in the religious, so in the political or social world, old forms of government have given away to new, more liberal in character and happier in result.

After the work of disintegration has been accomplished in the intellectual world, affinity draws the newly disintegrated into associated masses. These cry out against organization, because they neither see, nor feel the necessity of a more perfect and efficient way. But as they by progression become prepared for a higher and more efficient mode of action, as they become more quickened, active, intensified and of a necessity *refined*, they see and feel the necessity of a more speedy and potent mode of expression. As a mass of ideas can only find an intelligent expression when assuming an organized form, so, a mass of human beings can only give intelligent and potent expression by assuming organized form. It is the order of nature and that which is most natural, experience has shown to be the best.

I have used the word *disintegrated*, in order that the idea it conveys in the mineral world, may not be lost in the spiritual.

We have seen, that according to the principles of the organization, so was it. Now if an organization is founded on progressive principles, will not its adherents be continually progressing? Is not the plane of the intellect as susceptible of organization as the mineral? Is it not as natural? Is not the necessity as apparent? Is it not through organization that the virtues of life "become solid by performing its office amid the every duties of life?" What would you do with our social relations? You do not want organization on an intellectual plane. Where the security of life, limb, and property; how do you expect to retain the isolated home, if not protected in an artificial right by organization? Who is taking the "back trace?"—Who desires to revel in anarchy? Let your common sense say—who. Is not your individuality "merged in that of organization?" "Oh, folly, how blind!"

You say, "God works by disintegration," very true—"not by aggregation." Quite untrue—look again, perhaps you have not discovered all of his works yet. When you shall become sufficiently isolated and individualized, you will then see the necessity of organization. It is not well that you should see it before; it would be a hindrance to your individualization; consequently delay the period of your preparation for organization. When individualized, you will cry as loud for organization as you do now against it. You will then see that God works by segregation and aggregation, disintegration and congregation, by association and organization.

Respectfully yours,

A HUMANITARIAN.

MOUNT HOBART, O., Feb. 2, 1859.

#### PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER NINE.

A question or two answered and we have done with this subject of the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

Do we, by the means described in the preceding articles, compel the spirits to manifest their presence?

To this question we answer no. If a person should be told that if he would go to the Baptist meeting-house at ten o'clock on Sabbath morning, and remain there for an hour that he would see a number of people there, and hear some one speak, and others sing, would he understand that his going there at that particular hour, would compel the others to come also, that he might see them? I think not. He would go from motives of his own, and the others would come from motives of their own; and in the ordinary sense of the expression, neither would be compelled, but they would be mutually impelled, so it is with the spirits. They have their own motives for being present at a circle, and will attend a circle, and if possible, will

indicate their presence to them in the flesh, for the same reason that we would indicate to our friends the fact of our presence, if we desired them to know it. Now suppose that we had friends in an assembly some of whom were deaf and others blind, we would not, certainly, think of manifesting ourselves to the former by simply thumping with a cane or our knuckles on a chair or table, or to the latter by presenting ourselves before them, but we should address ourselves to that particular sense which was most perfect, and through that endeavor to convey to them the ideas we desire them to receive. So it is with the Spirits; they address themselves to our spiritual senses, and to that sense which is most perfect, and if our Spirits are in so torpid a state that they cannot convey ideas to them, through the spiritual senses, they make use of the medium of our physical senses, and rap or move tables, until they can arouse our spirits, and communicate more directly to them. Hence it is that physical manifestations always precede the truly spiritual manifestations. It is the desire of the spirits to answer our spirits, and bring them out of the torpid condition in which they are, and as soon as the spiritual senses are sufficiently aroused, so that they can be addressed, the physical manifestations cease so far as the individual is concerned and are only used for the benefit of others or not at all.

Why should it be necessary that the sitting should be at a particular hour?

The answer is that Spirits are not Omnipresent beings, and consequently may not be present at all times. Let us suppose that it is proposed that some eminent speaker shall lecture to the people in Cleveland, once a week, for a length of time; and the citizens should collect some at one hour of the day and some at another, and without any regard to time or place, or all at the same place on one day and at another on another day, and at a different hour, would they be very likely to succeed in hearing the man lecture? Unless the person was totally idle all the remainder of the time, having nothing else to do but to keep watch of such a crazy congregation, he would not half the time know where to find it. Spirits, it is supposed, have greater facilities for finding out localities, than we in the body; but in order to do this it is necessary that the spirit should be in the same sphere with the person sought, and as Spheres have no reference to space, even two spirits may be within three feet of each other and yet be as ignorant of each other's locality as if they were a thousand miles apart. We are in the constant habit of speaking of higher spheres and lower spheres, as if this earth was surrounded by spheres like the coats of an onion, but what the spirits mean by a higher and lower is the same as is meant by the words, high intellect, great men; having no reference to physical elevation, or the amount of space the bodies of these great men occupy. Now we can neither hear nor see a spirit who is not in the same sphere with ourselves. Consequently when a spirit wishes to communicate with us he must either come into our sphere or bring us into his. If, then, we appoint a time when we will meet him, he will endeavor to be present at that time, and will then communicate or perform other things agreed upon. But if we fail to be punctual there will be no certainty of having his presence. If we hold a circle at any time it will be attended by spirits, but they will only be such spirits as belong to our sphere, and who happen to be present. Such spirits may rap out a communication if there should be a rapping medium present, but it will be of no higher grade than the persons present and will be just as truthful and no more so; for the grades of moral development of spirits as well as the mental, will correspond to the moral and mental development of

the persons present. It is obvious that, if this be true, circles should strictly observe time and place, if for no other reason than to obtain the instructions of higher developed spirits. When a circle has been formed, it would appear that a particular spirit takes charge of it, calling to his aid such other spirits as he may deem proper, and that no other spirit will interfere during the development, and for this reason the observance of time is absolutely necessary.

But why should it be necessary for the persons composing the circle to sit in a particular order?

We answer; because the spirits are subject to the law of finite conditions; and as each person is differently organized, and it is necessary that the circle should become, so to speak, a unit in their magnetic relations, the circle is broken every time the members change their places, and the requisite condition, without which the spirits cannot produce a given phenomenon, is destroyed. It is frequently the case that a number of persons sit down for the purpose of holding a temporary circle, in which there are several media of different degrees of development, i. e., occupying different spheres, for spirits in the body occupy different spheres as well as those out of the body, and one medium will see the spirit of some friend present and describe it, while another can see nothing of it, but will see another spirit which the first cannot see. The reason of this is that the two media are in different spheres, and can see only the spirits which are in the same sphere with them. Now, in order that a circle may be advanced, that is developed, all the members must be brought into the same sphere, and if the circle is deranged by the shifting of places, this cannot be done. Media are advanced from one sphere to another by the action of the will, assisted by the spirits who are in the sphere to which they are advancing. Hence, if you have a rapping medium in the circle, and the members devote their time to the asking of questions and obtaining answers, the spirits will never be able to advance the members to a higher sphere, and none of them will ever be able to see the spirits. In case a circle should continue to meet under such circumstances the media will be rendered unconscious, and in this condition the spirits will use their organs, if their physical organs are suitable, for the purpose of speaking, and may deliver fine discourses, or otherwise, as the case may be; but the media receives little or no benefit from such a result, and frequently become disgusted with the spirits, and claim that they are all evil spirits or even that it is not spirits at all. Such has been the result with several. Such a result is certainly best for the medium, as there is some chance that they may be progressed under these circumstances, but none at all while their organs are being used by spirits not their own. But we will speak of this again when we come to consider the subject of faith in the truth of Spiritual communications.

Chagrin Falls, O.

G. B. R.

NEWARK, O., March 4, 1859.

DEAR AGITATOR: Once more I am in that rounded State whose name and power have such close resemblance to each other, and where the hearts and homes of the people are ever open to the heralds of a better time coming. After parting with Cora Wilburn, Hattie Judd Sartain, M. D., and scores of good friends in the city of Brotherly Love, I spent a week and gave five lectures in Baltimore, and was out in a snow storm—was well pleased with the city, my audiences, and the friends I made there and added to several who reside there and were well known to me before. I took a turn round Washington, with several long and broad views from the steps of the capitol—heard the "Little Giant" make a great speech in the Senate Chamber, in which he turned the President and his

Northern and Southern allies out of the Democratic party, placing himself on a National Platform, (as he called it) to do it. Shook the warm hand under the kind heart and pleasant face of the Hon. J. R. Giddings—chatted an hour with my old and highly esteemed friend, Charles Durkee, of the Senate—got entangled in the broad spread crinoline under bare arms and naked shoulders of the fashionable ladies of the capital, in the most perfect jam I was ever in, at the last levee of James Buchanan for the season, at the White House. It was amusing to see the all sort of shapes in which the broad skirts of fashion and folly were pressed in a crowd of men, and more amusing to hear the remarks of about the specific gravity of each, and as they lifted several out of a window who could not get to a door if they could *through* it. I met Sarah A. Whitman the poetess, in the jam, and we succeeded in living and breathing for a short time and then drifted and I got out—have not heard whether she did, but she had a stout man to help her. I did not want an office, so I looked after the ladies more than the President. I left early and slept soundly as if nothing had happened; returned to Baltimore and soon after read of that cowardly murder of a poor sick widower by the Hon. Daniel Sickles of New York, who pretended in justification, to have been disgraced by some act of his victim and a woman; as if the act of others than himself could disgrace him. I always supposed it required some act of our own to disgrace us; and I know of none that could do it more, than the murder of a sick married man or woman. I think he is disgraced now, whatever may have been the cause of his untimely anger. I think that a few more such lessons will teach people that every person is responsible for his or her own actions and not for those of another, whether married or single. It seems to me, that a pure, honest, noble man, on finding he was associated with a bad woman, or one that did not love him, would let her go with those whose society she liked better than his. But I will stop this runaway commentary, for the mind sickens at the depravity of society and its ridiculous judgments.

From Baltimore I took passage for St. Louis with the stops in it, and in the morning took a pleasant seat in a pleasant car, under the smiling care of a pleasant conductor, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and wound slowly up the Potomac to Richmond, near the top of the Alleghanies; and there we all had to stop for the Night Express, due at 2 A. M. It reached us at three and we all crowded into the already full cars, among the men half a sleep, with pockets full of whisky and tobacco—a tight car, bad air, cross, unaccommodating conductor, so apparent with disease and disorder; so unlike what we had left, that several of our company were sick, and all were crazy; but we were ticketed through and must go.

Near noon we came down the western slope of the mountain to the Ohio crossing and were glad to get out of the *bad* car and bad air, although the morning train was gone and we all had to stay till evening at the little muddy nook of Bellaire. When the night came we found good seats, in good cars, on a good road, (Ohio Central,) with one of the Ohio kind of conductors. When the hour of midnight left us the train left me at the pleasant little town, where the overflowing hotels caused me to become rapping spirit at the door of Br. Harrington. My name soon brought him to the door, and me to a bed where sleep was ready to take me to other regions. Soon after morning the Court House was engaged for other kind of trial than those now pending; where I am to enter a plea for the spirit on Saturday evening and Monday. Notices are floating and I am waiting, and when our Court ends, I go to Dayton—then to St. Louis, and after locking arms with the "Father of Waters," return to be with you the 24th of April.

WARREN CHASE

JOHN ALLEN.

The following communication from our friend will be read with interest by all who take an interest in the soul's Hereafter. The communication was given through the mediumship of Mrs. E. M., an excellent trance medium, to Miss L., a sister-in-law of Mr. Allen.—[Ed.]

Alone in a room with Mrs. M. she heard music sweeter and more varied than that of an Æolian harp—then, like the opening of a door, a cloud rolled away, and Mr. Allen stood near her and said he would take her to his house. She saw him and Aunt L., (she had seen them and been told who they were on a previous occasion,) at the head of a numerous and well ordered band of children, whom they had educated and raised in a sphere far above this.

The children were very beautiful; they had long hair and little caps upon their heads, from which waved plumes of every color of the rainbow. Each bore a cross, on one arm of which was a bird. The other formed a musical instrument, from which, as the procession wended its way, the harmony which entranced her ever floated along. The bird's note formed the bass; each child's instrument differed in voice, but blended into perfect accord. The path, as far as the eye could reach, seemed to be a sort of white down, or rather a fleecy cloud overlaid with purple and gold.

Mrs. M. wept, for among the children was her little daughter, who said, "Mamma, I am so happy." They said many things to one another which were, for us, unutterable. M.'s daughter was there, too, exquisite in her loveliness, with large, full dark eyes and hair of golden brown. Finally they stood near a large circular mansion, with piazzas running around it from top to bottom. It seemed a conglomerated mass of jewels of every hue. Around it lay circular gardens, the beauty and brilliancy of which baffled description. Mr. Allen said,

"This house, they tell me, I am to live in.—Do you think I deserve this? What have I done in life to deserve such happiness? I have progressed more since I came here, without an effort, simply by being willing and obedient, than by any five years of hard struggling upon earth. Here are no hindrances, no trammels. This festival is about to be held in honor of my ascension here. I shall meet friends from many different spheres, the great and good whom I have always desired to see." \* \*

The medium found herself in an immense apartment of varied architecture, with many pillars and arches, where were statues of gold, silver and marble. Throughout its length a table was set, dazzling marvellous with the beauty of its flowers, vases and utensils. One vase, she said, would form a study for a day. In this department were crystal fountains playing, and ponds with every description of fish. Soon thousands of guests were seated. She recognized Mr. Urner, Fourier and many others. Mr. Allen pointed out to her our father and mother. Next them was a tall old man with hair like silver and a very fair complexion. She did not know him. Then our mother was a queen or nearly allied to a royal family, for she wore a crown of jewels. Many others wore crowns all differing from each other. All the males wore turbans.—Mr. Allen's was cape-like, of blue and white. His dress silvery, tinged with many colors, seemingly as water reflects clouds. The effect of the blending in this hall of every hue, and the radiance proceeding from countenances where all were beautiful, was transcendent. Without, in the garden, she had marked the mystic and exquisite light that from the sky, like a radiant sunset, only, instead of fading, it grew brighter, like the dawn. Besides this shone a different light, which, whether it proceeded from the jeweled mansion, the flowers, the birds or the children's faces, she could not tell.

## THE AGITATOR.

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

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

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

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## THE TRUE MARRIAGE.

All true marriages are natural. There are, in truth, none but natural marriages. There is no union of oil and water; no marriages of uncongenial souls. The word is a misnomer when thus applied. Everything in Nature is male and female, from the tiny atom that floats in space to the fixed stars. All things, thoughts and creatures, (save in the human kingdom) seek their affinities and reproduce their like. But for the marriage of the earth and sun our good mother would not now be writing Floral ballads or singing liquid psalms; she would not preach sermons in the mountains and trace upon the leaves of trees, living and immortal thoughts. Human souls are prototypes of planets; human thoughts correspond to seeds. Kindred hearts meet and mingle. The spirit feels and acknowledges the kinship. Their thoughts marry and germinate their like. If the thoughts are beautiful and aspirational they will parent sweet songs, sound sermons and lofty prose-poems. Love of love is born, lust of lust and harmony is the legitimate offspring of harmonious souls.

A true loving marriage is requisite to happiness, to harmony, to the development of the spirit-body. Love to the soul is life as air and sunlight are to the physical man. No soul *lives* that does not love and is not loved; it may vegetate and die—this is not life. The highest, noblest want of the soul is the love, the affection, the divine soul-communions of a kindred spirit. There is no love so deep and holy as a conjugal love. It is the pivotal love—the great central sun of the soul—around which the friendship loves like stars revolve.

But it has had a poor chance in the world. It has been starved, stoned and crucified between two thieves, Law and Custom. Men have not dared to trust Nature so they have legislated upon love and set to it bounds. If the soul may not be its own judge and Law-giver how can it make laws for another? The stream can rise no higher than the fountain.

It is lamentable that men are permitted to enter the holy of holies to plunder and protect. But so long as there is a demand for laws so long the demand will be supplied; but, in heaven's name, let the laws restrain and not license the evil doers.

Christians talk long and loudly about constancy, we are the first to rebuke crime, if the criminal is not a man of "honor," yet no people are so morally weak, so lamentably inconstant as these same Christians. We might well take lessons of the godless Feejee Islanders. It is said the sailors and missionaries first taught them adultery. The Canary bird is worthy of all praise. It cannot be driven or wheedled into our wretched civiliza-

tion system of polygamy or bigamy; into eloping, jealousy or any other Christian folly. Nature has written its laws, and to her it will be true. A story in point is told of a lady who owned a fine female Canary bird. Year after year she tried to raise birds by this female and a mate of her own choosing. The lady bird, justly indignant at the interference of a third person in her domestic arrangements, stoutly refused any overtures of reconciliation with the intruders upon her domain. The bird was beautiful as a Broadway belle, but her rebellious spirit gained for her the title of "Rebel." The lady at length concluded to let Miss Rebel "have her own way" and let her loose with a flock of birds. She was not long in choosing a mate. Then the happy pair set up a separate establishment and raised a family of sweet singers.

Few women, like Miss Canary, do their own choosing, and very many marry those they would have shunned had they been free to make their selections. In the true marriage there is no monopoly, no proprietorship, save that of self.

In the lower Courts "man and wife are one, the one the husband." Nature has no such laws. The dew drop is a distinct entity; the pebble is simply itself; the stars do their own shining; each leaf and flower tells its own simple story, lives its own life. Two halves make a bean. The little things are too sensible to think of being merged into or of controlling the other half. "What does all this prove?" the reader asks. It proves that if the partition walls of distinction were broken down—if woman could be free to choose or refuse her husband—if circumstances did not often compel her to marry a *maintenance*—if the gulf between Poverty and Riches was bridged—if Nature could be permitted to speak to and through the soul she would ask but *her own* in marriage. She would not perjure her soul by accepting what belonged to another. How may the soul prove its own? In this age of social inversion one may be easily deceived. But a child is never deceived in its attractions because it is true to its nature. Dante was a Nature child prematurely developed. He met Beatrice in the innocence of childhood. They were unschooled in conventionalism. Consequently soul met soul, thought to thought, spirit to spirit responded.—They were married. A thousand magistrates could not have bound them more closely, nor ten thousand divide them, for their marriage certificate received the seal of Divinity. In true marriage there may be minor points of difference, but true love is ever ready to make concessions. Upon fundamental points there will be no disagreement among married people. Purity and sensualism will not wed. Truth and Falsehood have no affinitizing properties. The truly married have like loves, like hopes and aspirations alike. There will be no jealousy, ownership, discord or divorces where there is a *soul-union*. We do not quarrel with ourselves, and petition for a divorce, or ask a third party to adjust our differences.

"How long will a true marriage last?" is a common question. Just so long as love lasts and no longer. H. C. Wright says once God-joined *forever* united. Forever is so far distant it seems hardly necessary to discuss the question of duration; it is enough to know that Nature to herself will be true. "Are husband and wife always true to each other when rightly married?" Is the sun true to the earth? the needle to the pole? The same law of attraction unite the positive and the negative in the human kingdom. One thing is sure, when the soul is true to itself, it will not be to others false.

If the truly married are not the unfortunate inheritors of crimes and follies their children will be the world's Saviors. The evils that call for the hangman and halter are the offspring of outraged souls. Love children are free and harmonious, be-

cause purity and harmony are their legitimate inheritance. They will plant "heart's ease" where the deadly night shade grows; they will turn the jails into work shops; the brandy dens into school-houses. They will convert warships into ships of commerce and send the soldiers to grow their bread on "our Father's" great farm. With hearts, heads and destinies united they will go up into the Mount of Transfiguration and bring to earth the Kingdom of Heaven.

## NEW ARRANGEMENT.

With great pleasure we introduce to our readers Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, as corresponding editor of the Agitator. She is too well and widely known to need a recommendation from any one. For years she has been a speaker and improvisator. Burns never uttered sweeter or diviner things in his garments of clay than he has written through the hand of his "bonnie ladie." He, and others of the "gone before," will speak to our readers in prose and poems through their *living*, working medium, Mrs. Hyzer.

We started the Agitator with the hope of seeing it grow into a high toned Weekly Journal. That hope we have never abandoned, notwithstanding the many obstructions in our way. Our sister worker will put shoulder to the wheel—a noble apostle band have tendered their services in procuring subscribers—the Atlantic Monthly has no better contributors than are some of ours. With such hearts and such hands we feel strong and ready to clear the way and move up the Mount of Progression.

## SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

We have recently received from Paris the "Spiritualist Review, a Journal principally devoted to the study of the Mind and Soul and the demonstration of its Immortality; and to prove a series of uninterrupted revelations, and the constant intervention of Providence in the destinies of Man."

The following interesting item translated by our "Typo," will give some idea of its character:

"The last *Illustrated Universe* of December 9th, contains an article by M. Gerome, the same who had accused M. Hume of jugglery, and the Spiritualists of delusion, in which he tells what he has seen enacted, overthrowing his scepticism, by recounting the following history relative to his friend, Dr. Maynard, a man of learning and literary merit, who died in Paris in the last Autumn:

"Suffering of a cruel malady, Dr. Felix Maynard had predicted the day, and also the precise hour of his death. The last time I saw him, I questioned him concerning his works and projects.

"I shall work no more, and I project nothing," he answered.

"Why?"

"Because in four weeks I shall not exist."

"Look well to your medicines, I said; you are all right; you imagine that God has made you of earth and that the slightest shock will suffice to kill you."

"My dear," said he to me, "you see this Almanac hung to the side of the chimney."

"Yes."

"Take it down."

"Here it is."

"Look at the first column."

"It is the month of November. What is there particular in this first column?"

"Nothing, only that I shall die in this month, on the 4th, Thursday, the day marked by the spirit of Charles Borromeo. Are you there?"

"I am there."

"Do you see anything strange at this date?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"A line traced by a pen."

"Very well, my dear, I have traced the line in question to remember that I shall die on that day. By-the-way is it true, as he has told me, that you have purchased the coffin first destined for the poor Queen of Oude?"

"This is the last visit that I made to Felix Maynard. On the 4th of November his prediction came to mind, and I resolved to go for one of his novels. I had already reached the first steps of the staircase, when the porter appeared from the door of his lodge, and intercepted me with the following:

"Where are you going?"

"To M. Felix Maynard."

"He died this morning."

The obsequies of M. Felix Maynard are to be celebrated in the church of St. Louis D'antin, in the presence of a great number of priests and friends of the honorable dead. His mortal remains are to be carried to the Montmartre cemetery."

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received and read with great interest Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis; by a reporter of the New York Press. Published by Thatcher & Hutchison, 523 Broadway, (St. Nicholas Hotel,) New York. Mrs. Cunningham, of the Burdell tragedy, occupies a conspicuous place in the work. A great good will be accomplished in the "Broakerage" if it but calls attention to the fact that men will advertise for wives and women for husbands as coolly as for absconded horses. It is an infamous business and the man who has done so much as the author of this book has done to expose those matrimonial marts does the community a good service. We hope Mrs. Jessie Willis, a Matrimonial Broker, will find more honorable tho' perhaps, less lucrative busines. The book contains 300 pages, 12mo., with Six graphic Illustrations in N. Orr's best style of engraving. Price \$1.

Among our best exchanges is the New York Saturday Press, a Journal of the Times, published every Saturday morning, at No 9 Spruce street, New York. Terms—\$2 a year; Five Cents a single number.

The following are the contents of the Atlantic Monthly for March:

Holbein and the Dance of Death; Lizzy Griswold's Thanksgiving; Achmed and his Mare; Chas. Lamb and Sidney Smith; Bulls and Bears; The Waterfall; The Winter Birds; The New Life of Dante; The Double-Headed Snake of Newbury; A Plea for the Fijians; The Professor at the Breakfast Table; The Utah Expedition; The Minister's Wooing; Review of Sawyer's New Testament; Recent American Publications.

This monthly of standard literature, for the high tone of its fiction and the real value of its facts and solid reading has no equal. "The Minister's Wooing," by Harriet Beecher Stow, is a story of much interest and characterized by a faithful delineation of human nature. In truth there is in it, no reading that will not benefit as well as entertain.

COMMON SENSE THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE, by Wm. Denton, is a little book with an appropriate title.—Few people are so well qualified to write and speak upon the Bible as Mr. Denton.

Price of the book, post paid, is 12 cents. For sale at the Agitator office.

SPIRITUALISM, as demonstrated from Ancient and Modern History. A lecture by Judge Edmonds. Price 6 cents. For sale at this office.

MISS BISHOP—The Agitator and "Unwelcome Child" has gone to you. We may in the future publish "Helena Miles" with other "Heart Histories" in a book; but we have the nine papers containing the story if you wish them.

BONNIE BELL.\*

In a sweet cottage far away  
Beyond the ceaseless, crashing din  
Caused by the tireless mill-wheel's play,  
And the deep roaring of the lin—  
By a still stream so pure and sweet,  
It seemeth born o' fairy spell—  
Where vale and mountain mirror'd meet,  
Bloometh in sweetness bonnie Bell.

Her white brow by the rich brown hair,  
Is ne'er wi' envious care conceal'd;  
But both in meekness claim a share  
O' beauty in her form reveal'd.  
Like a dart, dewy petal seen  
I' drooping wild flowers o' the dell,  
The sunny, dark-edged leaves between,  
Beams the mild eye o' bonnie Bell.

Whene'er her rosy lips she parts  
To warble forth a sonnet strain,  
You'd think an angel's voice and heart,  
Were mingling in the sweet refrain;  
T'were vain to seek wi' pen or tongue,  
O' half her loveliness to tell—  
The first I've hushed, the last I've flung  
Awa, to dream o' bonnie Bell.

To ask the God o' love and truth,  
To send the bright celestial throngs,  
To guide and guard her budding youth,  
And teach her all their sweetest songs—  
To bid them cull the flowers most rare,  
O' the bright bowers in which they dwell,  
And twine them wi' the fondest care  
Around the brow o' bonnie Bell.

FRANCES O. HYZER.

\* "Bell" is a young lady friend of ours.—F. O. H.

MRS. HYZER'S LECTURE.

Mrs. Hyzer spoke in Cleveland on the 20th inst. Her congregation would have been the largest of the kind ever assembled in the city if the people could have found seats. Many went away for want of room.

The lecture was one of the most brilliant and logical productions we ever listened to. It is to be regretted that there was no report made of the lectures. They should be read by all who love beautiful and truthful things.

PLAGIARISM.—As the congregation were leaving the hall, after Mrs. Hyzer's lecture, a lady asked J. W. Gray, editor of the Plaindealer, what he thought of the lecture. "Oh it was fine—very fine!" he replied. "Her speech reminded me of the editorials in the Plaindealer." The supposition is Mr. Gray has read Mrs. Hyzer's writings and actually, *unconsciously* of course, woven them into his editorials.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

Read the advertisement of a forthcoming book by Hudson Tuttle. We know of no one better qualified for the work than Mr. Tuttle. We shall look with great interest for its publication. Book us for a book, Mr. T. If it is more convenient for those wishing the work to send their names to the Agitator we will forward them to Mr. Tuttle with pleasure.

JOSEPH TREAT's post-office is Wainessville not Warrensville.

S. J. FINNEY is lecturing in Cincinnati.

A FEW people in England sent H. C. Wright \$50 for the "Unwelcome Child." They are to be distributed gratuitously among the poor. The idea is a sensibly one. Pity the book was not in every house in the land where there is an unwelcome child.

WILLIAM DENTON has given in this city, recently a course of lectures on Geology. They are exceedingly fine and instructive. He is now in Buffalo.

MRS. FRANCES E. HYER has kindly sent our children several letters that are as fresh and "flowry" as is the southern Eden from which they came.—Fanny Green has sent them three of her sweetest songs—all too late for this number. Blessings on those who remember the juveniles.

MRS. AGNES COOK and Mrs. Dr. Thomas presented to the Legislature of Indiana petitions asking the equal rights of women and men. They are strong hearted earnest working women. If their prayers are not heeded there is no justice in the hearts of Indiana law makers.

REMOVED.—Dr. James E. Gross, of the Forest City Water Cure, has removed to Yellow Springs. He has leased the Water Cure in that place for a term of years. It will be repaired and ready to receive patients by the 20th of April.

Mrs. Maria M. Gross, M. D., and Dr. Seely are associated with Dr. Gross in the Cure. Water, in the hands of this trio, will be efficacious on out-washing any curable maladies.

STRANGERS who are in the city and want a good meal will find it to their advantage to call at the Rainbow Saloon on Water street. The Saloon is kept by Mrs. Bates, a worthy woman.

Particular attention paid to ladies.

WE HAVE on hand a few complaints from contributors because of the non appearance of their communications. We shall not be able to publish one fourth of the articles sent, so long as the paper is a semi-monthly.

NOTICES.

Postage on Magnetic Salve, 10 cents.

JAMES COOPER, M. D., will speak in Akron on Sunday, May 15; Copy the 17th and 18th. Persons wishing to secure his services can address him, Bellfontain, Ohio.

Dr. Cooper will receive subscriptions for the Agitator.

MRS. F. O. HYZER will speak in St. Louis, Sunday, April 3st and 10th. She may be addressed to the care of J. L. Blood,

H. F. M. BROWN will speak in Buffalo, April 24th.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in the Agitator. Terms: five cents a line for the first insertion, and 2 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

THE SPIRITUAL CLARION, a journal of Distinctive and Harmonic Spiritualism, is published at Auburn, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Clark, Editors, and Miss Mary Jane King, Assistant. One copy, one volume of 52 numbers, \$1 in advance.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Cleveland, April 24th.

F. L. WADSWORTH may be addressed office of "Spiritual Age," 14 Broomfield street, Boston, Mass.

W. A. Hume will answer calls to lecture, wherever his services may be required. His address is Cleveland, Ohio; P. O. box, 2397. Terms easy.

ADDRESS Miss Libbie Higgins, Cleveland, Ohio; J. H. W. Toohey, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. V. C. Hunt, Madison, O.; Mrs. E. Warner, Milan, O.; John M. Spear, Boston, Mass.; S. C. Hewitt, Kiantone, N. Y.; O. L. Sutliff, Mansfield, O.; Miss M. Southwick, Grafton, O.

A. J. Higgins will be in Cleveland about the 1st of April, and will answer calls to lecture.

PROF. J. E. CHURCHILL can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street (above Race,) Philadelphia, for lectures on Religion, Politics and Social Reform!

## THE TYPO'S TABLE.

## SOLILOQUY OF A MAID OF ALL WORK.

My name is Matilda Crouch. I'm a maid of all work. There's a stain on the Crouch family, and that's why I'm in the kitchen, instead of being in the position that my natural talents and brilliant abilities would allow me to occupy. My mother "dishonored" my father, and I dishonored them both; but it's my opinion that they both dishonored me. My mother was naturally a smart woman, but my father was an ignorant fool; if he hadn't been ignorant, he'd've shot the person that disgraced us, like an honorable man. If he'd killed him, he'd been sent to jail, of course; but "the Code of honor" would have sustained him, and the President would have visited him in his cell, and very likely bailed him out;—very likely he would; and at last the law would declare him "not guilty." Of course it would. The law can't hang "men of honor." And no doubt his conduct would have inspired the people with such confidence in his honor, that they would have appointed him a police, or to some other responsible position. And then I should have been introduced into "respectable society," and might have had a situation as chamber-maid or seamstress in some rich family, and got good wages; or perhaps have been a nurse, a place which with my talents, I could so admirably fill. But as it is, I am deprived that privilege, on account of the bad example my depraved birth might set before innocent children. Yes, if my father had been a man of honor, I might have married an honest mechanic, or a well-to-do dandy at least, and no doubt lived in decent, respectable style. But, as it is, I shall, no doubt, have to marry a coachman, or some one else equally below my brilliant mind, and be everlastingly grateful in the bargain. What a pity that my mother had not respected the Law. But I shall always charge my misfortunes to my father's ignorance! O, that he had only had a high appreciation of honor!

Star Mansion Kitchen, March 28th, 1859.

## THE HIDDEN GRIEF.

Every man has his own grief and sorrow. Where will you find a heart that has no secret sadness lying heavily upon it? It may not always press with equal weight upon the soul—it is well that it does not. But it is there, ready to stir the depths of our sorrow in moments of loneliness, when afar from the noise, and busy haunts of men. Then memory is awake; then association is linking us to all the past. Then we live amid the scenes, the thoughts, the companions of days gone by. A cheerless, rainy day, a solitary walk in the quiet country, the funeral of a friend, an hour's meditation at the even-tide, may awaken the tender and fearful memories of the past.

How many and how various are the causes of sorrow! How soon the early dream fades away! How rapidly perish the cherished visions of our riper years. But it is our portion here that we must have sorrow mingled with our joys. Few indeed, are without them. Look at the crowd that passes along the gay thoroughfare. Follow them to their solitary chambers. Question them when alone in the still hour of the evening. How many of all that crowd, apparently so thoughtless, have a burden and a sorrow lying upon their hearts! Friends have died. The loved ones of home are far away. Many, many are the tears that fall in secret over the bitterness of the heart, of which the world knows nothing.—*Selected.*

"Love is a lively romance; marriage is flat history."—Whew!

## MRS. STARR.

Those who read the Cleveland papers will remember that there has been a recent outcry respecting the "seduction" and "elopement" of Mrs. Starr and Dr. Eaton. A few days since we received the following letter from the "deceived" "depraved" woman, which gives quite another version of the matter. We sent an extract from it to the Cleveland Herald for publication, and are happy to say they published it. The papers that have copied the libelous article will, probably, quite overlook anything that may throw light on a dark subject. We will give our readers the benefit of a part of Mrs. Starr's letter:

LOCKPORT, March 5, 1859.

DEAR H.—: You may be surprised at receiving a line from me. I have often wished to write to you, and have felt that you would do me justice. This is all I ask of any one. Many that have professed to be my warmest friends—those that often expressed feeling of sympathy and regret at my situation and sufferings, are the first to show their true character, by not only forsaking, but condemning what to me are the highest, because the truest acts of my life. I am falsely accused of deeds dark in their nature. But I am thankful my accusers have their lives to live not mine. May Heaven forgive me if I ever joined my voice with the slanders against a brother or sister who is struggling to be free. I have a few dear friends who have pure hearts; such will not forsake me in the hour of need; those stimulate me with words of encouragement and love—while others under the garb of friendship—yes, even reformers, would crush me to the earth and try to ruin my reputation by circulating all manner of evil stories against me. I have charity to think that "they know not what they do." They think me an object of pity, while I consider them equally the same, if not more so, than myself.

But I forgot to tell you a little about my sickness; it will be but a faint idea, for words are inadequate to the task. My mind was in such a state at that time, that I remember nothing distinctly. No language can portray my sufferings, and I am satisfied that my recovery would have been wholly and hopelessly gone, had it not been for the constant watchfulness of the spirits, combined with their magnetic influence. In order to do this, they sent G. C. Eaton from Buffalo. The spirits told him, through a medium there, to come immediately—that it was a case of life and death; I feel that it would have been better for me to pass to my spirit home. For a long time I could not walk a step, and I am still weak, though gradually gaining strength. I sometimes fear I never again shall be well in body or mind. My health improved so slow that my friends thought it best for me to change locations and surroundings, and try the effect of new scenes. I thought it might be well, but was undecided which way to go, when Dr. Eaton received word of his mother's sickness demanding his immediate return home. We then thought it best for me to accompany him, and continue under his treatment, which benefited me so much. My mother would have gone with me, but for want of means, she came only to Cleveland, staying one night with me there and returning the next day. The Doctor and myself left for Buffalo the same day and arrived here the next, where I now am.

I have written you the particulars, because I hear it is a current report that I have eloped with Dr. Eaton, and I want you to know the truth. I left home by the earnest solicitation of my friends.—Nine persons went with me to the depot. Does this look like eloping? I have written home twice, and received two letters from there. I regret that the Doctor has to be wrongly represented on my account; how much or by whom, I know not; my friends dare not tell me. But I am strong enough to bear it now and hope you will let me know all you know about it. I intend to go home when I am better, notwithstanding all that has been said of me. Please tell me what the Cleveland papers have said.

Your Sister,

J. B. STARR.

## THE MINUTES.

We are but Minutes—little things!  
Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but Minutes—yet each one bears  
A little burden of joys or cares.  
Take patiently the Minutes of pain—  
The worst of Minutes cannot remain.

We are but Minutes—when we bring  
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,  
Taste their sweetness while yet we stay—  
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but Minutes—use us well—  
For how we are used we must one day tell;  
Who uses Minutes, has hours to use—  
Who loses Minutes, whole years must lose.

## THE RESPECTABILITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

Let us give ourselves no uneasiness about the "respectability" of this child of the skies, which already claims notoriety in its youth, whether popularity or not. Some of its friends seem to be uncomfortably anxious about it, and to think it devolves on them to give it rank and position, and begild, bejewel, and bedizen it with fiddle-de-dees enough to make it presentable to its associate seniors, the religions of the past. "It must," say they "not fear to appear a little like—Orthodoxy, although its heart may be vastly different; its garb must be something after the old style, or else people will be frightened away from all connection with it, and thus be shut out from the benefits it might give them." They would pray verbally at the beginning of every lecture to an imaginary God, and hang on all the oratorical flourishes about Him and His Son, that any Catholic could, and be sure and conjure up a double meaning; one for the conservative portion of the audience and one for the reformers, provided they are well enough versed in allegory to make any sense out of it. They would make frequent reference to the "Holy" Bible as if they really deemed it infallible, when they know well enough that a truth uttered by Tom Thumb is just as good as one found in the Bible. I do not know but they would robe it in a creed and hang beads and a cross around its neck to appear "respectable," and find an excuse in so doing by saying, such things mean nothing, and if they please people, why let them enjoy them.

We want nothing to do with that which is useless and meaningless. The demands of usefulness are enough to engross our minds without our paying attention to mere form. Ours is a practical religion, and its genius is an original, may be an eccentric.

It may be by catering to opinions and appearances, Spiritualism might draw into its ranks more aristocracy and wealth, and thus take "position." But it does not—it should not, care about doing so. The aristocracy which tramples the poor in the dust, and dwarfs their souls, that it may glitter and luxuriate in ease, is just what Spiritualism wishes to reform rather than win. I would not have Spiritualism pick the pockets of its poor laboring children to build elegant churches with towering steeples, in order to be respectable. I had rather it would say to them, "Do good with your gold either to yourself or others. Buy good books, and allow yourself time to read them. Make yourself comfortable, and those around you, and thus accelerate mental unfoldment." I should feel very much pained to see Spiritualism strutting in golden elegance in a church built by the hard earnings of the poor. I should hate to see it stumble over Poverty, and Honesty and crush them, in its haste to grasp the jeweled hands of Wealth and Popularity.

Spiritualism will do well enough so long as its "respectability" is not too much looked after. Let each spiritualists make himself genuinely respecta-

ble, not in the acceptance of the world, but in his own judgment, and let the respectability of *Spiritualism* take care of itself. It needs no attention. Spiritualism can stand alone, without being propped up by Aristocracy and Wealth, and will look much better in its robe of simple truth than it would all trinketed to be admired by perverted tastes.

"We are going to try and introduce Spiritualism into — and we intend to make it *very respectable*; we shall have no women who wear short dresses nor men with long beards, lecture to us. The aristocracy of our circle in society will not countenance such eccentricities, and we wish to make it popular with our friends," said a Spiritualist to me a few days ago.

"I am afraid it will not thrive in a stifled atmosphere," I could not help saying. "I fear it will droop like a morning-glory in the afternoon, all its days, if it ever blossoms."

Spiritualists of the above stamp are in no enviable condition. They are so extremely afraid of treading on somebody's toes that they are afraid to step ahead at all. They are so much afraid of running counter to the opinions of others, that it is with extreme embarrassment that they venture to express their own.

Let me say again, don't fret about the "respectability of Spiritualism, only far enough to make yourself genuinely respectable! Do not be boorish and unrefined in your manners. Be chaste and correct in the use of language, and do not indulge in profanity. Slang phrases and oaths are black spots on the face of our beautiful English. Pay due regard to taste and neatness in dress, and the arrangement of your house and grounds; all admire true beauty, and this admiration is one of the highest attributes of the soul, inasmuch as it stimulates its culture. True politeness is essential to comfort and refinement, and should always be observed. I have sometimes thought that there are a class of Spiritualists, who, in their zeal to be entirely free from conservatism and formality, cast aside that polish which comes by observing our duties toward others, and plain common sense. Those persons are little better than they who manifest a disposition to crouch to frippery and senseless formality in their efforts to make Spiritualism somebody in the eyes of the world.

EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

Walnut Grove, Ohio.

#### A PIOUS HUSBAND.

Mr. J—, of Wooster, O., is a respectable merchant and member of the Episcopal Church. His wife is a quiet, submissive little woman—usually. But she recently took it into her womanly head to have her own way and, without husbandly permission, went to a spiritual meeting. Whereupon her loving lord told her if she persisted in going among heretics she could no longer share his home, but must go out homeless, without her children or means of support. The Church, the public and St. Paul are on the side of the master of the house.—How long will woman submit to be treated like a beast of burden?

For Freedom thine,

O. N.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.—A correspondent of the Telegraph says: There is in the town of Lebanon, Conn., a little girl who is a medium for physical manifestations. The people have a stove in the house which she is unable to raise from the floor, on account of its weight being too great for her strength; but by placing her hands on the top of the stove and requesting the spirit of a departed friend to raise it for her, it is raised several inches from the floor. This has been witnessed by an intelligent gentleman of Willimantic, who has the blessing of good eye-sight. The child cannot lift the stove; hence there can be no deception on the part of the medium.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### A FEW HINTS TO CHILDREN.

Spring is here, darlings. The birds have come from the south to join the unbound streamlets in song-singing. The trees are preparing their green dresses. The crocus is peeping out its head to see if the world is ready for its reception. The violet is opening its blue eyes lovingly to the light, and the golden dandelions—that some flower lover has called "earth stars"—are preparing for a grand promenade. Now, children, Nature hasn't put on her holiday dress for nothing. She wants her jewels and her robes seen and admired just as much as a bride and belle do theirs.

The birds and trees; the singing brooks and sweet daisies all invite you out to have with them a real good frolic. And, then, you must have a pruning knife, a hoe and spade and go to work in good earnest. Weak limbs, pale faces and idleness are quite out of date. Persons who expect to be *men* and *women* will not think for a moment about the degradation of labor. The *dignity* of labor is the thing that is to make you wise men and women. Every bone, nerve and muscle must be put into active service to be made strong and healthy.

Be up with the sun and out among the birds and bees; be as busy and light of heart as they. No matter if your cheeks grow to a Spanish brown, you will be all the better for the painting. By and bye you will be wanted to take the places we older ones occupy. You will find lily fingers, weak nerves and soft brains poor articles in the battle of life.

FRANCES BROWN.

ROLLING PRAIRIE, Feb. 13, 1859.

DEAR CHILDREN: I saw in the last *Agitator* that you were entirely crowded out of the corner kindly given you by the editor, because no one had written anything for you. From my heart I pitied every one of you, for I know you felt badly about it. I have a little girl of eight summers, and she was sadly disappointed, but soon brightened up, thinking of reading that nice story promised by Mrs Brown in the next number.

Children, you, no doubt, would think it rather dreary out here in Iowa, when the broad prairies are covered with a sheet of snow; and so it is.—We sadly miss the social gatherings, lectures and many other dearly prized privileges of more thickly settled localities; for away out here, we think ourselves near neighbors if no more than a mile apart. But I would like to see a bevy of you set down in the wilderness of flowers that grow on these beautiful prairies in the month of June. Would you think it dreary? No, indeed! I can imagine I see your looks of wonder and admiration, as you deck head, neck and arms with wreaths of the choicest flowers, and gathered your apron full for bouquets, and beautiful ones you could arrange, too—every variety of color, shade and tint. Dame Nature does many wonderful things, and these vast flower gardens are some of her most beautiful productions. Beside we have a great variety of wild fruit, which is almost as delicious as that which grows in cultivated orchards.

We have something better yet; and that is an abundance of invigorating fresh air; which town and city children can not appreciate until they breathe it. It would paint roses on your cheeks, cause your lungs to expand, and your dainty forms to grow more healthy and robust. These are some of the good things of "out west." I cannot tell you the rest now, for I fear that my letter will be so lengthy that the editor will not give it a place in your corner; so good bye for the present.

AUNT LIZZIE.

### Please let me be a Little Boy.

"Oh, Johnny," cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head! Can't you play without shouting so?"

Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs tandem, and called out in a loud whisper, "Get up, whoa!" But at length finding but little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down the reins, and laying his hand on his breast, said, with a long breath,

"Oh mother, it's full of noise in here, and it hurts me to keep it in! Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?"

"Yes, Johnny, I believe they do," replied the mother.

"Oh, then, mother dear," cried Johnny, in a winning tone, "please let me be a little boy."

We join poor Johnny heartily in his petition.—Please mothers, let your sons be little boys while they may. Let them have a free and happy childhood; that when your heads are low in the grave, they may point back to those days and say, "We were happy children, for there was sunshine where our mother was."

"I DID AS THE REST DID.—This tame yielding spirit, this doing "as the rest did," has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theater or gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave.—What ruined him? Simply "doing as the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in his situation of life do so and so, are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same manner. They grow up idlers, triflers and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education—has given them great advantages—but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man; he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother tries hard to bring up her daughter fashionable and genteely. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several other useful matters. In time they marry; their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and are soon reduced to poverty, and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished.—"Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

"I'D RATHER CARRY IT.—Going from market the other day, we observed a very small boy who gave no special indication, by dress or face, of other than ordinary sensation or training in life, carrying a basket that was so heavy as nearly to bear him down beneath it. We observed,

"My son, you have a heavy load."

"Yes," said he, "but I'd rather carry it than mother should!"

The remark was one of a nature we love to hear; but we do not know that we should have thought enough of it to have chronicled it, had we not seen across the street a highly accomplished young lady playing the piano, while her mother was washing the windows. We have no reason for forestalling the reflection and comparison of our readers on the facts.—*Investigator*.

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely  
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;  
There are looks that will part from us only  
When memory ceases to be;  
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,  
Though toilsom and steep be the way;  
And dreams that, light moonlight, can brighten  
With a light that is clearer than day.—*Præd*.

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