

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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VOLUME I.—NO. 5.

Poetry.

Autumn Woods.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Here in the northern vale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that unfold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks, the sweetest west, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that pale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the moon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat!

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breast,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where flickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmers of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its rosy canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

O, autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that made the forest glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave the wild and sad!

Ah! 't were a lot too blessed
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye.

And leave the rain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

Miscellany.

From the Home Journal.

The Magic Goblet.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

People ran up and down the steps; the whole house was in a tumult; every one screamed and made a noise on account of the morrow's joyful festival. The mother was the most active, as well as the most merry. The bride left everything go on; and thinking on her destiny, withdrew to her chamber. They waited for the son, the merchant, with his wife, and two older daughters with their husbands. Leopold, a younger son, was mischievously busy, in augmenting the disorder and increasing the noise, and in rendering everything confused, while he seemed to urge everything forward. Agatha, his yet unmarried sister, would bring him to reason, and begged him to trouble himself about nothing, and to leave others in peace; but his mother said, "Disturb him not in his foolishness; for to-day it is no matter about anything more or less; and therefore I beseech you all, since I already have so much to think of, that you won't trouble me about anything which is not highly necessary for me to know. If they break the porcelain, or some silver spoons are missing, or if the servants knock the stranger's target in two, don't trouble me by relating such trifles. When these days of disturbance are over, then we shall have a reckoning."

"Just so, mother," said Leopold. "These are ideas worthy of a queen. Also, if some maids break their necks—if the cook gets drunk and sets fire to the chimney—if the butler, for joy, lets the Malvoise run out, or drinks it up—they shall tell you nothing of such childishness. It may be that an earthquake might overthrow the house. My dear, that can't possibly be concealed."

"When will he ever be wiser?" said the mother. "What will your sisters think when they find you as foolish as they left you, two years ago?"

"They must do justice to my character," answered the lively youth. "That I am not so foolish as they or their husbands, who have, in two years, changed so much; and truly not for the better."

Now, the bridegroom came to them, and asked for the bride. The chambermaid was sent to call her. "Has Leopold brought you my request, dear mother?" asked the betrothed.

"That I know not," answered she; "in the confusion here in the house, one cannot keep any prudent thoughts."

The bride came up, and the young people greeted her with joy. "The request of which I spoke," continued the bridegroom, "is, that you will not be displeased if I bring to your

house, which is already, for the time, too well filled, one more guest."

"You yourself know," replied the mother, "that large as it is, yet a chamber could be prepared with difficulty."

"Yet, cried Leopold, 'I have already cared for that. I have had the great chamber in the back of the house arranged.'"

"Ah, that isn't comfortable enough," said the mother; "for years it has only been used for a lumber-room."

"It is fitted up finely," said Leopold, "and the friend for whom it is engaged, regards not such things; he only is concerned about our love. Besides, he has no wife, and likes solitude. So it will be just right for him. We have had trouble enough to persuade him, and to bring him among men."

"Surely, he isn't your gloomy alchemist and conjurer?" asked Agatha.

"No other than he," replied the bridegroom, "if you wish to call him so."

"Then don't you permit it, dear mother," pursued the sister; "what should such a man do in our house? I have sometimes seen him cross the square with Leopold, and his face troubles me. Besides, the old sinner scarce ever goes to church—he loves neither God nor man—and it brings no blessing to receive under our roof, on so solemn an occasion, such an unbeliever. Who knows what may happen from it?"

"How you talk!" said Leopold angrily; "because you know him not, you judge him so—and because his nose pleases you not, and he is no longer young and charming, so must he, according to your mind, be a conjurer and a dangerous man."

"Grant, dear mother," said the bridegroom, "a little place in your house to our old friend, and let him share in our common joy. He seems, dear sister Agatha, to have had some misfortune which has made him distrustful and misanthropical. He shuns all companionship, except only Leopold and me. I have much to thank him for: he at first gave a better direction to my spirits, and, indeed, I may say that he, perhaps, has alone rendered me worthy of the love of my Julia."

"He lends me all books," continued Leopold; "and what is more, old manuscripts, and what is still more, money, upon my mere word. He has a most Christian heart, little sister; and who knows, when that canst know him better if thou dost not give up thy shyness, and forget thyself in him, hateful even as he now seems to thee."

"Now, bring him to us," said the mother. "I have already had to hear so much about him from Leopold's mouth, that I am desirous to make his acquaintance. Only you must be answerable that we can give him no better lodging."

Meantime, the travelers came. They were the members of the family; the married daughters, as well as the officer, brought their children with them. The good old lady rejoiced to see her grand-children. All was welcome and merry speech; and when the bridegroom and Leopold had also returned their greetings, they withdrew to seek out the morose old friend.

He dwelt, for most of the year, in the country, a mile from the city; but he also had a little dwelling in the garden, before the gate. Here had he, by chance, learned to know the two young people. They met him now at a coffee-house, where they had placed themselves.

As it was already evening, after some conversation, they returned to the house.

The mother received the stranger very kindly; the daughters were somewhat reserved; Agatha, especially, was shy, and carefully avoided his looks. But, after the first general conversation, the eyes of the old man remained immovably fixed upon the bride, who had joined the company later. He seemed charmed, and they noticed that he sought secretly to wipe away a tear. The bridegroom was happy in his joy, as, some time after, while they were standing by a window, he took the old man's hand, and said to him: "What think you of my beloved Julia? Is she not an angel?"

"Oh! my friend, said the old man, much moved, 'such beauty and grace have I never yet seen, or I should rather say, (for that is an incorrect expression,) that she is so beautiful, so charming, so heavenly, that it is to me as if I had long known her—as if she, a stranger, were the most trusted image of my imagination—had always been at home in my heart.'"

"I understand you," replied the youth; "true beauty, grace and nobleness, as they cause us surprise and wonder, yet do not startle us, as something strange, unheard-of and unseen, but our own being is clear to us in a moment, our deepest remembrances are awakened, and our most intimate ideas made living."

At the evening meal the stranger took but a slight part in the conversation; his look was fixed immovably upon the bride, so that at last she became quite embarrassed and troubled. The officer told of a campaign in which he had

been engaged. The rich merchant spoke of his business and the bad times, and the landlord of the improvements which he had begun in his estate.

The bridegroom left the table to return for the last time, to his lonely dwelling; for, hereafter, would he dwell with his young bride, in the mother's house. Their chamber was already prepared.

The company separated, and Leopold led the stranger to his room. On the way he said, "You must excuse us, that you have to lodge so far off, and not so well as my mother wishes. But, you see yourself how numerous our family is, and other relations are coming to-morrow. At least you can't run away from us, for you certainly won't be able to find your way out of this intricate building."

They went through some more passages; at last Leopold wished him good night, and went away. The servant placed in the room two wax candles, asked if he should aid the stranger to undress, and when he declined this service, the latter withdrew, and he found himself alone.

"How can it be," he said, as he walked up and down, "that this form has rushed out so lovingly from my heart to-day? I forgot the whole past, and seemed to see herself. I was again young, and her voice sounded as formerly; it seemed to me, that I was awakened from a dream. But no: now am I awake, and the dear illusion was only a sweet dream."

He was too restless to sleep, and he looked at some drawings on the walls, and then at the chamber. "Everything to-day is so familiar to me," he cried, "I could really almost so deceive myself as to fancy that this house and this chamber are not altogether strange to me."

He sought to connect his remembrances, and raised some great books which stood in the corner. As he turned over the leaves, he shook his head. A late-case leaned against the wall; he opened it, and took out a strange old instrument. It was injured, and the strings were wanting. "No," he cried, "I do not deceive myself; the lute is too familiar; it is the Spanish one of my long since dead friend Albert. There stand his magic books; this is the chamber in which he awoke for me that charming oracle. Faded is the crimson of the hangings, the golden fastenings are dull, but wonderfully living is all of that hour, in my mind."

Thus it seemed to me, as I came here, by the long, perplexed ways which Leopold led me. O, heavens! here, upon this table stood the image, gushing out, and which grew as if watered and refreshed by the glow of the gold. The same form smiled upon me here, which this evening, there in the hall, has made me almost frantic—in that same hall where I so often walked up and down in confidential talk with Albert."

He threw off his clothes, but slept little. In the morning he rose early, and surveyed the chamber anew. He opened the window; and saw the same garden and buildings as formerly, only, meantime, some new houses had been built. "Forty years have passed since then!" sighed he, "and each day of that time contained a longer life than all the intervening space."

He was again summoned to the company. The morning passed in various conversation, until at last the bride entered in her wedding attire. When the old man saw her, he was greatly moved. So they went to the church, and the marriage was concluded. When they were again at home, said Leopold to his mother, "Now, how do you like our friend, the good, cross old man?"

"I had thought him much worse from your description," answered she, "he is very mild and cordial; one may gain a true confidence in him."

"Confidence!" cried Agatha, "in those fearful, burning eyes, those thousand wrinkles, the pale compressed mouth, and that strange laugh, which sounds and seems so scornful? No! God preserve me from such a friend! If evil spirits wished to clothe themselves in the shapes of men, they would take such a form."

"Truly, one younger and more pleasing," answered the mother; "but, indeed, I do not recognize this good old man in your description. One sees he is of ardent temperament, and has been used to shut up his ideas in himself. He may, as Leopold says, have suffered much misfortune, and has thereby become distrustful, and lost that simple openness which is peculiar to the happy alone."

Her speech was interrupted, because the rest of the company came up. They went to the table, and the stranger sat near Agatha and the rich merchant. When they began to drink healths, Leopold cried, "stop a minute, my worthy friends, we must have here our festive goblet, which shall go around." He would have risen, but his mother signed to him to remain sitting.

"Thou wilt not find it," said she; "for I have packed up all the plate in another place." She went out quickly to seek it herself.

"Our mother is very busy and cheerful to-day," said the merchant. "She is so stout and large, and yet can move about so briskly; al-

though she has already seen sixty years. Her face is ever cheerful and merry, and to-day is she especially happy, because she sees herself young again in her daughter's beauty." The Stranger assented, and the mother returned with the goblet. They filled it with wine, and then it began to go around the table, while each gave the health of the one who was to him the dearest, and for whom he wished the best wishes.

The bride drank to the well-being of her husband; and the love of his beautiful Julia, and on each in turn. The mother toasted the beaker came to her.

"Only take courage!" said the merchant, somewhat roughly and over hastily, "yet we know she holds all men untrue, and no single one worthy of a woman's love; what, then, is to you the dearest?"

The mother looked at him, and suddenly a passionate earnestness overspread the mildness of her countenance. "Since my son," she said, "knows me so well, and blames my opinion so strongly, let it also be permitted me not to declare what I now think; and let him only seek this, to make what he knows is my belief, untrue through his faithful love."

She passed the beaker on, without drinking, and the company were silent for a short time.

"They say," gently whispered the merchant, as he bent towards the stranger, "that she has loved not her husband, but another, who was untrue to her. Then she was the most beautiful maiden in the city."

When the goblet came to Ferdinand, he regarded it with surprise; for it was the same from which Albert formerly raised for him the beautiful image. He looked into the gold, and the waves of wine; his hand trembled. He would not have been amazed if, from the sparkling magic vessel, now that form had again bloomed out, and with it his vanished youth.

"No," said he, after some time, half aloud, "it is wine that glows here!"

"What else should it be?" said the merchant, laughing; "drink gayly!"

A thrill of fear passed through the old man. He hastily spoke the name of Franziska, and placed the goblet to his burning lips. The mother cast towards him a questioning, wondering glance.

"Whence this beautiful goblet?" asked Ferdinand, ashamed of his embarrassment.

"Many years before I was born," answered Leopold, "my father purchased it, together with the house and all the moveables, of a lonely old bachelor—a quiet man, whom the neighborhood around him had considered a magician."

Ferdinand could not say that he had known him; for his existence was to him too much confused in a strange dream, to let other things in his memory appear, except from a distance.

He was alone with the mother at the raised table, because the young people had withdrawn to make preparations for a ball.

"Seat yourself near me," said the mother, "we will converse; for we are beyond the years of dancing; and if it is not improper to ask, tell me if ever before you have seen our goblet elsewhere, and what it was that moved you so deeply?"

"Ah, gracious lady," said the old man, "pardon my foolish hastiness and emotion; but since I have been in your house, it seems as if I no longer belonged to myself, for in every moment I forget that my hair is grey—that my dear ones are dead. Your beautiful daughter, who to-day celebrates the happiest day of her life, is so like a maiden whom I knew and loved in my youth, that I must esteem it a wonder. Not like—no; the expression is too feeble, it is she herself! Here also, in this house, I have been much, and was acquainted with this goblet in a very strange manner." He then related to her his adventure. "In the evening of that day," he concluded, "out in the park, I looked upon my love for the last time, as she went into the country. She let fall a rose—lost to me—for she was untrue to me, and soon after married!"

"God in heaven!" screamed the old woman, and sprang up greatly moved. "Thou art not, then, Ferdinand?"

"That is my name," replied he.

"I am Franziska," answered the mother.

They embraced one another, and quickly drew back. Both regarded each other with searching looks—both sought to separate again from the ruin of time some loved; and, as in the dark tempestuous night, among the drifts of black clouds, only at fleeting moments obscurely shine the stars, quickly again to vanish; so to them, from time to time, the well known trait seemed flashing out from the eyes, the forehead, the mouth; and it was as if their youth wept laughing in the far off past. He bent down and kissed her hand, while two great tears fell down, and then they heartily embraced.

"Is your wife dead?" asked the mother.

"I was never married," sighed Ferdinand.

"Heavens!" cried she, wringing her hands, "I, then, have been the false one! Yet, no, not false. When I came back from the country where I had been two months, I heard from all men, even from your friends as well as my own, that you had set out some time before, and married in your fatherland; they showed me papers most worthy of belief; they urged me eagerly; they used my despair—my anger; and so it happened, that I gave my hand to a very worthy man. My heart, my thoughts, remained ever united to thee."

"I have never left thee," said Ferdinand; "but, after some time, I learned thy marriage. They wished to part us; and they succeeded. Thou art a happy mother. I live in the past, and all thy children will I love as my own. But how strange that we have never seen each other since!"

"I went out but little," said the mother; "and my husband, soon after, took another name, on account of an inheritance, and, in that way deprived you of any suspicion that we lived in the same city."

"I avoided men," said Ferdinand, "and lived only for solitude. Leopold is about the only one who drew me back again, and led me among men. O, beloved friend, it is like a fearful ghost story, how we have lost and found each other."

The young people found them in tears, and in the deepest emotion. No one asked what had happened—the secret seemed to them so holy. But afterwards, the old man was the friend of the house, and the two beings who had so wonderfully found each other again, only death divided, in a short time, to unite them hereafter.

Terrible Retribution.

A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG.

About fifty years ago, in the western part of the State of New York, lived a lonely widow, named Mober. Her husband had been dead many years; her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

And thus the old lady lived alone in her house by day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful; but her work quietly during the daylight, and at eventide lay down and slept sweetly.

One morning, however, she awoke with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unbosoming herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day; and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the assurances that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, I cannot think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world.

As the day was declining, Mrs. Mober sought her home, but expressed the same feelings as she left her daughter's house.

On the way home she called on a neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter. You have harmed no one in your whole life time, surely no one will disturb or molest you, go home in quiet, and Rover shall go with you. Here Rover, (said she to a stout watch dog that lay on the floor,) here Rover, go home with Mrs. Mober and take care of her. Rover did as he was told; the widow went home milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down upon the outside of the bed; and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chid herself for needless fear, she fell asleep. Sometime in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard, as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor. The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing; but now for the first time felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed; and at the same instant something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like the pawing of the dog's feet; but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all.

This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake wondering yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke, the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand, which was even now extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with the grasp of death; and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted

her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle and her land. And instigated by this sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs apparent, but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of the night. A fearful retribution waited for him. The widow's apprehensions, communicated to her mind and impressed upon her nerves by what unseen power we know not, the sympathy of the other woman who loaned her dog, and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself, formed a chain of events which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to be explained, without reference to that Providence or overruling which numbers the hairs of our heads, watches the sparrow's fall, and "shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

This is one of Uncle Toby's stories; and is derived, as to all its facts, from a most respectable Quaker family, whose veracity he cannot doubt.—*Portsmouth Chronicle.*

Vegetable Diet.

A correspondent of the Boston *Nasr Era* furnishes the following extracts from Dr. Alcott's system of Vegetable Diet:

"At page 269 we find a table to show the comparative amount of nutritious matter contained in some of the leading articles of human food, being derived from the researches of such men as M. M. Percy and Vanquelin of France, and Sir Humphrey Davy of England, as follows:

100 lbs. wheat contain 85 lbs. nutritious matter.	
" rice " 90 " "	" "
" rye " 80 " "	" "
" barley " 83 " "	" "
" peas " 93 " "	" "
" lentils " 94 " "	" "
" beans " 89-92 " "	" "
" bread (av) " 80 " "	" "
" meat (av) " 35 " "	" "
" potatoes " 25 " "	" "
" beets " 14 " "	" "
" carrots " 10-14 " "	" "
" cabbage " 7 " "	" "
" greens, turnips &c " 4-8 " "	" "

At page 267 he says, "I think I have shown in another work, (The Young Housekeeper,) that five hundred and fifty pounds of Indian or corn meal, or ten bushels of the corn properly cooked, will support, or more than support, an adult individual a year." And at page 163, "Political economists tell us that the produce of an acre of land in wheat, corn, potatoes and other vegetables, and in fruits, will sustain animal life sixteen times as long as when the produce of the same acre is converted into flesh, by feeding and fattening animals upon it."

From the foregoing and other tables, I have prepared the following, showing the cost of 100 pounds of nutritive substance, from articles in common use, at present prices:

100 lbs. nutritious matter from wheat	\$3 40
" " " rice	2 55
" " " rye	2 25
" " " white beans	1 80
" " " meat (av)	25 71
" " " potatoes cost 3 33	
" " " cabbage	14 00
" " " turnips	13 33
" " " corn meal	1 88
" " " unbolted flr	3 75
" " " bolted flour	5 25
" " " ripe apples	3 33

And at page 270, he further says, "a person trained in the United States or in England—but especially one who was trained in New England—might very naturally suppose that all the world were flesh eaters; and that the person who abstains from an article that is at almost every one's table, was quite singular—He would, perhaps, suppose there must be something peculiar in his structure, to enable him to live without either flesh or fish; particularly if he were a laborer. Little would he dream—little does a person who has not had much opportunity for reading, and who has not been taught to reflect, and who has never traveled a day's journey from the place which gave him birth, even so much as dream—that almost all the world, or at least almost all the hard laboring part of it, are vegetable eaters, and always have been; and that it is only a few comparatively small portions of the civilized and half-civilized world that the bone and sinew of our race ever eat flesh or fish for anything more than a condiment or seasoning to the rest of their food, or even taste it at all. And yet such is the fact."

If the human system can be as well nourished, and sustained in as good health, without meat, economy should induce us to dispense with it. The inquiry may arise, does not meat contain a larger portion of the heating principle than any other food, which is needful to sustain health? I would reply that Indian corn, potatoes and some other articles, contain more than meat, and would be a good substitute in our climate, in the cold season, while both might be dispensed with in the summer, and our diet consist of more cooling grains, vegetables and fruits."

The Falsehoods of Responding Spirits.

In replying to a cavilling correspondent, in a former number of this journal, we attempted to show why so many investigators received false answers to their queries of spirits, and why spirits are always ready to assume the names of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and other relations and friends of those who call for them, when they have no such relations or friends in the spirit world. We showed that, when a pretended investigator thus attempted to cheat, he would always be responded to by a spirit who is as great a cheat as himself, and that, when frivolous questions were asked by persons on a low moral plain, spirits equally low would respond with equal frivolity, and without caring whether their answers were true or not. We argued that, in order to obtain true answers, investigators must be honest and sincere in their purposes and questions. They must endeavor to elevate themselves to a high moral plain, that elevated spirits may approach them and hold communion with them. We argued that, both in the spirit life and in this, like attracts like; that elevated and truthful spirits cannot approach, and hold familiar converse with, minds in the flesh which are tainted with revolting vices, and that low and untruthful spirits cannot easily approach minds in the flesh that are morally pure, unless they are in company with minds of the grade of such spirits.

There is another view of this case which we did not advert to, for want of room and time. When we first discovered that spirits did not always give true answers, it was a great affliction to us. We had calculated that the advent of spiritual communications was the commencement of the millennium, when all falsehood and vice would be soon swept from the world, and we should enjoy a pretty comfortable heaven on earth. With such elevated expectations, it was any thing but pleasing to us to be let down again to the old condition, in which we had to use our reasoning faculties to discriminate between truth and falsehood. We had built for ourselves a most beautiful castle in the air, where we were to have nothing to do but to call on spirits for all the information we required. If we wanted to know what was going on in England, in France, in Russia, in China, in Greenland, in Patagonia and in Africa, we would send a spirit to each, who would go thither in a moment, gather the information desired, and be back with it in a trice. If we wished to know the whereabouts and condition of a distant friend, we should have nothing to do but send a spirit to find him and return and make report. Even if we wished to find deposits of gold and silver in the earth, we had only to send a spirit on a prospecting tour, and we could go to the spot. Having been deceived as a writing medium, we had this fine air-castle completely demolished by what seemed to have been a series of ingeniously devised falsehoods, by which we were made sensibly to feel the folly of our high-wrought anticipations.

This appears to have been a highly necessary lesson to us. It taught us that these phenomena had a much more exalted mission than the gratification of our caprices or the satisfaction of our temporal desires. And when we came to look at the subject philosophically, we discovered that the great boon which we fancied we saw in it, would have been a greater curse to us than any we had ever experienced, if it had been realized. We are placed here in this primary state of existence for the purpose of being prepared for a higher state. The infant spirit, like the infant fruit tree, is planted in this mundane nursery, to grow till it is sufficiently mature to be transplanted. The body in which it is planted, and which serves it as a tenement and furnishes it instruments to work with, is sustained by such things as its mother earth produces, and is made robust and strong by muscular exercise. The spirit is sustained by intellectual food, which consists in the truths of physical, moral and spiritual philosophy. In the pursuit of these, and in the labor of analysing and sifting, by which it separates them from the errors with which they are mingled, it finds that continual and healthful exercise by which it grows and waxes stronger, till it becomes sufficiently developed for transplantation.

Now it is plain that, if enlarged spirits had been allowed to render the services which we were about to require of them, there would have been nothing for incarnate ones to exercise their faculties upon, and, at the dissolution of their connection with their physical forms, they must have been turned out with such pignean proportions, that many hundreds of years of the future life might be required to bring them up to the statute to which they should have attained in this. Labor, and not ease—industry, and not sloth, is what the soul of man requires to develop its capabilities and enable it to acquire itself honorably here; much more to enable it to take a high position and march with lusty strides up the beautiful ascent of progress, in the spirit realm.

THE SPIRITUAL MEETING.—Let spiritualists bear in mind the meeting which is to be held this (Saturday) evening, at the office of *The Age of Progress*. Let no one stay away who can make it convenient to attend. Lady spiritualists must consider themselves included in all cases of this kind, without special mention.

Political.

As we have said before, it appears to us very probable that Governor SEYMOUR will be re-elected. We helped elect him in '52, but we shall not do so in '54. We believe Mr. SEYMOUR to be a very capable man to discharge the duties of the executive office, and we do not know but he is honest in his determination to prevent the enactment of any restrictive law in relation to the liquor traffic. His honesty, however, does not make his opposition less injurious to the most vital interests of the people of the state, than if he were dishonest and had only taken the course he has, to raise a party and secure his re-election. We have given our reasons heretofore, at length, for desiring the enactment of a prohibitory law. Every day and almost every hour confirms us more and more in the opinion that nothing short of a prohibitory statute will remedy the evil. It is true that the rigid enforcement of the laws which we have, would bring more revenue into city and county treasuries, and would, probably, have a tendency to make those who would still sell without license more careful how they did it without having a little back room to sell it in, and a back door to get to it. But as long as courts and juries slip through these back doors, into those little back rooms, there will be a tendency toward effecting which will insure them against the severities of the present law, unless it should be here and there one who keeps a place too degraded for gentlemen tipplers to enter. We need a law which will compel officers to enforce it; and we want one which will strike an effective blow at the root of the evil. What the form of it we care not, so that it does not touch that organic law of the state which is so extremely sensitive on some occasions, and so paralytic on others.

We are opposed to the re-election of Governor SEYMOUR, on account of the hostile position which his veto message has placed him in towards any reformatory measure tending to the relief of the community from the evils of intemperance. We see that this is the paramount evil of the country; the breeder of nearly all other evils; the inexhaustible source of all the human miseries. We see that, if this fountain of vice and misery were dried up, it would add tenfold to the happiness of the people of this country. Seeing these things as plainly as we think we do, we are greatly desirous that an effort should be made. We do not care how many people are thrown out of business by the destruction of the liquor trade. It would be much better for them all to starve than to have them starve so many millions of bodies and souls as they do by their business. And as to the right to deal in that article, there is no moral right to do that which produces immorality, vice and misery continually; and there will be no legal right when the law forbids it.

We are opposed to the re-election of Gov. SEYMOUR, because nearly, if not quite, the whole papal influence will be marshalled on his side. It is true that this will not swell his numerical strength as much as might be supposed by those who do not take into consideration the fact that nearly the entire Irish Catholic population, who are greatly more busy in the elections of the country than all other citizens of foreign birth, are dealers in intoxicating liquors, or immoderate imbibers of them. (Let not the isolated individual, who is an exception, complain that this is a sweeping charge.) Hence the Roman Catholic and the friend of the veto, in thousands of instances, will cast but one vote. Should the runites and the papists, aided by a fraction of a political faction, succeed in re-electing Gov. SEYMOUR, would not Bishop HUGHES, Bishop TIMON, and all the other Roman Catholic bishops and priests and influential laymen, imperatively demand of him, as an earnest of his gratitude, that he use his official influence in favor of the enactment of the bill which was defeated a year ago last June, vesting all Roman Catholic church properties in this state, in the Pope of Rome? Is there any one so blind that he cannot see this result? What is Bishop HUGHES doing now, in relation to this matter? Does he ever neglect making terms, where it is practicable to do so, for the papal interest, before he decides what course his armies of dependants shall take in a pending election? Nay—He is too much of a Jesuit to omit an opportunity to strike a secret blow in favor of his master, the Pope, or against his opponents. Let Governor SEYMOUR be re-elected by the hosts of the runites and papists, and not only this contest will be revived in the legislature, but another effort will be made to break down the educational system of the state, by dividing the school fund between papists and protestants; than which, nothing would more certainly effect its destruction.

Under all considerations, though we are pleased with the principles professed by Mr. CLARK, we incline to ULLMAN and SCROOGES, as being far more likely to succeed against the powers of rum and popery; and we have ascertained, to our own satisfaction, that they will leave the legislature free to act in obedience to what they deem to be their duty to the people, in relation to a prohibitory or restrictive liquor law.

Insanity.

The discoverer of a principle in matter, or a law in the economy of nature, which has never been discovered before, is certain to be adjudged insane by all the blockheads of the age he lives in. Such has always been the case since the earliest ages of history, and so it will continue to be till the world becomes better enlightened. The idea that the Sun was not an immense globe of fire, like a solid mass of red hot iron, was enough to shut a man up in a mad house, a few years ago, the same as Mr. ENOY was shut up one year ago, for asserting

that he held converse with the spirits of departed friends.

Sir David Brewster makes the following remarks relative to the structure of the sun—"So strong has been the belief that the sun cannot be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant to be insane because he had sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained "that the light of the sun proceeds from a dense and universal aurora which may afford ample light to the inhabitants of the surface beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to annoy them;" that "there may be water and dry land there, hills and dales, rain, and fair weather;" and "that, as the light and the seasons must be eternal," the sun may be easily conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system." In less than ten years after this apparently extravagant notion was considered a proof of insanity, it was maintained by Sir William Herschell as a rational and probable opinion, which might be deduced from his own observations on the structure of the sun."

Spiritual Circles.

"If you wish us to believe in spiritual communications and manifestations," said some friends to the other day, "introduce us into some of your circles, that we may see what you see, and hear what you hear. Then we shall have something evident to our own senses to found our faith upon." This appears to be very reasonable; and, upon the hypothesis that we are to receive the benefit of the faith of our friends, and not *they*, the terms would seem to be unobjectionable. There are, however, valid objections against introducing strangers into organized circles. Large circles necessarily contain numerous individual minds, which it takes manifesting spirits long to harmonize so that they can manifest or communicate in their presence. One mind is dwelling on one thing, another on another thing. One is waiting an opportunity to get a message from a departed friend, and is not in a passive state whilst other things are going on. Another is anxious to see some physical manifestation, and feels ill at ease till it is gratified. Those who are not confirmed believers, are watching narrowly to see if the medium do not move the table or make the sounds, and doubting everything they see and hear. All these circumstances produce such a conflict of influences, that the element in which spirits must operate, if they operate at all, becomes so disturbed and damaged that spirit action is impracticable. Spirits are so constituted that a thought is a substantial impediment, when it is interposed between them and the object they aim to accomplish. Hence it is with great difficulty that a spirit can manifest or communicate, in presence of one who is seeking to find something to hang a doubt upon, rather than hoping to have doubts removed and his faith confirmed. Any thing which disturbs the harmony of a circle, whether it be of a physical or an intellectual nature, makes manifestations and communications either difficult or impracticable, according to the measure of the derangement. Hence the success of the three immortalized names who held the knees of Mrs. FISS and her sister. They succeeded in stopping the manifestations of the spirits, not only by their determined skepticism, but by a physical process which was as far removed from the respectful deportment due to the female character, from polished gentlemen, as it was from the truth of the philosophy which they sought to ignore and invalidate. Those who are not skeptics, may sometimes be introduced into an organized circle, without preventing the manifestations; but it is much more frequently the case that the introduction of strangers do operate prejudicially. And this is the reason why skeptics are frequently heard to say: "I have been in many circles, but never saw any of the marvellous things which spiritualists tell of."

To those who are truly desirous of investigating the subject, with the honest purpose of arriving at the truth, we will say that the best way is to organize a small circle. Let there not be more than eight or ten, and let them be selected with a view to their congeniality of sentiment and feeling. They may be selected from any number of families. The spirits can harmonize such a circle as easily as they can restore harmony to a circle which has once been harmonized, but whose harmony has been disturbed by the introduction of new members. It is well for such circles to be composed of both sexes, of as nearly equal numbers as may be; but it is best for young girls and young lads, who cannot control their chinchy propensities as well in spiritual circles as they can in churches, to attend the latter instead of the former. We think there will rarely be organized a circle of eight or ten persons, without, after a few sittings, developing one medium, if not more; and the development of media is a most important desideratum with the spiritualists of Buffalo; for we are less favored in that way here than they are in any of our sister cities.

We hope there will be hundreds of spiritual circles formed in this city, the coming winter, and as many media developed as there are circles organized. Let no husband or wife insist on having circles held at his or her house, contrary to the prejudices of the other partner. No good can ever come of outraging, even in a good cause, the feelings of those who are conscientiously opposed to witnessing or entertaining the manifestations; nor could elevated spirits be induced to manifest or communicate, if it were physically practicable, where it would be productive of discord in a family.

We are frequently asked what is the mode of proceeding, in circles, in order to get manifestation. There is no secret to be learned or art to be acquired. Simply to sit around a

table—not because it is a table, but because it is more convenient for the purpose than any other piece of furniture—to lay the hands flat upon it; enter into no discussion; concentrate all the minds present, as much as possible, on the general object aimed at; and wait patiently the action of the spirits. Every one should endeavor to divest himself of all selfishness. By which we mean that no one should allow himself to desire communications addressed to him or her personally. These will come when the spirits get control so that they can communicate. They respect the claims of each other, and will give way in turn for spirit friends to communicate to their respective relatives, with much more courtesy than is generally practised in this life. All that each member has to do is to harmonize his own feelings as well as he can; and if, at any time, he find it impracticable to do this, his better way is to withdraw, for that sitting, from the circle. Harmony, in a circle, exercises a most potent influence. With it everything can be done. Without it, little or nothing.

Encouragement to Industry.

It is supposed by good Christians that there is such a thing as laying up treasure in heaven, by good offices done to our fellow creatures on earth. If this supposition be founded in fact, those good offices consist much more in aiding the industrious poor by furnishing them employment and paying them liberally, than it does in giving alms. The latter is a kind of charity which lays the recipient under an obligation which crushes the spirit. The one thus relieved from distress cannot entertain one independent thought. He shrinks from the presence of his deliverer and shames to look him in the face. Conscious inferiority, and an obligation that there is no hope of redeeming in kind, opens an impassable gulf between the two, and they can never feel like brethren. There must be something like equality between any two persons, or there cannot be reciprocal good fellowship and brotherly feelings between them. When all is charity on one side, and all dependence on the other, there can be no such thing as equality. When one of wealth and influence aids another who has not wealth or influence, by furnishing him business at which he can earn a comfortable livelihood, the recipient of the favor feels that he is not depriving his friend of any part of his substance, and feels doubly grateful, because he is receiving nothing but what his hands can pay for, and no aid from his friend but what gratitude is a full compensation for. This leaves them on terms of equality; and the favored one is ready to make return in the way of a good name, which is better than silver or gold, for the kindly influence exerted in his favor by his friend. In this case, the befriended man feels like a full measure of a man. In the case of the one who receives the unearned bounty of another, he feels like one who has lost his individuality—like one who belongs to somebody else—like a pauper who is fed and despised. It is true that those who give to the poor are deserving of gratitude, and will thereby lay up treasure in heaven, if they do not practise the charity merely for that purpose. But those who befriend the laboring poor and the young artisan, by helping them to business, are vastly greater benefactors, and lay up treasure in heaven much faster, although they bestow not a penny in charity.

There is a class of employers who are willing to lay up a great deal of treasure on earth, and, for that purpose, take all they can get of labor from employees, and return them as little as possible. When they are called away to that repository where they should have laid up treasure, they will find the treasury empty, and their spirit-life will be as hard as they have made the earth-life for those whom they have sorely oppressed. They will find that the same measure which they have meted to others, shall be measured to them again. This principle is right here; and what is right here, is right hereafter.

These reflections call to our mind a manufacturing firm in this city, who seem to have adopted a system of oppression whereby to enrich themselves. We know that they take apprentices to their business, promising to give them instruction in all its branches, and afford them every facility for acquiring a full knowledge of it; likewise promising to give them the preference over other journeymen, when they are out of their apprenticeship, and full journeymen's wages. And we know that they are in the habit of falsifying their promise and defrauding such apprentices out of their time, by keeping them at such common work as they can make the most out of them by, and keeping them, till the end of their apprenticeship, without learning half of the business. We know, too, that when such apprentices have become journeymen, they have refused to pay them journeymen's wages for the kind of work which they had learned to do as well as the best journeymen they could employ; and not only refused to pay them full price at first, but kept reducing the price instead of increasing it.

We know that one of those apprentices, after serving out his time, and commencing piece-work as a journeyman, labored early and late, and with all diligence and industry, to make good wages at the reduced price, and that as fast as he succeeded in this way to make fair weeks wages, they cut down the price, from week to week, till he ruined his health by over exertions, and was compelled to abandon the business. And we are credibly informed that females whom they have in their employ, dare not exert themselves to earn fair wages, working by the piece, knowing that, if they should do so, the price would be cut down the next week.

This is the way in which men encourage industry, who are without sympathy, but who

are well supplied with avarice and envy. Such men, instead of being benefactors of the honest laboring classes of the country, are oppressors, tyrants and a curse to the community of which they are members. We are willing that those to whom we allude shall behold, their natural faces in this mirror, and not "turn away and straightway forget what manner of men they are." Those who do not recognize their own features in the picture, may take it for granted that we make no allusion to them. We aim to do good by our strictures, without inflicting unnecessary pain upon the subjects of them. Therefore we shall leave them unrecognized by every body but themselves.

Kansas and Nebraska.

After the infamous treachery which has been practised upon the people of the free states, by the national Executive and those northern and western Senators and Representatives who gave him their aid in the wanton violation of a sacred compact, it is cheering to the soul of every philanthropist, to see the people who have been thus outraged, stretching out their united arm, to take back, with irresistible power, that boon of freedom of which they were feloniously plundered. The redeeming spirit of the free states has been aroused, and it is sending its thousands of votaries to that beautiful land where nature smiles in all its loveliness, to possess it and save it from the withering blight of human slavery, for which it was wrested from freedom, and to which it was ignominiously sacrificed.

This was not only a sacrifice of a beautiful section of country, but it was a human sacrifice, in which the many millions which are to swarm there, were devoted to slavery, with all its concomitants of ignorance, vice degradation and wretchedness. How must the high priest of Moloch, who sits in the chair of the national chief magistracy, and who presided at the sacrifice, feel when he sees his work of infamy thus undone, and the reward of iniquity thus slipping from his fingers? He sees a continual stream of hardy yeomanry, pouring into Kansas and Nebraska, from the free states, with minds all made up for the enjoyment of the largest liberty, without contact of the inhuman institution of the south, to which he had treacherously given the country. He sees now that it will be impracticable for that beautiful land to be blighted, as he intended it should; and he must know that, if the southern institution fails to be established there, the propagandists will consider themselves exonerated from the obligation of procuring his re-election to the high office which he has shamed by his incapacity and desecrated by his treachery. Never before has a mind so narrow and so inadequate reached that climax of political aspiration, in this country; and we pray heaven that another such may never be similarly successful. We are truly sorry that the circumstances of the case render the duty imperative to speak as we do of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. But the voice of truth and patriotism shall never fail to find utterance through our organs or fingers.

We shall better please the reader and ourselves, to cease our animadversion and append the following "Glimpse at Nebraska," by a traveller:

"The shore of Nebraska along the Missouri ten miles up from the mouth of that river, is a bold bluff. A strip six or seven miles in width, of indefinite length, is covered with timber. The Nebraska shore presents a beautiful contrast with the Iowa side—the former being much bolder and the scenery more variegated. The soil is very rich. Ten or twelve miles back from the river, there is an extensive belt of prairie land varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles in width, with timber along the streams.

The valley of Platte river is beautifully timbered, the soil fertile, and towns are springing up along the banks.

The country is settled along the Platte, with substantial farmers, and emigrants are rushing in with great rapidity. The emigrants are principally from the north-western States, and our informant, like all others that have visited the country, thinks there is not the remotest possibility of slavery ever being established in Nebraska. He saw nothing of the ferry where strangers, suspected of being Yankees, were asked to pronounce "cow" before they were permitted to pass over, but, on the contrary, thinks the general sentiment of the country is hostile to slavery, even if it were not precluded by the character of the soil and climate.

The Indians were all out on a grand hunt. The tribes consist of Sioux, Omahas, Otoes, Pawnees, Pottowattamies and Sacs. They are constantly fighting among themselves, and our informant saw several who had been severely wounded in battle.

They have shown themselves friendly to the whites so far, though it is apprehended that there will be difficulty between them and the squatters upon their territory. The Chiefs offer, however, to guaranty and protect a squatter's claim upon their lands for the sum of ten dollars.

There was a return travel from Nebraska, as there is from California and is from all new territories. Our informant saw many who were coming back to the States, disappointed. They belong, generally, to a class without means and without the practical experience to enable them to encounter the rough and tumble of pioneer life. They went probably expecting, from the glowing accounts of some writers, to find themselves in another Utopia, or an earthly paradise like that described by Claude Melnotte to the incredulous Panline, as her future home. They found, instead, a new community, where, of all others, it is most difficult to avoid God's universal decree that man shall live by the sweat of his brow. But there is little doubt that industrious artisans,

farmers, and indeed all who do not expect to live without work, will find their toil well rewarded and a happy home upon the virgin soil of Nebraska, and that it will speedily become a State with many of the elements of political and commercial power developed.

The Turko-Russian War.

In our last weeks issue, we gave a summary of that great battle at the Crimea, which was fought only in the inventive genius of some person or persons who aspire to nothing more elevated than the fabrication of ingenious hoaxes, or who saw their account in some extensive speculation. The exposition of the fraud upon public credulity, arrived about one hour after our paper went to press. We regretted that it did not arrive in time for us to withdraw the article; but we presume our readers have all been undeceived by this time, and feel, now, quite as well satisfied as if the ten thousand Russians had really been sent out of their bodies by a single explosion.

We have now—Wednesday, A. M.—a telegraphic communication before us, announcing the arrival of the Steamer Washington, from Europe. Her accounts represent that nothing had yet been effected towards the reduction of Sebastopol. The bombardment commenced on the 5th inst. MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD had died a natural death, and GENERAL CARROUT had succeeded him as chief of the French forces. After the battle of Alma the Russians burnt all the villages through which they passed in their flight. They left 6,000 wounded behind them.

Sebastopol was completely invested and a body of 5,000 French and Turkish cavalry was to have left Varna on the 26th.

1,000 Russians, who were escorting a convoy of ammunition of war, had been made prisoners, Menschikoff himself narrowly escaping.

The garrison of Anapa, (before reported burnt by the Russians), 15,000 strong, was on its way to Sebastopol.

By telegraph from Vienna, Tuesday evening, On the 29th September, between 120 and 130 heavy guns were disembarked at Balaklava.

BUCHAREST, Oct. 5.—6,000 of the allies have taken possession of Cape Chersonese.

Prince Gortschakoff is ill. There is a great concentration of Turkish troops in Machin.

Omar Pasha begins his operations in Besarabia immediately.

This is the amount of the war news, as far as we have received it, by the Washington. We shall probably get more before we go to press. There may be another arrival in the meantime. There is no doubt that we shall soon be in receipt of important intelligence from the Crimea, for there can be no dallying or fooling in an invasion like that. We must believe that the allies have gone to that strong hold of Russia, to fight; and they were as well prepared as they chose to be, to make Russia feel their power. What foreign news we get before going to press, we will add.

LATER.—The Steamer Niagara arrived at Halifax early on Wednesday morning. She brings three days later dates from Europe, but nothing decisive from the Crimea. The siege and bombardment of Sebastopol was continued with all the power of the allies; but no serious effect had been produced. The Russians had sunk seven line-of-battle ships at the entrance of the harbor of Sebastopol, as a defence against the besiegers.

Bread stuffs were a little higher than they had been for the week or two previous. Still they are much lower than they are here.

The Spiritual Manifestations at Koons.

Our worthy friend W. R. HAYDEN, of Boston, Mass., having been on a western tour, necessarily took Buffalo in his way, on his return home, but had not time to make any tarry here. Knowing that he had visited Koons' spirit house, we asked the favor of him to give us a brief sketch of what he witnessed there, which he kindly did, as follows:

MY DEAR SIR.—At your request, I will endeavor to give you a brief outline of the extraordinary Spiritual manifestations which I witnessed at the Spirit Room, at Koons, Dover, Athens Co. Ohio. On the evening of October 18th, by invitation of Mr. KOONS, I was present in the spirit room, as it is termed, which was built and fitted expressly for that purpose, by spirit direction. At seven o'clock, P. M. the company, numbering about twenty persons, from various parts of the country, had assembled and were seated around the room. The performance commenced by a grand overture by the spirits, on various instruments of music. The audience being perfectly quiet, the room was filled with music, in which there was no jar. After this, a tamborine was passed over the heads and into the laps and hands of nearly all present, keeping perfect time with the violin, which was played by Mr. KOONS. The next performance was speaking and singing through trumpets, by two spirits. Their words were distinctly enunciated, so that they were clearly understood by every one in the room. They then made their hands visible and tangible. I took one of the hands within my own hand, and found its touch like other human hands, with the exception of its being as cold as that of a corpse. They then shook hands with several of the persons present, and concluded by writing a communication with the visible hand, which was performed with greater celerity than it would have been possible for me to do it, and in a style of chirography which few can excel.

There were many other things which were truly astonishing, but which I cannot now detail for want of time, but which I shall give to the public at my earliest convenience.

Respectfully and truly yours,
W. R. HAYDEN.

Poetry.

From the Portland Eclectic.

Angels.

BY EDWIN PLUMMER.

"Holy Angels are all around me, and I see a Heavenly Light!"
[Words of a dying one.]

Why is it that we see no angel faces,

Nor mark the pure light in our pathway lying,
Until we hear the summons from our places,
And feel the certainty that we are dying?

The angels are not less around the living,

Than near the souls that tremble on life's border;
Their love, their strength, their consolation giving,
They come and go in heaven's serene order.

Where'er a heart with sorrow's weight is bowing,

Or where a spirit wrestles with its trial:
Where'er clean hands the seeds of truth are sowing,
Or lift the burden of a great denial:

Where human faith erects its steadfast altar,

Where human love embraces earth and heaven,
Where goodness leads the weakly ones, who falter,
Back to the Source whence nobler strength is given—

There come the angels, Patient, meek and tender,

With speechless loving and with long forbearing,
About us all walks an unseen defender,
Our earnest thought and aspiration sharing.

If but the clouds were lifted from our vision,

If grossness of our spirits had refining,
Earth would reveal before the realm Elysian,
The blessed seraphs and their heavenly shining.

For o'er the paths our wayward feet are wending,

In all our moments, howsoever unblest,
Some angel form above us still is bending,
To make life rich with some divine bequest.

Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes.

NUMBER VI.

MY DEAR SIR:—In my last letter, in which I sought to illustrate the influence of Popery in making the masses superstitious, and the intelligent, infidels, in all the countries where it predominates, I made the following assertion: "It has rendered our noble-hearted, noble-minded, impulsive countrymen, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, in all the countries to which they emigrate. The degradation of Ireland which has made it a by-word, I charge upon Popery." To some of the evidences of the truth of these assertions I wish to call your attention in the present letter. Perhaps the present state of feeling in our country towards famine-stricken Ireland may secure for what I shall say to you some attention.

That Ireland is a degraded country, as to its masses, with all our pride of country, neither you nor I can deny. Its general poverty, its pervading ignorance, its mad hovel, its innumerable beggars, its insubordination, are the sad and tangible proofs of its degradation. They lie upon the surface of the country, where every traveller can behold them. And the untravelled American has the evidences of this degradation brought to his own door. He sees it in the perfect ignorance of his Irish servant—in the squalid appearance of the Irish beggar—in the deep-rooted superstition of the Irish peasant—in the Irish brawls in low tippling-houses—in the furious passions of an Irish mob—in the large proportion of Irish convicts in our prisons, and of vicious Irish in our places of moral reform. It is, my dear sir, with feelings of regret and shame that I make this statement. My love of country has never forsaken me for an hour. With all its faults, I love Ireland still; and in the lowest depths of their degradation, its children manifest a sensibility and a nobility that would honor those in the highest ranks of civilization, and that evince what they would be under a right development of their social and moral nature. What are the causes of this degradation?

I will not, I cannot omit from the list of causes what is technically called Absenteeism: the lordly proprietors of the land living in foreign countries, and expending abroad the hard earnings of their tenants at home. This is one of the grievous curses of Ireland.

Nor can I omit the system of letting and sub-letting, or renting and sub-renting of the land, by the richer to the less rich, until between the owner and the actual cultivator there may be six to twelve landlords, each living upon those below him; and the actual tillers of the land supporting them all! This is infusing into the curse of absenteeism an ingredient which multiplies its bitterness by ten. It gives rise to a class of landlords as unprincipled as famine.

pay, his only cow, more than one half the support of his family, is driven to the market and there sold for half her value! And if that does not pay, his pig is driven and sold in the same way! Such is the system of tithes in Ireland! I have no language, my dear sir, in which to express my abhorrence of it. The support of such a system is a disgrace to the Protestant name; it is a deep, dark, direful stain upon the equity of British legislation.—It is a public protest before heaven and earth against the church that sanctions it, and against the craven-hearted, earthly-minded clergy that can submit to be thus supported! Out of your own church, sir, I know of no ecclesiastical nuisance so utterly offensive as that of the Established Church of Ireland! And yet the very upholders of these schemes of robbery, yes, and some of the very individuals that pocket the plunder thus legally and ecclesiastically filched from the poor people, write to us about public faith and honesty, and lecture us upon the subject of slavery as if they were spotless as Gabriel! Of all this I can say, as Talleyrand is reported to have said of a lady that frequently annoyed him: "Madam," said he, "you have but one fault." "Pray, sir," said she, "what is it?" "It is," said he, "that you are perfectly insufferable." Nor have I seen, among the various plans suggested by Lord John Russell for the relief of Ireland, a hint at the abolition of this nefarious system of tithes.

Bad, my dear sir, as I think of these causes, and much as they have contributed to the degradation and impoverishing of Ireland, they are but as the dust of the balance when compared with the influences of Popery. And that yourself may see this, hear me to the close, calmly, and without prejudice.

Why this Absenteeism, of which we so bitterly and justly complain? I am not about to excuse it; but one of its reasons is the opposition of the priest to the efforts of the land proprietor to elevate his tenantry, and the fierce jealousies which the priest excites in the minds of the people. There is but little Absenteeism in Scotland; why is it so general in Ireland?—The cause we find in the difference of the religion of the two people. If the parish priest of Ireland was like the parish minister of Scotland, the Marquis of Sligo would have as pleasant a home upon his estate as the Duke of Buccleugh, or the Marquis of Breadalbane.

Popery does nothing for the education of the people of Ireland. With the wealth of the middle classes under its control, and almost at its beck, where are its schools and its colleges for the education of its people? You send to Ireland for money to establish them here; why erect none there? Connaught, where your church has complete control, is an almost unbroken mass of ignorance. And Munster is precisely like it. And these are the portions of the world where famine is now raging, ignorance brutalizes, and sensualizes, and renders men improvident. It places our higher in subjection to our lower nature; and in withholding education from the people popery has degraded Ireland. And wherever its children are carried by the tide of emigration, their want of education places them in the lowest grade of society; and they are more dreaded as a burden, than hailed as an accession.—Without the high aspirations which knowledge imparts, and without the self-respect which it creates, they are satisfied with being menials where they might be masters—to be carriers of mortar, where they might be chief builders on the wall. If the ignorance of Ireland has anything to do with the degradation of Ireland, I charge that ignorance upon Popery.

And if Absenteeism, and sub-letting, and the tithe system do much to impoverish the people, Popery does yet more. It meets them at the cradle, and dogs them to the grave, and beyond it, with its demands for money. When the child is baptized, the priest must have money. When the mother is churching, the priest must have money. When the boy is confirmed, the bishop must have money.—When he partakes of the Eucharist, the priest must have money. When visited in sickness, the priest must have money. If he wants a charm against sickness or the witches, he must pay money for it. When he is buried, his friends must pay money. After mass is said over his remains, a plate is placed on the coffin, and the people collected together on the occasion are expected to deposit their contribution on the plate. Then the priest pockets the money, and the people take the body to the grave. And then, however good the person, his soul has gone to Purgatory; and however bad, his soul may have stopped there. And then comes the money for prayers and masses for deliverance from purgatory, which prayers and masses are continued as long as the money continues to be paid. Now when we remember that seven out of the nine millions of the people of Ireland are papists, and of the most bigoted stamp; and that his ceaseless process of collecting money, which ceaseless cry is "give, give," is in operation in every parish; and that as far as possible every individual is subjected to it, can we wonder at the poverty and degradation of Ireland? Can we wonder that its noble-hearted, noble-minded people, are every where hewers of wood and drawers of water? Shame, shame, upon your church, that it treats a people so confiding and faithful so basely! Shame, shame, upon it, that it does so little to elevate a people that contribute so freely to its support! O Popery, thou hast debased my country—thou hast impoverished its people—thou hast enervated its mind! From the hodman on the ladder—from the digger of the canal—from the hostler in the stable—from the unlettered cook in the kitchen, and the maid in the parlor—from the rioter in the street—from the culprit at the bar—from the state prisoner in his lonely dungeon—from the victim of a righteous law step-

ping into eternity from the gallows, for a murder committed under the delirium of passion or whiskey, I hear a protest against thee as the great cause of the deep degradation of as noble a people as any upon which the sun shines in the circuit of its glorious way!

My dear sir, your religion is for the benefit of the priest, and not that of the people. Its object is not to spread light, but darkness.—not to advance civilization but to retard it.—not to elevate but to depress man, that he may the more readily be brought under your influence. And we have in Ireland a type of what our happy land will be when the priest wields the power here which he wields there.

I own, my dear sir, that I have digressed a little from my original object in these letters. But in my next I shall commence with the reasons which on the most mature reflection yet prevents me from returning to the pale of your church.

With great respect, yours,

KIRWAN.

Anecdote of Hogarth.

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his maternal pencil the work he has entitled a Tail Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.

"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the End of all Things."

"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter."

"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

Accordingly, he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) he should not live till he completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which could denote the end of all things—a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old firelock—a cracked bell—a howl unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body dropping, and the chains which held it dropping down—Phoebus and his horses being dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play-book open, with "excent omnes" stamped in a corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth, "nothing remains but this—taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing on the similitude of a painter's pallet, broke—"Finit," exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done—all is over."

It is a very remarkable and well-known fact, that he never again took the pallet in hand.—It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died in about a year after he had finished this extraordinary tail-piece.—*Southern Eclectic and Home Gazette.*

Setting a Gander's Leg.

Dr. S. came to settle at Bloomfield, half a mile north of what is now Piquette Hill, or Birmingham, in 1820, and commenced farming and the practice of medicine. A year or two afterwards, a neighbor, as he was then called, a man who lived about eight miles off, with whom the doctor was at variance, called him, about the middle of a bitter winter night, to go to his house and mend a broken leg. The doctor was never backward in obeying a professional call, and was underway in short order. Arriving at the place he found the patient to be an old gander, who, sure enough, had a broken leg—so he set to work, made splints and bandages, put the leg in place and went home, leaving Mr. Gander as comfortable as could be expected. In due time the owner of the gander was presented with a bill of \$10 for surgical services, which he refused to pay. Dr. S. sued him before a justice and recovered the amount with costs. The gander appealed, or his owner did for him. The judgment was affirmed with new costs. The gander took another and last appeal to the Supreme Court, where the judgment below was affirmed, with new costs, from which Court an execution was issued for \$10 and \$150 costs of suit, which was levied on the farm, and finally paid, leaving the world in doubt which was the greatest goose of the two.—*Dayton (Ohio) Empire.*

A Just Verdict.

The Poughkeepsie Herald says that in the September Circuit Court of that district, a teacher was arraigned on charge of cruelty to a pupil. It was shown that for some act of disobedience he had flogged a girl by the name of Frances Gershon, seventeen years of age, with a whip, so severely that black and blue marks were left upon her person for weeks afterwards. The Judge charged the jury that the teacher stood in the place of a parent, and had a right to correct a pupil, but in so doing must exhibit a parent's feelings; and if he exceeded what was necessary to preserve order he was liable for assault and battery. He further charged that the means used to preserve order should be adapted to the sex, age and habits of the pupil,—"and left the jury to say whether any possible circumstances would warrant a man, whether a teacher or not, in laying his hands in violence or anger on a grown-up girl." The Jury found a verdict against the teacher for the sum of \$365.

Extraordinary Ghost Story.

Most ghost stories are only foolish and laughable; but this is one certainly melancholy in the extreme.

Within the last year the people of a village in a Western State, became greatly excited by the alleged nightly appearance of a ghost in the village graveyard. Few of them, indeed, had dared to see it; but some had; and they, without making too familiar with it, had still seen it come and go; walk about, sent itself, &c., and the statements of all those were too well authenticated to be disregarded. What the few saw, the many believed; and the whole community soon became excited on the subject of this strange nightly visitation to the graves of the dead. Of course the ghost was in the usual grave-clothes, in which, so far as we know, ghosts always appear; and it was entirely regular in its hours—always arriving among the tombs at just midnight, and leaving at near early dawn. It had often been seen to come and go, passing over fences in its course; but no one had learned whence it came, or whither it went.

At length the matter, from being the town talk, became the town dread. Numerous individuals got excited, and superstitious ones grew melancholy and taciturn; people looked doubtful at each other, as they passed, in twilight, and all contrived their journeying at that hour, so as not to approach the resting-place of their departed friends.

The growing dread at length became insufferable, and engaged all minds. There chanced to be in the village a youth of nineteen, from western New York, whose domestic education had carefully excluded all faith in supernatural agencies, and who, therefore, looked only to natural causes for explanations of the events and occurrences of this life. This youth resolved to fathom the mystery of the graveyard ghost. He found one associate; and the two, after nightfall, secreted themselves among the tombs to observe. Punctually, as the hour of twelve drew nigh, the ghost which had caused so much dread, was seen approaching. The moon was shining brightly, and the white-robed object was seen most distinctly. Overcoming two fences, it entered the graveyard within actual reach of the youth who had set on foot the investigation, and as the light fell upon the face of the ghost, he recognized the well-known features of an acquaintance, who was in her early widowhood.

Her husband had recently been buried there, and so dreadful had been the shock, that the reason of the wife had been destroyed by it, and she was now a wandering maniac. She saw not her observers, but seated herself as she was wont, upon the grave of him she had loved but too fondly. The two then approached the unfortunate, and addressed her in kind tones. She knew them not, but conversed freely with them, calling them angels, and craving their protection. She was in her night-clothes, and her wanderings thus, through the agony she had suffered, and her nightly occupying this sad spot, had converted that poor mental wreck into a ghost. On this occasion, she could not be induced to abandon her post, and of necessity she was left there to complete the hours of that night's pilgrimage. She is now in a lunatic asylum.

A New Type-Setting Machine.

COPENHAGEN, May 18.—Owing to the politeness of the editors, I have now been able to see the new composing machine as in actual operation in the office of the *Fædrelandet*. Instead of the usual cases and composing sticks, and the compositor standing at his work, we see a person sitting before a machine with keys like a piano, which he plays on incessantly, and every touch on the tangent is followed by a click; the letter is already in its place in the long mahogany channel prepared for it. The whole is excessively ingenious. In fact, it is fairy work. The most wonderful part is that it distributes the already used type at the same time that it sets the new page, and with an exactness perfectly sure. No mistake can ever occur. The compositor by this machine does four times as much work as another workman, but as he requires an assistant to line and page the set type, this brings it to twice the amount of type set. The whole is so clear and pleasant, that it will probably soon be a favorite employment for women. The machine occupies a very small space, not more than a large chair, and is beautifully made of hard woods, brass and steel. Its success is now beyond all doubt.—The proprietors of the *Fædrelandet* are so gratified by the one they now have, that they have ordered another. The price is 2,400 Danish dollars. It will last apparently for a century or two without repair. Mr. Sorenson, the inventor, himself a compositor all his life, kindly shows the machine to any visitor. Of course, a compositor cannot set with this machine at once; it will take a short time, a few days, for him to become familiar with the details, but he is then a gentleman compared to his old comrades.

A young man, Charles Bourseul, now at Paris, the son of a French officer, and formerly in the army in Africa, has been making experiments in the electrical transmission of the voice. He entertains the idea from the success which has attended his initial trial, that people may talk by telegraph, and the present writing or printing telegraph be dispensed with. In a word, a conversation may be held between one person in Paris and another in Vienna, and so forth. He is now engaged in experiments to verify his theory.

HAIR.—You rarely, if ever, see a politician with smooth hair, a great scholar with fine hair, an artist with black hair, a fop with red hair, a minister with long hair, or an editor whose hair is carefully adjusted.

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To examine our stock, consisting of Coffee and Tea Urns, Steam and Fish heaters, Soup Tureens, Dish Covers, &c., &c., we are constantly manufacturing in the most elegant style; and in beauty of finish unsurpassed by any other establishment in the United States.

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LEATHER HOSE,

of our own manufacture; also, FIRE ENGINES, FORCE PUMPS, &c. We are, likewise, the sole agents in this city of H. R. WORTHINGTON'S "Refrigerator" for Hotels, &c.

A large quantity and assortment of Steam and WATER GAUGES, and beautifully finished.

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TO BE OPENED FOR BUSINESS SEPT. 1st, 1854. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 6 to 7 1/2 P. M.

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The objects of this Institution are to afford a secure place where money may be deposited for safe keeping, drawing interest, and be drawn out at any time; and also to Loan Money in moderate sums, to our citizens upon Real Estate, at a legal rate of interest. It is hoped that the names of the Officers and Trustees are a sufficient guarantee of the character of the Institution, and the safeguards imposed by its Charter and By-Laws afford the amplest security to depositors. In addition to these, the Trustees of the Bank have made such arrangements, that in no event can the deposits be assessed for the payment of the expenses of the Bank. It is believed that this Institution offers the following advantages to our citizens, and especially to our workmen:

1st. It receives deposits of any amount, down to ten cents; thus affording an inducement to our poorest citizens, and especially to the young, to save their earnings.

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3d. It will be kept open in the evening, for the accommodation of those whose business prevents their attending the Bank at the usual banking hours.

As the Trustees have assumed personal responsibility for the purpose of giving perfect safety and stability to what they believe will be an institution of benefit, they hope that it will be sustained by the confidence of their fellow citizens.

N. B.—Further particulars may be obtained of the undersigned at the office of the Bank, or of any of the Trustees.

CYRUS J. LEE, Sec'y and Treas.

Buffalo, N. Y., August 23, 1854. 1-1m

BOTANIC MEDICINE DISPENSARY.

D. B. WIGGINS, M. D., would respectfully notify the citizens of Buffalo and the public at large, that he has opened a wholesale and retail

BOTANIC MEDICINE DEPOT.

On the corner of Niagara and West Eagle sts., in the city of Buffalo, where he will constantly keep a full and choice assortment of BOTANIC MEDICINES, such as the varieties of Roots, Herbs, Powders, Decoctions and Compounds, which are used by Families and Practising Physicians. He will take special care to have all his Medicines not only genuine, but of the first quality, and in the most complete manner from the latest growth. He will take care never to be out of the Old Compounds, such as

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Spiced Bitters, Mother's Relief, Stomach and Catarrhic Pills, Liver Drops, Neutralizing Mixture, Honey Cough Balsam, a superior remedy for Coughs and Colds, Rheumatic Liniment, and

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which was extensively used in '49 and '52, with unfailing success, when taken in the incipient stage of the disease.

The advantage and safety of procuring Medicines at such an establishment, and from a regular Botanic Physician, whose professional knowledge and practical experience preclude all contingency of vending poisons, must be obvious to every one. He hopes by using every endeavor to serve the public satisfactorily, to merit patronage, and earn the good will of all who favor him with their custom.

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HAVING ESTABLISHED AGENCIES in all the principal cities and towns of the United States and the Canadas, and in all the Principal Cities of Europe, to buy and sell GOLD DUST, BULLION, GOLD & SILVER Coins, Drafts, Bills of Exchange and Public Stocks, collect and settle bills, notes, or other demands and claims, forwarded by

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Money, Bank Bills, Coin, Merchandise and all other descriptions of Express Freight, Packages and Parcels. CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CREDIT, issued to Travelers, which are cashed throughout Europe at the best rates of Exchange, and the circular letters of credit, and circular notes of the principal London Bankers cashed at the usual rates at the Paris office. Special credits issued to parties purchasing merchandise.—Money received on deposit at our principal offices, on the usual terms.

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For the convenience of emigrants or others, we draw bills for 21 and upwards upon the Royal Bank of Ireland, National Bank of Scotland, and Union Bank of London.

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On and after Monday, the 11th inst., Three Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), leaving the New Depot on Erie street, Buffalo, at 10:30 A. M., 1:15 and 10:40 P. M.

Morning Express leaves Detroit at 9 A. M. Paris at 3 P. M., and arrives in Buffalo at 7:55 P. M. Evening Express leaves Detroit at 5:45 P. M. Paris at 12:20 A. M., arrives at Buffalo at 4:15.

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Tickets may be procured at the Depot and at 37 Exchange street, Buffalo, and at the Office of the Company's Agents, in New York, Albany, Detroit and Chicago.

Baggage checked through. Fare from Buffalo to Detroit.....\$ 5 Fare to Chicago.....11

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ROSE COMPOUND, have been delighted with its effects. We do not believe a single case has occurred where it has failed, when used according to its directions, to stop the premature loss of the hair by falling out; and we give the most positive assurance that it will be found on trial to possess all those requisites for which it is recommended, and has already secured such general commendation.

As an article of daily use for dressing the hair, it is rapidly taking the place of Hair Oils, Pomatum, &c.

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The first application of the Rose Hair Gloss should be abundant, not forgetting the vigorous friction and rubbing into the roots of the hair. Afterward a small quantity is sufficient, and the beneficial result will soon appear; the hair, before harsh, crisp and dry, becomes invested with a dark, rich lustre; the scalp is clean, free and healthy; the thin, feeble elements grow out thick and strong; and by a continuance of this care, the hair will be preserved in its original healthy luxuriance; unchanged as to quality and color the remotest period of its life.

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