

POETRY.

PITY YOURSELVES, SLAVEHOLDERS! Pity yourselves, slaveholders! wretched men!

The Liberator.

Below, we give the speeches delivered by Rev. Dr. FURNESS and J. MILLER McKIM, both of Philadelphia, delivered at the late annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in the city of New York.

SPEECH OF REV. W. H. FURNESS.

Mr. President: I very much desire to hear a public speaker begin with personal remarks and apologies; but it may be pardoned, perhaps, in so young and inexperienced a speaker as I am (laughter), if I ask leave to inform the audience (begging them not to expect a speech from me) that I fortify myself, in appearing upon this platform, with the noble example of the Apostle Paul, who was willing to be counted a fool for Christ. I esteem it so great a privilege, so high an honor, to stand here among these faithful friends of the slave, that I am perfectly willing to stammer and to fall dumb. The inspiration of the place comes upon me so full and strong that it impedes my utterance; and my difficulty is, not that I cannot find anything to say, but that I know not where to begin. But if I turned my eyes to look upon this monstrous wrong which we are assailing, it seems to me that all articulate speech should be lost in one cry of horror and indignation. I stand here as upon holy ground—as upon a spot honestly and sincerely devoted to human freedom—the only spot in the whole country which is so, and to me it is hallowed ground, hallowed down to earth's profound, and up to heaven. I come to this meeting as to emphatically the religious meeting of the year and of the week. I am perfectly aware that the outside world looks upon our friends as a band of political disturbers; but I recollect that he whose name not only stands for religion, but is the sum and substance of religion in many a mind, Jesus Christ, was crucified as a political disturber; and if the news of his crucifixion (though hardly important enough, at the time, to go so far) had been told in the polite circles of Rome or in any of the great cities of Greece, Athens, or Corinth, or Ephesus—if it had been told that a man had been crucified as a political disturber in the distant and obscure province of Judea, under the Roman Procurator—and if, moreover, those same wise men, the wisest in Greece and Rome, had been told that that identical malefactor, as he was esteemed, that crucified Nazarene, was destined to become the divine symbol that mankind knew of the religious, the sacred, the divine, the idea would have been received as the wildest insanity, as the most far-fetched idea that ever fell from human lips. And yet behold the fact! As I said before, the name of Jesus is not merely the symbol of religion, but it is, to thousands, the sum and substance of religion. From this fact we may take heart and hope that, however we may bear before the country and the world the aspect of a political association, we have, in fact, the most religious of truths, the central principle of the Christian religion. It is Christ come again, not as he came of old, not in a person of unequalled and transcendent excellence, of God-like purity and greatness, but he comes to us now in the persons of four millions of imbruted slaves, and of I know not how many white men made worse slaves in the act of enslaving their brethren. (Loud applause.)

are taught—taught by professors and doctors of divinity, by the very scribers, the teachers and commentators of the law—that if they will give to the Union and the Constitution that support, that sympathy, which they might expend in helping their suffering and enslaved brother, they shall be free from that obligation. The cases, to my mind, are perfectly parallel.

And, once more. It was not until our friends here said that the stronghold of slavery is the Church, that I got so much of a glimpse of what St. Paul means when he says, 'The strength of sin is the law.' The Apostle was engaged in a great warfare against sin, but the upholders and idolizers of the law of Judaism, a religion of forms and ceremonies, stood in his way; they stood guard over the sin which he endeavored to assault; and therefore he said, 'The strength of sin is the law.' I have no doubt his language sounded to many a Jew as harsh, as profane and blasphemous as the language of our friends here sounds to many an advocate of the Church.

Before I sit down, I wish to call attention to one single circumstance which I have not seen noticed in any of our meetings, and that is, that the New York Tribune, and the Republican party generally, are found discussing the question—as if it were a question to be discussed—whether Stephen A. Douglas, of the U. S. Senate, should be admitted to the Republican party, and perhaps bear its banner at the next Presidential election. I do not know any indication of the demoralized state of the political world, and of parties more melancholy than this. Mr. Douglas stood in the Senate and saw our friend Charles Sumner brutally assaulted, without raising a finger for his rescue, and afterwards gave some lame and impotent apology. Now, I speak as the personal friend of Charles Sumner, and I say that until Mr. Douglas stands up in the Senate, and before the whole country acknowledges his great sin, his inhumanity, his border-ruffianism, he is not to be taken by the hand by any Republican. (Loud applause.) I could wish, friends, but I suppose a man cannot enter the political arena without leaving some of his manhood behind him—'hear, hear'—I could wish, friends, that our Representatives and Senators at Washington would show more self-respect. It seems to me that this whole question is settled by very simple and instinctive feelings. As the personal friend of Charles Sumner, I am not going to have anything to say to such men as Toombs and Douglas. (Applause.) And how is it, when a Southern man dies, our Northern men are found volunteering their condolences? Why, in Heaven's name, cannot they 'let their dead bury their dead'?

(Loud applause.) THE PRESIDENT—We are all happy to have heard from the beloved friend who has just addressed us, whom we should be happy to hear anywhere—a man who combines the sweet temperament of Melancthon with the firmness and intrepidity of Luther, and who has been 'faithful among the faithless found,' in his place in Philadelphia. I have the pleasure to introduce another devoted friend of the slave from the same city, J. MILLER McKIM.

SPEECH OF JAMES MILLER McKIM.

Mr. Chairman: My friend Mr. Phillips, in his admirable speech, yesterday, made some remarks about Pennsylvania, which, albeit they were true and altogether pertinent, nevertheless, touched somewhat my amor patriæ. Allow me, if you please, to say a word in behalf of my native State, and assure you that, as much as may be said, and said with truth against her, Pennsylvania is nevertheless a great State. I don't mean by that that she is great in her geographical dimensions; that she is 300 miles long by 200 broad, embracing a surface of 45,000 square miles, containing two and a half millions of people, and possessing enormous material wealth. I don't mean that—though that is something. Nor do I mean that she is great in her historical memories and revolutionary antecedents; that she had Wm. Penn for her founder, and from him received many of her institutions and laws; that she numbered among her citizens a Franklin, a Rush, and a Thomas Morris; that her soil was mistletoed by the blood of Brandywine, Germantown, and Valley Forge; and that from the dome of her capital rang the first peals of American Independence. That's not what I mean, though it is nevertheless something to be sprung of good stock, and to feel the present moral influence of past honorable achievements. Nor do I mean, when I say that Pennsylvania is great—most certainly I do not mean—that she is great because she has produced the greatest number of mean dough-faces and the largest catalogue of base political sycophants furnished by any of the Free States. Nevertheless, that such is the fact, I am bound in candor to admit. Pennsylvania has taken the lead of all her sister States in trucking subservience to the South, and her Democracy have not only been the faithful allies, but her obedient bond slaves of the slaveholders. If at any time it has been deemed necessary, for the benefit of slavery, to pass a mean law, a law curtailing the prerogatives of Freedom, and designed to secure the integrity of the 'peculiar institution,' Pennsylvania has always furnished more than her complement of men in Congress to do the dirty work. If a gag-law was to be passed, or a Fugitive Slave Law, or a law repealing the 'ordinance of Freedom,' or an infamous 'Leecompton swindle,' Pennsylvania has always had in the Senate her Sturgeons and Buchanans, her Broadheads and Biglers, and in the House her Charles J. Ingersolls and Bucks county Rosses, her John Cadwalladers, and Glancy Joneses, and Owen Joneses, her Deckerters and Rellies, and Philipps and Landys, and contemptible Tom Florences, and as many more of the same low-principled and easy-virtued stamp as may have been required to ensure its enactment. And if a base law, when passed, was to be enforced and put into execution, she has never lacked a Kane or an Ingraham, a McAllister or a David Paul Brown, Jr., an Albert or a Kline, or a Marshal Wynkoop, to perform the dishonorable and degrading service. Nor do I mean that Pennsylvania is a great State because she possesses great political power, and sends a large delegation to Congress than any other State save one, and has a more potent voice in the Electoral College than any other State save one, and that 'as Pennsylvania goes, so goes the election'; and that at this moment her 'favorite son,' ironically so called, is President of the Union. This last fact, Mr. Chairman, I would keep out of sight, if I could: I feel that it damages my case; for if the accident or the circumstance of furnishing a man for the Presidency could belittle and disgrace a State, then, I confess, is Pennsylvania hopelessly bedwarfed and utterly degraded; for so pitiful a pettifogger and unscrupulous political trickster as James Buchanan never before sat in the Presidential chair; and that is saying a great deal in view of the fact that it has just been vacated by Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire. Nevertheless, even this circumstance, the election of James Buchanan to the Presidency, has its redeeming features; and if not creditable to the head of my native Commonwealth, it is at least not creditable to her heart; and this brings me to the point at which I have been aiming. Pennsylvania is great in the fact that she has bearing in her bosom a great heart of humanity, in the inmost recesses of which is cherished as sincere a love of freedom, with a hatred of slavery as intense, as glows in any of her sister Commonwealths. Her people, I admit, are not over-intelligent; somewhat stolid they are, and a good deal innocent of learning; but they are, nevertheless, take them as a body, honest and kind-hearted; loving justice, and hating oppression. I fancy you smile at this, Mr. Chairman, and I must admit that appearances are rather against us. I suppose you are thinking of the election of Mr. Buchanan; but shocking as was that demonstration of public corruption and want of principle, it was not wholly without extenuation. Penn-

sylvania being, as I said, not over-enlightened, was credulous enough to believe her party leaders. The Republicans went among the people, and said they weren't an anti-slavery party, and that slavery was not the issue of the controversy, but that the question to be settled was whether Congress should come into the Union as a free State. Very well, said the champions of Mr. Buchanan, we accept the issue, and we pledge ourselves and our candidate, that if Kansas desires to enter the Union as a free State, she shall come in; and we call upon you, if you are really in favor of free Kansas, to vote the Democratic ticket. So they inscribed on their banners, 'Buchanan, Breckinridge, and Free Kansas,' and credulous people, confiding in the pledges of men who ought to have been honest, voted for Mr. Buchanan, and now find they have been basely betrayed. They see they have been bought and sold like the slaves of their Southern masters; and they are disgusted. Fidelity, the late municipal election in the city of Philadelphia. Our elections to come will tell the same tale. Give us a little more light, Mr. Chairman, help us to kindle the beacon-fire of liberty in her borders, and Pennsylvania will yet reveal herself to her sister States in her original character, as not only generous and confiding, but loving liberty, and having every form of oppression. For, say what you will, I must encourage myself and my co-laborers with the assurance that the people of Pennsylvania, at heart, love liberty. The Quakers in the East, as a body, love liberty, and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the Centre and the West, the New Englanders of the North, and the honest Germans of the interior, all cherish in their hearts a sincere love of liberty; and when duly enlightened, as I trust they soon will, they will prove to the world that this is the fact, and Pennsylvania will cease to be the bye-word and scorn of her confederates. Though slow, she is sure; and like her own draught horse, she is good for a long pull and strong pull; and when the time comes, for a full and long pull.

But something too much of this. (Cries of 'Go on, go on.') I will speak of another subject. A friend has asked me to speak of the 'Underground Railroad.' This, you must know, Mr. Chairman, is one of the peculiar institutions of our State. (Applause.) It is one of our most flourishing internal improvements. (Laughter.) It is the only branch of industry that don't suffer during the late panic; (renewed laughter;) it has never before done so large a business as during the past winter. It would not do, Mr. Chairman, for me to go minutely into details, in a place as public as this; but I will state for your information, that the road is well organized and well equipped; that though it has but a single track—the travel being all in one direction—it has numerous branches. These branches drain Maryland and Virginia, and the upper part of North Carolina. They all converge at a point conveniently located; (laughter;) and the main trunk, crossing the Pennsylvania line at another point—between the 40th and 42d parallel of latitude, (renewed laughter;) pursues what an old classmate of mine would have called a circuitous route, till it deposits its passengers in Toronto. (Great laughter.)

Mr. Chairman, I don't allude to these facts so much on account of their particular interest as of their general significance. They denote the onward march of our movement, and help us to measure the extent of its progress. The increased number of fugitives denotes increased facilities, and increased sympathy, and a general change of feeling. Pennsylvania used to be favorite hunting-ground for the slaveholders, but since the death of Gorsuch and the defeat of the Treason trials, and other similar developments, these gentlemen give us a wide berth. They find that even their sworn 'allies,' however they may bluster before elections, are, in the last resort, not to be depended on.

Mr. Chairman, the Fugitive Slave Law is practically a dead letter. There are fewer renditions now than before its passage. Treason trials for aiding in the defeat of slave-catchers are things of the past, and Passmore Williamson stands justified before the world for his 'contempt' of a pro-slavery Court. Commissioner Ingram is dead, and Judge Kane is dead, and Marshal Wynkoop is dead, and Albert's 'occupation's gone.' There may be now and then a slave case, as doubtless there will be till our infamous bond with the system is cancelled, but the number of these cases has been growing 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' and the time is not far distant, I flatter myself, Mr. Chairman, when Pennsylvania, like Massachusetts, shall say to the world that she is consecrated to freedom, and no slave's foot shall desecrate her soil. (Applause.)

My mention of the name of Judge Kane may seem to some irrelevant; and perhaps it is. It may be irrelevant, and yet not wrong. There is a much honored maxim which runs—'De mortuis nil nisi bonum.' This is a heathen, not a Christian, maxim. If the Evangelists had acted upon it, we shouldn't have had the plain, unvarnished and unflattering history which has been transmitted to us of Judas, and Herod, and Pilate, and Annas and Sapphira. Their maxim was, or would have been if they had had one on the subject, 'De mortuis nil nisi verum—of the dead, as of the living, say nothing but what is true.' Mr. Chairman, no man of proper sensibility would wantonly wound the feelings of the living by needlessly disturbing the ashes of the dead; but when a public man, a historical man, whose life has been condemned by a Christian community, is chosen as a special subject of eulogy and canonized as a saint, the obligations of propriety are changed, and silence, instead of a duty, becomes a crime. We are bound, in such a case, by a broad and impartial charity, to open our mouths and speak the truth. I have been drawn into this train of reflection by an article which I hold in my hand, written by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Brooklyn. It was first published in the Christian Intelligencer, and afterwards copied, or parts of it, with expressions of editorial approval into the columns of the Journal of Commerce. It had been occasioned by some remarks made by the Rev. Mr. Cuyler, of this city, in which that gentleman, speaking of the late Dr. Kane, had referred to the Doctor's father, and had put the navigator and the Judge, the sire and the son, in a natural and not indecorously offensive contrast. Dr. Bethune makes this the occasion of giving at one and the same time a sound drubbing to his Reverend brother, and a public string to his Christian charity. He says:

'Judge Kane was a Christian man, and he has gone before God, to whose hands he had committed himself as a sinner, hoping for the pardon of all his errors through Jesus Christ, and I refrain from the severity of epithet which would justly characterize an attempt to make his departure the occasion of showing off a jaunty anticthetism.'

I need not borrowed testimony to his worth and value. Judge Kane was for years one of my most intimate friends. Some (they were many) of the most delightful and profitable hours of my life were spent in his society. Their memory is very dear and fragrant to my heart. His death is one of the long shadows which make this world less bright to me; and warn me of the darkness through which I must soon pass, to reach, I trust, a better land, where I have now far more friends than I have here. I knew him in the bosom of his family, the most tender and devoted husband, the kindest and most faithful of fathers, trusted and revered by a large circle of kindred and connections; and, oh! how beloved and cherished by them all, no words of mine can tell you! It is not my aim to be my friend's eulogist. If it were, I could fill one or two of your columns with tributes to his memory from a multitude of papers, religious and secular, expressing their deep grief at his sudden death in the midst of his usefulness. Nor is it my wish to violate the religious decency of your columns with remarks on the one judicial act of his, which excited a party hate against him while living, that now pursues him dead.

I may say, without any imbecillity of Passmore Williamson, that no man regretted more than I the decision which Judge Kane made on *Azules corpus* in that men's case. But I knew the judge so well, I had learned to esteem him so much the more I knew him, that I never doubted his honesty for a moment. He was an accomplished gentleman, of large elegant learning, a sincere Christian, a devoted friend of science and art and the public good—a such a man to be deprived of the Christian charity which 'hath all things,' for one mistake, if it were a mistake!

Now, Mr. Chairman, it seems proper, after such high-wrought eulogy, that some of the prominent acts in the life of Judge Kane, the acts which distinguished his judicial career above that of other magistrates, should be here stated, not as 'jaunty anticthetism,' but as a truthful list of exceptions.

Judge Kane's place was the bench of the United States District Court of Eastern Pennsylvania. It was an office of his own seeking, and he performed its duties voluntarily. When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, it devolved upon him to adjudicate many of the cases which transpired under it. This task he performed in a manner which, in the end, gave the fullest satisfaction to the slaveholders and slave-hunters, and elicited from them the strongest expressions of approval. It was Judge Kane who tried the case of Hannah Dellam, the unhappy woman who, it will be remembered, with her little boy and babe unborn, was put upon the stand to answer the charge of having been born a certain man's slave. It was proved that she had lived at least two years in Pennsylvania, and testimony was offered raising the presumption that she had lived in the State previously to the time at which it was alleged she had escaped. It was hoped that the Judge, leaning to the side of mercy, would accept this as sufficient proof. The interesting situation of the woman, and the appeals of the little boy at her side, it was hoped by the large audience of humane people of both sexes, drawn thither by the interest of the occasion, would give force to 'the doubt,' and insure a decision in her favor. But no; Hannah Dellam and her little boy, charged and chargeable with no crime, were ordered to be handed over to the custody of her claimant, and by him carried into slavery. It was said the law and evidence required it; he it so. But when an appeal was made to the Judge, asking that the woman might be permitted to remain in prison, in the custody of her master, in order that her babe, about to be born, and on which, at least, her master had no recognizable claim, should be permitted to see the light and enjoy the inheritance of freedom—and when precedent as well as humanity was pleaded, and pleaded in vain, as a reason for complying with the request—can it be alleged that stern judicial duty required her instant extradition?

It was Judge Kane who delivered the charge to the Grand Jury under which and in consequence of which Harry Lewis, Scarlet and others were put on trial for their lives for high treason, imprisoned, torn suddenly from their wives and families, and subjected to other great hardships; their offence having been that they were suspected of having aided in the escape of certain slaves and the defeat of certain slave-catchers. It was Judge Kane who imprisoned and otherwise occasioned injury to Passmore Williamson, keeping him in the cells of Moyamensing a hundred days; his offence having been, in effect, that of giving liberty to a woman and her two children, who were, in the judgment of the best jurists in the land, legally entitled to their freedom. It was Judge Kane who, shortly before his death, tried a slave case in private court, and decided it against the victim, on the testimony of the slaveholder and his friends, before the lawyer who had been sent for on behalf of the prisoner could arrive, and before any of the people who are known to be friends of the fugitive could have any notice of what was going on.

Mr. Chairman, these are facts, plain and unvarnished—stated without color or exaggeration. All I have to say, in view of them, is, that if such acts as I have here described be consistent with the eminent Christian character ascribed to their author, then Christianity is not the thing I have taken it to be, and the charge of promoting infidelity lies at other doors than those of this Society.

Mr. Chairman, these acts, and others like them by other persons, are sought to be justified, on the ground of the obedience we owe to law. I deny that there is any virtue abstractly in obedience to law. If a law be a good one, let it be obeyed; if wicked, let it be trampled under foot. Is it said that this will introduce anarchy and confusion? Let the responsibility of the confusion be upon those who occasion its introduction. 'I came not,' said Christ, 'to send peace, but a sword.' Let our law-makers learn to give us good laws, if they want good men to obey them. Is inquiry any less iniquitous for being framed into a law? or cruelty less inhuman because perpetrated under the sanction of a human statute? I trust not.

Mr. Chairman, I will detain you no further; I have already spoken longer than I intended; but allow me to say, in conclusion, that the true Church, in all ages, has found its chief mission in tearing the mask off a false religion and exposing to contempt inhuman enactments. Its duty is the same now as ever; and I rejoice that, at this time and during these anniversaryes, there is at least one body of believers who have the independence, at whatever cost, to put their foot upon a spurious religion, calling itself Christianity, and spit upon pro-slavery statutes, falsely assuming to be republican. This generation may cast out their names as evil, but the next will award them the tribute of their approval.

Mrs. CAROLINE H. DALL, of Boston, in a few remarks, expressed her dissent from the opinions expressed by the preceding speaker, in regard to the anti-slavery sentiment of Pennsylvania. She thought that State would be baptized with a new love of liberty before she would deserve the words Mr. McKim had applied to her.

NO AID TO FREE LABOR. Senator King, of New York, made an effort on Monday to have the Free Homestead or Land Reform Bill taken up, it being the special order for that time; but the slaveocracy voted that it should not be considered. Of course, they could not afford a moment of time to any subject which involves the interests of free labor; but they can waste months in filibustering and fighting to enslave a free territory. Such is slaveocracy and Buchananism.

SOUTH CAROLINA IN ARMS.—The Columbia (S. C.) Carolinian, after copying a notice of Mrs. C. W. Denison's 'Old Heppy,' adds:

'This novel will probably never be sent to the South; but the name of its writer should be known and proscribed.'

SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY.—The Louisville Courier says that there is now an extraordinary stampede of the slaves in that State. Negroes are daily escaping from their owners in startling numbers. They go off, one, two, three, or a dozen at a time. That paper attributes this unusual movement to the presence of numerous Abolitionists. It says, 'Black Republicans are as thick in these parts as wolves on a prairie. It is almost respectable to be a nigger-stealer.'

VERY GOOD. The staid old National Intelligencer, reviewing Gen. Houston's scheme for a Mexican Protectorate, quietly remarks, that 'doubt may, perhaps, rest on the minds of some as to the fact whether our own government has shown any such excess of political wisdom in the management of its domestic affairs, that it may be becomingly appropriate to itself the benevolent task of keeping Mexico in order.'

CONFLICT OVER ICE. The New York Post says that there was a sharp conflict in the Senate, over the nomination of Mr. Commissioner Loring as Chief Justice of the Court of Claims.

SENATOR DOUGLASS. The Washington Star says that Mr. Douglas has divested his family of all pecuniary interest in slavery—a very proper movement, considering that he has left his party, and that 'niggers' and democracy are inseparable.

IF WE understand, says the Montgomery (Ala.) Mail, that Bryant Lee, who is supposed to be insane, having near Marion, took up and whipped to death two of his negroes, five days ago. He has been arrested and held for trial.

IT IS NOT A DYE!

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER AND WORLD'S HAIR DRESSING.

THE ONLY PREPARATIONS THAT HAVE A EUROPEAN REPUTATION!

The Restorer, used with the Zylolabsumum or Dressing, cures diseases of the hair or scalp, and RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR!

The Zylolabsumum or Dressing alone is the best hair dressing extant for young or old. We take pleasure in presenting the following undeniable proofs that these are the best preparations either in Europe or America. They contain no deleterious ingredients—do not soil or stain anything.

GREAT BRITAIN. REV. W. B. THORNELO, Presb. of Lancaster, says—'Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum are perfect marvels. After using them six weeks, my extremely gray hair is restored to its natural color. I am satisfied it is not a dye.'

HAYTI. REV. MRS. E. C. ANDRUS, for many years Missionary to Hayti, now of Martinburgh, N. Y. The climate having seriously affected her hair and scalp, she says, 'I have derived much benefit from the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum. I have tried various other remedies for my hair, but never anything that so materially and permanently benefited me, as Mrs. S. A. Allen's.'

TENN. J. H. EATON, Pres. Union Unit., Tenn. 'I have used Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum but very irregularly, but, notwithstanding, its influence was distinctly visible. The falling off of hair ceased, and my locks, which were quite gray, restored to their original black.'

REY. H. V. DEGAN, Ed. 'Guide to Holiness,' Boston, Mass. 'That Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum promotes the growth of the hair where baldness has commenced, we now have the evidence of our own eyes.'

REY. J. A. H. CORNELL, Cor. Sec. of the N. Y. City. 'I procured Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorative and Zylolabsumum for a relative, I am happy to say it prevented the falling off of the hair, and restored it, from being gray, to its natural glossy and beautiful black.'

REY. J. N. ROBE, Ed. 'Chr. Adv.' English, N. Y. 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum are the best hair preparations I have ever known. They have restored my hair to its original color.'

REY. J. WEST, Brooklyn, N. Y. 'I am happy to bear testimony to the value and efficacy of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum, and also to acknowledge its curing my grayness and baldness.'

REY. GEO. M. SPRATT, Agr. Dep. Penn. Pub. Sec. 'We cheerfully recommend Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum.'

REY. J. F. GRISWOLD, Washington, N. D. 'Please inform Mrs. S. A. Allen where Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum can be had in Boston. You may say in my name that I know they are what they purport to be.'

REY. MOSES THACHER, 60 years of age, Fishkill, N. Y. 'Since using Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum, my hair ceases to fall, and is restored to its natural color. I am satisfied 'tis nothing like a dye.'

REY. D. T. WOOD, Middletown, N. Y. 'My hair has greatly thickened. The same is true of another of my family, whose head we thought would become almost bare. Her hair has handsomely thickened, and has a handsome appearance since using Mrs. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum.'

REY. S. A. MORLEY, Attleboro, Mass. 'The defect of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum has been to change the "crimson of glory" belonging to old men, to the original loss of youth. The same is true of others of my acquaintance.'

REY. J. P. TUSTIN, Ed. 'South Baptist,' Jr., Charleston, S. C. 'The white hair is becoming abated by new and better hair forming, by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum.'

REY. C. A. BUCKBEE, Treas. Am. Bible Union, N. Y. 'I cheerfully add my testimony to that of numerous other friends, to Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum. The latter I have found superior to anything I ever used.'

REY. JOS. McKEE, N. Y. City. 'Recommend them.'

REY. AMOS BLANCHARD, Meriden, Ct. 'We think very highly of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum.'

REY. WM. PORTEUS, Staunton, Va. 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum have met my most sanguine expectations in causing my hair to grow where it had fallen.'

REY. D. MORRIS, Cross River, N. Y. 'I know of a great many who have had their hair restored by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum.'

REY. E. EVANS, Delhi, O. 'I have used Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum. They have changed my hair to its natural color, and stopped its falling off.'

REY. WM. R. DOWNS, Howard, N. Y. 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Dressing has no superior. It cleanses the hair and scalp, removes harshness and dryness, and always produces the softness, silkiness and natural gloss requisite to the human hair.'

REY. C. M. KLINCK, Leiston, Pa. 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolabsumum has stopped the falling off of my hair, and caused a new growth.'

We might quote from others of the numerous letters we have and are constantly receiving, but we do not have above sufficient to convince the most skeptical that we have at least the best preparations in the world for the hair of the young or old. We manufacture no other preparations. Occupying the large building, corner of Broome and Elizabeth streets, exclusively for the hair, saleroom and manufactory, we have no time or inclination to engage in other manufactures.

These are the only preparations exported in any quantity to Europe.

We also would call attention to the fact that we have always avoided all charlatanisms. Our preparations are the highest priced, but the cheapest, because it lasts longer, and does more good; the expense, in fact, not less than others. We aspire to have the best, not the lowest priced. One bottle of Restorer will cost nearly a year. \$1.50 per bottle. Balsam, 50¢ cent per bottle.

GENUINE has Mrs. S. A. Allen's signed in Red Ink to outside wrappers, and in Black Ink to directions pasted on bottles. Restorer bottles are of dark purple glass, with the words, Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, the Balsam of Broome Street, New York, blown in the glass. The Balsam of Broome Street, 355 Broome Street, New York, blown in the glass. Circulars around bottles contain full directions in genuine. Signing the name by others is a counterfeit, and will be prosecuted by us as a criminal offense.

Some dealers try to sell other preparations on which they make more profit, instead of those, insist on what we sell.

Sold by nearly every drug and fancy goods dealer. Address all letters for information to MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S World's Hair Restorer Depot, NO. 355 BROOME STREET, N. Y. Dec 11

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

Will it bring us Christian men— Christ-like, both in word and deed? Shall the reign of right begin, Undelayed by taste or creed? Shall the Sermon on the Mount Rise to a tower in men's lives, Closing up the long account 'Twixt religion, stripes, and gyves? Shall the sorely-smitten cheek Bravely dare be struck again? And when man compels a league, Will ye journey with him twain? Will it snatch the club or knife From the Congress bully's hand? Will it stay the deadly strife— Of brothers through all the land? Will our Christian, White House chief Call his warriors home again? Leave to conscience men's belief? Will the nation say—'Amen? Will the Wall Street convert spare The Skylock knife, and rest content? Do as he'd be done by there, While interest calls, through cent. per cent? Shall the Five Points of our creed Square with Cross and Centre Street? Will Fifth Avenue deign to heed The sermon these Five Points repeat? Love thy neighbor as thyself; Do as ye would have men do; With the needy share thy pelf; Be ye perfect—God-like—true! Be like little children—pure— From this fruit grow all the rest; Be of ood the untiring poor, Living Christ-like—dying blest. Creed and sect once laid aside, Love and mercy shall abound; Let 'reform' spread far and wide, Till one Christian land be found. Houstonic, Mass. J. I. P.

MAY.

BY LEON HUNT. May! thou month of rosy beauty! Month when pleasure is a duty; Month of maids that milk the kine— Broom rich and breath divine; Month of bees, and month of flowers; Month of blossom-laden bowers; Month of little hands with daisies, Lover's love, and poet's praises; Oh! thou merry month complete— May!—that very name is sweet! May was maid in olden times, And is still in Scottish rhymes; May's the blooming Hawthorn bough; May's the month that's laughing now. I no sooner write the word Than it seems as though it heard, And looks up and laughs at me, Like a sweet face rosy; Like an actual color bright, Flushing from the paper's white; Like a bride that knows her power, Started in her summer bower. If the rains that do us wrong Come to keep the winter long, And deny us the sweet looks, I can love thee, sweet! in books— Love thee in the poet's pages, Where they keep thee green for ages; Love and read thee, as a lover Reads his lady's letter o'er, Breathing blessings on the art Which commingles those that part. There is May in books forever; May will part from Spencer never; May's in Milton—May's in Prior— May's in Chaucer, Thompson, Dyer; May's in all the Italian books; She has old and modern nooks, Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves, In happy places they call shrines, And will rise and dress your rooms With a drapery thick with blooms. Come, ye rains, then, if you will, May's a fit-time, and with me still; But come, rather thou, good weather! And find us in the fields together.

BIRD SONG.

BY W. L. SHORRECKER. There is a little bird that sings— 'Sweetheart!' I know not what his name may be; I only know his notes please me, As loud he sings, and thus sings he— 'Sweetheart!' I've heard him sing on soft spring days— 'Sweetheart!' And when the sky was dark above, And wintry winds had stripped the grove, He still poured forth those words of love— 'Sweetheart!' And, like that bird, my heart, too, sings— 'Sweetheart!' When heaven is dark, or bright and blue, When throes are bare, or leaves are new, It thus sings on—and sings of you— 'Sweetheart!' What need of other words than these— 'Sweetheart!' If I should sing a whole year long, My love would not be shown more strong Than by this short and simple song— 'Sweetheart!'