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

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1855.

VOLUME I.—NO. 17.

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In the new brick buildings next door below Barnum's Variety Store, the finest in the state, being four floors, each 30 feet front, and 200 feet deep. In addition to our

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Consisting of a general assortment of all articles in our line, and mostly of our

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Life of Barman, \$1.25.
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BOOK, JOB AND ORNAMENTAL
Type, Borders, Rules, Scripts, &c., would respectfully call the attention of printers and publishers to his establishment. Enjoying ample facilities for executing orders of any magnitude, he hopes, by promptness to merit a continuance of the favors heretofore bestowed upon him, believing it to be for the interest of printers in the West and Canada to make their purchases here at New York prices, thereby saving the expense and inconvenience of transportation. H. O. & C. O. S. Celebrated Presses always on hand, or furnished at short notice, at manufacturer's prices.

Buffalo, September, 1854. 117

Poetry.

Thoughts in Heaven.

No sighs there,
No weary wailing of the faint away,
No fretful anking from the mortal air,
No crowd of rumour's light and fervid ray.

No hollow grief,
No wild and desperate hunt of death,
No vain pursuit for a weak relief,
No torpid eye, no motion hearts are there.

Car has gone
No more of the material things,
No more of the material things,
No more of the material things,
No more of the material things.

The crown's black wing
Is now spread above the mortal air,
Its wings bleed not with the voice of spring,
As some to leave the forest shades and air.

No night there,
No chilling dew from the ether frame;
No moon to be seen there. The light which fills
That land of glory from the ether frame.

No parted friends,
No mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring love abroad,
No watch the coming of a judgment day.

No blasted flower,
Or withered bud, or faded garden rose,
No more of the material things,
No more of the material things.

No battle word,
Strikes the sacred host with fear and dread;
The song of peace, creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angels tread.

Let us depart;
If home like this we find the weary soul,
Look up, then, stretch a hand, Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
While robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why has to plunge in Jordan's mingling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

Miscellany.

The Indian Wife.

Shortly after the *coursers des bois* began to carry packs and drive dog sledges in the lands on the upper waters of the Mississippi, there lived at the Kappohah village, Three leagues below the mouth of the river St. Peters, an Indian who was the cynosure of the eyes of all maidens in his band. This was because of his rare personal beauty; not of form, for that is common to all Indians, but of countenance. His skill as a hunter, and his bravery as a warrior, were qualities more likely to recommend him to their parents; but strange to say, the swarthy daughters of the forest, judged by the eye, as some authors have falsely asserted their sex is in the habit of doing. The object of their admiration had feminine features, and a skin lighter by five shades than the national complexion of the Dahcotahs, and his hair, beside being light, was also fine and glossy. He prided himself upon it, and suffered it to grow long; thereby grievously scandalizing the male population of the village. His toilet was usually adjusted with scrupulous accuracy; he changed the fashion of his point five times per diem, and his activity in the chase enabled him to wear so much scarlet cloth, and so many beads and silver broaches, as made him the envy of those of his own age and sex. Those who imagine that the aborigines are all stoics and heroes, and those who think them solely addicted to rapine and bloodshed, are therefore disposed to dispute the truth of this sketch of Indian character, are informed that there are fops in the forest as well as in Broadway; yet the elegance of the features of Toskatnay, (the Woodpecker) for so was our Dahcolah dandy called, and his taste in dress, were his only merits. The war eagle's plume which completed his array, was an honourable evidence that he had acquired a right to call himself a man. In fact, beneath an almost feminine appearance, and much frivolity of manner, he concealed the real strength of his character.

To the maidens who listened with glistening eyes to his discourse, and blushed when he addressed them, his motto seemed to "let them look and die." Exquisite as he was, his soul was full of higher matters than love or gallantry. He aspired to sway the councils of his people, and to lead them in battle, and if he condescended to please the eyes, and tickle the ears of the women, it was only because he knew that it was the surest way to exert an influence over the men. He was not so much of a savage as not to know so much of human nature. Yet he had no idea of marrying, but as it might further his views; and to the admiration of the young squaws he shut his eyes, while against their complaints that "no one cared for them," he hardened his heart.

With all his schemes, he had not calculated upon the power of the blind god. But his time was to come, and the connexion he was destined to form, was to have a powerful influence on his own future fortunes.

In the same village with our hero dwelt a damsel, whose name was Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah (the Brave Woman). This girl never praised Toskatnay's attire, nor listened to his compliments, nor sought to attract his attention. On the contrary, she avoided his notice. Why she did this, we do not pretend to explain. We pretend not to expound the freaks of passion, any more than the profundities of philosophy, nor can we tell why love should choose to show himself in such a capricious manner. Let it suffice that she was

thought to hate our hero until an event occurred that contradicted the supposition.

One hot day in July, a rabid wolf, such as are sometimes seen in the prairies, came to pay the village a visit. The cornfields lay in his way, and as animals in his predicament never turn aside, he entered it. It so chanced that Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah was at that time using her hoe therein, in company with other girls, while Toskatnay stood near them, cheering their labor and edifying their minds, prattling much in the style of Ranger in the "Jealous Husband." The wolf made directly at him, and the girls seeing by the elaver of his jaws, what ailed him, shrieked and fled.—Toskatnay, being no Yankee, could not guess the cause of their terror, and was looking about for it, when the animal was within five paces of him. Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah alone stood firm, and seeing that he must inevitably be bitten, she advanced and clove the beast's skull with her hoe, contrary to the law in such cases made and provided by novel writers, which ordains that the gentleman shall rescue the lady from danger, and not the lady the gentleman. Having thus done, the color forsook her cheeks, and she swooned and fell. Toskatnay, though an Indian fine gentleman, did not catch her in his arms, nor kneel by her. But he did what was as much to the purpose. He ran to the village, which was but a few rods distant, and sent the women to her assistance. With some difficulty they brought her to her senses.

From that hour his attentions, which had been considered by the girls as common property, were confined to her. Love and gratitude prevailed, and for a while his dreams of ambition were forgotten. He wore leggings of different colors, and sat all day upon a log, playing on a flute with three holes, and singing songs in her praise. When she was gone to cut wood, he was not to be found in the village. He gave her beads and vermilion, and in short played the Indian lover in all points. Indian courtships never last long, and ere the leaves began to fall, Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah was the wife of Toskatnay. For a time, he forgot his nature and his former prepossessions, and he even saw three war parties leave the village without testifying much concern. But these halcyon days did not last long. A mind like his could not be content with ignoble triumphs over the brute tenants of the woods and prairies. His excursions grew longer in duration, and more frequent in occurrence, and at last the poor bride saw herself totally neglected. Another cause occurred in this result. She belonged to a family that could boast no hero, no chief, nor any wise man among its members, and her husband saw with great regret that he had formed an alliance that could never enhance his importance in his tribe. The devoted affection, and unwearied attention with which she endeavored to recall his heart, only filled him with disgust. Within the year she made him a father, but the new relation in which he stood, did not reclaim him. In the eyes of his people, he pursued an honorable course; he joined every warlike excursion, obtained the praise of all by his valor; and once by his conduct and presence of mind, when the camp in which his lodge was pitched was surprised, he saved it, and turned the tables on the assailants. In consequence, he was thought worthy to be a leader of men, and became the head paragon in two successful inroads on the enemies' country.

He was envied as well as admired. Many there were, older than himself, who aspired to the objects of his ambition, and one especially, without a tinge of his merits, outstripped him in his course by means of extended connections, and thwarted him in every particular. This was a man named Chalpah (the Beaver) about forty years of age. He had nine wives, whom he supported in the usual style, and their relations were at his back. Jealous of the growing influence of Toskatnay, he opposed his opinions, and turned the weak parts of his character into ridicule. The young warrior felt this deeply, and revolved in his own mind the means of making the number of his adherents equal to that of his rival. There were two which presented themselves to his acceptance; the one to take to his lodge more wives; and the other, to continue to exert himself in the field. By the latter means, in the course of time, if he was not untimely cut off, he would attain the desired distinction. By the former his object would be effected more speedily.

An opportunity soon occurred to measure his strength with his fellow aspirant. The Beaver, not content with the limits of his haven, demanded in marriage the daughter of the Heron, a noted warrior. The father asked time to consider the proposal. While the matter was in abeyance, Toskatnay heard of it, and resolved not to lose so good a chance to further his own projects and mortify the man he hated. He went that very night to the Heron's lodge, lighted a match at his

fire, and presented it to the eyes of the maiden. She blew it out, and after some conversation with her, carried on in whispers, he retired. In the morning he smoked with the Heron, and in plain terms asked his daughter to wife. The old man liked Toskatnay, and moreover, was not entirely satisfied that his offspring should be the tenth bride of any man. He accepted the offer without hesitation, and the maidens were solemnized to the great displeasure of the Beaver.

It is unnecessary to say that he was not the only person displeased. Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah thought this second marriage a poor requital of the service she had rendered her husband, and expostulated with him. But ambition swallows all other passions as the rind of Moses swallowed the other rods, and Toskatnay had become intensely selfish. He desired her to mind her own affairs, and as polygamy is reckoned creditable by the Dahcotahs, she had no pretence to quarrel, and was obliged to submit. With an aching heart she saw another woman take the place in Toskatnay's regard that she considered her own, and often did she retire to the woods to weep over her infant, and tell her sorrows to the rocks and trees. Quarrels will happen in the best of families, and so was seen of Toskatnay's. The two wives did not agree, as might have been expected, and the husband always took the part of the new comer. Moreover, when he joined the hunting camps the Heron's daughter accompanied him, while Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah was left at home; he alleged, that having a child to take care of, she could not so well be the partner of his wanderings. It was in vain that she protested against this reasoning. An Indian husband is, if he pleases, absolute, and she was obliged to acquiesce. It was not, in truth, that he preferred his new spouse, but he wished to conciliate her family. The poor malcontent had the mortification besides, to see that he neglected his child, and this was the unkindest cut of all.

At last, the second autumn after her marriage, it so happened that the band attached to Toskatnay was to move up the Mississippi, to hunt upon his great waters. As the journey was to be made by water, there was no objection to Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah being of the party, and the two wives assisted each other in the necessary preparations. In the afternoon they came to the falls of St. Anthony, and carried their canoes and baggage round it. They encamped on the eastern shore just above the rapids. Such a description as we are able to give of this celebrated cataract, from recollection, is at the reader's service.

There is nothing of grandeur or sublimity which the eye aches to behold at Niagara, about the falls of St. Anthony. But in wild and picturesque beauty it is perhaps unequalled. Flowing over a tract of country five hundred miles in extent, the river here more than half a mile wide, breaks into sheets of foam and rushes to the pitch over a strongly inclined plane. The fall itself is not high, we believe only sixteen feet perpendicular, but its face is broken and irregular. Huge slabs of rock lie scattered below, in wild disorder. Some stand on their edges, leaning against the ledge from which they have been disluted. Some lie piled upon each other in the water, in immitable confusion. A long narrow island divides the fall nearly in the middle. Its eastern side is not perpendicular, but broken into three distinct ledges, below which the twisting and twirling eddies threaten destruction to any living thing that enters them. On the western side, in the boiling rapids below, a few rods from the fall, stands a little island, of a few yards area, rising steep from the waters, and covered with forest trees. At the time of our story, its mightiest oak was the haunt of a solitary bald eagle, that had built its eyrie on the topmost boughs, beyond the reach of man. It was occupied by his posterity till the year 1823, when the time-honored crest of the vegetable monarch bowed and gave way before the wing of the northern tempest. The little islet was believed inaccessible, till two daring privates of the fifth regiment, at low water, waded out in the river above, and ascending the fall by means of the blocks of stone before mentioned, forded the intervening space, and were the first of their species that ever set foot upon it.

Large trunks of trees frequently drift over, and diving into the chasm of the rocks, never appear again. The loon, or great northern diver, is also, at moulting time, when he is unable to rise from the water, often caught in the rapids. When he finds himself drawn in, he struggles with fate for a while, but finding escape impossible, he faces downwards and goes over, screaming horribly. These birds sometimes make the descent unurt. Below the rapids foam and roar and tumble for half a mile, and then subside into the clear, gentle current that continues unbroken to the Rock River Rapids; and at high water to the Gulf of Mexico. Here too, the high bluffs which enclose the Mississippi commence. Such was the scene at the time of this authentic history,

but now it is mended or marred, according to the taste of the spectator, by the works of the sons of Adam. It can show its buildings, its saw mill, its grist mill, its cattle, and its cultivated fields.

To return to our story; Toskatnay and his hand passed the falls and raised their lodges a few rods above the rapids. It so happened that evening, that a violent quarrel arose between the two wives, which the presence of some of the elders only prevented from ending in cutting and scorching. When the master of the lodge returned, he rebuked them both, but the weight of his anger fell on Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah, though in fact, the dispute had been fastened on her by the other. She replied nothing to his reproaches, but his words sunk deep into her bosom, for he had spoken scornfully of her, saying that no St. Anthony had so pitiful a wife as herself. She sobbed herself to sleep, and when the word was given in the morning to rise and strike the tents, she was the first to rise and set about it.

While the business of embarkation was going on, it so chanced that the child of the poor woman crawled in the way of her rival, and received a severe kick from her. This was too much for the mother. Vociferating such terms as are current only at Billingsgate and in Indian camps, for squaws are not remarkable for delicacy of expression, she fastened upon the Heron's daughter tooth and nail, who was not slow to return the compliment. Luckily their knives were wrested from them by the bystanders, or one or both would have been killed on the spot. This done, the men lunged and the women screamed, but none offered to part them, till Toskatnay, who was busy at the other end of the camp, patching a birch canoe, heard the noise, and came and separated them by main force. He was highly indignant at an occurrence that must bring ridicule upon him. The Heron's daughter he reproved, but Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah he struck with his paddle repeatedly, and threatened to put her away. This filled the cup of misery to overflowing; she looked at him indignantly, and said, "I will never see you again." She took up her child and moved away, but he, thinking it no more than an ordinary fit of sullessness, paid no attention to her motions.

His unkindness at this time had the effect of confirming a project that she had long revolved in her mind, and she hastened to put it in execution. She embarked in a canoe with her child, and pushed from the shore entered the rapids before she was perceived. When she was seen, both men and women, among whom her husband was the most earnest, followed her on the shore, entreating her to land ere it was too late. The river was high, so that it was impossible to intercept her, yet Toskatnay, finding his entreaties of no avail, would have thrown himself into the water to reach the canoe, had he not been withheld by his followers. Had this demonstration of interest occurred the day before, it is possible that her purpose would have been forgotten. As it was, she shook her open hand at him in scorn, and held up his child for him to gaze at. She then began to sing, and her song ran thus—

"A cloud has come over me. My joys are turned to grief. Life has become a burden too heavy to bear, and it only remains to die. The Great Spirit calls, I hear his voice in the roaring waters. Soon, soon, shall they close over my head, and my soul shall be heard no more. Turn these eyes hither, proud chief! Thou art brave in battle, and all are silent when thou speakest in council. Thou hast met death, and hast not been afraid. Thou hast braved the knife and the axe; and the shaft of the enemy has passed harmless by thee. Thou hast seen the warrior fall. Thou hast heard him speak bitter words with his last breath. But hast thou ever seen him dare more than a woman is about to do? Many speak of thy deeds. Old and young echo thy praises. Thou art the star the young men look upon, and thy name shall be long heard in the land. But when men tell of thy exploits, they shall say, 'He slew his wife also!' Shame shall attend thy memory. I slew the ravenous beast that was about to destroy thee. I planted thy corn, and made thee garments and moccasins. When thou wast an hungry, I gave thee to eat, and when thou wast thirsty, I brought thee cold water. I brought thee a son also, and I never disobeyed thy commands. And this is my reward! Thou hast laughed at me. Thou hast given me bitter words, and struck me heavy blows. Thou hast preferred another before me, and thou hast driven me to wish for the approach of death, as for the coming winter. My child! my child! Life is a scene of sorrow. I had not the love of a mother, did I not snatch thee from the woe thou must endure. Adorn thy wife with ornaments of white metal. Toskatnay; hang beads about her neck; be kind to her, and see if she will ever be to thee as I?"

So saying, or rather singing, she went over the fall with her child, and they were seen no more.

"My son should not marry," it is commonly said, "unless they can not only maintain for themselves the social position to which they have been accustomed, but extend the benefits of that position to their children and children's children. A woman who marries, is entitled to be kept in the same rank and comfort in which she was reared." We entirely disavow these doctrines. It should be the aim of every married couple to make their own fortune. No son and daughter, who become man and wife, are entitled to rely on their patrimony, but should willingly commence life at a lower step in the social ladder than that occupied by their parents, so that they may have the merit of the happiness of rising, if possible, to the top. Imagine the case of an aged couple, who by great perseverance have acquired possession of immense wealth, and are living in a style of ease and splendor which is no more than the reward of their long life of industry. Will anybody say that the children of such "old folks" should live in the same grandeur as their parents? The idea is preposterous. They have no right to such luxury, they have done nothing to deserve it, and if their parents are honest in dividing their property among them, they can have no means of supporting it. Yet marriages are contracted on the principle that the married couple shall be able to keep up the rank to which they have been accustomed under the paternal roof. It is such notions as this—engendered by Malthusian philosophers, and fostered by Jany pride—that are filling our country with "poor old maids," with couples, who become man and wife, are entitled to rely on their patrimony, but should willingly commence life at a lower step in the social ladder than that occupied by their parents, so that they may have the merit of the happiness of rising, if possible, to the top. 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Depression of Labor.

The New York Tribune presents a truly distressing state of things among the laboring community of that city; and whatever affects the handicraftsmen and laborers of New York, must affect the same classes, in the same way, throughout the state and nation.

Patriotism, with us, is a sentiment which we cherish on all convenient occasions. Religion is a part of our sabbath-day suit. We put it on and pull it off when we arise on Sunday morning and when we go to bed on Sunday night, providing always that no interest productive of emolument require the every-day apparel to be kept on.

The discovery of gold in California, might have been a blessing to this country, if it had not been for this all-pervading and all-absorbing passion. As soon as it was announced, a general mania seized the people, and the plow, the jack-plane, the fore-hammer, the awl and the goose were thrown aside, in thousands and thousands of instances.

At the first arrival of gold, banks sprung up like mushrooms all over the country, and railroads, like huge serpents, commenced stretching themselves from point to point, where there was little use for them.

These whirling, boiling, tumbling and foaming operations of enterprise run mad, commerce demented and speculation let loose from Bedlam, have been deranging order and breaking up systems, for the last five years; and now the acme of distraction has been reached, and the prosperity of the country lies a bleeding sacrifice upon the altar of folly.

Here and there humanity finds a medium of communication which it cannot only speak, but act, through. But such ones are few and far between. The clergy, or many of them, pray for the poor whilst standing in gorgeously ornamented pulpits, in gothic structures with spires piercing the heavens.

out undrawing the purse strings and turning out any of the yellow coin that swelled the credit side of yesterday's cash account. Prayers issued from between the lips of those who pray and preach at the rate of ten to fifty dollars per diem, are the most insipid, worthless fraud that ever hungry stomachs were mocked withal.

This would be a happy country, were it not for that generally prevailing and soul-distorting passion, Avarice. But for that we should know no poverty, feel no want, envy no man his goods, kill no one for his money, take no man's purse by violence, break into no one's enclosures at night, malign no man to get away his employment or his office, scant no man's weight or measure, tell no falsehoods to deceive purchasers in value or quality, withhold the hire of no laborer, nor use cunning devices to overreach a neighbor and oust him and his family from their little domicile.

The Foreign Missions.

For the following information, sentiment and language, we are indebted to the New York Evening Post, and our good scissors: The newest news from Washington is that Mr. Soule has actually resigned his post as minister to Spain, and that Mr. Breckenridge, of the House of Representatives, has been nominated in his place.

Mr. Breckenridge is one of the most promising men who have entered public life within a few years past. We do not, it is true, much like the practice of appointing members of Congress to offices in the gift of the Executive; but while it is allowed to continue, we must admit that Mr. Pierce could have scarcely made a better choice among the men of his own party in the House of Representatives.

There will be two other important diplomatic appointments soon to be made. Mr. Buchanan, it is expected, will shortly return to America to look after the Presidency, which will become vacant in about two years from this time, and which must be filled by somebody.

Mr. Mason, who has been struck with paralysis at Paris, is withdrawn by it from public life. Whatever may be expected in regard to his recovery, it is impossible that he should any longer act as minister. To fill those appointments, several persons have been mentioned. Mr. Marcy is spoken of, in some of the letters from Washington, as the probable successor either of Mason or Buchanan.

Mr. Seymour, our ex-Governor, is now at Washington, and is spoken of as Mr. Buchanan's successor. We should be sorry to create any prejudice in the mind of the President against his appointment by saying anything in his favor, but we will venture to remark that Mr. Pierce might easily do worse. Governor Seymour is courteous and plausible, and would make a good figure in the diplomatic corps.

The best course that Mr. Pierce could take would be not to fill those posts at all. We have no occasion for a minister at present either at London or at Paris. By leaving these missions vacant we shall save money, and unless Mr. Pierce is more fortunate in his choice of men than he was in most of the diplomatic appointments made in the beginning of his administration, we shall save credit. The sending of Mr. Breckenridge to Spain is a gratification proceeding now that the idea of acquiring Cuba by purchase is given up.

THE CARES OF A CROWNED HEAD.—In the course of his last letter to the Courier des Etats Unis, its Paris correspondent, P. Gaillardet, has the following:

The Emperor has sought a diversion from the pressing cares which the precarious situation of the army of the East has caused him. He has shut himself up—invisible to the whole world save his Ministers—in the Palace of St. Cloud. He who is ordinarily so calm, cannot now it is said, conceal his irritation. Nobody dares approach him. The Empress herself seems to have lost that supreme influence which her grace, her sweetness and her beauty, have hitherto invested her.

Since their return to Paris the Emperor and Empress spent much of their time on the Champs Elysees, and in the Bois de Boulogne. The Empress appears to enjoy perfect health. But the Emperor's features bear the mark of great anxiety, illustrating the truth of the saying that there is no earthly crown which does not conceal a thorn.

The Christianity of the Church.

Since the beginning of the twelfth century, vast numbers have suffered death at the stake or upon the rack. The quivering flesh has been torn from the bones of the living man! Numerous modes of torture have been invented and put in operation, by those who have claimed to be the ministers of God, and the heartless inquisitor has kept his jubilee amid the dying groans of thousands.

When I pause to consider the iniquity that has been practiced in the name of Jesus; when I look over the history of the Church, and think of the gross abominations committed by the pretended servants of God, I am painfully reminded that the Christian religion has been most deeply wounded in the habitation of its professed friends.

Calamity at Fort Washington. THREE YOUNG LADIES BURIED IN ONE GRAVE. On Tuesday afternoon, says the Journal of Commerce, the remains of Sarah, Grace and Mary, daughters of Mr. John A. Haven, were consigned to their last resting place.

Rev. Dr. Bellows offered the first prayer.—The remaining service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Osgood. His remarks were short, but deeply touching and sympathetic, and the silent eloquence of grief responded to the words of condolence. Scarcely an eye was dry. Strangers who, perchance, had never felt the sorrows of personal bereavement, were constrained to drop a tear for others' woes.

It was a mournful occasion. The bearers took up the three coffins one by one. On each lay a fresh wreath of flowers—flowers so soon to fade. Ah, it was sad to see the fond father, "with grief bowed down," surrounded by the weeping remnant of a happy home, following his lifeless idols to the grave. For how many long years, warmed by the brightest hopes, had he toiled for them? A life's golden dream had fled.

They buried them together in one grave in the family enclosure—strewn over them a few fresh flowers bedewed with tears, replaced the sods, and left them there alone. Then the bright sun gleamed out for a little time from the clouds that had made the whole day gloomy, and shone as if to dispel the grief and cheer the desolate hearts of the bereaved mourners.

We are happy to be able to state that the report of the death of Miss Anna Haven is incorrect. It perhaps originated from confounding her name with Ann Mary, one of the deceased sisters. When Anna was carried from the burning building, she continued coughing, and though insensible it was hoped she would soon recover. Consciousness, however, was long in returning, and then she was found to have suffered internal injuries, which, together with her share in the distress of the family, rendered her situation for a time critical. She is now improving, with every prospect of speedy recovery.

CATTLE SHOW IN LONDON.—A London Correspondent of the Boston Traveler says that among the annual sights of that city there is not one more popular than the Cattle Show. Bulls and cows, rams and ewes, pigs, poultry and pigeons have all their fancies; the prizes are eagerly contested; and utility crowns the exhibition. This year is rather more remarkable for the good qualities of form, than for that excessive fat, which turned shape into ugly lumps, and was unserviceable for human food. The improvement of breeds is declared to be obvious even to the initiated.

Arrival of the Canada.

HALIFAX, JAN. 17.—The steamship Canada, from Liverpool, Jan. 6th, arrived here this P. M. The news, though interesting, possesses no feature of marked importance.

The news from the seat of war is unimportant, except the fact that the allies had on the 28th December, 300 guns in readiness to open fire upon Sevastopol, and after a bombardment of the town for forty-eight hours, it was expected that the place would be stormed from the south side. Negotiations at Vienna had been further postponed four days to give the Russian Minister, Gortschakoff, an opportunity to communicate with his government.

Commercial advices are essentially the same as previously received by the Baltic. Breadstuffs are unchanged in value, but the markets were generally very quiet, and quotations were almost nominal.

The London money market was unchanged, but consols had still further declined, and closed on Friday at 90 1/2 for money. American stocks, State and Federal, were firm.

Lecture by the Spirit of John Wesley.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, BY THE RAPE.

The elements of christian goodness can only be derived from that natural intuition of good and evil which is an assigned attribute of the human mind. There is an inherent depravity—an innate immorality, of human nature, subjecting man to the powers of evil, which evidently impels him to violate the noblest and highest principles of his being. Man, or men, in order to reform the debased and wrong, direct you to the Bible, to the teachings of ancient theologians—to Jesus Christ, as an example for modern and rational minds to act from.

The condition of the world at Jesus Christ's birth was morally contaminated, as now. His mission was to ameliorate the condition of the world, and, by logical and natural principles, show man's relation to the spirit world in which all souls might, from ultimate and glorious results, dwell in peace and harmony on earth, as well as in heaven. Who and what was Christ? Was he a being born of God? No—he was a man, endowed with a powerful mind, whose faculties were greatly enlarged, whose perceptions were unlimited. From the undeveloped state of the human mind, at those ages, and because of Christ's high and noble attainments and because of his pure desire to enlighten deluded minds, he was censured, condemned and crucified; and, like a martyr, bled upon the cross for the gratification of a class of revengeful men, who lived at that period. Christ a man! How many turn away from this truth, from early impressions and old educational ideas, instead of applying nature and logic to the assumption emanating from an immortal mind.

What means your assertion? many inquire. It is this: That Christ was born upon earth, like all other men, possessing a mind unsurpassed in intellect and philosophy; that, during his brief pilgrimage, he placed before the world the fundamental principles of human happiness, and implanted moral and intellectual intuitions into many souls of the true source of affection and those natural laws, which, if observed, will be true religion from God. The animal development predominated, and blood was the desire of man to satiate their revengeful appetites. So Christ, the great mediator of love and truth, suffered upon the cross until his noble spirit departed, and, in sublimity, rose to his position in heaven, uniting in wisdom and truth, with the everlasting and unending glories of God.

The whole aim of Jesus, during his lifetime, was to accomplish good. How lovely, how beautiful this truth! Whether in his native land or the land of strangers—whether among his friends or enemies, he had but one object in view, and that was the good of his fellow man. In him we see unchangeable purposes and pure motives—an inherent and infinite devotedness to God. His pure, meek and humiliating spirit was an emblem of hope and love; and while

bound to the cross and at the threshold of a violent death, though shorn of his power and glory, his spirit shone with a divine radiance, and bore the symbols of heavenly grace and mercy. These are truths worthy of commemoration, and the chief attractive beauties in the Bible. Christ's desire was to unite the groveling and inharmonious in affection and liberality towards one another, and produce that harmony which tends to refine the crude material and develop in them all that is holy and infinitely pure. Who does not love to linger over those pages of history in which his works are recorded? I'll tell you who: Those that feel within their hearts a desire for still higher truths and more substantial knowledge than is contained within the lids of the so-called sacred volume.

What is the Bible? Was it inspired of God? Far, far from this. It is a history where are recorded the sentiments and actions of wise men. Where the scientific mind has developed its natural intuitive powers—where the gross sensualist exhibits his voluptuousness in all its groveling forms. Still it passes as coming directly from God. It does not contain sacred, angelic breathings. It does not prove to the human mind that there is another world beyond materiality. The Bible has not proved this; but surrounding nature, mighty universes in the distant heavens, and your own planet—its philosophies and sciences, have awakened in man a belief that there must be a ruling power beyond the perceptions of the human mind.

Let us go back to the days of antiquity, when Babylon's towering walls proved its greatness and power—when Jerusalem shone with glory—when Rome was in its strength—when Carthage flourished in its pride and Thebes in its grandeur. When Napoleon struggled for conquests, and his ambition sent him into exile; and is the world now in a less depraved state? When the master spirit of the age—Washington—fought and bled for liberty—when on the battle plain, thousands groaned with agony, and the death-cry was heard far and near, what was the condition of the world? Ah! freedom was declared! Oppression was stamped beneath the iron heel of Liberty, and hearts throbbled with a restless joyousness when the star-spangled banner waved proudly and freely amidst the simooms of oppression and iniquity, proclaiming America free.

Now, at the present age, how is morality estimated? Behold the flood-gates of pollution are open and the spirit of man goes forth loudly calling for assistance from the great God of the universe. Is it given? What is it we hear 'neath the darkest storms of grief? It is hope's accents whispered softly by some unknown power. What is it that stills the bereaved spirit, by soothing thoughts from some mysterious source? What is it, when the fond and devoted mother watches at the death-bed of her worshipped child, as its spirit struggles to throw off the chain that binds it to earth, that awakens that mother's soul to thoughts so pure; imparts to her a trusting confidence in God; and though the heart feels its desolation, draws her spirit near the spirit world, where her little child hath flown? Are they not bright spirits who mingle their voices in songs of consolation, to dry the mourner's tears? that bring the wayward back to the fold of truth and honor? that point man to the immutable principles of love and harmony? Time shall prove. But, Christian, gaze upon the world. Do you see that hovel, wherein are congregated varieties of the human species? Do you see, still beyond, that towering church spire? Do you hear, the chiming of its bells calling its congregation within its walls to worship? Do you see that stately form—that noble brow? and do you hear those words of deepest eloquence as they burst forth from his lips, pointing you to God and his works? Where are your thoughts while the minister of God strives to draw your attention to the holy subject he is addressing you upon? Where are my answers? Go with me and I will delineate to you the condition of the minds. Within your church are distinguished personages—the liberal man—the miser who has hoarded up his wealth, occasionally contributing a small amount for foreign missions. The lofty and ignorant persons have assembled with you to worship God; and while the minister stands before you, pouring forth his glowing description of a nobler destiny for the good man, your thoughts are wandering, contemplating what you will do the coming week.

Yonder sits the lady of fashion wondering if the French fall styles have appeared; and, just behind her, sits the innocent maiden, sincerely hoping mother will get her that elegant dress at some celebrated store. And that old man with wrinkled brow, whose hoary locks indicate advanced age, says his wealth is his own. So each mind strays around its own personal wishes, goes to church and returns no better nor worse. Are these the noblest positions for man upon earth? Are these the highest conceptions man can embody? Are there no nobler aspirations?

Nature has its harmony; and as the wisdom faculties of the mental organization unfold, the spirit of mortals will perceive and estimate the relation of all things to a spiritual existence. The internal perception of the soul teach the pre-eminence of intrinsic merit, and establish a natural government of all things, as God has established his laws. Go on—mind shall blend with mind until it shall lose itself in the boundless waters which flow so infinitely beautiful in the land of sublime immortality. Go on—the world is illuminated by infinite love and unvarying magnificence. Human minds are entranced by the sweet tones of angelic spirits. Fear not—the elements of nature are foretold by the sweet tones of angelic spirits. Fear not—the elements of nature are foretold by the sweet tones of angelic spirits. Fear not—the elements of nature are foretold by the sweet tones of angelic spirits.

I am yours eternally. JOHN WESLEY.

"The Woman's Advocate." This is a new hebdomad, started in the city of Philadelphia. The initiatory number, which lies before us, tells us that it is edited by ANNA E. McDOWELL; and its appearance, sentiment and spirit tells us that it has not been born to die in its infancy. This is what we call asserting the rights of women practically; and so heartily do we wish success to all concerned in it, that we must beg our readers to dispense, for the time being, with the editorial matter which we intended should occupy its place, whilst we publish the prospectus of the worthy editress entire.

PROSPECTUS.—Devoted to the elevation of the Female Industrial Classes, and produced exclusively by the joint stock capital, energies and industry of Females.

As the enterprise is undertaken solely by female capital, the entire work will be performed by women, and the receipts enjoyed by them, as a preliminary step to a more extended sphere of female usefulness and independence.

The "Advocate" will not, at the outset, make large promises, but will stand on its own merits, hoping by indomitable perseverance to show to the world that women are capable of making a paper that will command respect for its literary ability, its general intelligence, and its advocacy of the enlargement of the field of woman's labor. It will aim to be one of the best family newspapers in the country.

The paper will be published weekly by Miss ANNA M'DOWELL, printed on a double medium sheet of fine white paper, with clear and legible type, and every care taken to render it a specimen of typographical accuracy and beauty. Clubs of 50 copies will be furnished for \$15, of twenty for \$5, and thirty for more to one address for one dollar a copy.

The first number will be issued on Saturday, Jan. 13. Subscriptions will be received at the office, N. E. corner of 3rd and Chestnut streets, above Fifth, Philadelphia.

N. B.—For the benefit of needy women and others destitute of means and seeking employment, one column of the paper will be devoted each week to the advertising of their wants, free of charge; and they are invited to call at the office and make known their names and residence.

SOULE AND KOSSUTH.—While Soule and Kossuth were at Mr. Saunders' house, in London, a short time since, the conversation turned on the "manifest destiny of races."

The Frenchman asserted the superiority of the American race over all others—a superiority which is, he said, palpable by the ascendancy it acquires over others wherever it may settle, though in numbers inferior to those of another origin that may surround it. The Hungarian denied the asserted destination of any race to supremacy over the rest, which would thus be taken as predicated to subjection. He did not, of course, dispute the actual existence of such a supremacy—but, then, this is to be explained, he said, by the unnatural state of political and social bondage, in which the seemingly inferior races are for the moment, and until they should become their own masters, groaning under. "Let only," said the Magyar, "your neighbors be free like you, and you shall see the fate of that supremacy you speak of." He did not, of course, dispute the actual existence of such a supremacy—but, then, this is to be explained, he said, by the unnatural state of political and social bondage, in which the seemingly inferior races are for the moment, and until they should become their own masters, groaning under. "Let only," said the Magyar, "your neighbors be free like you, and you shall see the fate of that supremacy you speak of." He did not, of course, dispute the actual existence of such a supremacy—but, then, this is to be explained, he said, by the unnatural state of political and social bondage, in which the seemingly inferior races are for the moment, and until they should become their own masters, groaning under. "Let only," said the Magyar, "your neighbors be free like you, and you shall see the fate of that supremacy you speak of."

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Flour, extra, per bbl. \$10.50; Indian meal, per cwt. 4.50; Pork, new, per cwt. \$13.50; Dressed hogs, per cwt. \$5.00; Fish, white, per cwt. 8.25; Sals, fine, per cwt. 3.00; Eggs, per doz. 20 @ 25; Butter, per lb. 30 @ 35; Honey, per lb. 20 @ 25; Currants, per bush. 12 @ 15; Blackberries, dried, per bush. 10; Plums, per bush. 12; Cherries, per bush. 12 @ 15; Corn, per bush. 65 @ 67; Flax seed, per bush. 1.00 @ 1.25; Clover, per bush. 7.00; Apples, per bush. 2.75 @ 3.00; Onions, per bush. 2.00 @ 2.25; Oats, per bush. 1.13; Apples, dried, per bush. 50 @ 75; Potatoes, per bush. 87 @ 1.00; Onions, per bush. 75 @ 87; Dressed Turkeys per lb. 10; Chickens per lb. 10.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

JERIMAH CARTER, of Leona, Chautauque County, well known to many of our citizens as an excellent Clairvoyant Physician, has made arrangements to spend a portion of each week in the city of Buffalo, during the coming winter, and has taken rooms at 53 TRIPLE ST., between Delaware and Franklin, where he will be found on Thursday the 23rd inst., ready to attend to all calls of the afflicted. 84

S DUDLEY & SONS,

51 MAIN STREET. THE Subscribers have on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., many articles of which are expressly designed for STEAMBOATS, HOTELS and PRIVATE FAMILIES. We invite the attention of those purchasing.

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TERMS:

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"A Time with the Spirits."

On Sunday evening last, at Mr. Brooks' room, after the close of the portion of Mr. Dayton's lecture which was then given, the rapping spirit said to us: "We wish you to meet here on Tuesday evening next, and bring Edwin with you. (Edwin Lowell, medium.) The girls want to have a time with you." Some of the "girls" had left the physical form at forty, fifty and sixty years old; but the passage through the dark valley of what we call death, rejuvenates them, and they become girls again, eternally blooming and increasing in beauty and loveliness.

On Tuesday evening, of the present week, we went according to appointment; and all we can do is to make a plain statement of what occurred; for some part of it was too thrilling for any language that we can employ to give an adequate idea of it.

When all had assembled, amounting to but six, we took seats around the table. Immediately two spirits commenced rapping a tune on the table. After this salutation, they called for the alphabet and spelled: Bring out the piano and remove the light. The piano was brought out into the middle of the room, and the lamp was removed, so that we only had light enough to discern each other and the prominent objects in the room. They called for singing, indicating what they would have sung. After a piece or two had been sung, they played an accompaniment on the piano, though not very artistically. There was some improvement, as piece after piece was sung; but the best they could do was to strike the prominent notes singly.

This was kept up for near an hour, when the interest began to flag, and I was looking pretty anxiously for the usual "good night," but like the wine at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, the best was kept till the last. That beautiful piece was called for which commences: "What fairy-like music," and the accompaniment proved that a new performer had taken possession of the instrument. Those who previously played, evidently used the wires, and not the keys, for we could distinctly hear a kind of scratch, as if some hard substance was used to twang the wires, giving off a frictional sound as it left each wire. But when the new-comer commenced, we could easily perceive that the keys were used exclusively; and they were used in such a manner as I never heard piano keys used before. The accompaniment was full, artistic and beautifully harmonious, ever tastefully ornamented with trillos and inflections, showing that the artist was not only playing the music, but was playing with it, as if the performance cost him no effort.

After a number of pieces had thus been sung and played, we asked the performer if he, or she, could not play alone, as we desired to hear what such an artist could do with the instrument, without fingers of bone and muscle, such as we use in this life. A ready affirmative response was received; and we had the pleasure of listening to not less than twenty pieces of music, executed in the most masterly style. There was no hesitancy, no blandering, no jarring. Occasionally the whole diapason would roar from end to end, without the least breach of the harmony. Here let it be understood that, among the six who were present, there was not one who could play even the most simple piece of music according to the laws of that beautiful science.

Before the commencement of the music, the piano, which Mr. B. says weighs about six hundred pounds, and which I am ready to affirm does not weigh less than five hundred, was moved about the room in various directions, and was finally lifted entirely clear from the floor, elevated some ten or fifteen inches, and swung in the air, both sidewise and endwise, vibrating from one to two feet every way, and was thus carried to the extreme end of the room; during all which, some of us had our hands lying on the top of it, whilst others were feeling under the feet to discover how high it was elevated from the floor. I was among the latter, and took care to enable myself to make this statement conscientiously, so that I am ready to append my affidavit to every assertion here made.

After the musical performance was concluded, the disembodied artist gave us some beautiful specimens of his imitative genius. Indeed, whilst performing some of the pieces of music, particularly that entitled "Bonaparte's Grave," he gave us some specimens of cannonading, between stanzas, which were truly astonishing. The imitation of volleys of cannon was almost perfect. As we were observing, after the music, he gave us an imitation of the ringing of distant bells, the groans of the wounded and dying, and the tramping of cavalry. He imitated the sound of the jack-plane so nearly that we almost expected to find the shavings. Then he filed a saw and commenced the operation of sawing wood. The harsh sound of the saw, in pushing it through, and the less harsh sound produced in drawing it back, were admirably imitated. The long strokes continued till the stick was nearly cut off, when a few shorter strokes would finish it, and we would hear it fall down. Then he would make the noise of drawing the stick along between the horns of the buck, and commence sawing again. So he kept on till we told him we thought he had sawed enough, and that he had better split

some. This he attempted; but the imitation was not so successful as the sawing. We then asked him to drive some nails for us, which he imitated by very loud raps on the piano frame.

There was a young lady medium present (Miss Harriet E. Scott) who had heard of water having been thrown by the spirits, in that room, but had never witnessed anything of the kind. Mr. B. asked her how she would like a dacking in that way. She replied that she would not have the least objection to it. Hereupon, the same pitcher came down from the mantle shelf and discharged its contents all over her, not forgetting some others that stood near her.

The table which we first sat around, followed the piano, in all its movements about the room, though there was not a living body around it or paying any attention to it. On this table was a parcel of blank paper, and, thinking it probable that our friends, "The girls," might wish to favor us with specimens of their chirography, I lent them my pencil, laying it on the table with the paper. Much of the time whilst the musician was performing, we heard them at work among the paper. Before the close of the evening's performance, each of us received a letter from some spirit friend. They took good care that each should have his or her own. Mine was poked into my face by a spirit hand which I could see; and all the others had theirs handed them in the same way, although they could not see the hands that brought them. These epistles of friendship and love, were very brief, being all written in a very coarse hand, and probably by one chirographer, as they resemble each other very closely. This, however, is none of our business. They have as good a right as we have to employ those who can wield the pen with more facility than they can.

The following are copies of the six letters. We have the originals in our possession:

LETTER TO MRS. SCOTT, WIDOW.

"MY DEAR WIFE: I am hovering around you. Hope sheds its light upon you. Look to us and we will shield you from all trouble, as ever before. Follow the light, and in heaven you shall receive your crown of glittering pearls. I will write you again to-morrow." [So he did, through the hand of Miss Brooks.] "DAVID W. SCOTT."

LETTER TO MISS HARRIET E. SCOTT.

DEAR HARRIET: Remember thy work below. We are near, shedding the dewdrops of love upon you. N. P.

LETTER TO MR. BROOKS.

DEAR LESTER: Look up here. Heaven is before you. We love you all dearly. It is our happy theme to instruct you. Let truth be your compass to guide you to that better world. Good night.

LETTER TO SARAH BROOKS.

DEAR SARAH: Go on. You will soon possess a bright name.

LETTER TO S. ALBRO.

DEAR STEPHEN: I am dear you. Remember me. Oh, my dear friend, forget me not. I am your friend. L.

There was another letter which was addressed to EDWIN LOWELL, which has not been handed us. There is, of course, nothing interesting to our readers, in these billets-doux, excepting the circumstance that they were all written and delivered by spirit hands, without the aid of any mortal.

P. S. We had forgotten one incident which we will now supply, though out of the order of proceeding: At an interval between pieces of music, I saw numerous spirit forms passing about the room, and asked them aloud if they could not dance. They replied in the affirmative, by the raps. The music waked again, and one end of the piano commenced dancing, by rising from the floor and beating every note of the tune, whilst it moved forward and backward as if dancing a jig. At the same time, the table, which seemed to observe all the movements of the piano, beat out the tune in the same manner, excepting that it moved bodily backward and forward. There were hands on the top of the piano at this time, but no one was touching the table.

Another thing which we omitted above, is the name of the performer. We supposed, by his masterly performance, that it must be one of those great artists who figure so conspicuously in history; and we asked if we should have the name at the conclusion. The instrument gave an affirmative response by three loud twangs; and we waited anxiously for the conclusion. When about to leave us, he said, through the raps: I am FRED. I was a professor of music in Paris. FRED was an old acquaintance of the circle. He had frequently controlled Miss Brooks and spoken French through her with great fluency, although, in the normal state, she does not know a word of the language. We have never succeeded in getting him to give us his true or full name.

"Is the Soul Material."

There is, about these days, a great deal of profound thinking on this subject, and much ink shed in laying before the world the ideas which that same laborious thinking works out and thinkers into incomprehensible forms. It strikes us that the subject may be disposed of with a great saving of labor to the thinker, writer and reader, by the use of a little common sense. What is materiality? It is substantial existence. It is the state of existence of every thing seen, felt, tasted, spoken or thought of.—The opposite to materiality is immateriality, or nihility. That which is not something, must be nothing. If the soul of man is not something, it is nothing. If it has no substantiality, it can occupy no place. If it is nothing, it is nowhere and has no existence. Is there any practicality in spinning an argument on this question, without stultification? It strikes us not.

Our Spiritual Conferences.

These meetings are becoming interesting, as well to many who have not embraced the faith of the Spiritualists as to those who have. It always takes a time for the members of such an organization to become acquainted with each other, and to get clear of that diffidence which embarrasses the mind and makes the tongue falter. There is one thing, which, if members or visitors would do, it would be of great service to those who speak and those who hear them. If they would rise and tell, in as plain language as they can think of, any experience they have had, or any circumstance that comes to their knowledge, and sit down again as soon as that is accomplished, they would never feel embarrassed, never fatigue their hearers, and might speak acceptably as often as they chose to rise. But if one unwise to public speaking will not attempt until he has made up his mind to make a set speech, he will most assuredly break down before he gets far, and his vain attempt to recover composure, get on the right track and make out his contemplated harangue, will be painful to himself and harrowing to the nerves of his friends. Although Dr. Franklin was a great man, he never was a successful speech-maker; if he attempted to talk against time. He was a great condenser, and could put more logic in a small compass than any other man of his day and generation. He was always listened to with the greatest pleasure, respect and deference. This was because he spoke only long enough either to exhaust the subject, or to use up the amount of his knowledge in relation to it.

We were pleased last Sabbath afternoon, to see a young gentleman get up and speak, who did not belong to the society; but we were sorry that he put it off to so late an hour that his objections to the spiritual faith could not be answered. He inquired, very politely, if there was liberty to discuss the Spiritual philosophy on the negative side as well as the affirmative. On being answered by the President that the society tolerated liberty of speech as well as liberty of conscience, he stated his objections to the faith of Spiritualists. He admitted that Spiritualism indicated the most elevated system of morals; but he complained that it conflicted with articles of religious faith, without which Christianity would be deprived of its vitality, and would be worthless. He said Spiritualists held that the human family were not indebted to the suffering and death of Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls; and this he deemed to be a damnable heresy. Of course, we do not pretend to give his language. His ideas are what we aim at. He said spiritualists depended on self-righteousness to save them, instead of relying solely on the atonement made by the death of Christ. This, we believe, was the sum and substance of his objections.

These objections to spiritualism are venerable for their age if not respectable for their ethical philosophy. Spiritualists consider themselves indebted to the pure life of Jesus Christ for examples by which many thousands have profited, and many thousands more will profit, who have wisdom enough to emulate him.—But they do not believe that the suffering of one man can cancel the transgressions of another, much less those of the whole human family. They do not believe in the philosophy of scape-goats. They believe that every sentient being must answer for his own evil deeds.—Yes, verily, dear friend, they believe in the potency of "self-righteousness." They believe that every one must be justified, if justified at all, for his own righteousness, and not for the righteousness of another. They do not believe that a man can go on in the commission of every species of moral outrage and criminality, till the day before his physical dissolution, and then accept complimentary redemption and salvation, at the hands of a proxy who purchases them with his life. Our friend has just thought of reviving an objection which is fast becoming an obsolete idea, throughout Christendom. Instead of this dogma being the vitality of Christianity, it has been its bane, producing tenfold evils which it made one convert to the Christian faith.

Let us exemplify this dogma of the orthodox Church, by a simile: A great General is in command of a large army, who are bound by the laws of war to obey his commands, in every respect. Disobedience, under any circumstances, is mutiny, the punishment of which is death. By the influence of some rebellious spirit who has been stimulated by the emissaries of the enemy, a general mutiny takes place, and the whole army revolt and forfeit their lives.—The General does not like to put them all to death, but must enforce the law, or discipline can never be maintained. In casting about for some method by which he can satisfy the law, justify the incurred punishment and save his army, he remembers that he has an only son who never committed wrong; who was ever obedient to his commands; who loved him as he did his own soul, and labored continually to do him honor. Arbitrarily, against right, justice, reason and common sense, he resolved to make that son take upon himself all the guilt of the revolting army, and die in their stead. As it was impossible for him to become the guilty party in reality, he was to take their guilt "by imputation." or, in other words, he was to be imagined the offender." After planning this miserable subterfuge, this great General falls upon his innocent son, sword in hand, with all the fury of a maniac, and lays him a mangled corpse at his feet. Now he affirms that the offense of those who committed the wrong has been expiated, justice is satisfied, and the mutineers have become patriotic and righteous men.—This, our friend thinks, is the vital principle of Christianity, without which a Christ would have been useless. Can such ideas be entertained by rational men, in the latter half of the nineteenth century? Not long, we hope.

Mr. Smith's Letter to the Clergy.

We were promised the following letter, if we would attend at the house of Mr. Brooks on Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. I was there at the time, but my old friend Smith was not present. After waiting half an hour or more, we received a telegraph through Miss Brooks that he was attending a dying friend, at Albany, and would not come till the spirit of that friend was delivered from the physical form. I staid till half past eleven, and left. In the evening succeeding I went to receive the lecture of Edgar C. Dayton. When the time to commence arrived, the spirit of Mr. Smith commenced the concluding paragraph of this letter; and when it was finished, Miss Brooks informed me that he had come at two o'clock and insisted on her sitting alone for him to make the communication, because, if she did not, he would not be able to attend to it so that I could have it to publish this week. She sat down alone, and he commenced and continued for three hours; she pointing to the alphabet and writing down the words herself as she received them. I am much gratified with this incident, as it puts to silence those who, knowing her incapacity to produce such philosophy, have bestowed upon me the unmerited compliment of being, involuntarily, the author of all the lectures which I think I receive from spirits. These cavillers affirm that they all come from my mind, without consciousness on my part, and that if I were not present, no such lectures would be received. Here is a letter not inferior to any of the preceding lectures, received by Miss B. when I was two miles distant from her, and she was entirely alone, save that a younger sister was in another apartment of the house, occasionally passing through the room where she was receiving the communication.

To that Portion of the Clergy who Attribute the Spiritual Phenomena to the Devil.

Perception is an innate and instinctive faculty of the human mind. The human mind is a part of the Great Living Mind. You believe in a God—in divine and infinite principles. Your faith has been created from the pyramids of antiquity and the mythological traditions of past ages. Out of these pyramidal statues of belief, you have moulded an object of worship that millions of minds fear. Your faith is measured out to these minds. You stand between them and their Maker; and how dogmatic and despotic are some of the denunciations you make. When the free-born mind endeavors to perfect its conceptions of the embodiment of infinite principles, flowing from Deity, your belief rises before their spirits like distorted objects in an unhappy vision. We see mankind immersed in the profound and theological ignorance and error which your faith portrays to the world. Through the infinitesimal expanse of human investigation, we hear the inquiry: where is my future home? Is it one of eternal misery, or everlasting and progressive happiness? Your faith points those enquiring minds to traditional histories for the answers to their inquiries. Our philosophy directs them to logical truth, to God and nature, demonstrated to their understanding and comprehension, by metaphysical argumentation and the logical truths of philosophy. Your doctrine throws a veil over the human mind, and sometimes plunges it into unmitigated mental suffering. Your God is the very essence of modification. He creates and destroys—He rewards and punishes. He teaches you to love your enemies, and yet casts them into an eternal misery. He is the friend of your Christians and an enemy to unbelievers. His curse falls upon the stranger of the bible; but his glory surrounds the believer in Jesus Christ. Such is your God. Our God is the God of existence, wisdom, love and power. He is the Divine Being from whence cometh infinite and celestial principles. Through His supreme goodness, the human soul experiences a pure and immovable faith, based upon wisdom, the power and nature of which no language can give utterance to. Our God is unchangeable—the same to-day, to-morrow and forever. Our God is a progressive one. Your God is stationary in heaven. Our God is a God of love. Your God is a God of love and revenge. He punishes and rewards according to the works of man during his earthly career. Our God deserts no spirit; but, through His laws, each one occupies his spiritual position, harmonizing with its development, progressing with time, onward and upward, to the higher conceptions of the power of Deity. In our philosophy, there is no indelible derangement of order and harmony in its action upon the mind. It produces no insanity so extreme—no superstition so chaotic and dark, that it cannot impart high and holy truths of a spiritual existence—of an Omnipresent and Supreme Being. The elements of the spiritually born mind, are life and love. The attributes of intelligence are being continually unfolded into wisdom coming from the immortal power of God. In your faith we discover dark and mysterious motives produced in human souls; and the belief they inculcate carries them back to the remote date of the first human pair; and this, to their minds, is the primitive germ of the human family. In consequence of their alleged transgression, sin is cast upon every human heart throbbing with life and hope, wisdom and intelligence. Our philosophy refers the human mind to the spiritual germ embodied within its interior conceptions, which is the ultimate essence of progression; and in this germ we find the final functions of development eternally manifested. Your mythological hypothesis goes to prove that disunity is developed by inborn evil of the human heart. Our philosophy goes to prove that there is no inherent evil, but that the predominance of the animal is the cause of wrong.

The influence which your faith throws upon community is paralyzing and egotistical. The influence which our philosophy imparts to the soul, is sweet and consoling, true and faithful. You abusively deride our teachings, striving to prove, in your sanctuaries of worship, that they are intrinsic depravities, and that they are tyrannical, enslaving the soul of man; that, if he abides by our philosophy, he will receive eternal punishment for what little happiness he may have experienced from his belief in the harmonical philosophy. You use such epithets against spiritual intercourse that no true Christian would dare to utter. You assert that it is the works of the devil. This you say do; but, my friends, you can never read sauder that chain which binds the human mind to the laws of Omnipotence. The mind has so long existed in theological bondage, that one ray of divine light, gleaming from the centre Sun of Heaven, through bright and glorious minds, causes the mind to linger upon the shore of liberty and freedom of thought, trying to catch still brighter rays of celestial wisdom. You, too, who still cling to the bible for support, must surrender. You must embrace these truths. I repeat it—you must come boldly forward, facing the world, and proclaim the noble truths stamped upon the face of nature, and wrought by the hand of God in the human soul. The laws of God are unyielding. The human soul can rest with confidence upon the bosom of nature, and never be disturbed by distrust or doubt.

My friends, let me beseech you to treat this subject kindly and truly. Treat it with the candor of intellectual men. Investigate it like reasoning men. Then say to the world what your development of mind attributes it to—the works of God or the works of the Devil. To the Rev. gentleman who lately delivered an address in one of your neighboring cities, we would say: Your years are too few, your knowledge of God and His works is too insufficient, to allow of your injuring, in any mind, our cause. Your sermons are poetically beautiful; but it makes but a feeble flickering amidst the many brilliant lights hourly emanating from the spirit world.

Truly yours, STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Lecture No. 2, by Edgar C. Dayton.

[CONCLUDED]

There are other planets to which I wish to draw attention. I shall now speak of the planet Mars: This world is inhabited by civilized and intellectual minds. Its development and refinement exceed those of the planet Earth. Its surface is rather uneven and watery. We discover vegetables upon this planet; but the advantages for their cultivation are very poor. There seems to be a large amount of frost existing here. The atmosphere is usually cold and sometimes snow falls; but this is of rare occurrence. The minds of the inhabitants are similar to the minds upon Earth. They have different classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. They have, also, different theological creeds, and, in consequence, the laws of God do not harmonize them. Its relation to the future world is not as intimate as that of the planet Earth. They seldom have the presence of departed spirits manifested. The progression of this planet seems slow; but it develops and unfolds its beauties and refinements from the same incomprehensible and immutable principles which develop every object in nature. Mind there, is yet more animal than spiritual. They have not that strength of intellect which characterizes the minds of all other planets. There is baffling and contention existing between minds there, and this retards the progress of spiritual refinement. But eternity is before them. The wisdom and grace of God dwells around them, and the laws He has established will ultimately govern their minds.

I will now speak of Venus, that beautiful planet of the starry host. It is your morning and evening star. It ranks, in sublimity and beauty, next to Saturn. Its surface is somewhat uneven, rocky and mountainous. It possesses a greater proportion of water than any other universe. The laws of order, wisdom and love, control the brilliant minds who are daily penetrating deeper and deeper into the inconceivable truths which descend from the God of love. It connection with that higher and holier universe is harmonious and grand. The highly developed spirit who has gone from the mortal form, can return to this glorious world and teach the aspiring soul of the supremacy of the divine Giver, and inculcate into the incarnate mind the perfect and everlasting laws of a pure and holy guardian Power. No theological disseminations enslave the mind upon this planet. No mythological hypothesis holds the soul in bondage; but the spirits of men in this universe, go boldly forward to embrace the sacred realities made evident to their spiritual senses by the wisdom and perception of the ever soaring mind. The actions of men are based upon the knowledge of nature and God, proven to them by the demonstrations of intelligence manifested by wise and superior minds. The knowledge they receive from the spiritual, is conveyed to their comprehension by the mental telegraphing of perceptive attraction. Such is the condition of this world, which appears to your physical perception but a bright star in the distant heaven.

The planets range thus in order and development: Saturn exceeds all others. Venus stands next. Then we have Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, your Moon, and then Herschel. The planet Mercury is now in a beautiful condition. We discover the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms existing here. Its soil is stony and sandy. Its surface is quite level, with the exception of here and there high mountain peaks, which resemble your volcanoes. Sometimes there are eruptions in these mountainous

heights, which cause the entire body of the planet to shake as if it would be hurled from its orbit. These mountains are so heated by internal caloric, that no living object can exist upon them. We discover dense forests which extend for many hundred miles. It has a greater proportion of vegetable life than any other planet. There is not much water existing here, but the soil is very damp. The atmosphere is somewhat impregnated with the electricity arising from the many mines of iron, coal and silver. In consequence of this, the inhabitants are seldom attacked by disease. They are very healthy and robust. The mind is very clear and spiritual. This planet is not as numerously peopled as most others are. Their chief attainments are derived from the studies of nature and the philosophies given them from the great universe of immortal wisdom. Its connection with the spirit world is true and harmonious. They converse with immortal minds freely, and the truths proved to them by spirits, advance their development and progression rapidly.—This is a harmonious and happy world. It is small, but contains much knowledge. It has many attractions, because the minds of its inhabitants are ever striving to promote the happiness of their brethren.

The next grand and glorious object of contemplation, is the spirit world. This unbounded universe is filled with all the beauties and attractions which are, and have been, created by God. The laws of order, harmony, wisdom, perception, intelligence and love, are here established. Perception is the leading attribute of the immortal soul. Aspiration is the magnet of progression. Development is the unfolding of the faculties of the eternal mind. We behold here, all the elements of God, concentrated in one sublime and harmonious work; and that work, is to promote the happiness of those who devote themselves to it. We have here, beautiful streams of water, which roll majestically on, through the ages of progression. We have also, beautiful groves, trees and flowers. The beings existing here, associate themselves together and wander through these groves and forests. They sit themselves down on the banks of the transparent rivers and study the principles and elements of the spirit world, which, if observed, will draw them still higher and higher, to realize loftier conceptions of the great Ruler. This world is designed for every soul. It is at every moment gathering its children together. It is hourly calling the human spirits home. Then when time waits your spirit to its position there, you will strive still more earnestly to behold the glories of your heavenly Father. Study well: be faithful, and purity and truth shall be the guiding power of your earthly mission.

EDGAR C. DAYTON. At the close of this lecture, I asked the following questions and received the answers appended to them.

The first was: Has Saturn more than three rings? To which I added the remark, that the French Academy of Science has reported the existence of six.

He replied: I have only discovered five.—The two of which I have not spoken, I have not examined sufficiently to speak of intelligently. The three of which I have spoken, are those which are familiarly known to human science. The other two are in a state of formation.

I asked: Are Saturn's rings ellipses or circles? He replied: They are circles. I asked: Are they concentric? He replied in the affirmative.

I asked: Have they a common central plane? He replied: No, they are inclined.

I asked if the intelligent beings, or the highest order of the animal kingdom, in all inhabited planets, were of the human form?

He replied that they were, but that those of Saturn and Venus were much more beautiful than those of other planets.

I asked if the inhabitants of the several planets varied in stature in proportion to the various magnitudes of the worlds they inhabited?

He replied: Those of Saturn and Jupiter are very much larger than the men of the Earth; but I have not studied them with reference to the proportion of which you speak. I shall probably speak on that subject again, when I am better informed.

At the conclusion of this conversation, he said he had intended to extend this lecture, to embrace the subject of human anatomy, but had concluded to make that the subject of a distinct lecture. We may, therefore, venture to promise a lecture from him, on human anatomy, for our next issue.

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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.

N. B. All orders from abroad promptly attended to.

A MIRROR FOR DEMOCRATS.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was a great and good man. He was a patriot, a philanthropist, and...

Jefferson on Slavery.

THE opinions of Jefferson on any political question, deserve, and must command the deep attention of every candid politician.

Impartial history has not yet done him that full justice he deserves. Too much of that bitterness of party spirit, which was inherent in his opponents, and which, artfully fanned into heat and flame by the emissaries of the mother country, still exists as an inheritance among their children.

Before the termination of the Revolutionary War, a proposition was made in the Assembly of Virginia, to revise the whole code of laws, which related too much to the monarchy and its institutions, from which they were derived.

The bill reported by the revisers does not itself contain this proposition; but an amendment containing it was prepared, to be offered to the legislature whenever the bill should be taken up, and further directing that they should continue with their parents to a certain age.

It will probably be asked—why not retain and incorporate the black into the State, and thus save the expense of supplying by importation of white settlers, the vacancies they will leave?

Deep rooted prejudices entertained by the whites; ten thousand recollections, by the blacks of the injuries they have sustained; new provocations; the real distinctions which nature has made; and many other circumstances, will divide us into parties, and produce convulsions, which will probably never end but in the extermination of one or the other race.

To these objections, which are political, may be added others which are physical and moral. The first difference which strikes us is that of color. Whether the black of the negro resides in the reticular membrane between the skin and scarf-skin, or in the scarf-skin itself; whether it proceeds from the color of the blood, the color of the bile, or from some other secretion, the difference is fixed in nature, and is as real as if its seat and cause were better known to us.

thought worthy attention in the propagation of our horses, dogs, and other domestic animals: why not in that of man? Besides that of color, figure, and hair, there are other physical distinctions proving a different race.

They seem to require less sleep. A black after having labored through the day, will be induced by the slightest amusements to set up till midnight, or later, though knowing he must be out with the first dawn of morning.

They are at least as brave, and more adventurous. But this may, perhaps proceed from want of forethought, which prevents them seeing a danger till it is presented.

They are more ardent after their females; but love seems with them to be more an eager desire, than a tender delicate mixture of sentiment and sensation.

Their griefs are transient. Those numberless afflictions, which render it doubtful whether heaven has given life to us in mercy or in wrath, are less felt, and sooner forgotten with them.

Comparing them by their faculties of memory, reason, and imagination, it appears to me that in memory, they are equal to the whites; in reason much inferior, as I think one could scarcely be found capable of tracing and comprehending the investigation of Euclid; and that in imagination they are dull, tasteless and anomalous.

It would be unfair to follow them to Africa for the investigation. We will consider them here, on the same stage with the whites, and where the facts are not apocryphal on which a judgment is to be formed.

The Indians, with no advantages of this kind, will often carve figures on their pipes, not destitute of design and merit. They will crayon out a plant, an animal, or a country, so as to prove the existence of a germ in their minds which only wants cultivation.

In music they are more generally gifted than the whites with accurate ears for tune and time, and they have been found capable of imagining a small catch. Whether they will be equal to the composition of a more extensive run of melody, or of complicated harmony, is yet to be proved.

Misery is often the parent of the most affecting touches of poetry. Among the blacks is misery enough, God knows, but no poetry. Religion indeed has produced a Phyllis Whately; but could not produce a poet.

Ignatius Sancho has approached nearer to merit in composition; yet his letters do more honor to the heart than the hand. They breathe the purest effusions of friendship and general philanthropy, and show how great a degree of the latter may be compounded with a strong religious zeal.

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from no other hand; points which would not be of easy investigation.

The improvement of the blacks in body and mind, in the first instances of their mixture with the whites, has been observed by every one, and proves that their inferiority is not the effect merely of their condition in life.

But in this country the slaves multiply as fast as the free inhabitants. Their situation and manners place the commerce between the sexes almost without restraint.

The American slaves cannot enumerate this among the injuries and insults they receive.

It was the common practice to expose in the island Esquilap in the Tyber, diseased slaves, whose cure was like to become tedious.

We are told of a certain Vedius Pollio, who in the presence of Augustus, would have given his slave as food to his fish, for having broken a glass.

With the Romans, the regular method of taking the evidence of their slaves was under torture. Here it has been thought better never to resort to their evidence.

Yet notwithstanding these and other discouraging circumstances among the Romans, their slaves were often their rarest artists. They excelled too in science, inasmuch as to be usually employed as tutors to their masters' children.

When arguing for ourselves, we lay it down as fundamental, that laws, to be just, must give a recompense of right; that, without this they are mere arbitrary rules of conduct, founded in force, and not in conscience.

Notwithstanding these considerations which must weaken their respect for the laws of property, we find among them numerous instances of the most rigid integrity, and as many as among their better instructed masters, of benevolence, of gratitude, and unshaken fidelity.

The opinion that they are inferior in the faculties of reason, and imagination, must be hazarded with great diffidence. To justify a general conclusion, requires many observations, even where the subject may be submitted to the anatomical knife to optical glasses, to analysis by fire, or by solvents.

To our reproach it must be said, that though for a century and a half we have had under our eyes, the races of black and of red men, they have never yet been viewed by us as subjects of natural history.

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different qualifications. Will not a lover of natural history, then, one who views the gradations in all the races of animals with the eye of a philosopher, excuse an effort to keep those in the department of man as distinct as nature has formed them?

This unfortunate difference of colour, and perhaps of faculty, is a powerful obstacle to the emancipation of those people. Many of their advocates, while they wish to vindicate the liberty of human nature, are anxious also to preserve its dignity and beauty.

Wonderful Physical Manifestation. Mr. Edron: As facts are what are wanted now-a-days, I will give a few which occurred in a private circle, in my room in Broadway last April.

As facts are what are wanted now-a-days, I will give a few which occurred in a private circle, in my room in Broadway last April. Five of us formed a circle around a cherry table weighing twenty-five pounds, myself and another medium being present.

After the table was pulled off the table, we formed a circle all around it by taking hold of hands and not touching or being within two feet of it, and then asked the Spirits to move it if they could without any person touching it.

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Wait for influence sublime, Which trickles through the bars of time. We then asked the Spirits if they would not work Pease's Dial alphabet, as there seemed to be some difficulty in giving communications; but the answer was No.

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