

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

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

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855.

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Poetry.

The Three Sisters.

"They were buried side by side; white roses lay upon their breasts and the coffins were crowned with flowers."

Oh! bear them to their rest!
White roses on their breasts and in their hands;
Through slumber deep and best
They pass in beauty to the eternal land.

There was no outward life
Of falling hopes and unrequited vows;
The world's sad care and strife
Had traced no sorrows on their marble brows.

O, call them not too young!
God's peace was on their lips—their life was love,
Long was their stay—too long
For angels who had left their homes above.

The weeping Spring shall come,
And spread the petals they loved with gladden;
The joy shall build her home (big green)
In arbors where their favorite seats have been.

They shall come back no more;
Morning shall miss their glad, sweet smiles, and
The pine's perpetual roar
Break o'er the spot where they lie by the side they sleep.

And will you still complain,
Whose cheeks with unquivering tears are wet?
They shall be yours again!
Beyond the prison-house of dark regret.

If perfect sight were ours,
Ye could not mourn them lost, but humbly say:
"The Father gave these flowers,
And the dear Father taketh them away."

Oh! bear them to their rest,
White roses on their breasts and in their hands;
Through slumber deep and best
They pass in beauty to the eternal lands.

Song of the Silent Land.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land!

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beautiful souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
To lead us thither,
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Reckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

Miscellany.

Parental Hopes.

Children sweeten labour, but they make misfortunes more bitter. A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wanton, but in the midst, some as it were forgotten, who many times turn out the best.

LOAD BACOS.

It was a lovely morning in June, when two young men, who were making a tour, on foot, through the eastern part of Scotland, entered the little village of D—, in Aberdeenshire. They had passed several cottages, and were looking about as if expecting to see some house of public entertainment, when they were attracted by the appearance of a man leaning in a melancholy attitude, against some rude palings which stood before a dwelling comparatively genteel. Absorbed in his own reflections, he took no notice of the travellers till they inquired the way to the nearest town, and then he merely pointed out the road. He heard their observations on the beauty of the surrounding scenery with a degree of apathy so totally at variance with the national character of the Scotch, that the gentlemen felt their curiosity awakened, they determined to learn something about him, for they placed themselves upon discovering incidents in their tour as well as scenery; or perhaps it might be the perversity of human nature which induced them still to linger near the poor man, when it was very evident their presence was far from being agreeable.

After asking a variety of questions, to which they received only short and moody replies, one of them inquired if they could be accommodated with a cup of cold milk. The man paused a moment, and it seemed by the change his countenance had undergone, that he hesitated whether or not to continue his sullen mood, but at length his natural hospitality prevailed, and he said, "Aweel, aweel, sirs, ye maun walk in, though I reckon the gude-wife is na fit to see strangers," and he led the way to his cottage. As he slowly opened the door, the sounds of wailing were heard, and a female voice, in piercing accents, exclaimed, "Wae is me! wae is me! my bonnie bairn! I canna live without him!"

"Whisht, Peggy, whisht!" said her husband, as he entered, "ye maun stur yersel a bit, for here be twa gentlemen come to tak a morsel wi' ye."

The interior of the cottage was tolerably neat, but there reigned around an air of great poverty and desolation, which was increased by the appearance of a small coffin placed upon a table at the farther end; near it sat the poor woman on a low chair, rocking herself to and fro, as if the very exertion were necessary to sustain her mental faculties. By the side of a small turf fire was snugly crouched a boy of eight years old, of a sickly and almost disgusting aspect; his head was unusually large, and the expression of his countenance was sombre, whilst one of his legs, either through weakness or accident, was sadly contracted. He took no notice of the entrance of the travellers, but continued from time to time to rock a cradle near him, in which was laid a sleepless infant.

"Come, Peggy, lassie, ye maunna tak on sae dinna ye see, here be gentel-folks," said the man in a soothing tone, going up to his wife. "Aye, Sae," she replied, "they may be gentles as ye say, but they seld nae come to disturb a poor woman wailing for her bairn; an' as to yersel, ye might ha' kenned better than to bring them in, but ye ha' nae the feeling of a mither—wae is me!" and she wept bitterly.

Sandy drew his weather-beaten hand across his eyes, as he reproachfully exclaimed, "Ye are in the wrong Peggy, to say sae, for niver father thought mair of his bairns than I did, but come, cheer up, lassie, we canna bring him back." "Dinna talk to me, I canna hide it, I maun cry as I list," repeated the poor mother, wringing her hands, and rocking herself backwards and forwards more violently. "An' ye be Christian men," said the father, turning to the travellers, "speak a word of comfort to the poor creature, for it's mair than I can do;" and throwing himself on a chair by the fireside, he covered his face with his hands. The elder of the strangers, who had been regarding the bereaved parents with the greatest sympathy, immediately came forward at this appeal. He was a tall, thin young man, not more than six-and-twenty years of age, of a pale and mild countenance, and from the gravity of his manner and the sober hue of his dress, it might be easily guessed that he had either entered, or was engaged, in the ministry.

"Woman," said he in a low and persuasive tone, "ye do wrong to give yersel up to this excessive sorrow; surely you have forgotten that the Lord gives us also a right to take away, and that we are chastened for our future good." "Aye," said the woman, "it's unco easy to talk; ye are young, an' the hand of grief hath not scathed ye, but when ye come to lose a bairn, ye maun e'en fret as I do." "Trac," said the young man, "and it is not forbidden us to mourn for our friends; nature will have its way, yet we should not grieve like those without hope." "An' what hope is there for me? ye canna gie me my bairn agin!" exclaimed Peggy, vehemently. "My bonnie bairn! he was the pride of my life, and I maun die wi' him!"

"Consider," replied the stranger, "that your child is taken in mercy from a wicked, troublous world; in heaven you may meet him again, and then you will have no fear of being repared; besides you have still many blessings left—you have other children." "I have but twa, an' ane is a poor wee lassie, and t'other, leek there," and she pointed to the sickly boy by the fire; "an' he was as bonnie a lad as ever stepped; but now did ever a body see sic a woful sight; and here, leek here, this was the joy of my heart, my Charlie; and she lastly drew aside the lid of the coffin, and discovered the features of the dead child. "Aye," she continued, "ye may talk about resignation, an' it's unco fine when the heart's well at ease; but stay till ye ha' lost sic a bairn as this, and then talk' ye can."

While one stranger was endeavouring to mitigate the sorrows of the afflicted mother, the other had his attention directed to the cradle at the fire. The lid manifested no desire to have his case investigated, but when asked if he did not wish to go to school, he turned suddenly round, and his eyes were lighted up with a beam of delight. "An' what wad the bairn do at school, I trow?" said the mother; "ye ha' na the head, Mattie, to learn like tither folk." "I wad try, mither," said the lad in a supplicating tone; "Charlie could ha' done me mair than that, and you said he should gang." "Aye, but Charlie was born to be a scholar, an' he had livid; he was my ain bairn, my bonnie lad, I can never forget him."

"What alas this poor child!" said the elder stranger, taking the weeping boy on his knee, "he may not be blessed with so healthy, nor so handsome an appearance as the one you deplore, but can he help that? Instead of lavishing the excessive sorrow upon the dead, you would be far better fulfilling your duty did you attend to this poor boy, for depend upon it you may hereafter have cause to repent if you continue to neglect him as I suspect you have hitherto done. I predict that one day you will be proud to own him as a son, for there is an intelligence in his eyes which not even sickness has entirely quenched. Mind what I say, Mattie, be a good boy and go to school, and remember that perseverance con-

quers all difficulties." "Why, ye dinna think our Mattie will ever mak a scholar!" inquired Peggy with great earnestness. "Why not, my good woman? because his head is swelled out of proportion, and one leg is smaller than the other, I see no reason that his intellect should be impaired also; on the contrary many of our most learned men have been afflicted with somewhat infirmity or other, which still has not had the effect of destroying their natural genius." "Troth, an' it's very likely," rejoined the father; "an' ye ken, gude-wife, I ha'e often told ye the lad had mair in him than we kenned." "I dinna doubt," said Peggy, beginning for the first time to stir about the cottage, and placing some refreshment before the strangers, "I dinna doubt the bairn may do weel wi' the blessing of God, but I canna say I ver thought he wad be a genius;" and she stroked his poor hollow cheeks, and took the infant out of the cradle with an appearance of greater alacrity than she had displayed for many days.

The travellers, not satisfied with merely giving advice, arranged with the father to send the boy to school, but left some money to be applied to that purpose; they then took their leave, followed by the prayers and blessings of the family.

Some twenty years after this event, a post-chaise stopped late in the evening at the Blue Bells in the village of D—, and a gentleman advanced in life, and apparently in an ill state of health, alighted from it. To the profuse civilities of his hostess, he only replied by ordering some wine which and a comfortable bed to be prepared, to which he very soon retired. It happened that the following day was Sunday, and as the gentleman was partaking of his breakfast, and the landlady was officiously waiting upon him, after many indirect questions as to his business there, she said, "Eh! sir! an' I see warrant ye be for kirk this morning, ye seem to stand weel for church and state."

"It is very possible, good woman, I may; that is, if ye give a good account of your preacher; pray, who is he?" "Aweel, sir, there is the business. Why ye maun ken our pair and pairon, rest his soul! for he was a gude man, an' we are strangely aft for another, till at last they ha' gien us, as they say, a worthy successor, an' to-day he holds forth for the first time; an' unco deal hath been said about him, but mair likely ye ha'e heard speak of the Rev. Master Matthew Glenarchy."

"Matthew Glenarchy! surely that name is familiar to me; is not that a family of the name in this village?" inquired the gentleman. "Troth an' ye be vera right," replied the hostess, "for our Sandy Glenarchy an' his gude-wife ha'e lived here these forty years an' mair, as I ha'e heard my father say, an' it's name but his ain son that has got the kirk; an' ye may be sure it's nae light matter of joy for me and folk to see their bairn stand sae weel in the world, for they say he is a wonderful scholar, an' vera spiritually inclined."

"Have the old people any more children?" inquired the gentleman. "An' plase ye, sir, they hae but ane besides the minister, an' a douce bonnie lassie she is—pair Jeannie! she was to ha'e been married to young Robin Dugald some five years sir, but somehow times were bad, an' Jeannie had a sair heart on the matter, an' darena venture, but now they say the minister will bring things about as they should be. Eh, sir! it does one's heart gude to think what a blessing young Mattie has turned out to his parents; I ken few wad ha' guessed the like of this; he has seen him as I ha'e, a pair senseless sawny lad as he was."

The gentleman whom the landlady of the Blue Bells so kindly amused with her story was no other than the principal actor in it, and as he slowly pursued his way to the kirk, he could not wholly suppress his surprise at the idea of the prodigious bustle his appearance had caused in the village so many years ago, though there was a degree of melancholy blended in his sensations when he thought of the changes those fleeting years had made in him. It was an interesting sight to observe the inhabitants of D—, issuing from their cottages, and all flocking as it were, with one accord to the house of prayer. Here was the sturdy peasant marching at the head of his young family, and the sober matron, with her head encircled in a kerchief of the purest white; whilst behind them strayed the village dandies, each carrying her psalm-book neatly folded in a linen handkerchief, half-serious half-coquetting, with the sun-burnt, palid youths; whilst still further in the rear were seen advancing the more tardy steps of age, some supporting themselves on crutches, others leaning on the arms of those whom nature and affection pointed out for their best support—their children; but all bearing an appearance of great cleanliness, gravity, and decorum.

The stranger from the Blue Bells was the last to enter the sacred edifice. The service had already commenced, and the minister stood in his place, pale, firm and tolerably collected; but vain was the endeavour to trace in his

countenance any resemblance to the poor neglected boy who had formerly excited so much compassion. Matthew Glenarchy was certainly calculated for the pulpit, for when there, his lameness could not be observed, and the folds of his surplice concealed what otherwise was a great defect—his habitual stoop; besides, in his care-worn visage there was an expression of great patience and genuine mildness, which characterized well with his holy office, and the fire that but rarely sparkled from his eyes, seemed kindled by the enthusiasm of his zeal. On a seat nearest the pulpit sat the new minister's relations, who were easily distinguished from the rest of the congregation by the singular anxiety they displayed. The old man restless and perturbed, seemed unable to sit still a moment together;—one instant he shook back his silvered locks, and his face beamed with renovated hope and delight, and again his brow was wrinkled with anxiety, and he looked fearful and tremulous; at length, unable to command himself any longer, he rose, and walked with unsteady steps, drew near that side of the pulpit where his son could not see him, remained leaning against it, with his back turned to the congregation, till the service concluded. The mother's face was concealed by her handkerchief, yet those nearest her saw her bosom heaved convulsively, and once or twice her sobs were very audible; whilst Jeannie's clear blue eyes glistened with all a sister's hopes, and her heightened colour betrayed no slight emotion.

The opening prayer was, according to the usual custom, delivered extempore; it was long and impressive, consisting chiefly of ejaculations, and verses of Scripture; at first the preacher's voice was low and tremulous, he seemed to feel that on this effort depended, in a great measure, his future success and the hopes of his beloved family, and he dreaded to disappoint them; but as the fervour of his spirit seemed gradually to awaken, so did his voice rise higher and higher till it gained its accustomed energy, and then all his moral feelings gave place to the sublimer views of the Christian. The sermon was a slightly, but admirably adapted to the occasion; the merits of his predecessor, and from thence with great pathos, spoke of the relative duties of life, and the gratitude which children owed to the authors of their existence, summing up the whole by a comparison between the duty we owe to God and our parents. To an Englishman, accustomed to speak and decide rapidly, there may at first appear something singular in the slow and solemn manner of our northern brethren; but in the pulpit this peculiarity is not so striking, because we then expect a greater degree of precision than at any other time. There was an elegance in Mattie's language, notwithstanding his broad dialect, which delighted and astonished one, at least, of his hearers; beautiful from its very simplicity, it breathed the true essence of pure and animated eloquence, softened by the genuine spirit of Christianity. At first it was impossible not to behold portrayed in him the dutiful and affectionate son, so gently and so sweetly did he speak of parental hopes and filial obedience; but as the subject opened before him, and he expatiated at length on the bounty and love of a heavenly Parent, his voice became elevated almost to a tone of rapture, and his eyes sparkled with unusual brightness.

"Eh! Jeannie, lassie, I suppose ye gonna speak to me now, sin Maister Mattie is wrona sic a fine man, an' sic a gude preacher," said Robin Dugald, as he waited for Jeannie near the kirk door.

"Dinna say sae, Robin," exclaimed Jeannie, smiling through the most joyous tears she ever shed; "I ken weel enough there be few sic clever folk as our Mattie, but that's no reason at all against ye, because ye ken I'm no sic a clever dooty myself; an' as Mattie himself says, we maun all keep in our ain spheres."

The stranger arrived at the manse soon after Mattie had led thither his happy parents, and was received by the whole party with that unrestrained freedom and native hospitality which results from light hearts anxious to extend their own pleased emotions to all around them. But when he mentioned having once met them before, and introduced himself as an English clergyman, who, twenty years since had, in company with his friend, a young physician, been travelling through Aberdeenshire, and had partaken of their hospitality, the surprise and delight of the little group were beyond imagination. Peggy caught his hand and pressed it repeatedly to her lips. "There he be, God bless him! an' it's all owing to ye, I ken vera weel. Mattie, lad! Jeannie, lassie! dinna ye hear, that is the gude gentleman your mither an' I ha'e sae often talked about." "Oh!" cried Peggy, "that iver I seld ha'e lived to see this blessed day; it has been the joy of my heart to see that dear bairn stand up in gude Maister Macfiverson's place, and then that ye said ha'e come again, is mair than I can say thought; and doubtless ye ha'e heard him preach. Eh! sir, it went to my heart like inspiration, an'—"

She would have said more, had not her attention been arrested by seeing her son, usually so grave and solemn in his movements, suddenly throw himself at the feet of the stranger, and in broken language pour out his gratitude to him, acknowledging that he owed all his present happiness to his kind advice and encouragement. "Ye saw me," he said, "a pair stricken brain, an' ye took pity upon me, and may ye be abundantly blessed for the kindness ye showed on that day."

"Rise," said the stranger, "I entreat you, your acknowledgments oppress me; for after all, what have I done? I saw you, as I thought, a poor neglected child, I pitied you, and endeavoured to interest your parents in your favour; it appears, then, that I succeeded, and I am more than rewarded for the pains I took." "That day was a happy one at D—, and in the evening, when the stranger departed for A—, the residence of Dr. H—, the gentleman who had been his companion when he first entered the village, he was once more followed by the benediction of Sandy and his now happy and prosperous family.

The Way to Get On in the World.
A working man, some time ago, published his own biography, one of the most interesting little volumes that has appeared during the present century. It is as follows:—"It may, to some, appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly, if I omitted it. When filling a cart with earth on the farm, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped before the other side, at which was another workman. I pushed over what I had heaped up, to help him; so doubtless he did to me, when I was last and he first. When I have filled my column or columns of a newspaper with matter for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped, if I thought the subject required more explanation, because there was no contract for more payment, or no possibility of obtaining more. When I have lived in a barrack room, I have stopped my work, and taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and pursued it for another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature and travelling for a newspaper, I have gone many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject to its minutest details, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the case; and this, when I had the work, was most pleasant and profitable. When I have wanted work, I have accepted it at any wages I could get, at a plough, in farm-draining, stone quarrying, breaking stones, at wood cutting, in a saw-pit, as a civilian, or a soldier. In London, I have cleaned out a stable, and groomed a cab-man's horse for sixpence. I have since tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—both sought for, and offered—ten guineas for. But if I had not been content to begin at the beginning, and accepted shillings, I should not have arisen to guineas as I have lost nothing by working; whatever I have been doing, with spade, or pen, I have been my own helper. Do you wish to imitate? Humility is always the attendant of sense; folly alone is proud. A wise divine, when preaching to the youths of his congregation, was wont to say, "Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters." The only cure for pride, is sense; and the only path to promotion, is condescension. What multitudes have been ruined in their prospects by the pride of their hearts! Away, then, young men, and away forever, with self-loppery, and empty pride, idle habits, and expensive associates—stoop to conquer." Sink in spirit and rise in opulence. Be faithful over a few things, and be made ruler over many.—London Christian Penny Magazine.

His Time Had Come.—A few years ago two men were elected to the legislature in one of our western States, the one an excited lawyer the other a blacksmith; but unfortunately a little deaf. The latter was very troublesome to his friends. His name commenced with the letter A. He frequently roared wrong by mistake, and led others wrong. By arrangement with the Clerk, his name was put down second in the list, and being a "regular," he submitted, and voted invariably with the leader that had been made thus unceremoniously to outrank him.

One day his athletic friend and brother legislator, the lawyer, got into an exciting political debate—the lie was passed, and in a moment the lawyer had his coat off ready for a fight. This unglorious attitude paralyzed for a moment the House, which had become proverbial for order and decorum. Directly, however, every person's attention was drawn to the gigantic blacksmith, who, rushing up to his comrade, exclaimed, pointing towards the other side of the House: "You take the back seat and I will take the front. I can't legislate, but I can fight like h—."—Ere Post.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor. BUFFALO, MARCH 10, 1855.

Decree of the Thirty-third Congress.

The Thirty-third United States Congress, expired constitutionally, at twelve o'clock on the night of Sunday last. We have, in the demise of this Congress, more than one source of consolatory reflection. We see in it, with no feelings but those of willing acquiescence, sometimes swelling into rather pleasing sensations, the expiration of the first half of the presidential term; and as we contemplate this achievement of "old bald-pate," we cannot help feeling as if we would like to put our right hand to the tail of his car and help push it twice more round the elliptic with increased celerity. We feel, as we are certain every other honest, patriotic American citizen must feel, such a loathing of the administration of General Pierce, that we would be willing to blot out the next two years of our own earthly existence, to have him removed from the high position which we think he has most justly disgraced. And when we say this, we speak conscientiously, entertaining no party political antipathies against him, for we have no party affinities to prompt our feelings.

It may well be that the country will be again cursed with a weak-minded, unqualified and corruptible Chief Magistrate, in General FRENCH's successor; but that hope which keeps the heart whole, and the blessed ignorance of future events which keeps despair from crushing the soul, together with the almost absolute certainty that a worse selection cannot be made, conspire to make us willing—nay, anxious, to see the wheels of time buzz round and reel off the two intervening years with the utmost rapidity.

General FRENCH was put in nomination at the dictum of slave-breeding and slavery-propagating Virginia. He accepted the nomination at her hands; and although the so-called democracy of the free States adopted him as their candidate and elected him to the Chief Magistracy of the nation, in violation of the principles which they had professed, and contrary to the teachings of that wisdom which should govern the actions of communities far advanced in civilization and refinement, he seemed to esteem their act as merely one of duty to the nominating authority, and has been the willing slave and ready tool of the slave powers, from his inauguration to the present day. What has he done to merit such denunciation? This is the question asked by his votaries and apologists. We answer: He has prostituted the influence of his high position for the promotion of all the schemes of the slavery ascendancy in the councils of the nation. He has suffered himself to be used as an instrument to violate a solemn compact between the northern and southern sections of the Union, which was entered into by the parties with reciprocally pledged faith that it should be held religiously sacred forever. He has upon his soul the guilt of laboring with his influence and the executive patronage, to corrupt the representatives of the people and induce them to give their votes against the interests, principles and express requirements of their constituents; thus poisoning the source of legislation and bringing everlasting reproach upon the institutions of the country; and this for the sake of consummating the act of treachery to the free States above referred to. He has upon his conscience—if he have any conscience—the guilt of favoring the design of the slavery propagandists, to get the country into a war with the three great powers of Europe, England, France and Spain, with the purpose of wresting from the last named power her Island of Cuba and annexing it to this Union as a slave territory, to be converted into slave States. To facilitate the accomplishment of this purpose, he recommended and strenuously urged the appropriation, by Congress, of ten million dollars, to be placed at his disposal during the recess of Congress, when he and the said ten millions would have been at the disposal of the propagandists. Thanks to the genius which governs the destinies of the country, his influence was not adequate to the accomplishment of the plan projected by the conspirators. He is continually under the direction of the same wicked influence, using the executive patronage to procure the appointment of senators and the election of representatives to Congress, who will favor the infamous fraud perpetrated by him and the Congress which has just given up the ghost. He and his southern directors and supporters are fearful that the next Congress may undo the act of usurpation which they procured to be perpetuated by the Congress which has just breathed its last; and he and they have been constantly busy with the executive patronage, since the infamous deed was consummated, to defend it against the indignation which it aroused in the free States.

This brings us to the consideration of the great necessity of amending the Constitution of the United States to make all the local officers of the General Government elective by the people in the respective localities. There was a man in Congress who, in a programme of operations which he drew for himself, put down this very amendment of the constitution of the U. States. And such a man was he that every one who read his programme calculated that some movement would certainly be made in Congress in the direction of abolishing the corrupting power of American Chief Magistrates, by taking from them as much of the appointing power as would be consistent with the efficient discharge of the duties of that department of the government. This

member of Congress was THOMAS H. BENTON; the man who possessed the greatest ability, the most extensive knowledge, the purest patriotism, the most unflinching industry and the most honest heart that the two houses of Congress could boast. He it was who had determined to make the attempt to have the constitution so amended that the executive could not, by widdling the patronage of the government, control the elections of the several States, and direct the legislation of Congress. And so formidable are his great ability, profound knowledge and stern integrity, when united, that it was deemed most essential to the success of the schemes of the corruptionist to have him removed from the national councils. Hence the propagandists, the nullifiers, the secessionists, the filibusters and the President and Cabinet, entered into conspiracy against him and succeeded in ousting him and robbing the nation of his invaluable services. Now that voice, which, for more than thirty years, has sounded the alarm at the approach of corruption, in whatever shape it presented itself, can be heard no more. That ever vigilant mind which stood upon the outer wall and watched the approach of the thief of the treasury, the burglar of constitutional restrictions and the assassin of human rights, in whatever guise they assumed, has been removed, and there is no one to occupy his place. No one living can fill his place.

To whom, now, are we to look for the powerful advocacy of right, the terror of evil doers, the scourge of corruption and villainy? To whom shall we look for a mover and supporter of the necessary amendments of the constitution which, and which only, can shield the nation from the fate which awaits it from executive corruption? Alas! we know not where the greatly needed giant intellect and sound heart are to come from. It is an adage, though not always a true one, that it is ever darkest just before day. Heaven knows that our political canopy is now veiled in a darkness which approximates nearly enough to that of Egypt. But whether there is or is not a dawn of a better day approaching, is a fact involved in dubiety which is painful indeed to the patriot and philanthropist.

That such an amendment of the organic law of the nation, is the only means of salvation of this republic from falling as other republics have fallen, is becoming so evident that no capable intellect can fail to perceive it, unless should be one who wilfully and doggedly closes his vision against palpable truth.

Up to the time when the propagandists set Mr. TYLER and Mr. FOLK to make war upon Mexico and annex Texas to our republic, for the sake of enlarging the borders of slavery and obtaining and retaining the balance of the national power in the hands of slave holders, this dangerous feature in the constitution had not been made so alarmingly apparent by executive interference in national legislation. It was not until the executive influence was so fully brought to bear upon the national power, that it became so fully apparent to the people, that the nation was in danger. It was not until the executive influence was so fully brought to bear upon the national power, that it became so fully apparent to the people, that the nation was in danger. It was not until the executive influence was so fully brought to bear upon the national power, that it became so fully apparent to the people, that the nation was in danger.

Unaccountable.

A few days since, we attended the funeral of an old friend who had died in the full faith of Spiritualism, as taught by those celestial visitants who are shedding the light of divine truth throughout this darker, and opening its dawn upon most of the darker regions of the world. He died with his spirit unperturbed, resigned and happy, having nothing to regret but the circumstance that he had not sooner received the happy truth and regulated his life by it.

The circumstance which was, to us, unaccountable, was the fact that his surviving friends, knowing the faith in which he made his exit from this state of existence, procured the services of an orthodox clergyman, who seemed to spare no pains to assure them—directly, we admit, but plainly—that he must necessarily have gone to eternal perdition. He affirmed—holding up the bible—that full faith in that book, and in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, was the only means of salvation for human souls. At the same time, all that were present knew, and he must have known, that the deceased had no faith in vicarious atonement, and did not hold himself bound to believe every thing that was contained in the bible, if it conflicted with common sense and reason. He also must have known that he was not a believer in the resurrection of the old cast-off body, when he pointed to the coffin, after it had been let down into the grave, and said: "We commit this body to the earth; but it shall rise again." Is custom such a tyrant that it will compel people to do those things which common sense, reason, and all their sympathies revolt at? Sorry were we to hear such gross absurdities uttered over the remains of one who spared them with every breath which he devoted to the subject.

Lectures at the Conference Room.

Rev. O. Hammond, of Rochester, will lecture at our Spiritual Conference Room, on Sunday next, both forenoon and afternoon, commencing at the usual hours of church service. Admittance will be free to all who choose to attend.

Newspaper controversialists should take the greatest care to guard against captiousness and bad temper.

The Schools.

We learn, with sincere regret, that there are some spirits in the Municipal Council of this city, who, like Paul's persecutors, seem to have bound themselves under a great curse, that they will neither eat nor drink till they have slain our beautiful and efficiently conducted city educational system. That this is so, is surprising; but it seems to be as true as it is strange. Some members or members, representing the rural districts which were brought into the city corporation by the new charter, being actuated by the penuriousness incident to money-making by the scraping and pinching process, and not improbably being used by certain men who pull wires from behind the screen, are laboring, as we learn, to cut down the salaries of school teachers to less than a fair compensation for such abilities and talent as are indispensable to keep up the character of the schools at its present enviable point of elevation. Now, the common schools of Buffalo are justly considered models for universal emulation. Why is this? The why is plain—the representatives of a liberal minded people have hitherto represented them truly, acting, in relation to that most important of all human interests, general and thorough education, like men with souls in their bodies which can appreciate the difference between popular intelligence and the amassment of filthy dross. They have acted as if they could discriminate between a community composed of educated and refined minds, and one whose members have never had their intellectual visions opened to the light of science or to the unfoldings of nature's beauties, as exhibited through the medium of educational acquirements. Up to the present time, we have had great reason to congratulate ourselves on the prosperity of our schools and the progress of our children under the thorough teachings of men and women whose capabilities were such as to command fair remuneration.

Now, it seems, we have counsellors from without, who are of opinion that greater economy should be used in conducting the schools, and, like the economist who commenced his system of curtailment by saving half of the usual quantity of salt with which he cured his meat, and thereby lost the whole, they would cut down the salaries of teachers to half a living competency, and thereby poison and spoil our educational system, with teachers who are utterly unqualified for the duties required of them. "I can hire," says an outside member, "as many teachers as will supply all the schools in the State, at salaries not exceeding six hundred dollars per annum." So he can, and as good as he would make himself if he should wisely abandon the business of legislating for an enlightened community, and unwisely take up that of teacher for which he, doubtless, is about similarly qualified.

The administration of the city affairs, and that better economy is to consist of pecuniary saving, let it commence with the office of Comptroller, who receives twice the amount annually that is paid to teachers, and who has clerks under him to do all the labor. Let not the hand of destructive economy be laid upon that department which is vital to the moral, intellectual and scholastic development of those who are to succeed the present generation, and to give character to our city. Be prudent as well as liberal; but let dollars sink into insignificance when compared with those qualifications of the human mind which are the result of proper and general education. Let men who are endowed with liberal sentiments, whose minds can appreciate the difference between knowledge and pennies, whose souls have not been stained by the corrosive action of avarice, stand forth as champions of our invaluable system of education. Let them stand between those advocates of penuriousness and ignorance, and the noble structure at which they are aiming their destructive weapons. Let them peep behind the screen and drag the secret wire pullers from their skulking places, that the people may see who they are and mete out to them the measure of indignation due to their deeds of darkness. We call on the enlightened minds of all classes and conditions, to come forward with their voices and their influence, to save the schools of the city from the desecrating and destructive influence of those who would have cheap teaching which would not be worth the time of children's attendance; teaching which would send the children of all who are able to bear the expense, out of the city, to those localities where our present teachers would have to go for employment; teaching by those who are willing to sell their services for a pittance, because they are worth no more. Of all the economy that can be thought of, that of cheapening teachers below living rates of compensation, is the most contemptible and the most to be eschewed and abominated. And next in humiliation to such a contemptible course of policy, is the election of narrow-minded and little-souled men, as conductors of the important and vital interests of communities.

Spiritual Communications.

We did not receive any lectures from our two spirit friends: SMITH and DAVENPORT, in this week's paper, on account of the indisposition of the medium through whom they communicate. We have, however, been otherwise favored. From Rev. C. HAMMOND, of Rochester, we received the communication which will be found under the head: "Reliable Spirits." The medium did not get the name of the communicating spirit, but expects to receive it when he again communicates, which we hope will be soon, for we much like this production of his logical mind.

Let Spiritualists agree to disagree, if they cannot agree to agree.

Let Spiritualists agree to disagree, if they cannot agree to agree.

Reply to "Querist."

Our correspondent, "Querist," has gathered a true idea from our editorial remarks. He has truly learned that we do not believe in the existence of a personal Devil, such as the clergy of the various denominations of Christians have been preaching throughout Christendom for so many centuries. Whether John, in his apocalypses, intended to be understood literally when he spoke of "the Dragon, that old Serpent, which is the Devil and Satan," we shall not pretend to determine. If he did so intend, then it is evident that he was imbued with the superstition of the age in which he lived, which presented to the imaginations of the ignorant and credulous, a winged serpent which was a terrible animal—not a spirit or goblin, but a being of flesh and bones, conjured up by the romantic imaginations of the ancient poets. Dragons, griffins, gnomes, mermaids, sirens, fairies, sylphs, &c., are all of the same poetical family, and creatures of human imagination. Human progress has left them all out of the catalogue of real existences, and they now constitute the airy nothings used in weaving romances in which nothing but the fabulous is pretended. Hence, if John meant to be literally understood when he spoke of the dragon and the serpent, he believed in the existence of beings now known to be fabulous; and his devil and satan were but other names for the same fabulous being. Hence it is plain that, if we believe in the existence of John's devil, we believe in the existence of his winged serpent, the dragon; and if we believe in the existence of this tremendous reptile, we are under the same obligation to believe in the griffin of the ancients and the mermaid of our own immortal BARNUM. But if John used the fabulous dragon as a type of that baleful idolatry which pervaded the world, and the besotted ignorance which was its vital aliment, then his devil and satan, which are but aliases, must follow it to nonentity. This is as much argument as we can afford to bestow upon the devil part of our correspondent's communication; and we have to confess that we feel humiliated by the reflection that it is still necessary to spend breath or ink on that myth of ancient superstition and ignorance.

In relation to what some people are pleased to term evil spirits, which is generally, though not invariably, understood to be synonymous with devils, we might say much, if we had time and space. We find, in our intercourse with communicating spirits, many minds which seem as crude and uneducated as any which we meet with in the flesh. When questions are asked of these, they answer according to their knowledge, or according to the promptings of their dispositions. The spirits of men and women, when they are turned out of their physical forms by the death of the latter, are in precisely the same state of development that they were in before the transition. If they were removed. If they were vicious before, they are vicious after their removal. They can never know any more in the spirit world than they knew in the flesh, unless they learn more; and they can never be less vicious in the spirit world than they were in this world, till they learn truth and righteousness from the teachings of elevated spirits, and become more developed, rational and wise. All spirits, and more particularly undeveloped ones, are ever anxious to communicate with mortals. Those that are undeveloped, incline and are attracted to the earth more than those that are progressed. The change, to them, is not a happy one. Hence their greatest gratification is in returning to their old haunts and holding communion with those whom they left behind them. When they are asked questions, the true answers to which they do not know, they will answer either according to the best of their knowledge, or according to their disposition to deceive and make fools of those who question them. If they are disposed to tell the truth and do not know what the truth is, they will look into the mind of the questioner and see what he or she thinks is true, and report accordingly. If the questioned spirit be vicious, it will choose falsehood rather than truth, particularly if it conceive a dislike for the questioner. Many undeveloped spirits are of the class who delighted in fun and mischief when in the flesh, and who retain the same penchant after the transition. These are ever ready to send visionaries on fools errands, in search of hidden treasure where there is none, and to practise upon the credulity of others by telling them that some relative residing at a distance, is dead, giving out all the details of a death and interment.

A Spiritual Test.

A merchant on the dock, who does not care to have his name published as a medium for spiritual communications, but who gets spiritual responses by table tipping, as often as he chooses to sit for the purpose, informs us that an error had occurred in his books, which he and his book-keeper had repeatedly looked through. He was sitting by a table in his counting-room, a few days since, when, by an apparent carelessness in the table, he perceived that some one wished to communicate. He invited a bystander to come and put his hands on the opposite side of the table, which he did, when the table tipped to the alphabet and spelled out the following: "I feel like communicating with you to tell you where you can lay your finger on the error in your books. It is in Merchandise account, in the month of September." On examining the account for that month an error of nearly twenty dollars was found. Some of our most respectable citizens were present at the time, and know the facts to be as stated. The communicating spirit was that of an early acquaintance of the merchant, they having been clerks together, in another city, in years gone by.

For the Age of Progress.

Mr. Editor—I gather from your editorial remarks that you are not a believer in the existence of a personal devil, or such a being as John the Divine refers to when he says: "And I saw an angel come down from Heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand; and he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years." I see, too, that you have witnessed such manifestations, by spirits, as could not be rationally looked for from any spirits but evil ones. What but an evil spirit would tear books and clocks to pieces? What spirit less potent than a devil could snatch a man from the floor and batter his head against the ceiling? And what better than a devil would come upon the ear, as you say you were smitten at Mr. Davenport's? Will you be good enough to tell your readers if you think human spirits do all these things, or whether you are not now convinced that there is a devil sure enough, and that he it is who does all the mischief and tells all the falsehoods that human spirits are charged with.

QUEER.

Spiritual manifestations at CAPT. DAVENPORTS, are continued, as we learn; and some of them are of such an extraordinary character that we deem it best not to publish them, more especially as we have not witnessed them personally, and cannot vouch for their truth.

March has come and brought with it its usual variety of weather, mostly of a dirty character.

To our SUBSCRIBERS—Two more numbers of this will complete our first half-year. Those who paid for but half a year in advance will please bear this in mind.

Nothing of importance from Europe since our last issue. We earnestly wish for the success of the peace convention at Vienna.

greatly gratified by prefixing the letter d to the word evil, so as to convert it, in its comprehensive sense, into devil, we see no good reason why he should not be allowed the indulgence.

Human beings will act in accordance with their propensities, let them be where they may, if indulgence be practicable. If a spirit have been prone to lying and mischief, from man or womanhood up to the time of its transition, it will practise the same on all occasions, till it becomes reformed and developed. Why, then, should we be any more astonished at the falsehoods of undeveloped spirits out of the flesh, than we are at their falsehoods when in the flesh? Here we meet with vicious minds and liars every day and every where.

How would it sound for one of the long-faded tribe to say: I don't believe there is any spirit in the body of that man, because spirits are under the government of God, and God does not countenance such evil deeds as lying, nor such frivolous deeds as slapping cards down on tables and knocking ivory balls about on green cloths. We should set a man down for almost an idiot who should make acts like these the basis of skepticism in relation to the possession of an immortal soul, by those who commit them. Still man claiming to possess superior wisdom, will address rapping on tables and moving furniture as conclusive evidence that it is not a spirit that does it, because it is not sufficiently dignified for post mortem exercise, although the disembodied intelligence has no other way to make its presence manifest.—Oh! it is a fearful thing to be over wise. A little common sense and a few grains of true knowledge, are worth cart-loads of vain glory and ostentatious wisdom.

Let our correspondent further understand that elevated spirits will frequently comply, with the requests of their friends in the flesh, by executing feats of physical power. And when they condescend to do these things, they must manifest by whatever means they find provided for them. They know that an old book not worth sixpence, and an old mantel clock that will not run and is not worth any thing, will be willingly sacrificed by their owner for the sake of witnessing those manifestations which place spiritual presence and action beyond the reach of doubt. It is only the determined caviller who takes exceptions to these manifestations as unspiritual. He or she who has studied the laws of nature and the philosophy of the human soul, will make no such unphilosophical objections.

GRATIS!

Just Published: A New Discovery in Medicine!

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CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN

J. E. HALL, of Lamoignon, 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 63 Third Street, between Delaware and Franklin, where he will be found on Thursday the 23d inst., ready to attend to all calls of the afflicted. 81f

S. DUDLEY & SONS,

51 MAIN STREET.

THE Subscribers have on hand a general assortment of Railroad Lamps, Lanterns, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, Hotels and Private Families. We invite the attention of those purchasing to examine our stock, consisting of Coffee and Tea Urns, Steaks and Fish heaters, Soup Tureens, Dish Covers, &c., &c., which we are constantly manufacturing in our elegant style; and in beauty of finish unsurpassed by any other establishment in the United States. We also have on hand an extra quality of IRON and STEEL HOSE, of our own manufacture; also, FIRE ENGINES, FORCE PUMPS, &c. We are likewise the sole agents in this city of H. R. WORTHINGTON'S Renowned PATENT STEAM SAFETY PUMP and FIRE ENGINE. We manufacture Railroad Lanterns, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, and a greatly improved COOK STOVE, designed expressly for Steamboats, Propellers and Hotels. A large quantity and assortment of STEAM and WATER GAUGES, and beautifully finished GONG BELLS, for Steamboats and Hotels, comprise part of our stock. We are, likewise, prepared to execute any Order for STEAMBOAT, COPPER, TIN and SHEET IRON WORK, with our usual promptness and upon terms that give good satisfaction. S. DUDLEY & SONS, 51 Main Street.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL

REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS, and Cultivator Almanac for 1855, embellished with 120 Engravings. Price 25 cents. For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post Office.

T. S. HAWKS.

Mr. Editor: I see notices in the Christian Spiritualist, Spiritual Universe, and some other papers, recommending contributions by Spiritualists, to aid our worthy friend and brother, JOSHUA KOONS, in furnishing the public who resort to his spirit room, with comfortable quarters, which now cannot be had there. Mr. KOONS has suffered much in his pecuniary interest by his kind and generous disposition, and has received only persecutions from the inhabitants of his vicinity. Their malignity was not satisfied with what they could do with their slanderous tongues, but they served their God—the God of vengeance—by burning his barns and all his crops which had but just been gathered in. He stands in pressing need of a convenient house, but has not the means within himself to build one. I propose that the friends in this city and vicinity contribute something towards helping him, and I will be ready with my mite.

S. D.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Table with 3 columns: Item, Unit, Price. Includes Flour, extra, per bush \$10.50; Pork, new, per cwt \$14.50; Dressed hogs, per cwt \$5.00; Eggs, per doz 20 @ 25; Butter, per lb 12 1/2 @ 15; Honey, 8 @ 10c; Blackberries, dried, 10; Plums, 12 1/2 @ 15; Currants, 6 1/2; Corn, per bush 65 @ 67; Flax seed, 1.00 @ 1.25; Clover, 7.00; Timothy, 2.25 @ 3.50; Oats, 40 @ 42; Apples, dried, 1.25; Potatoes, 50 @ 75; Onions, 87 @ 1.00; Dressed Chickens per lb 9; Turkeys 9 @ 10c.

W. G. OLIVER, DENTIST, 263 MAIN STREET.

Opposite the Churches. BUFFALO. N. B.—Received a Silver Medal for Superior Work, New York State Fair, 1848.

BUFFALO LITHOGRAPHING AND ENGRAVING ESTABLISHMENT.

209 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. R. J. COMPTON, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING Purchased the entire interest of my co-partners, and having the most extensive establishment of the kind in the west, I am enabled to execute all kinds of work with punctuality and in the best style. January 8, 1855. R. J. C.

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We do not believe our readers will require any apology from us for extracting, from the proceedings of the great spiritualist Mass Meeting, recently held in the Tabernacle, New York, as published in the Spiritual Telegraph, the following most able and beautiful address, by Rev. T. L. Harris. It is the best exposition of the nature and tendency of spiritualism that we have ever seen in a form so condensed. Its beauties almost reach the sublime; and its truthfulness does honor to its author and to the glorious cause which he advocates.

A compact statement of what Spiritualism is, will be, perhaps, the most useful contribution that I can add to the intellectual wealth of the audience before me. I labor under the same difficulty that a man might who attempts to condense Homer into a verse, Solomon into a proverb, or the Bible into an aphorism. Spiritualism, as we define it, is twofold—subjective and objective. There is, first of all, under this subject of Spiritualism, an empire of interior principles, that realm of pure thought which pervades all minds from the Ostrich to the broad domain from whence in all ages genius has come forth to do its mighty work, and poetry to cheer, and art to adorn, and religion to instruct the nations.

There is, secondly, an external territory, an immense realm for art-phenomena, language-phenomena, and sensible demonstrations of spirit in matter cognizable by all the senses, facts of the world of facts, and serving as the basis of a grand inductive philosophy whose rings and rounds of demonstrations, like those of Jacob's ladder, are founded on the very surface of the natural sphere, and rise into the heavens. When the disciples of John the Baptist asked of Jesus, "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" the answer that he gave was an appeal to the senses. He pointed to the blind made to see, to the dead raised, and replied: "Go and tell John what ye have seen and heard."

Thus we do to-night. Entering into no a priori argument, we simply point to realities. The symbols and guises of the Rosicrucian philosophy, the gay and airy idealities of mythic systems of the past, the stately generalities of the mere theorist who speculates of the universe he cannot see—all these we set aside. The facts of Spiritualism are its best argument, and for the purpose of our present statement we classify them under seven heads.

We assert, first, that Spiritualism—the doctrine of man's intercourse with immortal intelligences—is true, because material concussions conveying intelligence reveal the intelligent agency of the departed. Much as Spirit-rappings, so styled, are spit upon by the dress-makers of literature who deal in the haberdashery of rhetoric, ideas thrilling of significance and epic strength have been and are communicated through spirit-rappings. Style is nothing to the man after facts. The lost daughter is equally dear, whether she wear returning from her long captivity, the adornments of fashion, or but the simple drapery of the Indian maid. It is the speaking eye, it is the beating heart, it is the love-fraught and love-tuned being, and not the drapery of the person, that we see. It is essentially vulgar, and bespeaks depraved taste, to judge the grandeur of a fact, of a principle, by its mode of expression. Spirit-telegraphing through its explosive sounds comes to us in that same matter-of-fact, American way in which our iron-ribbed, oak-bulk steamers plow the Atlantic, and our prosaic railroads clasp with iron hands the virgin waste of the continent. They are dear to us from their very simplicity. Poets of coming ages, when the present has melted into the past, shall sing, and find grander themes of poetry than we find in the landing of Pilgrims and the crossing of the Mayflower. To us especially they come as burning and potent facts. We listen to spirit-rappings as we saw people listen at the office of the telegraph for news from the passengers of the Arctic. They did not ask to have the instruments spell out sentences in Johnsonian style. They asked, is my mother or my daughter safe? and when the answer came, though but a Yes, it was as if from the solid adamant the form of the loved one had stopped forth and said, "I live!"

Have we not loved ones gone out over a dimmer and a darker sea, whose beating waters gather about the world? Have not prophets of annihilation told us that the barque freighted with our immortal hopes has struck the rock of oblivion and gone down beneath the joy billows of annihilation? "Ye shall wait and weep," they cry, "but never, never shall ye meet them more." And have not another class—the prophets of the flaming vortex and the everlasting fire—have they not told us that the barque that held them still floated, but drifted forever and forever on the sea whose very drops are fiery agonies, and whose molten firmament rains down madness, till kelf, ribs, and deck, and cabin clasped the doomed ones in an iron shroud, and steaming sailed alive with endless flame blown by the furnace-breath of torture, bore them through the everlasting ages, burning yet unconsumed, dying yet never dead?

Well, now against this terrible fear for the departed, of annihilation on the one side and perdition on the other side, when a telegraphic

wire runs out and connects us with that vast world, where they have gone, what do we ask? Poms of diction, Ciceroan eloquence, the swelling phrases with which ignorance covers up its eyeless sockets and masks its dead heart? No. I want to have my friends tell me first of all, if they can do it, if they are safe. What do I care for style? I don't go to that telegraph as a critic of words, an epicure of honied sentences, nor do you. As fathers and mothers, as husbands, and wives, and children we go there, and if that dear mother speaks, and that dear wife or child communicates, so they give us some proof that it is they, I don't ask them to give me Chapin's eloquence, nor call it "moonshine drizzle" if they don't. If they convince me in simple speech that I communicate with my kindred in the skies, it is enough.

It may not be very practical, some may say, this communion. It may not instruct me how to construct Poincaré's planatories, to convert America to the tariff, to put down or build up banks, or to enable daily papers to tell beforehand about the storming of Sebastopol. But there is a nobler side to this, practically, than the bread-and-butter side. Ye great and splendid empires of the free and happy dead, ye fathers and ye mothers, ye sacred and endeared ones, that live forever in our hearts, ye deem it practical to comfort the broken-hearted, with sun-like shafts to slay the Python materiality, to span with arch of light the sea of desolation, to fill the atmosphere with voices chanting glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will to man.

There are probably three hundred thousand intelligent men in America who, by absolute investigation, commencing as opponents of the rapping phenomena, now publicly assert that the phenomena are occasioned by departed spirits. It will not do, with a body of credible witnesses embracing all classes in society, of this character and magnitude, to cry fraud. I can not of course attempt learnedly to explain the rationale of the fact. Time forbids. No more is the Christian minister obliged to explain how Christ healed the leper, stilled the sea, or talked with spirits. We appeal, as Christ did in his reply to the disciples of John, to the facts. Hundreds of thousands of intelligent men and women, upon what seems to them absolute evidence, proclaim that they have communicated with their departed friends. I ask, as was asked of old, hath this thing been done in a corner? Overleaping the limits of our own continent, these manifestations are now occurring in all parts of the civilized world.

Who are the mediums for such manifestations? Gray-headed men and women, standing on the brink of eternity, and so through all this golden link of life to infants unweaned, clergymen, editors, highest scientific authorities, jurists, physicians, merchants, mechanics, hunters of the forest, and sailors at the yard-arm.

Where have the rappings been heard? In the most crowded assemblies, and alone in the midnight chamber, at the birth of the infant and in the departure and burial of the dead. In circles of bankers in the New York Exchange, in the lagoons of the Pacific.

What has been said through the rappings? Millions of test answers to mental questions, laying bare heart-secrets, life-secrets, voices of recognized intelligence, and faithful love, form the millions gone to the millions crying for some voice from out that silent sky. Ah! it is as if the mighty heart of all departed loved ones impelled its deathless blood-drops, and dropped them in golden sounds upon the living earth.

2. The second method by which spirits communicate is by temporary organizations of matter. A gentleman who is not identified with spiritualism, but who is perhaps as clear-headed and keen an observer as our nation affords, has informed me that in a circle recently, five sheets of paper were placed upon the floor, and five pencils were at once seen writing on these sheets. Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, informs us, that a spirit, purporting to be his son, without the intervention of any visible agency, controlled a pencil, and gave a communication in the same manner. There are various localities in the country where this form of phenomena is continually occurring. Now, if we admit such facts, we admit the existence of a power that is able to grapple the pen and write out its own thoughts free from any apparent mortal agency. If we are to credit the testimony of perhaps a hundred thousand witnesses, the atoms of the atmosphere are condensed, and used by spirits; by the use of which, as through a temporary organization, the disembodied intellect operates on objects in the material world.

Wide varying opinions must exist concerning the hidden laws whereby these phenomena are produced by spirits; facts themselves however, are too broad and current for dispute. If we admit that spirits can, under suitable conditions, condense the elements of matter diffused in space, then is opened up the most important field for investigation that ever has dawned upon the world. So far from matter being an impenetrable wall between man and earth and man unfettered and immortal, it all becomes a fluent medium for the appearing and the operation of the departed. Now spiritualism covers this broad domain. So far from intelligent spiritualists being the dreamers of the age, they are engaged, with all their senses quickened, with all the intellectual powers energized, with all of the moral perceptions opened and illuminated, in solving the universal relations between mind and matter. If it is a great thing that knowledge is of the past, how much grander is it to discover the great

formative powers that operate in the present; to ascertain, not alone how the fossils of antiquity had their origin, but actually to witness, as spiritualists do now, the living forces of the universe performing their living work. I am glad to know, I am glad to recognize the shining of a divine idea in every crystal and every petrification; I sympathize with those who unawake the mummied past; how then can I refuse to sympathize with that grander science that brings me face to face with super-sensuous realities, that shows me how disembodied spirits can speak through external air, and make it vibrate on the tympanum—how they precipitate the constituents of the atmosphere, so as to form visible hands that I can see, and tangible hands that I can feel; nay, how much more shall my bosom thrill at that stupendous operation whereby my friends cloth themselves with electrical elements of light, and so descend to the natural plane of vision, as to reappear to my perceptions and radiate the sunshine of immortal love through the eyes upon the heart.

3. One of the most interesting of all philosophical experiments is that by which the human body, under the influence of a galvanic current, is made, though the spirit has fled, to manifest once more the functions of vitality. It is startling to see the corpse rise as if the breath of life once more were in its nostrils. This, however, is but a trifling matter compared to another class of spiritual phenomena witnessed everywhere throughout our land. I refer now to those phenomena known as spiritual possessions. There are perhaps a hundred thousand mediums of different kinds. The eyelids close, the nerves relax, the pulse ceases almost to beat, a state deeper than sleep, deep as death and its great spiritual awaking, is induced upon the subject. Then that paralyzed form, quickened by an invisible fire, rises, the lips utter words that evidently are the productions of a mind distinct from the spirit inhabiting the organization. The phenomena of speaking mediumship are thus presented. You are all familiar with the fact that a skillful biological operator can produce states by the operations of the mind upon persons of delicate nervous organization, in which the subject shall utter, not his own thoughts, but the ideas existing in the mind of the operator. No one disputes it. It seems as if these biological discoveries had been permitted and ordered to prepare the world for the mental operations of risen spirits.

4. The fourth class of phenomena, still more significant because more personal, may be styled inter-missions into the world of spirits. When a man dies, he lays aside the external form; clothed upon with a garment of spiritual substance, he beholds tangible spirit-creation. He sees according to state, the inhabitants of that immense abode; and could the spirit who has just left the body still retain possession of its lips to speak or its hands to write, the wonders of that sublime apocalypse would be at once made manifest to the vision of the spirit, and communicated to the mourners weeping round the rent body of its mortality. Now this thing is substantially effected through the phenomena alluded to. The spirit actually does become so far disconnected from the body as to see with spirit-eyes, hear with spirit-ears, and thrill with spirit-touch to the harmonies of the world of spirits—retains still, however, sufficient control of the organs of speech to indicate the nature of that most absolute condition, that eternal life that animates us.

We assert, then, that we believe in modern spiritualism—in the communication of spirits with material things—because spirits tangible prove their power to so control, under suitable conditions, the ultimate elements or refined substances of the natural world, as is assumed temporary organizations, though apparently independent of the medium, and to give communications to us. One of the most interesting of all experiments is that produced by the galvanic battery, where the electrical current falls upon the dead form, and that form apparently revives for the moment, the eyes open, the form rises, the hands are moved. Still more interesting is that phenomenal manifestation of spiritualism wherein invisible agencies operate upon the human living organizations, controlling the hands, controlling the persons, speaking through their lips in the voices of the departed, and suspending for the time the consciousness of the individual, and using the organization of the individual as a medium through which to communicate with men living in the body. This fact, I know, is denied, yet there is a method of proving it beyond all doubt. Not long since, the daughter of a distinguished jurist, who is now present, and who is a medium for spiritual communications, without the possession on her part of any knowledge of the Greek language, was used as a medium through whom Gen. Bozaris, brother of the celebrated Marco Bozaris, and the President of the Greek Senate, communicated in his native language to a Greek gentleman from Athens, who, I think, is now in this city. I have the statement from the gentleman himself.

Facts of this kind are occurring all over the land. Young girls, little children, who know nothing whatever of any language but their own, are controlled by spirits, and other languages are uttered through their organs. In this passive state, tones, accents, and communications are given, which friends in the body recognize as coming from friends who have gone before them to the spirit-world. Now we are told that the Divine spirit fell in the past, upon the disciples gathered together upon the day of Pentecost, and they went out to speak to the nations gathered in Jerusalem—the Greeks, the Illyrians, the Romans, the Cappadocians—each in his own language. Here are the same phenomena, and even more than that, for we are not told that any test com-

munications were then given from departed Greeks or Romans. But here, through the unconscious mediums, who never had a chance to learn those languages, these communications are given with such effect, that they convince the skeptical mind who hears them, and make him a believer in the genuineness of the phenomena. We have our bodies of scientific men; learnedly they discuss concerning the precise antiquity of a fossil oyster, or the age of some cypress root in the delta of the Mississippi. They gather together at the nation's expense in Washington, and publish learned disquisitions as to the cause of roosters crowing at a certain hour of the night! And oh! will not the coming age ridicule our pseudo-scientific men for this? And yet, when spirits speak through mediums in the grand classical tongues of the past—when the Greek, the Latin, and Chaldaic, and Persian, as well as the modern dialects, roll out from children's tongues, they lay the papers, not on the table, not under the table, but they trample them under their feet, as the ancient Jews trampled on the wisdom of the Just One of Nazareth. Yes, learnedly they speculate as to the primal forces that first organized lichens, that first clothed the gray granite with incipient vegetation; and when, from the great world of causes, actual and tangible, spiritual and natural organizations are made, and seen, and felt, and the departed, through them, become visible to the senses, they call these phenomena unworthy of investigation! And when one, or a score, or a hundred, more candid than the rest, investigate and come out and tell us what they have seen, they are ostracized, called to order, cannot speak, are hissed and choked down. And so truth goes begging in the street, while falsehood sits in a chair of purple in the Smithsonian Institute, established for the diffusion of useful knowledge among men.

There is one little argument which will illustrate the spirit in which these manifestations are met among another class of men, whom we have esteemed worthy of all honor, and whom we have clothed with authority, for whom we have built temples grander than this, that they may reveal truths new as well as old. I refer to the clergy. These manifestations broke out in Connecticut, in the family of a learned divine. They amused themselves with them, and with most of their friends, ridiculed them, until a serious lover of truth—a friend of the family—urged them to form a circle, which they did; and through the mediums of the family of this divine, the spirits communicated, and gave them test-answers, demonstrating the identity of the spirits communicating, which amounted to a satisfaction. The family of the divine, after this friend received his communications, asked for something from the spirits. They spelled out one word—a significant word—and that word was "Mockery, Mockery." And I ask if these manifestations have been mocked at, or scoffed at between two thieves? If the finger of scorn has not been pointed at them by the very men claiming to be the leaders of public opinion? If the cry has not gone out: "If thou be true, save thyself, and come down from this cross?"

I am admonished to brevity; and pardon me if I leave several points untouched, and I will pass on and call your attention to another head, under which we may class the spiritual phenomena of the present day. To those of you who believe in immortality—that when a man leaves the body he enters the spirit-world—that if the spirit could still hold the corpse-like hand, and speak through those cold, pallid lips, he could tell us what he sees in that great dawning vision—I would say that tens of thousands of intelligent and virtuous citizens—not infidels, but members of all the churches in the land—pass, at the present time, into states in which, retaining their connection with the body to a certain extent, so as to use the hands to write and the lips to speak, yet are so far free from it as to behold the wonders and beauties of the heavens, and communicate what they see. We are told that in the ancient times certain of the disciples of Jesus passed into the same condition, saw the spirits, talked with them, and came back and told what they saw. If we believe these facts, therefore, upon the evidence of the dead, we are called upon to believe in corresponding facts upon the evidence of the living. Believers in immortality—believers in the Bible as the Word of God—believers in the great spiritual facts of the New Testament—believers in the great truth that God never contradicts himself—believers in the great fact that the God of the departed is the God of the living—believers in the great prophecy that man shall be delivered from the grossness of materiality, and hold communion with the skies—believers in the great truth of ministering spirits—I ask, if according to the postulates of your own faith, you are not bound to believe in the corresponding facts upon the testimony of good and just men at the present day?

Spirits prove themselves to be spirits—prove that they actually do communicate at the present day, not alone by answering under suitable conditions, thousands of questions covering all the facts of their past life, but also by lifting human bodies, and carrying them through the air. Christians, you believe upon the evidence of the New Testament, that Philip was translated from one locality to another. If you believe that, I call upon you to believe the corresponding facts of the present day upon the evidence of just men and Christian men—men of thought and judgment—men who say that the senses are reliable in conjunction with the reason in determining facts as evidences. You who have been accustomed to try evidence and weigh testimony—I ask, if you believe in the evidence of the senses on one point, are you not bound to believe the evidence of the senses on another? If we believe the evidence of our senses when we clasp the hands of our friends

are we not bound, on the evidence of the senses—when they are appealed to, and the facts are given—to believe that we clasp the hands of spirits? We who believe on intellectual evidence, that the spirits of our friends living in mortal bodies do communicate, are we not bound, when an equal weight of testimony is given, to believe that the departed speak as well as the living?

A few words more and I have done. It is admitted by the clearest intellects and the highest philosophers of all times, that man does not originate ideas, but that they flow down in an orderly flux from ministering spirits—from the skies—from God. Now, as believers in spiritualism, we stand subjectively on the same platform stood on by Plato, Anaxagoras, and in modern times, by Coleridge, Kant, Cousin, and by our highest universities, adding to the simple order, method and precision, and finding in external, objective phenomena a correspondence, the evidences of the genuineness of an external faith. Grand and solemn thought! that as by the body we are connected to the earth, so by the mind, we are connected with the skies; as by the senses understanding we take cognizance of the world and the outward forms, so by the pure reason we take cognizance of eternal and immortal principles. As we are taught through the senses of the body by Nature, so we are taught through the senses of the spirit by that world of higher and everlasting Nature that unfolds itself throughout these great immensities of everlasting life. Sublime and everlasting thought! grand, magnificent idea! Not alone are we surrounded by mortal agencies to minister to every worldly want, but by everlasting forms, the endowments of pure intelligence, immortal sanctuaries of the Father's love! On this platform we stand, using all of our senses to investigate, using the highest intellectual faculties to discriminate, and the highest moral senses and perceptions as the ultimate arbiters, the official judge. Because all our senses, all our intellectual powers, all our moral sentiments are convinced; because we have the evidence of the natural and spiritual planes—evidence harmonizing with all the facts of the scriptures; harmonizing with all the indications of the idealist; because we have truths that commend themselves when tried by the most rigid Baconian formula; because we have heard our friends talk, have felt their hands, have seen their faces, have been inspired by their thrilling touch; because in hours of darkness and sin, we have been comforted and instructed by their divine counsels and sweet and holy communications; because they have taught us to relieve the distressed, to restrain the appetites and subjugate the passions, to unfold the intellect, to own no man master, to be free in the glorious liberty of Divine Love and Wisdom; because they have made us better Christians, better patriots, and better Americans; because they have freed us measurably from the bondage of materiality; because they have brought us into face-to-face communion with the hierarchy of the open heavens; because they have fulfilled the promises of Christianity; because they have rolled back the wave of materiality; because they have wrapped the earth with the mantle of spotless charity; because of all this we are willing to labor, to suffer reproach because we believe that God, and our reason, and our affection, and our consciousness are true; because we believe in the sublime verities of the Christian faith, the faith recognizing the presence of ministering angels, watching over and ministering unto the heirs of a pure and divine salvation.

Man is expressed in various words and in different acts. Will you say, therefore, man does not exist? Suppose these various words and different acts conflict with each other, does it prove, therefore, that they are not words and acts? Does it follow that man is not man? As truly as it does that spirits are not spirits because their words and acts disagree. When it shall be shown that, because spirits talk differently, therefore their communications do not come from them, it may with the same propriety be said, that human words and acts do not proceed from men and women because they disagree.

But how then can such communications be reliable? We answer, that all communications are reliable as coming from the sources they claim, unless other evidence shall invalidate the claim. As yet, no other than a spiritual origin has been proved for the books we have written. If any man in the form has the power to write a book by the hand of a medium, without his knowledge, it is a matter which no person has been able to prove, and which ought not to be alleged or admitted without proof.

But it has been asked, what is gained by man, if the communications contradict each other? One fact, not before admitted, that spirits may differ as well out of the body as in it. If that fact be apparent, then is gained a knowledge of spirit condition, which had been for ages hid from the human mind. It is truth, not error, that man should know; and, if the condition of man be such in his rudimentary spheres as to people the spirit world with different minds, it is of some importance to understand it. He, therefore, who learns the actual condition of spirits, gains such knowledge as will form a motive to be always true to himself, and never false to others. He gives an incentive to do right, which the ignorant have failed to discover, and consequently are vainly anticipating happiness without the element that is essential to induce it.

But we are asked, who can rely on what is communicated, if such communications contradict each other? Have we not said, that the contradictory communications were a true revelation of the states of the spirits making them?

If spirits teach ignorance, is it not palpable that they are ignorant? If they deceive, are they not also deceived? If they willfully and wrongfully utter a lie, is it not true that they are what their acts declare? Or, if they speak only what is true, and do only what is right, is it not certain that there are differences among them as well as among the inhabitants of earth? And is it not as much of gain to know these varieties, and these differences, as it is to learn the differences of men and women in the form? Do you not find thousands among you studying to know, not only the differences among men, but among animals, insects, fishes, and all the forms of earth, and their relations to each other? Is all such labor vain and useless?—Indeed, do not all such investigations result in the accumulation of knowledge, and qualify the possessor for greater usefulness and happiness? And is there a possibility of receiving knowledge from any other source than this?—Must not mind or matter inspire the investigating soul with new discoveries of wisdom to increase his happiness? Must he not gather up facts as they are presented, to be wise in earth or any other sphere? Doth it not then occur, that many men are of many minds, and will they reason that, because of this difference there can be nothing gained by understanding it, and comprehending the causes of such difference? Will they say, because of such difference, that the difference is not a reliable fact? Must they not acknowledge, that in understanding and comprehending all the differences and the causes of the same, they know more and comprehend more than they would now comprehend if their knowledge was confined to a single individual, and that individual a perfect epitome of all the rest? To us, it is apparent, that the innumerable forms of life on earth, and the expanded circles of progress and development in all spheres, afford an opportunity for an endless accumulation of knowledge, whereby the mind may be fed by industry and toil forever, which if one thing was simply an expression of all the rest, man would know all when that one thing was understood, and ever after nothing could occur but an endless monotony—the same and nothing more forever.—Such an idea proclaims that gain is at an end, and yet it urges objections to the new developments upon its own hypothesis.

It will be seen, that were there no varieties—no differences, all knowledge would be pent up in one thing, or one mind; and as there are varieties and differences, so there is scope for improvement. As these differences appear, it is wise to deny them; to affirm that because they are unlike they are valueless and worthless? Would the botanist thus reason, in surveying the vegetable kingdom variegated with such a profusion of qualities and forms before him?—Would the chemist thus decide when analyzing compounds, that, because differences exist in materials, therefore nothing is gained by the discovery?—Would the astronomer thus ignore the science of Astronomy, because he found that one star differed from another star in glory, or because one moved in one direction and another in another? Not so; he would search the causes and reveal the facts as he found them. So should it be with those who have just entered upon an investigation of the spirit world. Every man and woman should admit the facts as they appear, and apply them to such purpose as will subserve the development and happiness of himself and others.

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Ancient Psychology.

"The Soul," says Plotin, in his Enneades, "can be admitted to an intimate union with the principle of all intelligence, and may draw from this communion, a sublime illustration." To this state, Plato has given the name of intellectual ecstasy; Plotin, that of redaction to unity; Porphyry, that of a shooting forth towards the intelligible; and Proclus that of faith.

Plato relates in his Republic, that an Armenian, called Er, having fallen into a lethargy which lasted twelve days, had seen the other world. The familiar spirit of Socrates, was, without doubt, the organ of a communication with the spiritual world. Pliny, among other remarkable examples of this kind, cites the case of Hemestimes of Clazomeae, whose soul often quitted the body to go beyond and to discover things which could not be perceived by others present. Degerando is of opinion that some relation may be traced between this fact and the well-known phenomena of somnambulism. Celsus relates the story of Aristus of Proconnesus, who, after having miraculously disappeared from among men, showed himself at different times and in various places to several persons. Herodotus, however, affirms that Aristus, instead of disappearing from men, thus miraculously, died, and subsequently appeared as above stated.

The modern phenomenon of the double sight, appears also to have been known to the ancients. Aulus Gellius relates that Cornelius saw from Padua the battle of Pharsalus; and Aristotle drew from this source an induction on the soul's immortality. Dion relates in the life of Domitian, that on the day, and at the instant, of the death of that Emperor, Apollonius saw his murder from Ephesus. He also refers to a vision of Trajan. Pliny, the younger, speaks of a spirit who appeared to Athanagoras; and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, of one experienced by the brothers Tarquin. "These communications of the soul with an invisible order of things," says Bernardin de St. Pierre, "are rejected by our modern men of science, because they are not within the reach of their almanacs; but how many things exist, which are not to be accounted for by our reason, or which have not even been perceived by it?" "These are, for mortals," says Benjamin Constant; "mysterious days, when the soul, liberated from bodily dependence, is thrown forward into the future, and acquires, by a happy effort, the right to interrogate its destiny." It was the belief of Schubert, an eminent naturalist of Germany, that epochs have existed, in which man had so lively and so delicate a sensibility to existing phenomena, that he was able, by his own impression, to divine the most hidden secrets of nature. "These primitive faculties," he says, "have become blunted; and it is often the diseased irritability of the nerves, which, by weakening the power of mere reason, restores to man what he formerly owed to the very fullness of his strength." Origen tells us that the first men received warning by celestial voices, and that they sometimes saw the angels of God, who came from Him to visit them.

That there exists a mode of perception, different from those with which we are acquainted, there can be no reasonable ground to doubt. That this was the hidden principle of the Egyptian philosophy, of that of the Magi, and of Pythagoras, has been conjectured by many enlightened minds. The secret, or esoteric doctrine of Plato, seems to owe its origin to this conception. If these doctrines are communicated to men but little enlightened, there are none which would seem to them more absurd; if they are presented to men able and well-informed, there are none which show themselves more divine and admirable. These things, besides, cannot be written down; they reveal themselves to the soul as an interior light.

Theodore Gaza relates a remarkable vision which took place in his time. Julian, the Apostle, says of himself, that he was often visited by a spirit, to whom he gave the name of Esculapius. Otesias relates, that Amytis the mother of Cambyses, appeared to her son, after her death. Every reader is familiar with the recital in Plutarch and Appian, of the vision which surprised Brutus on the eve of the battle of Philippi. Valerius testifies that in the same battle, the spectre of Caesar appeared to her son, after her death. Every reader is familiar with the recital in Plutarch and Appian, of the vision which surprised Brutus on the eve of the battle of Philippi. Valerius testifies that in the same battle, the spectre of Caesar appeared to her son, after her death.

Mem.—Told mistress the flour barrel was out this morning. She believed me—ordered a new barrel. I took the dozen pounds remaining and sent it to my mother. Carried her some milk, last night, poor old soul, filled the can up with pure water. Told mistress she was handsome, to-day. She believed me.

PUNISHMENT OF LIQUOR SELLERS.—The Boston Times, in noticing the proceedings of the Municipal Court in that city, says, "John Leonard was found guilty of being a common seller of intoxicating liquors. The Court, in passing sentence, said, this is a very hard case. This defendant is a poor man, of good character, with a family, and it is said he does not sell fifty cents worth of liquor in a month, and yet the law gives him the same punishment as the man who violates the law on the most extensive scale. This law is enforced only against the poor, while the rich offender is allowed to escape with impunity. This should not be.—The only favor I can do this defendant is to send him to the Common Jail instead of the House of Correction. The defendant was then sentenced to 60 days in the Common Jail."

Now, supposing the case to be as stated by the Judge, that this poor man did not sell fifty cents worth of liquor in a month, what incentive had he to violate the law? Those who violate the law for the purpose of making a living by the traffic, are, it strikes us, less reprehensible than the man who sells but fifty cents worth per month. The first has an incentive for doing it—the latter has none, unless it might be the gratification of setting law at defiance. We think the Judge made a lame apology, and that he cannot be a very wise Judge.

The Scriptures abound in illustrations of the doctrines here propounded. The writings of the inspired prophets, the historical records of the Old Testament, the Psalms, the book of Job, the Gospels and the Epistles are full of proofs of the presence and the power of the spiritual world over the spiritual nature of man—of its influence upon our destiny—of its constant subversion of our highest welfare—of its accessibility in certain moods of mind to the enlarged mental vision of humanity—and of its reality. In his second apology for the Christians, Justin eloquently avers that "the apparitions made to children without stain, and without impunity, the oracles given when we sleep, nocturnal visions, so many ratiocinations which are uttered by the expert in this science, sufficiently prove that souls have life and sentiment after having left the body."

But the proofs of the reality, power and influence of spiritual manifestations are far from being confined to the dim and misty regions of antiquity, or to the history of the primitive Christian church. Innumerable testimonial, clear, explicit and undeniable, pervade the annals of every civilized community from the earliest periods of which we have any account, to the present day; and to refuse our assent to this "cloud of witnesses" comprising among them men of the strictest integrity, the highest ability and the most unquestioned authority in philosophy, science, religion and morals, would be to subvert the strongest foundations of reason and faith. To refer these phenomena to some general and satisfactory principle founded in the nature of the human soul, and the attributes of its Creator, and to accept them as visible manifestations of His power and will, most consistent with our obvious duty and highest welfare.

From the Boston Olive Branch. The Maid of All Work.

She is little, smart, wiry and active. She has learned the art of appearing at a second's notice, and by some mysterious movement she conquers the garret, and chamber and parlor stairs, before you have done calling her. It is admirable to see what bundles she will bear, and with what dexterity she balances a pail of water on her head while she carries one in each hand. She has frequently been known to sweep the floor and rock the baby, at the same time that she was washing the dishes. She is admirable to send on errands, as she never picks the paper corners, knowing the sugar bowl is under her surveillance. She is admirable for keeping secrets, that is, she never allows them to grow stale, always preserving them in the honey of some intimate bosom, and is an adept in repeating that peculiar and familiar expression of femininity—"don't you tell nobody." She is equally an expert on the declaration, she never told nobody. She is very indulgent to the baby, only letting off little personal squibs occasionally, that look blue on the baby's arms. She always wonders who did it. If the baby sleeps beautifully she never hints at paragonic; if it cries, she makes faces till it is frightened into silence. She is of a speculative turn of mind, and wonders if the dresses of her mistress would not fit her. She is fond of experiments, and—tries them on.

She keeps a memorandum book in the corner of her mind which nobody sees but herself. Thus it runs.

Mem.—Broke two pitchers yesterday—hid the pieces under an old board in the garret.—Gave Bridget the rest of the ham, a "dip" of tea—two rolls, a plate of butter—and a frock coat, that has hung in the back entry ever since I have been here.

Mem.—One of the iron pots fell off the stove yesterday, I happened to have it in my hand at the time—put the pieces in a dark place down cellar. Saw an old dress in the rubbish room. Thought 'twas a pity to leave it—bought it.

Mem.—Told mistress the flour barrel was out this morning. She believed me—ordered a new barrel. I took the dozen pounds remaining and sent it to my mother. Carried her some milk, last night, poor old soul, filled the can up with pure water. Told mistress she was handsome, to-day. She believed me.

"Sam's" Portrait.

The following eloquent peroration to the last letter of the Hon. Kenneth Rayner, constitutes the best, and at the same time the most truthful portrait of "Sam," which we have yet seen. Who is it that does not wish to enlist under the banner of so noble, so powerful a leader? Hurrah for "Sam" and for Kenneth Rayner: "There is a certain personage abroad in the land, at the sound of whose voice the shackles of party drop from the hands of our people, like those of Paul and Silas at the approach of the angel. Although the echo of his footsteps is not heard, yet to the demagogue and party hack, he is as terrible as an "army with banners." He is no magician, and yet the touch of his wand, like that of the spear of Ithuriel, causes the mask to drop from the face of hypocrisy, and exposes selfishness and partisan bigotry in all their deformity. He comes with his "fan in his hand, and he purges his floor" as he goes. They call him "Sam." But it is not "Uncle Sam."

Uncle Sam is venerable in years, with a sound head and honest heart. But he is growing old bent in form, bowed down with the heavy burdens which the lazy, the avaricious, the cunning and selfish, have heaped upon his shoulders, and compelled him to bear. This personage to whom I allude is his first-born and dutiful son. He has come to his father's relief. With all the wisdom and honesty of his sire, he possesses the buoyancy, the vigor and the strength of youth. His muscles are elastic, and his sinews are tough. His mission is to visit every city, town and hamlet in the land. He is equally at home in the mansion of the great, and the cottage of the lowly. He takes his seat at the council-board of the wise, and ministers at the couch of the afflicted. He whispers the words of hope, which nerves the arm of the mechanic in his workshop, and walks beside the farmer as he turns up the furrows of his field.

His march is ever onward. He passes rivers at a bound, scales mountains at a leap, and through swamps and forest he never loses his way. He never stops except to drop a tear upon the grave of some revolutionary hero, for his heart is as tender as his nerves are strong. He watches around our dwellings when we are asleep, and slumber never weighs heavy on his eyelids. He carries in his hand the flag of his country, which had so often withstood the battle and the breeze. The halo of freedom beams upon his countenance, and the enemies of the Union fly at his coming like kites and crows at the eagle's swoop. He never strikes without warning, but when he does, the edge of his claymore severs joints and marrow, and a head-bolt falls at every blow. The creed of his faith is the constitution of his country, and Luther and Washington are his two great exemplars of religious liberty and civil freedom. Bars and bolts cannot screen the chicanery of midnight caucuses from his ken, and covert walls cannot be built too high for him to scale.

Chattering demagogues grow dumb at his approach, and Bishops' mitre and Jesuit's robe fall from the head of pampered insolence and skulking knavery at his touch. He cheers the hearts of all the honest, the patriotic and the true, with the smile of hope at their country's deliverance, and to the wicked, the hypocritical, the selfish, he speaks their day of doom. After having done his destined round, he will finish his labors by lashing with the tongue of popular indignation, from the temple of legislation at Washington, those who have been desecrating freedom's altar by offering victims to political idols. After such a Herculean labor, he will need at least four years' repose, which he will spend in the "White House."

When he retires again to private life, he will leave his warning admonition with his countrymen to preserve our institutions from the evil and corrupting tendencies of foreign and Roman Catholic influence; and to maintain and defend the Union, to "cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming themselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of their political safety and prosperity; and watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety."

Women and Temperance.

Do the wives, daughters, sisters and mothers of the country, sufficiently reflect on their responsibility in regard to the habits of their husbands, brothers, sons, or friends? Do they know that their influence, if rightly exerted, would be more potent than all the laws that ever were or can be passed? If they do not know this, they should reflect and learn the fact. Every young woman should firmly resolve to have no social intimacy with any young man, who in any degree, uses intoxicating drinks. In the first glass there lurks a lurking devil, that beckons the youth on to destruction. In the wine cup at parties, passed by delicate hands, lies hidden a serpent that may coil around the unsuspecting youth and bind him to a doom worse than a thousand deaths. Oh, how can any woman thus tempt those to the broad road to ruin, who are sure to make some woman miserable, more miserable than themselves? One glass may be the turning point of a young man's destiny. Withhold, then, your hand from giving it. Exert your influence to prevent his taking it. Take the bold stand that you do not consider the society of men who use intoxicating drinks safe for you. Discountenance it entirely, at home and abroad, in the drawing-room, the ball-room and the festive hall. Make a prohibitory law unto yourselves, that shall banish it forever from you and yours.—Woman's Advocate.

Congress and the Collins Line.

The Atlas opportunely calls attention to the fact that Collins gets \$858,000 for carrying the mail twenty-six times between New York and Liverpool, besides freight and passage money, while Vanderbilt has offered to do the same service, in vessels of equal or greater speed and strength, for \$390,000. The difference in favor of Vanderbilt's line is \$468,000. The sum given to Collins, remarks the Atlas further, is far greater than that bestowed by the British government on the Cunard line; and it should be a source of mortification that we are not able to compete with Great Britain on even terms.

Now what decent excuse can there be for lavishing on Mr. Collins \$468,000 more than Mr. Vanderbilt asks for performing the same service? There can be none—inasmuch as there is no necessity for violating any contract, and consequently there is no plighted faith in the way. There is no doubt that a large portion of the \$858,000 goes to pay lobby agents and members of Congress; and herein consists the obstacle to withhold the gigantic bonus. It will be remembered that a while ago one of the Collins steamers was gorgeously equipped, stored with all the creature comforts that money could provide, and dispatched to the Potomac, close by Washington, in order that the imagination of our Legislators might be dazzled, while Mr. Collins' agent pled them with more convincing arguments. Doubtless this trip cost more than a trip across the Atlantic; but the people, not Mr. Collins, had to foot the bill. Indeed, it is hardly probable that the lobby, including such members of Congress as are Collins' paid agents, get less than from a third to a half of this \$858,000. Is it not time such leaks were stopped? If we adopt the principle that we must beat Great Britain on the Ocean, and pay the cost of the competition out of the public treasury, surely it is eminently proper that we do the work as economically as practicable. Mr. Vanderbilt is quite as competent as Mr. Collins to manage a steamboat enterprise; and if Congress do not accept his offer, the people will not be slow to assign a corrupt motive for such strange conduct.

An Unfortunate Widow.

Sol Smith, in his recently published "Heartical Journey work," relates the following occurrence during his peregrinations in Georgia. Between Cabela Swamp and Lime Creek, in the Nation, we saw a considerable crowd gathered near a drinking-house, most of them seated and smoking. We stopped in order to see what was the matter. It was Sunday, and there had been a quarter race for a gallon of whiskey. The first thing I noticed on alighting was a singular position of one of the horses of the party. He was kneeling down and standing on his hinder feet, his head being wedged between the ends of two logs of the grocery, and he was stone dead, having evidently run directly against the building at full speed, causing the house to partially fall. About five paces from the horse lay the rider quite senseless, with a gash across his throat that might let out a thousand lives. As I said most of the crowd were seated and smoking. "What is all this?" I inquired. "What is the matter here?"

"Matter" after a while answered one, in a drawing voice, "matter enough; there's been a quarter race."

"But how came this man and horse killed?" I asked.

"Well," answered the chewing and spitting gentleman, "the man was considerably in liquor. I reckon, and he ran his horse chuck against the house, and that's the whole on it."

"Has a doctor been sent for?" inquired one of our party.

"I reckon there ain't much use of doctors here," replied another of the crowd. "Burnt brandy couldn't save either of 'em, man or horse."

"Has this man a wife and children?" I inquired.

"No children, that I knows on," answered a female who was sitting on the ground, but a short distance from the dead man, smoking composure.

SENTIMENTALITY.—Not all that is called Benevolence deserves the name. To pity the poor is one thing; to relieve the poor is much more difficult. It is easy to say, he ye fed, he ye warmed, but what doth it profit, if we give them not those things that are needful? Kind feelings are only passively when they lead to kind actions. If strong impressions of human misery lead to the relief of it, they are faithful monitors to virtue, and cannot be too studiously cultivated, but if they do not stimulate to action, they serve no other end than to display a kind of effeminate softness, utterly valueless to the world. I much admire the pity of the Samaritan. It was not expended in kind words, or looks, but in generous and effective deeds.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to wake till the heavens be no more. And when you wake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. That night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him.

The daily delivery of water to London during the last few months has been little short of 100,000,000 gallons.

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

As an article of DAILY use for dressing the hair, it is rapidly taking the place of Hair Oils, Pomatums, etc.

Because of its Cheapness! DELICIOUS, FRESH, AND WONDERFUL POWER IN PROMOTING AND MAINTAINING A FIRM, GLOSSY SOFTNESS!

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

The small quantity required to produce these desirable results and the LOW price for LARGE bottles, mark it as the Cheapest, and as we are confident it combines all the active agents which have yet been discovered for promoting the vegetative power, strength and beauty of the hair, we believe it is the best Hair preparation in the world. PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Keep the bottles cool. Liberal returns to Agents and wholesale purchasers. A. B. MOORE, Druggist, 235 Main St., Buffalo, B. G. NOBLE, Westfield, Proprietors. For sale by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. 117

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