

# 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, JANUARY 27, 1855.

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## Poetry.

### A Prize!

I won—it was not worth an hour  
Of the lifetime thrown aside—  
Of feelings that rose in their day of power,  
A deep desponding tide!

I won a heart—a feeble thing,  
Where passion never came  
To raise the tone of another string  
Than the solitary same.

It knew not strong ambition, sought  
No other joy above  
The transient and the trembling thought  
Of its required love;

Its passion was in this;—no more—  
It could not bring to bear  
The birth of one new feeling o'er  
The little that was there.

And she was one whose very brow  
In its deep beauty rose,  
Like an altar where an angel's vow  
Might sacredly repose.

Yet there was wanting all—the spell—  
The wizard of the dream—  
The soul that gifted the silver shell  
With the tone of its native stream.

She's but a play-thing to caress,  
A jewel for the wear,  
What worth is woman's loveliness  
And no emotion there?

### God and Heaven.

The silver chord in twain is snapped,  
The golden bowl is broken;  
The mortal mold in darkness wrapped,  
The words funeral spoken;

The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,  
Or delved is the grassy sod;  
And what for mourning man is left?  
O what is left—but God!

The tears are shed that mourned the dead,  
The flowers they were are faded;  
The twilight duns have veiled the sun,  
And hope's sweet dreamings shaded;  
And the thoughts of joy that shone  
From our heart of hearts are riven;  
And what is left when we weep?  
O what is left—but Heaven!

## Miscellany.

### A Steamboat Adventure.

I remember (I have reason to remember) it was a clear day in spring, when I was sailing down the Frith of Forth in an old-fashioned steamboat. The steamboat season had not fairly set in, and there were not in the vessel above a dozen passengers altogether. I was of the steerage; and, after my ears had been abundantly ravished by an execrable fiddler, I seated myself on deck, and taking from my pocket a small volume which I had brought with me, (a volume of farces it was—an excellent traveller's guide and companion,) I endeavored to compose myself for solemn and profitable meditation. Just then, a young lady, dressed in a light gray pelisse, issued from the cabin and began to pace the empty deck with a grace, of which it would be folly to hope that any one who did not see it, could form an adequate conception. One glance discovered a figure of the most delicious symmetry, and a face of the most attractive expression, beautifully blended with a sweet dignity, that told in a moment she belonged to the ancient and the noble. I felt, all at once, that the dreams of youth were not vanity—that the vision which had haunted my enraptured musings was walking, in flesh and blood, visibly before me! But although struck, as they say, "all of a heap," I suppressed my admiration, and contented myself with stealing a glance now and then, in the discreetest manner possible, all the time affecting to be in a brown study, poring over my book. Once our eyes met, and I perceived a slight smile on her lip. Perhaps (this was an after-thought) I was holding the book upside down, or perhaps turning the leaf backwards; and, in either case, she could not choose but conclude, that I was endeavoring to excite the envy of a wretched blackamoer who lay on the other side of the deck, by pretending that I could decipher the English alphabet.

When she had returned to the cabin, which the chillness of the air soon occasioned her to do, I discovered that I had not read a word of Foote, and even felt inclined to pronounce him stupid. I became fully persuaded, at least, of the folly of carrying a volume in one's pocket, when one might, by taking a cabin passage, have a handsome little library at one's disposal. And then the volume I had brought was so remarkably shabby! Might I not drop it into the Forth, and step down to the cabin, and see what books were to be got there? But the captain, most unfortunately, has already taken the fares, and it would look signally mean (would it not?) to sneak down now, like a discarded or retired dunkey, playing the gentleman, with no other effect than that of rendering himself an object of universal derision. Was the young lady alone, or was there no one gallant enough to offer her his arm? Perhaps some shrivelled, antiquated aunt sits by the stove, like a melancholy cat, and would not venture to hobble up stairs, even although sweet Juliet kissed her forehead beechingly!

Or perhaps some hideous male monster held out his horrible paw, and begged, in fetid breath, the honor of accompanying her; but sure, with a look of dignified scorn, worthy of Juno, queen of heaven, paralyzed the hateful wretch, and stepping out in her own loveliness, walked the gay galley, like a solitary wild-deer, in maiden meditation, fancy free!!

Ruminating thus, the captain approached, and I resolved to question him. "Few passengers to-day, captain?"—"More to-morrow, I hope."—"True; always improving at this season. How stands your cabin?"—"There's as usual."—"Good; but I mean, many passengers?"—"Never so slack; only one, upon my soul!"—"What! the young lady who was just now on deck?"—"The same—a daughter of some nabob, I warrant, ready to leap into the arms of any handsome fellow who has the heart to say, Jump, my dear! Bless your eyes and buttons, sir, it is not a shame that you and the likes of you, should take up your howl among fiddlers, and chapmen, and drovers, and gingerbread-jacks, when, for the sake of a shabby sixpence more, you might be decently carrying with some fine lady such as this, making love and your fortune all at the same time, not to speak of making your trip—eh?"—"You are right, captain—you are right; and as I hope for mercy, never while I live shall I put my head into such a hovel of abomination as that steerage of yours, the filth and squalor of which have made me sick unto death."—"Hooley, hooley, good sir; our steerage is not so bad as that comes to. It may hold up its head with any on the frith. But, as I was saying, it is strange the likes of you should take a lady for it, in preference to our cabin. The lady has more gumption."—"Is she really solitary?"—"As solitary as a squirrel in a wood. I caught her endeavoring to leap over a chair."

"How romantic!"—"You may say so, tho' she has good common-sense too; for she scarcely looked at our beautiful calf Lady of the Lake, or the fine new novel called Secrets of the heart, but asked for the Edinburgh Almanac, to see, it is likely, how the tides stood, or perhaps to learn the captain's names of the steamboats plying on the rivers Forth and Clyde."—"Surely not!"—"Well, perhaps to look at the army list; some sweetheart of a lieutenant—eh?"—"I tell you, captain, I must go down—I mean, I will take the cabin during the rest of the passage, for I am sick of your steerage."—"That's so far lucky; it will not be deserted quite, for the lady goes out at the first ferry. That's true—Bill, hoist the tatterdemalion; we are within half-a-mile of the cobbie."

At this moment, the subject of our conversation came on deck, to inquire about the ferry; and, on being informed that she was within a few minutes of it, she prepared for her departure. I, therefore, was unplaced. By and by, far away on the Fife shore, the ferry boat, hailed by the flag which Bill had hoisted, was seen to make for our vessel. As it drew near, it turned out to be a wretched cobbie, little larger than a washing-tub, manned by a single stiff old fisherman, with the addition of a boy, who seemed fully occupied in scooping out the water that gurgled through its rotten leaks. I had no reason to be satisfied at the appearance of this ferry boat, so called; for although not stormy or squally, the frith was considerably troubled, and the waves large enough to have overwhelmed a much larger and better-conditioned yawl. I looked at the cause of my solicitude, but not the slightest anxiety shaded her clear brow. Scarcely had it cleared twenty yards of us, when some clumsy wave, or more clumsy manœuvre, overturned it, and she, with the fisherman and boy, were precipitated into the water. In a moment, I was also over head and ears, and, in a few more seconds, I had succeeded in seizing her by the waist, and was making manfully back to the steamboat, when something grasped my heel, and down I went—down, with my precious burden, to the bottom. I was an experienced swimmer, and did not lose my recollection all at once. I knew it must be the old fisherman who held me, and, in despairing rage, I endeavored to kick him on the forehead; but his grasp was deadly, and even in the roar and suffocation of the waters, I felt it to be so. At the same time, (so deeply conscious was I of all that was passing,) I unlashed my hold of the lady, to give her a chance of being saved, but she held by me with agonizing energy. Then the indescribable, but most vivid, feeling of DEATH, shivered through my frame, and, as if coming from eternity, the voice of waters howled in my ears, louder, ten thousand times, than the loudest cataract which I had ever heard. I remember no more. Whether it was I, or while lying at the bottom of the frith, or while surrounded by a crowd busy in restoring animation, that I lived over again, in shadowy dreams, the days of infancy and childhood—that I lolled on solitary knaves under an endless sunshine, gathering gowns and digging little graves—that I knelt at my mother's knee, and, with my head in her

lap, repeated my evening prayer—that I lay down and fell asleep with my arms around little brothers and sisters, long ago dead;—whether were such things, I wonder, glimpses of futurity, or but the feeble visions of returning vitality?

I opened my eyes in a strange bed, a strange room, and numberless strange faces gazing at me. By degrees I became acquainted with my situation. The sailors of the steamboat had succeeded in dragging us up, and had put us ashore, where every attention was paid towards restoring us. With the fisherman, who was found clinging to my leg, all efforts had been fruitless, but the lady had recovered a full hour before me. She lay in an adjoining room. An express had been despatched for her father, whose seat lay at several miles distance, and who was expected momentarily. She was an only child, and had not recovered when the messenger went off. This, and much more, was told me by the women, with female volubility; for, weak and sick, and weary of their assiduous rubbings and doctorings, wishing to die in peace if they would but let me alone, they perceived, with the tact of their sex, that their intelligence reconciled me to their attentions, and they accordingly gave me a full and particular account, genealogical and chronological, of the lady and all her relations and ancestors, direct and collateral, for five hundred years back.

In the midst of this, the fierce rattle of a carriage was heard, and in stalked a military gentleman. His look was agitated, but he was not flurried. "O, colonel, your daughter is well—better—recovered—quite well—in the other room—wearing to see you!" shouted every voice, with kind eagerness. The intelligence did not unman him, but he sat down on a chair in perfect feebleness, and the room was, for a short period, silent as death. "This, sir, is the gentleman that tried to save her," said, at length, the officious landlady. He rose, took my hand, and said, in a deep whisper,—"Sir, I am obliged." I felt it worth a thousand thanks.

In about two hours, the lady was on her feet; and the carriage was drawn up to take her home. I, on the contrary, could not move. On ascertaining this, the colonel said he would send the carriage for me in the morning, when he hoped I would be able to come and stay with him till I was quite recovered. I promised, but I believed at the time I would never get better. On going away, I heard a voice in the passage say, "Jane, you must thank the gentleman who endangered his life for you." She came to the bedside, pale, but beautiful as ever—took my hand, and said (the words and manner the same) "Sir, I am obliged." I could say nothing—but I pressed my lips on her hand. She did not take it away discomposely; and sometimes, afterwards, when I was inclined to wonder at my presumption, that circumstance assured me that I did just what I should have done.

A long deep sleep recovered me, notwithstanding my gloomy prognostication. In the morning, save a little weakness, I was well; and I felt disinclined to take advantage of the colonel's invitation. The attempt I had made to save his daughter, though but an act of the commonest humanity, placed him in a manner under the necessity of treating me with extraordinary civility—and with that impression, I could not reconcile myself to the thought of paying him a visit. In a word, I happened to be more than usually poor at the time, and therefore more than usually proud, so, when the carriage came for me, instead of stepping into it, I sent the colonel a card, expressing my great satisfaction at the intelligence which his servant had brought of the lady's entire recovery—stating my own recovery—and regretting that urgent business prevented me from waiting upon him at this time, but assuring him that, whenever circumstances led me again to this quarter of the country, I should certainly do myself that honor. This card I gave the coachman, and before midday found myself on the other side of the Forth, toiling up Leith Walk.

This happened early in spring, as I said. "In autumn I revisited the spot." A very slight matter of business was sufficient to take me back again; for, during the long summer, I had been full of restless wishes to see, once more, her who had come to my bedside, and spoken the few words which I have recorded, in a voice of sweetness which, alas! can never be recorded. The same reason, it is true, which prevented me at first from visiting her father, still subsisted, and indeed was strengthened by time; for the longer I stayed away, the more impertinent, of course, would be my intrusion. But there had, by this time, gathered within me feelings of affection and curiosity towards and regarding my former fellow-sufferer, too powerful to be resisted by a delicacy rather fastidious perhaps, after all, than well-grounded; and, relying on my own discretion in fitting my conduct to my reception, I resolved in

good earnest, since I was again on the spot, to call on the colonel and his daughter. His house I found to be a fine old mansion—of no distinct order, indeed, or uniform dimensions,—neither cottified nor castellated, but bearing, nevertheless, an appearance of elegant comfort and substantial antiquity; in point of fact, constructed and situated just (very nearly) as I would choose to fancy, were I purchasing a country seat, or writing a fictitious narrative. An avenue of old but thinly-planted trees led to the front, and on one side lay a garden arranged and disposed seemingly after the old English taste, with parterres curiously laid out, and trees still more curiously cropped into what were called the shapes of Adams, Eves, and peacocks. As I drew near the door, a conflicting tide of sensations beat in my breast; but one, I remember, was stronger than all the rest, and that one arose from the certainty of being, in a few minutes, in the presence of a creature whom I had long worshipped in silent and unknown adoration, and of whom I could scarcely think otherwise than as ideal, so brief and dreamlike had my former connexion with her been.

An old man, in black livery, opened the door. The colonel was at home. I was shown into a spacious parlor, and in a short time was shaking hands with the good old gentleman. His reception of me was not quite what I had anticipated. I thought I perceived an uneasy formality, bordering on dryness, in his manner; and he made not the slightest allusion to the circumstance by which we had become acquainted. Alas, how little I knew what was labouring in his breast! He conducted me to his library, where (it being midday) he ordered soup. A deep quiet reigned throughout the whole house, and the visage of the waiting-maid was to the last degree solemn.

Our talk was of the common occurrences of the day—brief and disjointed. I momentarily expected him to speak of his daughter, who should, in ordinary politeness, have been the first object of my inquiry, if I could, at first, have summoned courage sufficient to mention her name; but he was silent respecting her, and even seemed to avoid any discourse that might tend to make her the subject of conversation. At length, when the serving-man had withdrawn, instigated by a strong feeling of propriety as much as any thing else, I did in an unlooked moment, ventured to hope that she was well—and however innocent in the matter, never shall I cease to regret the deep sting of affliction which, by doing so, I was the means of inflicting. The forces of formality, which had hitherto supported him under the distressing recollections which my presence must have awakened, gave way at once to my unfortunate inquiry; the pride of manhood and stations yielded to the cry of a bereaved parent; and, from a voice choking with irrepressible anguish, I learned the fatal truth, that Jane was gone—dead—buried!

She had never entirely recovered from the accident, but was seized before midsummer by a rapid consumption, which carried her off in less than three months. Her broken-hearted father now sleeps by her side. A mourning ring, containing a lock of her hair, is the only memorial I hold of one whose fate was, for a short period, so distressingly linked with mine; and sometimes, looking at it, and thinking of her sad and early end, I have wished I had never been taken from the deep sea.

### "It Came Too Late."

The following passage we copy from a late number of the Maine Law Advocate. It is a part of an interesting temperance sketch, which epitomizes the history of thousands who suffer and die, under the bondage of strong drink. A husband, affectionate, enterprising and prosperous, became the victim of a neighboring tavern-bar; its devilish influences rob him of property and manhood, and he goes down—down—slowly, but fatally, to the drunkard's irretrievable ruin. The wretched wife, suffering and well-nigh despairing, hears of the passage of the Maine Law,—and a new hope is born in her heart. She watches the progress of the deliverer, from State to State, with the most intense anxiety and interest. The result we leave her to tell, in the following quotation:

"I toiled with new courage, as the glorious law advanced to our State, for could Richard's life be spared, his salvation seemed now sure. The election was at hand, and the friends of temperance felt certain of success. I prayed fervently, and was full of hope. O, if you have ever stood on a sinking ship, and watched the slow approach of the life-boat—if you have seen your dwelling in flames, and stood straining your eyes, as some brave man ascended the blazing staircase to rescue your child—you know what I felt, as I awaited the glorious law, which was to give life and hope to the ruined and lost.

"It came too late. Weakened by disease, Richard was confined to his bed. He became too strong in his fierce ravings to be restrained by my feeble arm. I sent for John (her son)

and he and I watched night after night by the ruined run-wrecked man. One never to be forgotten evening, as we sat in the dim light of our wretched attic room, made terrible by the ravings of the dying man, we heard shouts and cheers, and raising the window, saw a crowd of boys and men rejoicing over the final passage of the prohibitory law.

"The desire of my heart was accomplished, just as the final ruin of my once-loved husband was completed. In an interval of reason before his death, we told him the glad tidings. He turned with a look of agony to John, and said:

"Bless God for that law. Ten years ago it would have saved me. John, you might yet be what I am, but for that glorious law. Rejoice in it—uphold it. O, too late—too late for me!"

"With these heartrending words upon his lips, he died."

**PROGRESS OF LUXURY.**—History, which testifies to the fact that luxury has heretofore proved the bane of nations, will yet have to record on her impartial pages the truth that the United States afford no exception to the general rule. The simple habits and manners and the stern, indefeasible integrity of the illustrious founders of our free and liberal institutions have already passed away, and exist only in the memory of those who lament their decline. If we have developed the resources of the country, improved in the arts and sciences, extended commerce and manufactures, and increased in wealth and luxury, with a rapidity hitherto unseen, it is also a deplorable fact that the concomitant vices incident to civilization have been developed with a rapidity and to an extent even exceeding the physical improvements. While as a people we were poor, we had the national character of being honest, but as we increased in riches and luxuries, tastes and habits supervened, which have proved fatal to the prevalence of virtuous sentiments and honest conduct. Previous to the year 1828 such a person as a defaulting public officer was unknown, and when, in the succeeding year, President Jackson caused Tobias Watkins to be indicted and tried for an alleged appropriation to his own use of four thousand dollars of the public money, the country, from Maine to Georgia, was shocked by the enormity of the offence. Watkins pleaded on his trial that he was entitled to the money, and went forth on the world an acquitted and ruined man. Since then crimes of this character have increased astonishingly both in number and in the magnitude of the amounts embezzled, until the sums thus acquired are now counted by millions.

The public sentiment is diseased, and there is needed some judicious treatment to bring it back to its normal state of healthful action. What that treatment shall be, is the difficult problem presented for solution.

One of the most transparent evils of the age is the rampant energy with which the excellence of physical progress is inculcated into the minds of the masses. Under the operation of this all-prevailing passion, for such it really is, the man who erects a magnificent mansion, establishes a bank, or builds a railroad, is lauded as a public benefactor, regardless entirely whether the funds with which it has been done were the results of honest industry or the avails of cunningly devised fraud. Thus is the exhibition of wealth made the type of merit and the test of consideration. The result is that life in the United States has become not a pursuit of happiness, but a race for riches, in which all are struggling and straining every faculty to come out ahead.—*Louisville Journal.*

**RHODE ISLAND.**—Judge Brayton of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, has decided that so much of the law of the State as authorizes the destruction of liquor seized, without any proof that it was held for illegal sale, is unconstitutional. The plaintiff in the case, (who had a quantity of liquor destroyed by the officers of the law,) raised five constitutional objections to the statute, only one of which was decided in his favor. They were as follows: 1. "The law provides for taking private property for public use without just compensation." Not valid—as there is no analogy between taking private property for public use, and adjudging property forfeit for crime. 2. "Want of particularity in the description of the article to be searched for." Not valid—as the description is as particular as the nature of the thing will admit. 3. "The law provides for amendments in the indictment, and so conflicts with the constitution, which declares that the accused shall be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation against him." Not valid—as an amendment is not a new accusation. 4. "The act provides for the destruction of property seized, without any proof that it was held for sale &c." Valid. The fifth objection was not decided, as it had nothing to do with the case in question.

Capital sleighing now! Poor horses!



# Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, JANUARY, 27, 1885.

## The Law of Usury.

We must say that we are gratified by the prospect of a strong effort, this winter, to achieve the destruction of the usury law which has so long and so prejudicially affected the monetary and credit systems of this state.

It is said, by some, however truly we know not and care not, that the movement originates with capitalists, who are anxious for a legal privilege to act the Snylock in the business of money lending. We never did care where a good man was born, nor where a good idea, or a good measure originated. If the Snylocks of the state are at the bottom of this movement, it will redeem them from the curse which must follow those to their graves who pass through life without ever doing any good. From this sentiment the reader may rightfully infer that we believe the repeal of the present usury laws would be a righteous act.

It is said by those who favor the continuation of that chronic error in legislative and moral economy, that the law of usury, as it exists in this state, had its origin in a laudable purpose to exercise a fatherly guardianship over improvident citizens, who would, in case of real or imaginary necessity, or when having an alluring prospect of lucrative speculation in view, bind themselves to pay such exorbitant rates of interest as would be ruinous to their circumstances, and reduce those dependent on them to poverty. There was, at the time of the enactment of this protective statute, less odiousness attached to legislative interference in the business interests of the people, than there is now. But it was only because there was less intelligence, less repugnance to the spirit of usurpation, and less appreciation of popular rights and individual independence. Besides these considerations, it was not then known how futile the law would prove, as a protecting agency against the avarice of the capitalist or the indiscretion of the borrower. Now the people, or those of them who have any perceptive vision, can see its fallacy. They can now not only see that it has done no good, and never can do any good, but they can see that it has always done harm, and will always continue to do harm, as long as it is allowed to remain a living but slumbering statute. How has it operated? Let us see:

It has taken from the lender and the borrower the legal right of making their own bargains, as they have a natural right to do, and as they are not prevented from doing in any other business transactions. This is legislative usurpation; because there is nothing dangerous to life, health or general morals, in these business transactions, more than there is in buying, selling and bartering goods of any kind. It has utterly failed of affording the protection which it was ostensibly designed to afford.

Nay, it has uniformly exposed the borrower of money to the harder grinding and deeper shaving of a less conscientious avarice. The man whose necessities would drive him, or whose speculative prospects would lure him, to the payment of a high rate of interest, if high rates were legal, will be driven, or lured, to the payment of a higher rate, when high rates are not legal. The improvident man is not prevented from obtaining the money which he needs, or thinks he needs, by the law of usury. He can get it by paying the high rate, and a premium for the adventure of the lender, who hazards the penalty of the law by accommodating him. This is done continually; not is it done *sub rosa*, but above board, and in the face of the whole community. We see the rates of interest which business men have to pay on their paper, in all the reports of "business on change." These transactions are done directly in the face of the law of usury, and in open violation of it. But they are done by authority, and under theegis of "a higher law," the penalties for the infraction of which are as certain as death, and more to be dreaded by those who agree in opinion with Solomon that a good name is more valuable than silver or gold. This is the law of Honor. High above the little, meddling statute, which villainously authorizes and prompts men to violate their solemn promise and cheat the lender out of the whole sum, if he receive more than seven per cent. per annum, stands this law of honor, commanding every one who receives accommodation, to pay the worth of that accommodation, according to the market value of money, and condemning the recreant who attempts to shield himself under the swindling statute, to perditional infamy. There is now and then one who violates this higher law; but they are as rare as murderers, and much more sure of punishment.

There is a class of capitalists who are conscientious on this point, deeming it immoral to loan money at an unlawful rate of interest, though they know that the legal rate is less than the use of the money is worth. These will not put themselves under the protection of the higher law and take the market value. They seek other investments, such as bank stock, railroad stock, mining stock, or go into land jobbing or mercantile operations. Another class are timid of the law of usury, and either hoard their surplus, or deposit it in savings banks. Thus a very large share of the capital of the state and country, is kept out of the market, and those who are not bound by conscience and are ready to brave the usury law, have the field to themselves, and the rate at which loans may be had in tight times, are high accordingly. Thus the middle-class protection of the usury law, works no good to any party, but promotes deep shaving, usury of

law, commercial distress and fraud in various forms.

The absurdity of the usury law is another revolting feature in it. If a man want to borrow money, he cannot make a note and go to a banker and sell it to him for its value. O, no, says the law, if any banker shall buy a note from the maker himself, for less than the face of it when the legal discount is deducted, he shall not only lose the whole of it, but he shall pay a heavy fine and be put in prison. So heinous does the usury law view the purchasing of a man's note from himself, for its real value. But if the same note is exchanged with the maker's neighbor, for a horse, the same banker who dared not to buy it yesterday of the maker, for less than its face, may buy it to-day, of his neighbor, for half of the amount, and neither the usury law nor moral justice is offended in the slightest degree. What a protecting agit!

We are ready to say to the legislature, that they can just as rationally fix the price of a day's labor or a bushel of wheat, as to fix the rate of interest, excepting in contracts or accounts in which no rate of interest has been agreed on by the parties. In such case, an established rate of interest may be deemed necessary. And we are ready to say to them, that the sooner they repeal the usury laws and let the lender and borrower make their own bargains, the sooner they will abate a legislative misand, and remove a fruitful source of immorality and commercial suffering from the community.

## THE SCHOOLS.

### Half-Suppressed Murrurs.

There was a tremendous effort made by the property holders of the state, to prevent the carrying into effect of the law extending the free educational system to all the rural districts of this state, but that effort proved a signal failure. That was thought to be the last dying struggle of the opposition to free and general education in this state. It was participated in by all the disaffected, or those who had uniformly stood in opposition to the free system, in city as well as country; and the opposition was a formidable organization. Everything that they could do was done to induce the repeal of the law before it could be carried into effect. Those of the city hoped that their efforts in behalf of the country movement in opposition, would secure a reciprocation when they should make an attempt to free themselves from the school tax; an attempt which they most certainly would have made, if the country movement had been successful. The failure was so signal and the popular rebuke so stern, that avarice has stood abashed from that time till pretty well up to the present; although there never has been a time when an undertone of growling might not be heard, by pressing one's ear hard upon some resonant substance with which the grudging ones were in contact.

When a refractory horse or dog has been whipped for the commission of a fault, which it knows to be contrary to the discipline which has taught it obedience, it remembers it vividly for a longer or shorter time, according to the degree of its intelligence and docility; but the rebuke above alluded to, recedes from their presence, oblivion begins to throw its shades over the scene; the voice of popular indignation loses its emphasis; the smart of the defeat no longer gives them pain; fear wears off; the ever living desire to keep the poor in ignorance and hold them as beavers of wood and drawers of water, and as a source of gain to themselves and their posterity forever, gains strength, and the voice of murmuring rises to audibility. This is the case just now.

Here and there one of the most daring of the malcontents ventures to express the opinion that it is a very unnecessary thing for the property holders of the state to be taxed at all for the education of the children of the poor. This is my land, says the wealthy agriculturist. What right have you to tax it for the education of other people's children? What business have poor people to marry and propagate, if they must depend on others for the means of education for their children? What is the necessity, says another, of those who must depend on their hand labor for means of subsistence, being educated at all? It will only make them unhappy. They can never expect to associate with the wealthy; and how does the polish of educational refinement look, with an uncarpeted floor, Windsor chairs, hard hands and barefooted children? Indeed, says the peevish daughter of a cit, who is the nominal owner of a whole block of brick and mortar, which is buried under debt in mortgages, it wouldn't be a bit more ridiculous to enbroder a dishcloth, than it is to teach the daughters of mechanics and laborers such accomplishments as music and painting.

This is the spirit which pervades the property holding community, with those honorable and now somewhat numerous exceptions, who can take in the whole philosophy of general education, and look to the state of things which would exist if all were educated, and all the latent genius which lies buried among vice, ignorance and destitution, were brought out to the light of knowledge and passed under the furishing brush of science.

The greatest blessing that God has bestowed upon his human children, is mind. The more

there is of mind in a community or a nation, the more that community or nation is respected by the rest of the world. The more mind there is in a nation, the more power it has. Mind is power. Mind, in all the departments of life, governs matter. This truth needs no exemplification. If it did, an infinitude of them might be adduced. But, in order to be made effectual, mind must not be left in its crude state. The most brilliant gems that lie buried in earth or ocean, require much friction to bring out their beauties. The mind of a people is comparatively unavailable without the friction of the schools to strip it of its native rubbish and bring its qualities into use. Millions and millions of minds which would have been of incalculable value to community and to the world, come up in the routine of succeeding generations, and pass to the next state of existence, unnoticed and unknown, save in a very narrow sphere, for want of the finishing and qualifying process of education. The disparity of numbers between those, in this country, who are able, within themselves, to give their children the necessary education to fully develop their intellectual genius, and those who are not able to do so, is so great that, without such a system of general education as we have in the course of maturation in this state, four-fifths of the aggregate mind would come up and pass away without adding anything to the national intellect or genius. Native powers of intellect are confined to no circumstances of life; but the manner of living among the poor and middle classes, affords better ground for the growth of intellect than that of the wealthy. A hardy physical constitution is necessary to the growth of sound and powerful intellect. Hence it is plain that the nation or the state which neglects the education of those classes, throws away the greater and more powerful portion of its intellect. This, a child can perceive, is the worst species of economy.

As respects the propriety of taxing the property of those who hold the wealth of the state in their grasp, there need be but little said. All property is the product of labor, save and except the soil. This, which should have been as free as the water and the air, has, by the miserable social system which our ancestors brought with them from Europe, been submitted to the monopolizing grasp of avarice, like everything else. The possession of the soil, like all other property, is the product of labor. Those who become the possessors of much wealth, become so by the adroit management of the labor of others. They hoard by taking from labor the lion's share of its earnings. This the laboring classes submit to, because the defects of the social system cannot be remedied in a day, or a generation, if in a century. But they hold the physical superiority; and the light of truth, of knowledge, of philosophy and of science, which has dawned and commenced shedding its rays upon them, will never allow them to surrender that superiority. They say, and will continue to say, to those who have hoarded all the profits of their labor, *You shall disgorge enough of it to educate the rising generation, and that with an increasing degree of liberality*, till the social refinements and the arts and sciences shall be common property to all, without reference to how much or how little they have hoarded of the product of human labor.

We have heard whinings in dark corners, by those who do not yet dare to raise their voices so as to be generally heard, about high salaries to teachers, and the uselessness of having the higher branches of education taught in our common schools. They would have salaries cut down, so that good teachers must go somewhere else. They would have nothing taught but the common branches of a clovenish education, so that their sons and daughters may have advantages over the sons and daughters of those who lack wealth, which nature has withheld from them. No, no, gentlemen, you may whine and wriggle and make very faces; but the day of intellectual darkness is withdrawing its black pall from those who do not hold the purse. You can no longer hold the strings so tight that the gatherer of the school tax cannot get his fingers in it; nor will you ever again get the key of knowledge into your exclusive possession. You may have all the brandy, rum, gin and the wine; but the producing classes will have free access to the fountain of knowledge, and drink as copiously as you do. If this prevent you, in a small measure, from hoarding as much as your avaricious natures desire, you will be none the worse—mayhap something the better—at the end of the few revolving seasons which will land you in a country where wealth is no passport to favor.

## Spiritualism in St. Louis.

The following testimony, which is not "the may be" of an interested party, will inspire hope while speaking of progress to the believers; we hope it may, at the same time, awaken the Spirit of truth, and the disposition to investigate in the skeptic; for Spiritualism, be it good or bad, is now a force and a power altogether too important to be neglected, since it is sowing the seeds of consequences that must modify, if not revolutionize, Christendom.

PROFESSOR OF SPIRITUALISM.—There is at this time in our city but little public mention of Spiritualism and its teachings. But a person would be mistaken if from that fact he should infer there was but little interest felt in it among our population. The truth probably is, that at no time before has Spiritualism exerted so powerful an influence over so many minds here. And it is surprising, too, to find what sort of people succumb to them. Among those who consult the Spiritual cracles, with a lively faith in their responses, are many who have been hitherto accounted among the most sensible, practical, matter-of-fact persons in our

community. When we speak of *cracles* in this connection, let us not be understood as speaking metaphorically.—The oracles we refer to are as real as ever were those of Delphi or Dodona. There is in our midst here in St. Louis, a priestess who offers herself as a medium of communication between embodied humanity and departed spirits—not perhaps on a tripod, but in the same sense that the Pythones served as the organ of Apollo. Through her, persons embarrassed or anxious for advice or direction, seek it from some one of the dead in whom they trust. A person tried by domestic misfortunes repairs to the oracle of counsel from a departed friend. The Spirit of some celebrated physician is evoked to obtain prescriptions suitable for a threatening malady. We understand that among the departed medical celebrities, Doctor Rush is in the highest favor. We are told indeed that he probably has at this time a larger circle of patients throughout the Union than any live doctor in it. His attendance is as regular and his directions as precise as those of any of his brethren yet in the flesh. It is reported that he is extremely obliging, answering all inquiries, explaining symptoms, describing the operation of his medicines and foretelling results with a fullness of detail and graciousness of manner, that are extremely satisfactory. What is more, it is said that his practice is very successful. Since his departure, he has, it seems, given in his adhesion to the Botanical system and prescribes only herb drinks.

Milton wrote:—

"The oracles are dumb,

No voice or hideous hum

Runs thro' the arch'd roof in words deceiving."

No nightly trance or breathed spell

Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."

Had Milton lived to this day, he might have doubted the truth of such declarations. The oracles of our day may want the splendor and official recognition of their predecessors of Delos and Delphi; but they arrogate the same powers, and by a host of free citizens are equally accredited.—*St. Louis Herald.*

## The Foreign News.

The Steamship Pacific, reached her dock, in New-York, at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning. She brings one week later dates; but her news from the seat of war amounts to just nothing.

The loss of the liner, George Canning, from New-York for Hamburg, is confirmed; and it is supposed all on board 160 in number, perished. The papers and passengers' baggage from her, had been washed ashore near Heligoland, which is all that is really known of her.

Negotiations for peace are on foot, and Nicholas is represented as anxious for accommodating the difficulties; but there has been no proposition for an armistice; and the opinion prevails in England that no peace will be concluded.

Sardinia is said to have joined the allies Prussia and the German states are still holding off and professing neutrality. A report said that the Russians had again invaded the principality, having crossed the Danube, entered Dobruza, and taken possession of some military points.

Breadstuffs were dull and lower.

CALIFORNIA.—The George Lutz has arrived from California. She brings about equal quantities of important news and the precious dust. The season has been so dry that mining has been unprofitable; business, and commerce suffers by sympathy.

The Supreme Court has decided that Sacramento is the Capital of the State.

For the Age of Progress.

## Choose ye this Day Whom ye will Serve.

Our religious teachers tell us, that about six thousand years ago, God created man. "He made him in his own image." Of course God. Soon after this creation, "one of his children, with whom he had had a quarrel, and whom he vanquished and shut up in prison, escaped from his confinement, came to the blissful residence of man and seduced him from his obedience to good laws and parental requirements. God soon found out the evil done to one child by the other, and became angry at both, and proceeded to curse both. These curses were not sufficient to satisfy his wrath; He required blood. It so happened that God had an only well beloved son, who had eternally resided with him, and had uniformly been obedient to his requirements. To this son he said "my law has been broken by man, and I demand his death, temporal and spiritual. The son seeing the necessity of the case, made a compact with the Father, that if he would let man live and go on and fill up the world with his sinful progeny, at the end of four thousand years, he would go down to earth and die for the guilty party; and in consequence of *man's belief* in this bargain, he would reinstate him in favor. At the time appointed, the son was born of a woman, and did die as per agreement, for the sins of man. Now it so happened that almost all of the race of men, never heard of this arrangement, and, of course, could not be benefited by it; for it was a condition of reinstatement to the Fathers favor; that they *believe* in this sacrificial death of the son. So, after all, God was again thwarted in his design to benefit his children. Unnumbered millions died naturally and eternally, in consequence of the neglect of the parent to make known to them the conditions of salvation. Moreover, many who did hear the conditions, did not believe, and they, too, went to welter in the prison of their brother who had deceived them. No help for them; no reform; no repentance; they had been born sinners and they

must suffer eternal torments. This is the kind of God which the clergy desire men to serve. I now propose in a few words to "show forth" the God that we serve and love, (Spiritualists), I mean, for I am of that despised company.)

A God of infinite power and infinite love, and therefore competent to execute his designs. He created man as perfect as possible, (in keeping with laws he had established) made him accountable for his acts, of course free to do good or evil, or in other words, to obey or violate the laws of his being. If obedient he would increase in happiness and wisdom. If disobedient, he must suffer the penalty. God could not save him! For, if omniscient he made perfect laws; and, if perfect, not to be changed; and if not changed, they must necessarily be enforced, and the transgressor must suffer. Now comes the grand thought of Spiritualism: God accepts not, nor requires, sacrifice or substitution. Now comes the question, if we violate a law and are compelled to suffer its penalty, shall that penalty be in proportion to the transgression? If a just God governs, most certainly it will. Then the doctrine of eternal punishment vanishes. Next, what is the object of a wise parent in enforcing laws inflicting penalties? Assuredly it must be the reformation of the child. The child will eventually learn to remember results, and cease to transgress. The whole family will reform as their Father designed they should; and he will carry forward the progression for which he has thus provided. Here is the character of our God, "choose whom you will serve."

T. M. F.

## TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS IN OLD TIMES.

In nothing have we made such decided progress as in the mode of treating our criminals. Even so late as the beginning of the present century, the way in which crime was punished would have been satisfactory to the author of the "Latter Day Pamphlets." As an example we find that in October of 1804, two unfortunate spinsters in a neighboring town—Jean Ferguson and Charlotte Thomson by name—were convicted of stealing yarn from the manufactory in which they were employed. Three women were, at the same time, found guilty of receiving the stolen property. The magistrate of Kilmarnock ordered them "to be committed to prison till Friday mid-day, when they were to stand at the court house stair head for one hour, with labels expressive of their respective crime, and hanks of yarn around their neck. Thereafter to be drummed through the town; and the said Jean Ferguson and Charlotte Thomson to be banished from the place for seven years." One might have imagined that the shame of passing through such an ordeal would have rendered the sentence of exile unnecessary; but it is a fact that, with such punishments bestowed, more cases of yarn stealing occurred then than in the case in these times of delicate leniency.—*Glasgow paper.*

RACES IN AMERICA.—According to Dr. Morton, the races, or sub-divisions of the great human families, dwelling on this continent, differ as follows in the capacity of their craniums; the Teutonic races, with an average cranial capacity of 42 cubic inches; the Celtic, 87 inches; the Chinese and the Negro, each, 83; the barbarous tribes of American Indians, 84; the Yatican family, 77; the German average is 90; the Anglo-American 90; and the English 96. The low measurement of the American, as compared with his English progenitors, is owing to the fact that Dr. Morton's table included only the skulls of men remarkable for crime. A notable feature in the negro skull is the fact that American-born negroes have one cubic inch less than the native African families.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Pino" is held under consideration. We think, however, that it has too much of a leaning towards sectarianism for our columns. We have a spiritualist fairly broad for a whole world to stand upon. Let each one stand on it in whatever position best suits him, and allow others to do the same. Disputations about minor points of faith, especially such ones as can never be settled on this side the grave, is about the most unprofitable occupation that a spiritualist can employ his time and talents on. Look abroad over Christendom, and you will see its fruits in reciprocal hatreds among the numerous sects of those who profess to follow the footsteps of the meek and lowly Jesus, whose soul was the central fountain whence love radiated to all the human family. "OLIVER BLANK" will be entitled to a hearing and a respectful answer, when he fills up his Blank with his proper sign manual, and conveys his communication in more gentlemanly terms. We beg to suggest that, for his interior self, he has made a very appropriate selection of a patronymic. If the sheet he sent us had been left in the condition indicated by the name he has chosen, it would have been a halfpenny more valuable to us.

If "Reasonable" will call on us, we will give him or her the best answer that we are in possession of. Those who do not see fit to entrust us with their names, will hear nothing from their communications.

We once more beg our patrons to read the terms of our paper. They will find that payment in advance is required in all cases. A few worthy friends who did not happen to have the needful on hand at the time of subscribing, did not pay, then. Reader, are you one of those? And if you are, have you still neglected paying, up to the present day? If you answer both of the foregoing queries in the affirmative, how will you answer this: *What should we do if all were equally neglectful?*

A GREAT MAN'S PREFERENCE.—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others—not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hope when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all light; awakens life, even in death, and from decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation.—*Sir H. Davy.*

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Flour, extra, .....	per bbl.	\$10.50@11.00
" cont. to good, West'n ..	"	9.00@9.50
" per sack, .....	"	4.60@5.25
Barley, small, per cwt ..	"	1.40
Indian meal, .....	"	1.75
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" prime, .....	"	11.00
Dressed hogs, per cwt ..	"	5.00
Fish, white, .....	"	8.25
" hlf, .....	"	4.25
Salt, fine, .....	"	2.00
" coarse, .....	"	2.25
" trout, .....	"	8.00
" hlf, .....	"	4.25
Eggs, .....	"	20 @ 25
Butter, .....	"	20 @ 25
Honey, .....	"	12 1/2 @ 15
Cheese, .....	"	8 @ 10 1/2
Blackberries, dried, ..	"	10
Plums, .....	"	12 1/2
Cherries, .....	"	12 1/2 @ 15
Currants, .....	"	6 1/2
Corn, .....	"	65 @ 67
Flax seed, .....	"	1.00 @ 1.25
Flour, .....	"	7.25
Timothy, .....	"	2.75 @ 3.00
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Apples, dried, .....	"	1.13
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Lyric of the Morning Land. A Beautiful Poem of 5000 lines. Price 75 cents.  
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Spirit-Voices. Dictated by Spirits for the use of Circles. Price 37 1/2 cents.  
For Sale by T. S. HAWKS, Post Office Building.

## CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

ERIMAH CARTER, of Laona, Chautauque Co., Cal., 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 Tupper st., between Delaware and Franklin where he will be found on Thursday, the 23d inst., ready to attend to all calls of the afflicted. 81c

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For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post-Office 11c.  
T. S. HAWKS.



### Lectures on Spiritualism.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS will commence his course of Lectures, in Buffalo, on Wednesday evening the 31st inst. The course will consist of five lectures. The subjects are as follows:

- 1st Lecture: The Extent and Import of Nature.
- 2nd " The Necessity of a New Dispensation.
- 3rd " Nature's Laws Applied to Spiritualism.
- 4th " Ancient and Modern Spiritualism Contrasted and Reconciled.
- 5th " The Church of the Future.

The Executive Committee have not yet found a convenient hall which they can obtain for five consecutive evenings. Should they not find one for the whole time, they will be under the necessity of occupying two. As soon as this point is settled, we shall give notice in the daily papers, stating all the particulars.

We shall have a gentleman from Philadelphia to lecture for us, at the Spiritual Conference, on Sabbath afternoon. We hope those who attend will come early. It is very annoying to have persons coming in at all times during the conference.

It is expected of mediums who attend, that they will resist all promptings to rise and speak. The conference is not the place for such communications as we have to listen to, on some occasions, when media are in course of development. We would further remark that, if gentlemen can do without tobacco during the conference, it would save the carpet from this bespatterment as it manifested last Sabbath.

### Lecture No. 7.—By Stephen R. Smith.

This lecture was received, at three sittings, by Miss Brooks alone, each sitting occupying some three hours of the early part of the night, after the other members of the family had retired to rest. Those who know her best, will have the least suspicion that her own mind had anything to do with its production. Let us not be understood as insinuating that this medium is in anywise deficient in intellectual capabilities. On the contrary, she is probably more bright than the average of those who have had no better opportunities than she has. But she has never turned her attention to the profundities of philosophy; nor has she ever attempted to make the acquaintance of the sciences. The writer of this is intimately acquainted with the literary tastes, acquirements and condition of the family, and knows that they are not a treatise on any science, in their collection of books.

### THE REFORMER.

Every age has its heroes. Every age develops some minds superior to their age, because of their profound study of the philosophy and sciences placed before them for investigation. Such minds watch the progression of the world, and yearn with the hope of a philanthropist, to behold the afflictions and social bondage of man sink with time into the bosom of the past. The Reformer is a soul replete with liberty and truth, and with rapture contemplates emancipation from oppression and wrong. The Reformer's feelings are spiritualized as highly as human nature will permit. His interior senses are open to the reception and appreciation of the beauty of nature, in which is reflected the power and goodness of God. The Reformer is one that, while community defame and deride his character, will be truthfully communing with superior worlds of thought and wisdom. The minerals, the animal kingdom and all nature, are his bible, and prove the power of their Spiritual Author. The Reformer by true principles, hesitates not to scientifically discuss God, his works and the position of all spirits after leaving earth. The true Reformer finds nothing demanded of him that does not harmonize with divine principles. He possesses a soul richly endowed with eternal faculties and the attributes of wisdom and goodness, which are constantly manifested in his actions in life. The progression and civilization of the world, has been desultory and feeble; yet the lapse of centuries has developed grand and ultimate results of mental cultivation and human advancement in refinement. The pages of ancient history have long since chronicled the alternations of war and peace, and have commemorated the bloody struggles in which your reformers and champions of liberty have participated. You have now your Greek, Roman and American literature, won by the sweat of the Reformer's brow, and by the conquest of many well fought battles, in which the Reformers suffered, chained like slaves in the desolate dungeon, on like martyrs, to the burning stake.

Through the primeval ages of the world's progression, barbarism checked the capacities of human improvement. When first the proud Mayflower touched the Plymouth Rock; when your pilgrim fathers and mothers first left their footprints upon American soil; wild and savage races inhabited your country. But aspiration and the law of liberty filled the bosoms of the first civilized inhabitants with life and strength. The germ of intellectual reformation

was deeply and firmly rooted in the breasts of your pilgrim fathers; and, from among their number arose reformers. And by their suffering and bloodshed, America now stands among the first nations, for literature, science and commercial advantages. The evolutions of the latent properties of matter, and every attainable law of nature, shall augment moral and intellectual development. By the laws of God, man shall ascend the scale of his being, from grade to grade of human refinement and spiritual sublimation. The manseum of superstition is tottering towards the ground, and the dilapidated temples of false doctrines are fast decaying, mingling their dust with the fabrics of mythological error.

The true Reformer is one who discards himself of all bigoted prejudices, and, in his investigations of the divine principles of the Great Original, will be led by the pure inspirations of his own mind, to investigate the true and throw away the untrue. Every age has brought to light its Reformers. We may go back over eighteen centuries, and discover the Reformer of that age—Christ. His first and last efforts were in favor of his race, or of the whole human family. He was the great Reformer of that day. He sought to regenerate the world, and, by his teachings, to produce a freedom of thought and opinion in the mind of man; to establish the principles of true social happiness; and by the laws of the Deity, render the mind less liable to receive the false logic advanced by other men. Christ was superior to his age. His bosom filled with patriotism and heroic courage, he placed before the minds of men the simplest, yet noblest, law of God: *Thou shalt love one another.* The world appreciated him not, and his age crucified him.

The present age has its Reformers. In the bosom of the poorest man who is daily wringing from the soil a subsistence, there slumber powers which, had they been evolved by early advantages, would now rank him among our wisest philosophers. In the soul of the mechanic there is struggling up through his capacities for knowledge, a deep, logical perception which would, if favored by educational advantages, enable him to electrify senates and hold deliberative bodies spell-bound, whilst his genius, which is smothered for want of proper advantages and exercise, would be nourished and expanded. The Reformers of the present age are striving to fill the world with a desire to assist them in the reformation of earth. Philosophy teaches that the law of love must prevail before order and harmony can blend with truth and wisdom. Nature proves the existence of a great First Cause. The minerals, the trees, the ocean's mighty deep, upon whose bosom waves yield to wave, and your own being, prove that there are higher hopes and nobler aspirations than you now enjoy. Creation proves the beautiful and harmonious unity which speaks forth the sublime truths and divine precepts of the Great Reformer of all existences.

Science has proved what the ancient reformers and philosophers discovered in the scientific scale of chemistry, geology and astronomy, to be true and unchanging laws of our divine Creator. So lofty and varied were the powers of their minds, that their united efforts of talent and perception traced the constellations above you, and discovered immense bodies, in which latent properties of matter were progressing in development, to assist in the formation of new worlds, to be produced by the anatomical and immutable principles of creation, governed by the infinite perfection of nature's laws, and by the elements flowing from the center Sun of every creation. The laws of vital chemistry—its action upon bodies—the component parts of water, the combination of vital substances in the atmosphere and its elements—calorification with its operations upon animal and latent matter, and the formation of rocks by its varied processes upon these properties of matter, have been discovered by reformers, whose powers and faculties of mind now study the logics and sciences of another world.

These discoveries by reformers of every age, demonstrate the existence of an everlasting and inconceivable power, over unlimited creation. The perception of intelligences contemplates the immeasurable expanse around you and shows the nothingness of the power of man. Even the wildest savage has been moved by the grandeur of the sidereal heavens, when his inner being was awed by the infinitude of nature.

Reformers, from the immortal world, through the direction of infinite wisdom, have come to teach you of the arrangements and perfections of nature, which they are continually and harmoniously investigating in the great vortex of the, to you, invisible and incomprehensible world. The minds of human beings are so mechanized and trammelled by the formalities of the age, that an interior restraint is put upon the free thoughts of the soul, and the captivating simplicity of nature is crushed by the conventionalisms of the age. The consciousness of its high destiny, and the privilege it enjoys of soaring to the sublime worlds of God, are seldom realized by the human mind. Reformers are needed to open the now inaccessible attributes of the soul and arouse the ambition of the mind to the investigation of the stupendous works of science and religion. Reformers are required to remove the devouring elements of iniquity, and, with emphasis, teach you of the pure principles of love and kindness toward your fellow creatures. Reformers are needed, that when changes come upon you,—that when happiness delays, they can point you to the beneficence of God, which remains forever unchangeable. Though the waves of eternity rush wildly towards it, this rock of dependence is firm and eternal, infinite and holy.

They come! reformers from the region of their everlasting habitation, where the same unchanging Being rules the universe, to your world, and through the unfathomable benevolence of the Almighty, Earth shall echo back lofty sentiments to the immortal reformers, for their high and holy teachings.

Yours truly,

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

### Lecture No. 3, by Edgar C. Dayton.

About one-half of this lecture was received by Miss Brooks alone. We should very much like to hear the opinion of the three kineological physicians of this city, whether or not the knee joints of the medium are sufficiently versed in the science of anatomy, to produce this lecture. If not, how did it come? We should like to be enlightened by them. Why not let their light shine at home, instead of going to France with it?

### HUMAN ANATOMY.

Human Anatomy is a science philosophically understood by many wise and logical minds. The brain is regarded by scientific men as the organ or medium of the mind, and is charged with specific functions; and these functions are the noblest and highest of the human organization. The intimate relation between the mental capacities and the developments of the brain, clearly proves the origin of different dispositions, and show that the moral, intellectual and spiritual faculties can only be developed by the laws of its organization, and by the associating of every faculty, the organs of which become refined as they progress. The brain is the life or concentration of thought, and has its important relation to all organs and functions of the physical structure. The different organs of the human body, are dependent on the brain and spinal column, for their functional action. The brain has its propensity to morbid action; and this is the cause of nervous and mental disease. But if the brain has its proper stimulus of oxygenated blood—if it has its natural strength of arterial blood—then the mental and physical functions of the mind and form are filled with their natural life, action, motion and power. The brain, and the organs and functions of the body, are among the most profound works of a divine Creator.

We now call your attention to the membranes which protect the brain. The *Dura Mater* is the lining of the interior portion of the skull and spinal cord. It is a firm and fibrous membrane, and shields the brain. It is one of the master pieces of workmanship wrought by the hand of God, and performs its office in accordance with His laws.

The *Arachnoid* is a fine serous membrane which envelopes the organs, and is reflected upon the inner surface of the *Dura Mater*. The *Pia Mater* is a vascular membrane, composed of unnumbered vessels. It invests the whole surface of the brain. It is nutrient and dips into the convolutions of the brain. These membranes work harmoniously from the natural principles and elements of the human body, and protect the medium of thought from external and internal injury, unless their vital actions are increased by intense calorification, beyond their natural state, and the force of the circulation of the blood becomes feeble, by the violation of the laws of anatomy and physiology.

The brain has its sympathetic relation with the functions of the heart and lungs, and with the digestive and other functions of the system. The true source of calorification or animal heat, in the human body, is, by very many, but imperfectly understood. And it may be that the operations of vital chemistry may never be truly understood by men. Carbon escapes the system, and oxygen is received, when the body is heated by calorific, beyond its natural condition. In nutrition, fluids are changed into solids, compounds decompose and the physical substance is digested and changed into fluid chyle; and during these processes of modification and digestion, calorific is generated. When the absorbents are removing innominate atoms of matter from the organization, the capillaries are supplying their places by new deposits of still higher refined matter; and the brain, being composed of the superior matter of the human system, it attracts atoms of developed matter, as the innominate matter is removed and the animate supplied. Thus the vital manifestations of the brain are changed from the lower to the higher; meantime unfolding the attributes and faculties of the mind, making the perception and intellect of man still more powerful as he enters into the study of science and philosophy. It opens the labyrinth of his mind, removes material obstacles from his spiritual perception, and gives force and penetration to his faculties of intellect, in his discovery of new and mysterious principles of nature.

Secretion is one of the noblest, yet most mysterious functions of the body. It is a vital process. It anatomically holds its relation to the functions of the body, and physiologically blends with the workings of the laws that control the system, unless disease has clogged the wheels of this noble specimen of natural human machinery. Carbon is changed into carbonic acid gas, by the uniting of oxygen with it, and by inhaled air, which is inspired by vital substances. Oxygen separates from nitrogen, uniting itself with the blood, and by the blood in its circulation, a chemical connection between carbon and oxygen is effected, and the carbonic acid is eliminated from the system through the lungs. Every fibre, muscle and tissue is connected with the brain, and the brain is the great luminary of the human organization, and the medium through which human intelligence is conveyed.

The human organization, through its processes of development, and by its variations of vital forces, proves its constant relation to the

laws of its being. We have said, by the uniting of oxygen and nitrogen, that the carbonic acid gas is eliminated from the system through the lungs; that when the physical structure is in a state of respiration, carbon escapes from the body, and oxygen supplies its place. There is a chemical action in the different functions of the organization, produced by electrical forces. There are, in the body, species of electricity, from the lowest to the highest. The most refined electrical combinations, are contained in the brain. The brain is the medium of thought, will and force of intellect. The lower association of particles of unrefined matter, is concentrated in or through the system. The mind is the spiritual part, and the form is the animal portion of man. The brain, in its vital action, is, if the region of perception is well developed, the propelling power of human thought.

The same principles that govern the material form, govern the spiritual structure; but instead of the spirit hearing or seeing, through organs, it hears and sees by an interior perception. The spiritual form has functions through which its life, action and vitality are manifested. The human form also has its functions, through which is developed its vital actions and electrical forces. But the functions of the spiritual form are only concentrated in the mind or spirit. The motion of the eternal body is produced by the power and refined development of the mind. The elements of the spiritual organization, are only the association of sublimated matter with electricity, or the highest degree of magnetism. The elements of the human form, are calorific, or animal heat, undeveloped matter and gross electricity.

The functions of the human form, are located throughout the entire organization, and, by the natural laws of anatomy and physiology, are brought into connection, and harmoniously blend together, each performing its natural work. The organs of the human mind, are observable in the cranium, by man; and he can, through his logical and perceptive faculties, mark out the character, disposition and aspirations of men. The intellectual and moral attainments, the profound researches of philosophy and science, the spiritual perceptions by man, are calculated by the developments of his brain. The logic and perception, the instructive knowledge of the immortal spirit, is known by its manifestations of a desire for still deeper truths, or its position of development in the spirit world.

Every human organization or creation, is among the noblest works of God. The human form, its functions and mysterious workings, range among the first beauties of nature. Human nature has its discrepancies and imperfections; but when we study deeply into its origin—when we trace in every membrane, tissue, muscle and fibre of the form—when we are conscious of the harmonious principles which unite these by natural relations, we cannot but admire this piece of workmanship created by the Supreme Being. The progression of the physical body is perfecting itself by the study of the scientific principles of nature and the profound elements that it lives in, and from which it derives its life and intelligence. The works of a higher Power are now being distinctly regarded by men as sciences and philosophy. Science can now be applied to God and His powers, without dishonoring Him of His magnificence and sublimity. Philosophy can be applied to the spirit world and its inhabitants, without degrading the strength and glory of the laws established by the great living and Divine Mind.

I have given you this lecture as a test of my powers, when upon earth, as a medical Professor.

I am yours,

EDGAR C. DAYTON.

### The Great California Manifestation.

We did not publish this astounding manifestation, as it was reported, till long after its appearance in the California *Pioneer*, the New York *Sacred Circle*, and many other papers. One reason for not publishing it sooner, was the apparent extravagance of the phenomena. We were by no means convinced that it was a fabrication; yet we feared it was, and did not wish to give currency to it as a truth, without confirmatory evidence. On a certain occasion, when we had been receiving some communications from what we were led to believe very elevated spirits, we enquired of them if the wonders reported of the doings of the spirits in California, on the 20th and 21st of August, were true. The spirit of Doctor Hedges, who controls Mr. Carter, the clairvoyant physician, answered in the affirmative; and was thus corroborated by a number of rapping spirits, who were present.

The spirit who spoke through Mr. Carter, did not pretend to know from witnessing the facts as they were related, but answered affirmatively from his knowledge of the philosophy of spiritual manifestations. He affirmed it to be philosophically true; and he supposed it to be true in fact. He told us that the spirit, though it had departed from the body, could return to it at pleasure, or be drawn to it by magnetic influences, until it was finally severed from it by the parting of what is termed the umbilical cord of the spirit. When that cord is severed, the spirit can no more return to the body; but, in many instances, that connection is continued for two or three days after respiration and circulation cease. During this interval, galvanism will so affect the muscles as to throw the limbs about with great violence, and control the features of the face. He says general decomposition never commences till this final separation takes place; nor will galvanism or electricity affect the deserted form, after the separation, more than it will a log of wood.

After receiving this opinion of a spirit who is reliable for truthfulness, as far as his know-

ledge extends, we published it; giving our reasons for omitting to publish it so long, and for publishing it when we did. There were other reasons which induced us to favor the opinion that the account was true. One was, that we had witnessed so many astounding manifestations with our own senses, that we hardly dared to doubt anything thing merely on account of its mysteriousness or marvellousness. Another was, that the account was written with such surpassing ability, that we could not believe it practicable for a man possessing such a high order of talent as he whose pen produced that thrilling account, to stoop to such baseness with apparently no adequate incentive. There could have been no compensating gratification in a hoax elaborated with so much deep thinking as was manifested in that article, which filled twelve columns of our paper.

Notwithstanding that some one at California has sent a letter to the New York *Tribune*, declaring the account to be a fabrication; and notwithstanding that certain "misbelieving Jews" who cater for spiritual infidelity, are so elated with the testimony of the California letter writer, we are by no means convinced that the account was not literally true. When Mr. Smith had finished the lecture which we published to-day, over his signature, we enquired of him if he had been to California to investigate that matter. He answered in the affirmative. We then asked him what he thought of the report which we published; to which he made the following reply:

"That it is true I am fully convinced. There was a mistake made in the dates of the manuscripts. This was probably done during the excitement of the scenes. The spirit of the man says it is all true as you published it. I shall lecture on that subject, on Sabbath evening next."

Our readers will recollect the account of spiritual wonders at Koon's spirit room, furnished us by Mr. STEPHEN DUDLEY; and they will particularly remember the letter written by the visible hand of the presiding spirit, who calls his name KINO. This letter is the one submitted to the psychometrical medium; and this spirit is the writer described by her. Eo.

### Interesting Experiment.

From the *Spiritual Telegraph*.

We have often had occasion to observe that Psychometry might be of service in enabling us to determine the actual origin of written communications which purport to emanate from departed spirits. On several occasions we have subjected such writings to trial by this method, and have always witnessed interesting phenomena. We will briefly state the result of a recent experiment of this kind. One day last week we called on Mrs. Jennie E. Kellogg, at her Rooms 625 Broadway, in company with Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Stephen Dudley, Esq., and Miss Jay, the medium. The last named gentleman had in his possession a piece of writing which was executed in the Spirit Room of Jonathan Koons, and in the presence of Mr. Dudley himself. No mortal medium was employed to execute the writing, but the illuminated Spirit-hand, with a portion of the arm, was distinctly visible during the process, which was rapid beyond the utmost capacity of man. This document was signed KINO, and the Spirit claimed to have lived some ten thousand years before Adam! This communication was carefully enclosed in a new envelope and submitted to Mrs. Kellogg, when her impressions were spoken as follows: The medium, taking the paper in her hand, was suddenly entranced, and pointing upward spoke thus, with unusual emphasis:

"Mrs. K.—A person of great might and a power unknown. I can not compare him to any one on earth. He has the power to wield a mighty weapon. I can neither describe nor explain the influence that emanates from that mind. I can only compare that power to one of whom we read in the Bible—who turns the world! [The writing] does not seem to have been done by any human being. It does not appear to me that a mortal could have been employed even as the instrument for writing it—it is beyond human effort."

I beheld a sea of light extending everywhere—a never-fading light; not of the sun, nor of the moon. Oh, that I had power to describe it! I'll call it a Divine light. It will never grow dim—I see no limit but an immensity of light.

It really seems to me that this writing fell from Heaven untouched by mortal hands. I wonder at my ability to hold the paper. The sun fades beside this light; the moon and stars are nothing. Some must shrink beneath its influence. The source appears like Light creating light. I can not give it human form. I can conceive of such a form, but it is all light.

Here Miss Jay was entranced and said:

Miss J.—Yes, it has human form, but developed to gigantic proportions. The outlines are lost to the vision in the intensity of the light.

Mrs. K.—It will no more be dark.

Miss J.—That form is like the brightest light, infinitely subdued. Every feature seems woven of burning embers. Ordinary beings, clothed with robes of splendor, cannot attract material atoms from the earth-sphere, so as to render visible so much as the hand. It must be a power so far exalted in the scale of development as to grasp the great laws that govern all material combinations.

He does not seem to be of earth, but to belong to another race of beings whose spiritual growth has continued for ages. As perpetual, material transformations ultimate in the refinement of the elements, so has this Spirit been refined until all its tissues and fibres seem to be woven of the finest rays of divine light. Could you once gaze on that being in all his transcendent beauty, you would value life as never before, and be quickened and strengthened to go forward to your immortality.

FAIRBANKS, JUNE 18th, 1855.

FRIEND ALBINO,

DEAR SIR: Thinking you would be glad to hear how spiritualism is prospering in other places besides Buffalo, I take the liberty to write you this, although my opportunities have been limited since I came here. I have attended some of the meetings of spiritualists, and have also attended some private circles. I attended one last evening, and a communication was received, purporting to come from the spirit of one who was a Presbyterian clergyman when in the form. The communication is not remarkable in itself; but the frankness with which he renounces his former error; his evident joy at finding that the doctrine he had taught was not true; and his corroboration of the doctrines which elevated spirits have taught us, render it highly interesting to us; and I thought it ought to be given to the world. If in that you agree with me, you are at liberty to use it, with such remarks as you see fit. The communication was given just after singing the hymn:

"When I can read my title clear."

Yours truly,

ALVAN STEWART.

"Oh, dear friends, I have found that happy place! There are, indeed, no waves of trouble in this happy country. Let not the cares of the world prevent you from fixing your eyes on that happy Canaan, to which you shall one day come. I believed, and honestly taught, that there was a hell of brimstone and fire awaiting the unbelieving soul; that the good God was a God of vengeance and wrath; but oh! that I had the tongue of an angel, to proclaim to the assembled universe my error. You shall, indeed, be judged by your works, but not sent to a fiery hell. No, not one of you. Keep on in your investigations—this is a cause destined to redeem the world."

MARTIN S. WILCOX.

A BOLD PUSH FOR FREEDOM.—A Maryland constable, named Pope, has been trying to get the Sheriff of Montreal to co-operate with him in kidnapping fugitive slaves who have found refuge from their masters in Canada. The Sheriff handed the letter over to the Montreal Gazette, who gives Mr. Pope to understand that if he should ever presume to put his foot across the line, he would be treated to a little of Judge Lynch's law.

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## A MIRROR FOR DEMOCRATS.

### Jefferson on Slavery.

"It is difficult to determine on the standard by which the manners of a nation may be tried, whether Catholic or Protestant. It is more difficult for a native to bring to that standard the manners of his own nation, familiarized to him by habit.

"There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other.

"Our children see this, and learn to imitate it: for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do.

"If a parent could find no motive in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in a circle of small slavery, gives a loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and duly exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances.

"And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who permitting one-half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part, and the amor patriæ of the other! for if a slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born, to live and labor for another; in which he must look up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends upon his individual endeavors to the enrichment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him.

"With the morals of the people, their industry is also destroyed. For in a warm climate, no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor.

"And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? That they are not to be violated but by his wrath? Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever! that, considering numbers, nature and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, in exchange of situation is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us, in such a contest.

"But it is impossible to be temperate and to pursue this subject through the various considerations of policy, of morals, of history, natural and civil. We must be contented to hope they will force their way into every one's mind. I think a change already perceptible, since the origin of the revolution. The spirit of the master is abating—that of the slave rising from the dust—his condition mollifying, the way I hope preparing, under the auspices of heaven for a total emancipation—and that this is disposed in the order of events, to be with the consent of their masters, rather than by their extirpation."

Thus much we find in the Notes on Virginia. The amendment of the legal code, proposed, as noted in our first extract, it seems, was not adopted by the State of Virginia, for reasons given in his Memoir, as found in Randolph's first volume, page 29, as follows:—

"The bill on the subject of slaves was a mere digest of the laws respecting them, without any intimation of a plan for a future and general emancipation. It was thought better that this should be kept back, and attempted only by way of amendment, whenever the bill should be brought on. The principles of this amendment, however, were agreed on, that is to say, the freedom of all born after a certain day, and deportation at a proper age. But it was found that the public mind would not yet bear the proposition, nor will it bear it even at this day. Yet the day is not distant when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate, than that these people are to be free: nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion, have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them. It is still in our power to direct the process of emancipation, and deportation peaceably, and in such slow degree, as that the evil will wear off insensibly, and their place, *pari passu*, filled up with white laborers. If on the contrary it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up. We should in vain look for an example in the Spanish deportation or deletion of Moors. The precedent would fall far short of our case."

The memoir from which the above extract is taken, was commenced by the venerable sage, January 6, 1821, at the age of 77, during the very agitation of the Missouri compromise. This should silence all who accuse him of retracting his sentiments at that period.

In a correction proposed by Mr. Jefferson to M. Meunier, a French journalist who had misrepresented the facts above alluded to, Mr. Jefferson wrote still more strongly:—

"Of the two commissioners who had concurred the amendatory clause for the gradual

emancipation of slaves, Mr. Wythe could not be present, he being a member of the judicial department, and Mr. Jefferson was absent on a legation to France. But there were not wanting in that Assembly men of virtue enough to propose, and talents to vindicate this clause. But they saw, that the moment of doing it with success, was not yet arrived, and that an unsuccessful effort, as too often happens, would only rivet still closer the chains of bondage, and retard the moment of delivery to this oppressed description of men. What a stupendous what an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment, be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery, than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose! But we must wait with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, when their groans shall have involved heaven itself in darkness, doubtless, a God of justice will awaken pity for their distress, and by diffusing light and liberty among their oppressors, or at length, by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of blind fatality."—*Randolph Vol. 1, p. 428.*

In concluding this compendium of the opinions of Mr. Jefferson on this great and agitating question, candour requires that we should take some notice of his views, during the excitement of the Missouri question. That he opposed the compromise which terminated that question, is most true. That he opposed it chiefly on the ground that compromises are always sacrifices of sacred principle, is equally apparent, from the following passage in a letter to John Holmes:—

"A geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men, will never be obliterated; and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper."

Mr. Jefferson was also somewhat embittered against the northern movers in this question, from the fact among some of them he recognized the active opponents and slanderers of his cherished institution, the University of Virginia. Some bigoted sectarians of the North, taking advantage of the fact that this new University was not to have an established religious creed, artfully insinuated that its object was atheistical, and thus created many obstacles in the way of its popularity. These coupled with much intemperate bluster upon the Missouri question, from the same persons, provoked Mr. Jefferson to say many things in his confidential correspondence, about the "Northern Holy Alliance," and putting the dagger into the hands of the negroes, which more deliberation must have made him regret.

But when we find, in that "Memoir" which was begun by Mr. Jefferson, in the most exciting period of that controversy, a paragraph quoted above, reiterating the sentiment of his youth in the strongest possible language, we are compelled to believe that his sober views of the horrors of slavery never failed, even under the infirmities of four-score years.

### Dr. Dods and Spiritualism.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

It will be recollected that some months ago Dr. J. B. Dods published a book which he ostentatiously, and for aught we know to the contrary, really designed as a quietus to modern Spiritualism. That book was eagerly grasped at by the opposers of the new unfoldings, and was quoted with triumph as an ingenious and final exposition of the class of phenomena on which Spiritualists rest the peculiarities of their faith. It has had an extensive circulation, and we are glad of it. At the time of its issue we were in the possession of an important secret as bearing upon its probable future influence. We knew that it was a bait—delicious bait—that would probably be gulped down greedily by the big fishes of anti-Spiritualism, but who were alike profoundly ignorant that there was a book concealed inside of it. Well, they have swallowed it as we expected, and now it is about time for us to pull up. We may congratulate ourselves upon securing a pretty respectably sized "gudgeon."

The responsibility of exposing the secret, that Dr. Dods himself is, and has been, for more than twenty years, a thorough-going Spiritualist and medium, has not fallen upon us, as at a recent lecture of the Doctor at Rochester he was forced himself, by means of sundry knotty questions asked by a lady, to make it public property. An account of the affair we find reported in the Rochester Advertiser.

The Doctor, in his lecture, took the ground, as usual, that all the phenomena—not only of rappings, table-tippings, etc., but of mental impressions, preternatural sights, etc., which are now attributed to the agency of Spirits, are the result of some abnormal development of the involuntary, electric, and mesmeric powers of man, which he supposes have their seat in the cerebellum or back brain of the subject himself. Having explained his theory upon this point, he said he would now come to another subject, and of his remarks on which we quote the report as we find it.

It had been reported that he himself in past days, had been a sort of "medium," having been the subject of and connected with some strange affairs in the State of Maine.

This said the speaker, is true; he had seen Spirits all his life, since he was 14 years of age, and could now, when he withdrew by himself. This power of seeing is derived from the influence of mesmerism, or electricity, and is more

potent in some individuals than in others—the favored ones having a large development of the "back brain."

He then told how he met his father in a place of woods one day, after he had been long dead; that his father walked along the road with him, and told him that what he had been taught with reference to the future was erroneous; that he, the lecturer, would pass through many vicissitudes, and would live till he was eighty-four years old, but whether longer was not stated; and, added the speaker, I have full faith that I shall live the eighty-four years; he said he had seen his father since his death again, again, and again; had conversed with him often, as he had also with other departed friends. One time he saw the body of a woman floating down a stream—or thought he did; subsequently a neighbor's house got haunted, and he went there one night, took a light, and mounted the stairs, where the noise was said to be, and there he met the woman, apparently dripping with water! Went toward her; she retreated, and finally vanished! In the fall of the same year he saw the woman again; she appeared to be alive this time, but vanished as before. He said he was gathering sap one day, when the dead woman came sailing along in the air; took his hat from his head, carried it some distance over to houses; came back and replaced it upon his head, remarking that she, the sailing woman, was then in the resurrection state, and again disappeared. This proved to him the truth of a successive and continued resurrection—which he commenced preaching!

Here a woman wanted some further explanation about the noise. [A laugh.] He spoke of persons being most tremendously charged with electricity—so much as to have been enabled to send their voices a distance of thirty miles! A WOMAN—Was it psychology that took your hat over the houses, Doctor? [Laughter.] He referred all his ability to see dead people to the power of electricity; said he should have electrical bodies in the other world; that the spirit was an organized being, etc.; that the back brain was the reproducing—the creative power, so to speak, of the race, and by whose energy it was continued; said that man had an electrical fist, an electrical foot, an—

A VOICE—Was the fist the power which shook your house? Can it shake a house? [A laugh.]

O yes. Why not? Lightning or thunder shakes houses, does it not? This is electricity, the life—the permeating power of the universe.

He said he believed that persons, cities, countries had their guardian angels, but no table Spirits—referred every thing to the psychological powers, but said it would take a week to explain it, which we think quite likely.

A VOICE—At a certain place the other night you saw Father Ballou; he told you the rappings were true. What do you make of that?

Dr. D.—No telling tales out of school. [A laugh.]

A WOMAN here spoke, and said that many years ago she had an interview with Dr. Dods with whom she had been acquainted when quite young, and having heard of his power of prevision, inquired of him about her husband. After much pressing, he told her that her husband would die in six years, and he did, of consumption. Subsequently she was married again, and seeing the Doctor, asked to be informed of the present one's changes of life. The Doctor replied that he would be killed on the railroad in ten years from that time. She said that nearly eleven years thereafter, he was so killed.

The Doctor—I think I said about ten years. The same woman wanted to know what Paul had told him about the "rappings"—he having recently consulted that authority on the subject.

The Doctor said he would attend to that matter on next Sunday evening at the same place.

Here we find that the Doctor has made a "clean breast" of it, and frankly and publicly revealed a secret which, for some reason, he did not feel called upon to expose upon the pages of his book. His statement, as above reported, amounts to a full admission, not only that Spirits of the other world do really manifest themselves to, and communicate with mortals, but that he himself, for many years, has, in the most unmistakable manner, been the recipient of such manifestations and communications. The great point of philosophy which he would seem to endeavor to erect into an issue between himself and other Spiritualists, consists, after all, only in his assumption that the medium of communication between Spirits and mortals consists in the "involuntary," "electric," or "mesmeric" powers of the latter. Of course those who so eagerly grasped at Dr. Dods' published theory, will not now hesitate to follow him to the end of it.

But the rappings, table tippings, etc., they can't be the work of Spirits. No, no; in the belief of Dr. D., Spirits would not do such undignified things—though he admits that they may so far descend from the awful and forbidding heights of their "resurrection state" as to divert him of his old hat, and after floating it through the air over house tops, bring it back and replace it upon his head. We don't like to "tell tales out of school," but since the "faint quadruped" is already all out of the "bag," except its caudal extremity, we will merely ask the Doctor, as *appropos* to the question of rappings and tippings, whose house was it in Union, Maine, in which there were such tremendous, continued, and physically unaccountable rappings, thumpings, boucouverments of furniture, etc., that the proprietor was finally obliged to sell the premises at great sacrifice,

and move away to get rid of the annoyance? Mind you, readers, we don't say that Dr. Dods himself was the proprietor and occupant of that house—nor do we say he wasn't. We only ask a civil question, which we have no doubt the Doctor can answer to entire satisfaction.

At all events, the Rochester lecture places us in the possession of this result, viz., That there is between the spiritual views of Dr. D., and other Spiritualists all the mighty difference that might be conceived to exist 'twixt twaddledom and twaddledoes.

### Footprints of the Traffic.

Samuel Fleming, of Pittsburgh, died on the 15th of December, of congestion of brain; the result of a three weeks' debauch. The coroner's jury returned a verdict to that effect.

Isaac Wm. Smith, of Winchester, Va., was killed on the night of December 9th, at a tavern in that place, by two men named A. J. Copenhagen and J. W. Spurr, one of whom stabbed him with a Spanish dirk. The parties had all been drinking; but the assault upon Smith, who is represented as a peaceful man, seems to have been as entirely unprovoked, as it was cowardly and brutal. One word however explains it—*Rum*. Copenhagen and Spurr were arrested.

Richard Armstrong, was murdered in Louisville, Ky., on the night of December 16th, by a man named Charles Schotta. The Courier of that city says "liquor, as usual, was at the bottom of the whole affair, and instigated the murder."

Two drunken wretches named McCafferty and McIlwain, got into a fight at a vile rum hole in Pittsburgh, on the night of the 21st, ult., in which the former lost a piece of his ear between the teeth of the latter, and was badly cut about his head and hands, with a knife. McIlwain was arrested upon a charge of assault, and battery with intent to kill.

John Fisher, a German, residing in Piscatawaytown, N. J., on the night of December 16th, in a fit of intoxication, attempted to murder his two sons, one of whom was aged 18, and the other 14. He was enraged because they refused to give him their wages for liquor, and went to their bed, while they were sleeping and struck them with an axe, inflicting ghastly wounds on the older boy; but the younger escaped and alarmed the neighbors in time to prevent an actual murder.

Hannah Freeborn, residing at 400 Greenwich street, N. Y., died on the 27th ult., of congestion of the brain, caused by intemperance. On the same day, Joseph Stewart, residing at 132 Duane street, died from the same cause—both victims of rum.

Henry Casey, of Whitehall, on the night of the 2nd inst., maddened by liquor, attempted to enter, forcibly, the dwelling of Barney McMahon, to get more; when McMahon struck him with an axe, inflicting a horrible and probably fatal wound. On the preceding Monday, (Jan. 1st) the same McMahon had a drunken quarrel with Mrs. Mary O'Reily, and beat and kicked her in a most outrageous manner. Mrs. O'Reily died on the following Wednesday, from her injuries.

Wm. McGarvey, of Rochester, died very suddenly on New Year's day, after having "partaken rather freely of liquor," from which fact, a rumor became current that the liquor contained poison. Of course it did—it all does—but some, an extra quantity. The liquor that poor McGarvey drank, might have been drugged a trifle more than usual, but the best of the vile stuff is enough to kill a Cyclops.

On the same day, a young woman in Detroit, name unknown, got shamelessly drunk, and in that condition, unable to help herself, her clothes took fire, and she was literally roasted from her feet to her neck, before discovered. She survived but a short time after the accident.

On the night of the same day, Terrence Hamill, resident at 34 Trinity Place, New York, while under the influence of liquor, killed his wife by blows and kicks, crushing her skull and disfiguring her in a most shocking manner. Hamill was found asleep by the side of his victim; and when arraigned the next day for the murder, said "No man can regret the death of my wife more keenly than myself. I was deeply intoxicated at the time, and knew not what occurred."

A Mrs. Smith of Rochester, was frozen to death a short time since, while on her way home from an evening visit. Mr. Chipman, who relates her fate through the "Courier and Journal" of this city, says she was "a very decent woman but for one serious failing, that of occasional drunkenness." That "venerable failing" explains her melancholy fate.

An intemperate man named McNea, was found, on the morning of Dec. 23d, lying on the railroad track near Harrisburgh, Pa., dead, with a bottle of whiskey by his side. He had probably lain down on the track, too drunk to know where he was, and the cars had passed over him, cutting off a leg and severely mangling his head.

Owen Kennedy, an Irish laborer, on the night of Dec. 11th, under the stupefying effects of drunkenness, lay down on the railroad track, near Altoona, Penn., and was crushed to death by a passing train. Whiskey is certainly "a great institution," and "the sacred rights of the domicile" must be protected from all Maine Law fanaticism. Of course they must!

On the 23d inst., a lad in Troy, went into one of the subterranean grog-shops of that city, where he drank to intoxication; he then went home, and the next morning was found dead in his bed! The murderer has not yet been arrested.

Cornelius Heron, of Fulton township, Pa., on the 18th, of November, while laboring under a fit of *mania a potu*, murdered his own child, and a colored woman named Chloe Stout. He also attempted to kill his wife, beating her till he supposed she was dead. He was arrested, and, on his way to prison, confessed that he had killed a man named Sampson Benton, and had concealed the body. Search was made, and Benton was found under a pile of old timber, severely but not fatally wounded. Two murders, and two attempts to murder, to be credited to *rum*!—a fitting commentary upon the rum-seller's babble about "the sacredness of the domicile."—*Prohibitionist*.

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