

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

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

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855.

VOLUME I.—NO. 27.

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Miscellany.

Beginning the World.

It would be difficult to imagine a more unhappy animal, than he who is encumbered with an imposing establishment, while his supplies are uncertain and scanty. The truth of this I had occasion to experience some years ago, when I first began the world. The little fortune which my father left me, was all expended in obtaining a procuratorship, and in furnishing, after the best models, a flat in Queen street, where I placed two red-haired clerks upon a pair of three-legged stools of unusual elevation, and seated myself in a leather-encircled armchair, with the absurd expectation of being called upon by clients. Clients! Not the shadow of one darkened my beautiful white-washed walls. The glaring brass plate on the door (something about the size of a shovel), with its hospitable "come in" was misanthropically disregarded. It seemed as if litigation had ceased with the opening of my rooms; and I began to think seriously of Edward Irving's millennium. To me, a client was as the mammoth among quadrupeds, or dodo among birds—extinct. I had not even the satisfaction of possessing a petrified one, nor could I trace the remains of any among all my curiosities.

To increase my embarrassments, I was on the eve of getting married. It is charitably said of the devil, that he finds work for the idle; so I, being utterly unemployed, was tempted to fall in love with a young lady belonging to Berwick. My last ten guineas were expended in paying her a visit, and in receiving her formidable "Yes."

"Next month is May, Arabella," I said—(her name was Arabella Farquhar, and it seemed formed, with its number of Rs, to stifle the Berwickers).—"It is unlucky, you know, to marry in May; but I cannot wait a day longer than the first of June."

"The glorious first of June," said she, smiling, for, in addition to her other attractions, she had a playful humor;—"would you not as a west-country medical, prefer the 'ever-memorable days of June'?"

"Nay, in love I have no politics."—"That is, you are im-politic in love."—"I am desperately in love, which is all I know," returned I, enforcing my affirmation with a kiss.

The respect which I paid to the old superstition regarding May marriages was occasioned by the circumstance, that I had no hopes of raising money for my purposes before the first of June. These hopes, as the reader will see, were built on a very questionable foundation. The only relation left me in the world was my maiden aunt, Mrs. Thomson, of Cockleshellhall, near Musselburgh. I call her maiden, for I cannot consider her in any other light, although it is undeniable that she had once been married. She was a woman of untold wealth and inconceivable parsimony. When young, her fortune was but forming; and her face was then even less attractive (if I may judge from a portrait taken at twenty) than when time had disguised it; so she was left to live to the alarming age of forty-five without an offer. At that period, however, her fortune, by dint of parsimony, having increased to a reverential amount—a certain Mr. Thomson, comprehending her state of single blessedness, "threw himself at her feet," and was, to the infinite consternation of all her living relations, accepted.

The marriage of any young lady of forty-five furnishes food for scandal; but in this match there was nothing prominently absurd, indiscreet, or inappropriate. Mr. Thomson was an ancient widower, of respectable character, and well to do in the world. He had been provost from time immemorial of the little burgh in which he resided, and was therefore happily distinguished from the innumerable tribe of Thomsons by his title of honour. Like Macbeth, "he had no children," and considered himself to stand in need of a wife, to warn his shippers, when "fallen into the ere and yellow leaf." But Death interfered with its self-indulgent perspectives. Scarcely was the honeymoon over, with all its indescribable annoyances, when, one morning, after breakfast, as Provost Thomson was standing with his back to the fire, he stopped abruptly in the midst of a laugh at one of the quaint jokes for which he was famous, and sitting down in his chair, gave a groan, and expired. Apoplexy was the cause assigned for this appalling event.

My poor aunt was exemplary as a widow, with her tears and her crape, even for a longer period than the rules of society demand; and her sympathizing relations were, for several months, eager in watching any demonstration of comatous affection that might become visible under her weeds of woe. Their anxiety was absurd; for no one, with a notion of affluence, could outrange his imagination so far as to consider her, for a moment, in the light of a mother. She belonged naturally, constitutionally, and entirely to that highly respectable

class of capitalists—old maids. It was but a presumptuous blunder of the Provost, to endeavour to remove her from the sphere where Providence had placed her; and though he had been Blue Beard himself, and lived half a century, he could never have moulded her to the accommodating shape, bearing, and appearance of a wife. As it was, the little month of comatous bliss made no impression on her. It merely changed her name, not her nature; and in doing so, I believe, it accomplished all that she wished; for to be called Mrs. Provost Thomson, instead of Miss Brown, was the temptation that induced her to commit matrimony. Uninstructed by the frightful termination of her connexion, the infatuated creature continued to lug her treasures, and even to add to their accumulation with tenfold voracity. The property which the will of the provost left her, only whetted her appetite for more; and by the time she had reached her 60th and I my 25th year, her fortune was calculated to exceed half a plum, or in more figurative language, 50,000*l*.

If there were any one towards whom she entertained a kindness, it was my own ungrateful self. I was, in fact, her factotum; for from my fifteenth year, being no peonman herself, she entrusted me with drawing out all her receipts for rental. For this purpose, I regularly spent a day or two with her every Whitsunday and Martinmas; and in return for my attentions, I regularly received from her (mirabile dicta) a five pound note! This was the only pecuniary enormity of which she was guilty (during the year); and to do her justice, she gave it, I believe, out of an habitual regard for me, while she would invariably soothe her outraged parsimony by the reflection, that no man of business would do what I did half so cheap.

On the faith of her gift, many a sanguine young man would have anticipated the heirship of all her property; but I confess I never was so preposterous in my expectations, for I felt too distinctly that I was born with the wooden spoon in my mouth. Independently of this, I knew she read the Missionary Magazine, and spoke occasionally with an alarming interest of the South Sea Islands, where in all probability she was the favoured few. Her health, besides, was good; her hold of the world tenacious; so that even if I did entertain any hopes of succession, the day was too distant to interest me much. At all events, no future prospect could relieve my present difficulties, or put it in my power to consummate my own and Arabella's bliss. A bold stroke was necessary—a bold stroke for a wife—and the necessity suggested one. Inasmuch as it may appear, I absolutely resolved to ask from my aunt, when I went in May to draw out her Whitsunday receipts, the loan (believe me, of a thousand pounds)—and upon the success of that request I relied when I proposed the first of June to my dear Arabella, as our day for marriage.

This resolution of attacking my aunt I did not come to without severe reflection. I procured a copy of the Eccentric Biography, and carefully studied the lives of all the misers therein contained, so that I might inform myself as to their weak or assailable point. But I found them all eased in triple steel—no crevice in their iron mail through which a spear could be insinuated—no opening through which their heart could be touched. They were not even like the aligatore, vulnerable in the belly—neither puddings nor praise affected them. The only way in which they could be attacked with any prospect of success, was by a coup de main. Old Elvies, I discovered, though he would not part with a penny to save his most miserable soul, sometimes gave thousands in loan on trifling securities. "Upon that hint I spoke," I saw the absurdity of attacking the "penny wise" feelings of my aunt, and resolved to rest my chance of success on her "pounds foolish." A small sum would, I felt, rouse all her customary power of resistance, but the demand of a thousand pounds sterling was too appalling to be resisted by mortal miser. The enormity would paralyze her energies, and leave her helpless in my hands. It would be an appeal for which her imagination had never, in its most daring flights, prepared, and she would sink submissive under it, overwhelmed by its boldness and grandeur. Not, I confess, that I anticipated an entire acquiescence in the extent of my demand; but to ask a thousand, I calculated, would secure at least five hundred. By aiming at the stars, I would reach the clouds. If she succeeded in reducing my request to five hundred, or still better, to four hundred and ninety-nine, she would lose sight of every thing else in self-congratulation at her adroitness in mitigating the calamity.

It was no part of my plan to "go about the bush" in the matter. That would have alarmed her, and put her on her guard. My object was to attack her openly and unexpectedly; for any other method would have argued a misgiving on my part, and infused her with courage to resist. Accordingly I had no sooner reached Cockleshellhall, and gone through the usual congratulations, than I prepared to open my attack. My aunt speedily gave me an opportunity. "My dear nephew," she said, with her usual emphatic monosyllables; "it is so fortunate that Whitsunday happened at this time, and that you have come a day sooner than usual, for do you know I have got two ladies staying with me, and are dying for a gallant!"

"Indeed! then I am fortunate in more ways than one, for I was just remarking to myself as I came up the avenue (which, by the by, I see you have greatly improved) that it was as well that I required to visit you at this time, as it saved me the trouble of writing to you, by post, for the loan of a thousand pounds, of which I happen to stand at present in need."

I said this in an indifferent matter-of-course manner as I could assume, although I believe my voice did falter a little, for I thought of poor Arabella. But the manner of speaking is not so important as the matter, notwithstanding all that elocutionists may say. A thousand pounds is no trifle, pronounce it as you will. It made my aunt gasp, or as if I had pitched a tub of water in her face, or as if I had placed her in an elevated shower bath, with a thousand holes in its drainer.

"A thousand pounds!!! You're surely demented, John!"

"Indeed aunt—if it would not be rather encroaching on your goodness, two thousand would be more convenient for me than one. But a young man is the better of being stunted a little when beginning the world."

"Two thousand!!! Beginning the world, John! Have you not begun yet?"

"Now, aunt, that is too bad. You cannot but know what it is to begin the world. Would you have me to believe that you never were so foolish yourself as to marry?"

"Marry! Are you going to marry?"

I am going to follow your good example, aunt, in that particular."

"Me! you should rather take warning from my misfortune. Nay, it is unfeeling in you, John, to allude to the matter (I knew it was to dilate)—"when you know the manner in which my poor dear husband was taken from me. Think, John, of only twenty-eight days married! (Here she took out her handkerchief.)—We had just got all the garlanding and expense of the date days over, and I was remarking that the real pie might have been better hained, and served longer as a decency for our breakfast table, when the poor dear provost, who was standing joking with his back to the chimney, and the tails of his coat in his arms, gied a sudden jerk into the elbow chair, and before I could turn round, was a corpse! Never married woman was tried like me!"

Here she fell into appropriate sobs, which I did not dislike, for women are said to be most accessible when they have the tear in their eye.

"Do not distress yourself, my dear aunt," I said, "about that sad affair. You proved during your short wedlock, I have reason to know, all that a husband could wish, and let it be a balm to your grief, that it is not embittered by self-reproach. As to my own marriage, I have only to pray."

"John, John, you speak as if you had completed all your arrangements, and had only to send for the minister. What madness is this!—and who is your wife-to-be?"

"The unfortunate lady whom I have selected as my victim, and who is so far lost to reason as to approve of my choice, is irreproachable in character and descent, unequalled in beauty, and almost as poor as myself."

"Well, well, if you and she choose to make beggars of yourselves, I leave you to your own delusions. It is no concern of mine."

"How, my dear aunt? Do you mean to say that you so far disoblige me as to refuse to grant my small request?"

"Small request! The boy's in a creel! You imagine, surely, that I am wallowing in wealth."

"Far from it. I know in these hard times you have come to many losses, and must have enough aid to make the ends meet. Still, I am presumptive enough to hope, that you will make a struggle to oblige an old friend—the son of your only brother, William, who was your own little Billy when a child, and whom the hungry sea devoured in his prime of manhood."

Here were two hits—one on the side of her parsimony, and the other on the side of her affections. Like all wealthy misers, she was very anxious to be considered poor, and rejoiced to be consoled with her "losses." She, besides, entertained a deep regard for the memory of my father, who was shipwrecked on his way from Quebec, whether he had gone to purchase timber. He was her only brother, and, being six years younger than herself, had secured the affection of her girlhood before her heart got hardened and polluted by care and anxiety. Deeply as she seemed to mourn the loss of her "poor dear provost," that was but the mockery of woe compared to the untold

tenderness with which she ever reverted to my poor father's fate. The name of the one was a mere signal for her to display the widow's flag of distress; the name of the other was connected with all her sweetest and holiest emotions, for it renewed, in the silver light of memory, the young days of her life, when she used to toss her little brother in her arms, or roll with him, in boisterous glee, among the grassy knolls.

"John," she said, after a pause, "you must be conscious that I have ever taken a deep interest in your welfare, for your own sake, and still more for the sake of him—my poor brother—who sleeps at the bottom of the Atlantic sea. But I am shocked, John—really shocked—at the extravagance of your demand, and wonder any young man of discretion, like you, should be so absurd as to think of marriage before you have established yourself in the world. See how I did in the matter. I waited till—"

"O aunt, aunt!" interrupted I, delighted at the turn matters were taking, for if the woman who deliberates is lost, so also is the woman who begins to "argue"—"O aunt, aunt! do not, I beseech you, balance my conduct with your own, for though it were a thousand times more blameless, it would never come up to your standard. I am but a poor, ever-blundering, ever-resolving fool, that can lay claim to no quality beyond good intention; you, on the other hand, have led a life of unswerving virtue, and are guiltless even of the slightest impropriety."

"If that be your opinion, it became you certainly to seek my counsel before you involved yourself in so important a matter as matrimony. And indeed, John, to tell you the truth, circumstances have led me, within these two days, to think of the very subject; for there are at present, as I informed you, two ladies staying with me, one of whom has so interested me by her excellent qualities, that it has more than once crossed my mind she would make a fortunate match for you, if your circumstances permitted."

"And I, at all events, am irrevocably engaged."

"E'en drink, then, as ye brewed. Since you can do without my advice, you can do without my money."

"Are you not getting rather unreasonable, Mrs. Thomson?"

"Are you not getting excessively impertinent, Master John Brown?"

"Nay, nay—let us not quarrel about a trifle. You surely would allow me some degree of sufrage in a matter so personally interesting as the choice of a wife?"

"I wish to meddle with no man's affairs. But for the sake of him—poor William—your father—I cannot but take an interest in your welfare; and if you had made a reasonable match with a young lady of whom I could approve, I will not promise but I might have helped you a little until your business were established with the understanding that I would receive a legal percentage for what I might advance."

"Then, my dear aunt, I feel assured you have but to see my choice to be pleased with her. Such beauty—wit—virtue!"

"Pooh! I doubt she is some low person, or you would not insist on these things. Is she of a good family? Has she any money, or the prospect of any? That is what I wish to know."

"Her family is irreproachable; for her father can trace his genealogy as far back as the days of George the third, and none of them ever suffered under the hands of the hangman. As to her wealth, she is possessed, I am happy to say, of a great many properties: she has a well-furnished memory—an excellently-cultivated understanding—a superb imagination—a brilliant wit—and an unbounded store of affection; not to mention the lustre of her personal possessions—her pearly teeth and diamond eyes."

"It is too much your habit, John, to speak slightly of serious matters. These qualities I hold not the value of a pin's point, unless they are accompanied by the three indispensable P's to the character of a good wife—Prudence, Piety, and Property."

"And is your favourite upstairs possessed of these qualifications? Tell me, aunt, who is she?"

"The lady upstairs is a comparative stranger to me, but I am mightily pleased by what I have seen of her. Your old acquaintance, Mrs. Smith of Berwick, brought her. She is a Miss Farquhar, and belongs herself, I believe, to that quarter, although Mrs. Smith tells me she has some prospects of finally settling in your own town of Glasgow."

"A glass of water, if you please. Tush—I am quite well, aunt. A mere momentary qualm. And now I have to reproach you, as well as myself, for leaving the ladies so long to themselves by our idle chat, on a subject which can be talked over again. We must, for very decency, go up stairs. Please introduce me. It is cruel to delay another moment."

As my aunt ushered me into the room, with the formal explanation of "Mr. Brown, my nephew, from Glasgow," Arabella, who was sitting at a work-table with Mrs. Smith, suddenly started, and a deep blush suffused her neck and forehead. While bowing, I contrived to place my finger on my mouth, to indicate I wished no recognition. Mrs. Smith seemed to understand this intuitively, for although it was through her I had originally become acquainted with Arabella, she spoke of us as entire strangers. Arabella herself looked uneasy and discomfited; for, with all her talents, such was her natural candor, that she could not support the slightest approach to dissimulation. I myself acted the part but indifferently, and after several blundering attempts at conversation, speedily sought to compose my nerves by a solitary walk in the garden.

While chewing a green twig in a profound reverie, I was attracted to a summer-house by a whisper and a wave of the hand. It was Arabella herself.

"I have followed you here at some risk," she said, "for I have been burning to tell you that I have no hand in this base encounter. It was that odious Mrs. Smith who decoyed me hither, and I knew not that Mrs. Thomson was your aunt till this forenoon. What must you have thought of me?"

"I am infinitely obliged to Mrs. Smith."

"Nay do not provoke me, for indeed I am ready to sink with shame and vexation at the vulgar and mean-spirited plot into which I have been led. Your aunt, I see, is a woman of illiberal notions and contracted habits; and Mrs. Smith, with her natural want of all delicacy, brought me hither, under false pretences, to secure her favour. When I understood this, I could have torn the vile body to pieces."

"A small dose of prussic acid would perhaps be more advisable."

"No trifling, John. I am serious. Go to your aunt immediately, and tell her the circumstances under which we stand. I can bear this state of duplicity no longer."

"Dearest and ever noble-minded! To reveal to an arranger of night, my poor earthly-bound propensities ever look for exaltation. Deeply as I pity my aunt's illiberality, henceforth shall I reverse her for desecrating so speedily your worth. It were in my power at present to deceive her, by affecting to follow her counsel in paying my addresses to you—nay start not! I cannot do it, for my own sake, and I am not to do it, for yours. If my own soul could condescend to such meanness, it were unworthy of worshipping thee."

So saying, I sought my aunt with all haste, and told her explicitly that her favourite Miss Farquhar was no other than my betrothed.

Whether charmed by my candour or by the reciprocity of our tastes, I know not; but my aunt believed on this occasion in a manner worthy the sister of my father. Her assistance not only exceeded my expectation, but exceeded my original demand. She even came so far as Glasgow, to patronize with her personal presence our wedding. Nor had she ever reason to regret her generosity; for in her declining years, Arabella administered to her infirmities like a daughter, and our first-born little boy, William, renewed, once more, her long-cherished affection, so that the latter days of her life were benighted and blessed as those of its commencement. While living, she would scarcely allow the little rascal out of her sight; and on her death she proved the extent of her love, by leaving him all her immense property, at my disposal till he came of age, with the exception of only five thousand pounds which went to the South Sea missions, and a handsome annuity of thirty shillings, which, with some tidying assistance of our own, went to the support of an old housekeeper who had got blind and deaf in his service.

The old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field with his own hand, and depositing the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of the yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon, replied the venerable laborer, 'how can you ask this? In my youth, you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious, and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour.'"

"You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up!"—German Allegory.

That activity which can accomplish all things and without which nothing can be accomplished, because turbulent, may become dangerous when it has neither object nor employment.—Mirabeau.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.
BUFFALO, MARCH 31, 1855.

The Pursuit of Literature.

Generally speaking, the pursuit of literature, in this country, is a hungry business, when depended on as a means of subsistence. So we presume it is in all countries. Education is so general in this country that competitors for patronage and fame are very numerous. Hence comparatively few are enabled to amass wealth, or even to live comfortably, on the income from their literary labor; and those who are successful must necessarily possess no small capital of literary genius. So hard is it for aspiring ones to see themselves as others see them, that, in most cases, disappointment and deep chagrin have to be the job's comforters who tell them the unpleasant truth of their inability to produce beautiful and fragrant flowers or reap rich harvests, in the field of literature. Hence it is that so many, in our country, go ragged and hungry, with their quills stuck behind their ears, their hats full of unpublished manuscript, and their minds full of disgust for the depraved literary taste of the reading public.

The great mistake which is made by vast numbers who conceive the ill-founded idea that they can scale Parnassus with a leap and a bound, is in throwing by all other vocations and depending for support upon the product of a genius which has never been sufficiently tested to prove its qualities. This radical error is what leads to the soul-withering condition of destitution, to despondency, to misanthropy, to moral degradation, and frequently to suicide or to the more fearful fate of those who do involuntary penance in the service of the state.

Let it not be understood that these remarks are designed to clip the wings of young genius, or to discourage that well-aimed and laudable emulation which elevates the character and promotes the progress of American literature. Our object is to warn those whom we see following in the track of their shipwrecked predecessors, that they must necessarily be broken upon the same rock. Those who are wealthy, can, if they will, devote their whole time and energies to the pursuit of literature; and those in whose behalf all the advantages of wealth, intellect, literary taste and genius are united, have it in their power to arrive at eminence, if avarice, which is too generally the concomitant of wealth, do not possess their souls, absorb their minds and find employment for all their energies.

There is a remedy for, or, rather, a preventive of, all the evils which literary flesh, as such, is heir to. It is this: Let it be forcibly impressed upon every youthful mind which is perceived of letters, that the ordinary occupations of life are not only not prejudicial, but really promotive of, success in the field of literary enterprise. Let them be taught the truth that, whilst the hands are laboring, whether it be with the utensils of agriculture or those of handicraft, the mind, at least three-fourths of the same time, can be profitably employed on any other subject of contemplation, and that the will can direct the intellectual energies to whatever object it chooses. Let them farther be advised, that the time which is not necessarily devoted to the ordinary daily occupations and to the imperative demands of nature, is as much as can be advantageously employed in reading and practical improvement. And let them be taught the farther and no less important truth, that the exercise which the physical system receives from the pursuit of some calling which will secure to them ample means of subsistence, invigorates the mind and renders it capable of accomplishing more in one hour than the mind which is not thus enlivened can accomplish in two or three. Hence it is, reader, that the best, brightest and most successful literary geniuses of our country, have come from the plough, the anvil and the work-bench. Let no one, therefore, despise or eschew, as derogatory to elevated genius, any of the ordinary pursuits of life.

News by the Atlantic.

The United States mail steamer Atlantic, Capt. West, arrived at N. York on Tuesday morning. Captain West, left Liverpool at 2 P. M. on Saturday, March 10th, and has experienced westerly gales the entire passage.

The Atlantic arrived at Liverpool at 9 o'clock, on the afternoon of Sunday, March 4.

Among the passengers are Archbishop Hughes, Bishop Newman, and several of the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church.

By this arrival we learn that the report of the death of the Emperor Nicholas is confirmed; that the Czar Alexander II. has peacefully ascended the throne, and that he declared his determination to follow the policy of his deceased father. The Grand Duke Constantine and the other princes of the imperial house have signified their allegiance to the new Emperor. The hopes that were entertained throughout Europe of a peace policy, in accordance with the supposed personal character of Alexander, were becoming more faint. The influence of the powerful party, at the head of whom is the Grand Duke Constantine, it was feared would urge the Czar forward in a course opposed to his better judgment. His first appointments were, however, regarded as favorable for peace. Meanwhile, the allies prosecuted the war with vigor. There has been more fighting in the Crimea, and more is threatened. The conferences have commenced at Vienna, Prince Gortschakoff having received from the Czar Alexander a confirmation of his previous instructions.

The announcement that the eldest son of the Czar, who is 38 years of age, was immediately proclaimed Emperor, as Alexander the Second, was received with satisfaction at the various European courts, as his temper has always been understood to be pacific; while the next brother, Constantine, is reputed to be unscrupulous and turbulent. This moderation of character, however, may render peace more difficult, since concessions made by a potentate with such a reputation are likely to be viewed by a fierce and fanatical people with much more jealousy than if they had proceeded from one supposed to be unlikely to yield until the last necessity. A submission which from the late Czar would have been interpreted as something unavoidable, may from the new one be denounced as a premature act of weakness. Apparently under the sense of such a state of affairs the new monarch has issued his first manifesto. This document arrived yesterday, and while it contains not a single word of peace, it puts forth as a prominent flourish that Finland and Poland shall never be freed from Russian dominion, and that the future policy of the country will be to carry out the intentions and wishes of Peter the Great and his successors.

According to the latest news from the Crimea, there had been fierce conflicts outside Sebastopol on the 24th of February, in which the French succeeded in destroying a new battery constructed by the Russians, but with a loss of 600 men. The particulars, however, have not yet been received. The condition of the Allied armies continued to improve, and the works were daily pushed nearer to the town, but nothing as yet appeared to have been done to prevent the Russians receiving abundant supplies from the opposite side. The news of the death of the Czar is expected to have reached Sebastopol about two days since, and hopes are expressed both in Paris and London that the moment of discouragement will have been seized by the Allies for a grand attack. At the same time, there is reason to apprehend that the French generals, in their desire to gratify their master by delaying their final blow until he can arrive, theatrically to seize the glory of it, may prevent that desirable consummation. From Eupatoria, official accounts have been received more than confirming the previous accounts of the Russian defeat before that place. General Liprandi's division is understood to have been engaged in it, and the Russian loss in killed and wounded is now estimated at 4000 men.

It is stated that, a short time before his death, the Emperor Nicholas had recalled Prince Menschikoff from the command of the Crimea, which will henceforth be assumed by Prince Gortschakoff.

It is also announced that the new Emperor has confirmed the powers granted to Prince Gortschakoff, the younger, for negotiating a peace at Vienna. The first meeting of the Congress of Vienna was peace yesterday, but it was merely preliminary, and Prince Gortschakoff was not present.

The course of Prussia is not yet determined, but a prospect of her junction with the Allies, seems still to exist, as Gen. Von Wodell has just left Berlin for Paris with fresh instructions.

DIPLOMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CONFERENCE AT VIENNA.—Telegraphic despatches from Vienna, of date Tuesday, the 6th inst., state that Prince Gortschakoff (the diplomatist) had received orders from the Emperor Alexander, commanding him to proceed with the negotiations, and confirming the instructions he had originally received. The first meeting of the plenipotentiaries took place on the 7th. Their debates had for object to fix the precise meaning of the third of the guarantee points. The Russian representative was not present. The European Times says:—

"It is stated that Lord John Russell and M. Bourquien have agreed upon the terms which England and France consider necessary for the treaty of peace, and if these terms are correctly rendered, they are not such as the new Emperor of Russia ought to decline to accept, for they merely propose a limitation of the Russian power in the Black Sea, the transferring of Sebastopol into a commercial port, and the destruction of the fortresses. These are not very humiliating terms, but they ought to be accompanied by another and still more stringent condition, namely, that of making Russia pay the expenses of the war. We shall be pleased to find that this version correctly represents the policy of the Emperor of France at the present moment, because uneasiness prevails in certain quarters that he may possibly prove obstructive in the effort to return to peace. The opinion is gaining ground that the death of the Czar has considerably diminished Russian influence in Germany, and that it will connect Prussia with Austria and the Western Powers in the forthcoming Conference to an extent which would not have existed had he lived."

WHERE IT COMES FROM.—According to the seventh census, it appears that the whole number of persons convicted of crimes in the United States for the year ending June 1850, was about 27,000. Of these, 13,000 were natives (including colored prisoners) and 14,000 of foreign birth. By the same authority, and to the same date, we are informed that our population was composed of 17,737,506 natives of its soil, 2,216,828 born in foreign countries, and 30,014 whose nativity could not be determined. While we have, therefore, but about one foreign resident to nine native whites there is a fraction over one foreign criminal to every native, including black and white. Such was the ratio of crime in the year 1850, and there is no reason to suppose it has materially changed since that time.—*Newark Mercury.*

Religious Skepticism—Its Causes.

Eighteen hundred centuries have fallen into the vortex of by-gone ages since the founder of the christian faith lived and preached and did many wonderful things on this earth. He was born and reared to manhood in the midst of the rankest religious superstition, not to mention idolatry, and in a community whose social system embraced much moral grossness and error; and although his mission was divine and his nature as pure and free from those susceptibilities which render practicable the imbibement of prevailing sentiments and theories antagonistic to the truths of sound philosophy, as any nature could be which contained an ingredient of humanity, it was impossible for him to be so guarded at every point as to embrace all perfection, without the involvement of a miracle in the constitution and sustenance of his nature, which we believe to be contrary to God's universal economy. Hence, if he apparently favored ideas and made admissions which we now see were not in accordance with nature's laws, there is no necessity for outraging common sense and reason, warping obvious meaning and distorting the truths of history, to make every thing to which he gave utterance appear to accord with the truths of a vastly more refined and far progressed philosophy. It should suffice to admit that he was as far in advance of his age in the knowledge of truth as was necessary to the conditions of the human mind at that period, and that the religion which he taught was incomparably more pure and elevating than any and all others that had ever been promulgated to man.

It is well known to all those who possess unfettered minds, that from the age in which Christ lived and taught, to the present day, the sentiments which he entertained and to which he gave utterance, have been continually warped, twisted and tortured to make them favor the religious theories of interested speculators on the constitution and administration of God's government; that the objects aimed at by Christ and his immediate followers, which were the establishment of divine truth and the amelioration of the condition of man, have been lost sight of through the continual strife for sectarian ascendancy, and the furious conflict for universal sway, by those who have held the key of knowledge and pretended to hold the key of Heaven, through the fifty generations which have passed to the second state of existence since Christ's day; and that, now, there is as little left of the true intent and meaning of the religious doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth, as there is of the original fabric of the beggars coat, which has been worn, torn and patched for a score of years.

Jesus, by his teachings, repudiated the religious dogmas of the Mosaic dispensation, and gave to his followers, and through them to the world, a new dispensation. But the designing theorists who have taken men's consciences into their keeping, and held their minds in slavery throughout Christendom, from the early ages of the christian church to the present day, have insisted on retaining the most of those religious dogmas, and mixing them up with the teachings of Christ, thus establishing a medley of contradiction and exacting a blind faith in them, upon the penalty of eternal damnation. Those who are frightened by the terror held over them, tamely and tremblingly subscribe to the religious system thus patched up for them, and slavishly admit it to be daring presumption and damnable heresy, to even enquire whether they are truly or falsely taught.

They teach that a blind submission to their dicta, a full belief in the infallibility of all those ancient writers who contributed to the books which comprise the volume denominated the bible, and entire faith in the atonement for the sins of the human family, made by the sufferings and death of Christ, are the only means by which souls can be saved from the infinite and eternal torments of hell. So irrational is this doctrine; so shockingly repulsive, in its best feelings and purest sympathies of the human soul; and so obnoxious and antagonistic to that reason which God bestowed upon his human children for their guidance, not only in this life, but also in that which is to succeed it, that free and capable minds could never receive it as true; and all such ones have been branded, and are branded, as infidels, and worthy of damnation.

We are required by this story-heard, but—thank God—fast-fading religious system, to believe that God foredoomed the larger moiety of human souls to eternal and ineffable misery, and that, but for His relenting mercy, all must have been involved in the eternal ruin which His own decree brought upon the human family. We are required to believe that, in order to save a few elected ones, He devised a plan of salvation, and that this plan was to take upon Himself the form, nature and attributes of humanity, come upon earth, take up His abode among men, teach and preach the truth, and submit to be accused and convicted of a religious heresy, which was tantamount to high treason, and be put to an ignominious death by men. We are required to believe that, in this capacity of redeemer, God was his own son, and that this son was his own father. And we are required to believe that this absurd and fallacious plan of salvation, was in accordance with infinite wisdom.

At all such dogmas as these, the free and enlightened mind of man revolts, and has revolted in all ages of the Christian era; and hence the skepticism, *alias* infidelity, which has prevailed in all enlightened nations, and which still prevails and must continue to prevail more and more generally, till there is not a vestige of the God-defaming and soul-dwarfing faith left upon earth. "I and my Father are one," said Jesus; and this is used as evidence that Jesus of Nazareth was no other than Almighty God. By the same reasoning, the agent which a merchant sends abroad to transact business

for him and in his name, and who truly represents himself to be equivalent to his employer in that particular transaction, may be affirmed to be the identical person, flesh, bone, muscle and blood, of the merchant himself. When Jesus intimated that God was his father, he intimated the truth; and when he affirmed that he and his father were one, he affirmed the truth, if God sent him on a mission of love and mercy to earth, as we confidently believe he did. But to infer, hence, that Jesus was the veritable Creator and Governor of the universe, outrages human reason and "shocks all common sense."

To go back to the Mosaic date of creation, we are required by the religious system which is worshipped by the fashionable clergy and their adherents, instead of the almighty, all-wise and all-loving Father of mankind, that this earth was produced by creative power, about six thousand years ago; that it was produced from nothing; that the Sun, Moon and stars were made for its exclusive benefit; that the earth was an extended plain; that the heavenly bodies, which were made for its garniture and for the benefit of its inhabitants, passed over it once each day and night, and got back again in some way, of which the writer of the history seemed to have no knowledge; that God finished the whole work of creation in six days; that the week's labor wearied him so that it became necessary for him to rest on the seventh day; that besides creating man, he created a devil and gave him power nearly equal to that which he himself possessed; that this devil adroitly cheated him out of the affections and faith of the man and woman whom he had created; that he, in his wrath, pronounced sentence of damnation upon the two rebels and all their posterity; and that this was what rendered necessary the plan of redemption which is alluded to above.

The great book of nature, which progressive science has unsealed and opened to the inhabitants of earth, teaches a more rational theme, and proves the absurdity and fictitious character of this Jewish history. It proves conclusively that the authors of this history of creation, knew nothing of the subject on which they wrote, but merely speculated as their ignorance of true philosophy could interpose no objections to, and as their inventive genius stimulated them to do.

One page of the book of nature has revealed to the enquiring mind of man, that the earth could not have been produced less than one hundred and fifty thousand years ago, instead of six thousand. This page is Geology; and God is evidently the author of the record there engraved. Another page of the same great book is Astronomy; and this has conclusively shown that the Jewish historian was in a great error in relation to the heavenly bodies being mere appendages of the earth, dancing attendance upon it for the benefit and amusement of its inhabitants. It has shown that the

which made the ignorant writers of the biblical history suppose that all the heavenly bodies arose in the east and passed over it to the west, every twenty-four hours, getting back again the best way they could. It has proved that the story that Gideon, the Jewish General, caused the Sun and Moon to stand still, to make the day long enough for him to accomplish his work of human carnage, was a fiction, such as most ancient writers were wont to garish their histories with. It has taught susceptible minds that the infinitude of worlds by which unlimited space is studded, were not created as mere trimmings for this little globe, which, compared to some of them which science has enabled man to measure as with a rule, is but a mere speck of matter.

Notwithstanding all those great truths which have been found written in the volume of nature, by God's own hand, the religious system which teaches that God is a vengeful tyrant, and which attempts to ignore the better teachings of modern philosophy, is still required to be believed implicitly and mutely, by all who wish to escape eternal punishment. Who can wonder that a religious faith which involves so many and so gross absurdities, should produce such general skepticism, even in the existence of a God? Surely any rational mind would sooner arrive at the conclusion that there is no God, than that the great Author of all things is such a pygmean Deity as the Jewish history represents him to be, and as the angust body of salaried divines still insist on our believing him to be.

The worst consequence which has resulted to the human family, from the long continued promulgation of those dogmas which we repudiate, is that the skeptics which are thereby made, too generally sweep away all the truths that are mingled with the mass of religious error which has been propagated. Thus the truth that the human soul is immortal and will live and progress to eternity, is not fully believed by one mind in ten, throughout Christendom. Hence the great necessity for a new dispensation.

The Youth's Casket.

This pretty little periodical, with its monthly freight of juvenile literature, puzzles, riddles, enigmas and charades, for April, is on hand. Let would-be sages knit their brows and cast it aside as unworthy their notice; but let men and women whose better common sense can appreciate the advantages of discriminating between the food proper for young minds and that suited to matured intellects, cherish it and all of its class, as indispensable nutriment to the budding and blossoming mind, in its transition from childhood to adolescence. To give strong meats to strong men, and milk to babes, is true philosophy. If it be desired that children shall early conceive a fondness for literature and science, their inductive lessons must be pleasing to their tastes and comprehensible to their understandings.

Destruction of Human Souls.

What philanthropic mind can contemplate the vast destruction of human souls, as presented by the popular christian faith, without exclaiming, with the prophet Jeremiah: "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears!" Let the mind which has been so enslaved as to still adhere to the total depravity and eternal damnation doctrine, behold the picture, and then say, if it can, that God is good, merciful and kind, and still cling to the horrible dogma.

Suppose the human family to consist of one thousand million souls, which is probably far short of the true number. The most probable estimates make the number of those inhabiting christian countries, two hundred and fifty millions. Deduct these from the whole, and we have a remainder of Pagans, Mohammedans, and Jews, numbering seven hundred and fifty millions. None of these, according to the prevailing religious creeds, have ever escaped perdition. Then, of the whole christian population of the world, there are not more than one in five that embraces the religious faith of his country, except it be by compulsion of ecclesiastical or parental authority, which embracement must pass for nothing, as God can accept no involuntary homage. And of those who do embrace the faith, moved thereto by their own volition, if one in four is saved, under the law which pronounces all who violate in a single particular as guilty of the infraction of the whole code, it is more than any observing mind can safely calculate on.

Here we have the forlorn hope of one-twentieth of the aggregate population of Christendom, fitted to enter the gates of Heaven. This leaves two hundred and thirty-seven millions to be added to the seven hundred and fifty millions who take the downward road, amounting, in all, to nine hundred and eighty-seven million.

Now, to say nothing of all the generations who passed into eternity before the redemption by the atoning sacrifice of Christ, there have passed eighteen centuries since that sacrifice, each century sweeping off at least three generations; making fifty-four generations. The proportion of those that are saved, according to this calculation, is but one in every eighty. Supposing that the average population of the earth, since the commencement of the christian era, to be eight hundred million, and that seventy-nine eightieths of them go to perdition, there are fifty-four times seven hundred and ninety millions of those who have inhabited this earth since the birth of Christ, in hell. The number is forty-two billions six hundred and sixty millions!

A Lecture Promised.

Those who only appreciate the character of the late SAMUEL YOUNG, familiarly called Old SAM YOUNG, and who are not so bigoted as to sneer at the idea of spiritual intercourse with

promised, for our next issue, a lecture from the spirit of that political anomaly—an honest and incorruptible office holder. The subject which he has chosen is: "SCIENCE APPLIED TO RELIGION AND CONTRASTED WITH MODERN THEOLOGY."

Our much esteemed friend, E. V. WILSON, Esq., of Toronto, O. W., is hereby advised that his remittance, his good will, his generous expression of approbation and his other favors, have been gratefully received and duly appreciated. He will understand us when we say that, whatever he buys and pays for with his money, is his own.

As respects the Rev. Mr. ORMSBURY, whose lecture appears in the Toronto Globe, we can only say that his production proves him to have been more the admirer of the muse than the student of logic. He certainly punished his audience much more severely than he castigated spiritualism. We have nothing to fear from such antagonists as Mr. ORMSBURY.

Our patrons, to whom we send this number, and who have not yet sent us the tangible evidence that they wish to continue their subscriptions, will please to understand that this is the first number of the second half-year, and that it is necessary for us to hear from them.

The Advantages of Marriage.

Marriage has in it less of beauty but more of safety than the single life; it hath not more ease but less danger; it's more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens but it is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.—Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves Kingdoms, and fills cities and churches and Heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweet, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but Marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their King, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues; and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.—*Jerem Taylor.*

President Pierce has found a friend at last, but in a quarter, alas! where friendship is fatal. "The Charleston! S. C., Mercury" has nominated him for re-election! That paper can by no means understand why the Southern people should "feel any necessity for hunting up a candidate for the Presidency." "We have tried the President," it urges, "and know what he is." It says, "has he failed to defend the constitutional rights of the South?"—*Newark Mercury.*

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Cheese	"	8 @ 10c.
Blackberries, dried	"	10
Plums	"	12 1/2
Cherries	"	12 1/2 @ 15
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Corn	per bush.	65 @ 67
Flax seed	"	1.00 @ 1.25
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Timothy	"	3.75 @ 3.50
Oats	"	40 @ 42
Apples, dried	"	1.25
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AND OTHERS wishing to procure the most convenient Stamp in use, will leave their orders with T. S. HAWKS, who is Agent for the Boston Hand Stamp Co., Rogers' Patent.

The question is frequently asked us, by those who stay outside of the spiritual fraternity, and endeavor to cast odium upon their faith, why it is that spirits choose darkness rather than light, when they move ponderous bodies and perform other physical feats. When this has been asked by ill-natured cavillers, who accompanied the query with a sneer, it has been our practice to turn from them and save the labor of endeavoring to convince them against their evident determination to cherish their prejudices, and remain in their position of antagonism. Sometimes, however, we meet persons of more liberal feelings, who ask with an honest purpose to hear what can be alleged in justification of the choice of dark and uncomfortably cold rooms, by manifesting spirits. To such ones we have endeavored to show the necessity, by giving the philosophy which the spirits have, from time to time, given us.

We were conversing on this subject, after the close of a meeting of our circle, when one of the members expressed a wish that Professor DAYTON would give us a lecture on that subject. If he was not present himself, some other spirit was, who informed him of the request; and the result was the reception, through Miss Brooks alone, of the highly scientific lecture which follows. Let all who really wish to be enlightened on the subject, read this lecture carefully, for although it is as lucid and plain as the language of science can make it, it requires some erudition and no careless exercise of mind, to follow and fully comprehend him. No one can read this lecture understandingly and, as the alleged necessity for the absence of light and heat, where those extraordinary manifestations are produced.

Lecture No. 9.—By Edgar C. Dayton.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

THE PROPERTIES OF LIGHT AND ITS EFFECT UPON PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

This subject has had its various definitions, but has not yet been properly defined, according to my knowledge of the effect of light upon physical manifestations. Electricity is an important and essential property of light. This property varies in its refinement. When physical manifestations are produced, they are done through the agency or medium of the electricity which proceeds from the spiritual organizations that constitute our batteries. The minds constituting these batteries are directed to the object to be operated upon, and the electrical forces of each organization emit rays of light, and these electrical rays of light converge and are brought to a focus over the object to be operated upon. There are in this circle seven different batteries constituted of spirits from the first to the fifth sphere. Necessarily there are a variety of electrical forces, from the unrefined to the refined; hence, these, being brought into direct and immediate connection with one another, produce convulsions, and the power of these convulsions is so great that they strike the object of operation with such force that it is moved or affected in some manner. Now all lights, whether spiritual or otherwise, contain different properties of refined or unrefined electricity. Hence, to have a light, whether it is a light produced by nature, or whether it is an artificial light, it acts upon our electrical combined forces as an absorbent. The artificial light contains corresponding properties of electricity with the electrical forces. Hence, by the law of gravitation, it draws the attractive properties of electricity, which our forces contain, away from the object to be operated upon, and necessarily the electrical rays of light that we operate with, diverge, each artificial or natural light having attracted its corresponding property of electricity from our forces. The excessive action of the absorbing light, upon the spiritual electrical combinations, is so great that they gradually become weaker and weaker, and the vital principle of physical demonstrations, returns to the elements and simpler combinations of the organisms which constitute our batteries. Nature employs such compounds as admit of greater changes and more various proportions of ingredients, and produce a greater diversity of combinations in electrical forces than an artificial light has the power to accomplish. As the vital currents of electricity emanating from each spiritual organism, approaches their object, the properties of matter contained in the object, feel their attractive force, and, consequently, if the room is dark and cold, the object can be operated upon powerfully, because there are no absorbents in the room.

So it is with physical organizations. If there are more positive systems than negative, they attract their corresponding properties of electricity, in consequence of which our positive batteries are weakened, and unless we make this battery stronger, by adding to it other positive spiritual organizations, we fail to produce the desired manifestations. If there are more negatives than positives present, it absorbs the elements of magnetism and electricity into the negative contractions. Therefore, unless we replenish our negative battery, we again fail to manifest. Carbon is another property of light, and when there are too many bodies in a close room, they constantly eliminate carbon from their systems, and the equalization of influences that we operate with, becomes destroyed; the principle of carbon being of greater strength than the principle of electricity.

Then, again, if there are individuals in the room whose faculties are languid, and if the actions of the principles and elements of their systems have exhausted the vital powers of their bodies, and if there are spiritual principles corresponding in attraction with the principles of their bodies, then they supply the deficiency and animate the inactive functions and organs, with their natural power and life, by attracting the corresponding forces of our battery into their own natures. Hence you must see that physical manifestations depend upon the condition of the human construction, and upon the temperature of the atmosphere; for heat is also an absorbent, and operates upon our forces as such, as it constantly attracts the electrical rays from the object at which they are directed. And whilst we have such properties connected with the heat, other properties are in connection with the light, and each human organism has its attractive properties. Hence the equilibrium of the principles, elements and forces, which we use in order to manifest, is destroyed by an antagonistic influence. Therefore you must be aware of the great amount of labor and calculation it requires of spirits, to establish a direct influence upon the object to be operated upon, to obtain an equalization of the temperature, and to produce an equalized condition of the positive and negative principles of electricity, with which we operate. You must reflect upon this lecture systematically, and you will see that these relations of light and heat to our influences are distinct, identical and inseparable. In order to have a true faith and confidence in spiritual productions, the mind must interrogate its own depths, and watch the mysterious workings of its own properties and principles. The senses alone cannot recognize the forms, processes and organizations of nature, in the outer world of cause and effect; but the mind can, through the agency of the senses, behold the multifarious indications of the divine principle, manifested in all things.

I have confined myself particularly to the effects of light, heat &c., upon physical manifestations; but I shall speak hereafter more definitely of the properties of light. You will hear from me again next week.

In haste,
EDGAR C. DAYTON.

Lecture by the Spirit of Sarah B. Judson.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Amidst the silent and solemn contemplations of the power and beneficence of God, the human mind becomes inspired with high and holy thoughts. There is kindled within the human heart an impressive devotion, which attracts the affections to that incomprehensible Being, who directs and controls all things. "Love one another," is the teaching and commandment of God. It is a law of infinite perfection, and holds a sympathetic and an immediate connection with the human and immortal mind, the ultimate design of which is to communicate happiness in its various forms, to the differently developed orders of beings both upon earth and in heaven.

Ye shall love one another, is a law, stamped upon the face of nature, and upon all the glorious and innumerable creations in existence. It is a harmonious relation of spirit and spirit, in the world above, and characterizes the immortal mind with noble and everlasting faculties which are constantly ultimated into higher and more refined developments. There is something exquisitely touching and beautiful in this divine law, which sends its nutrient influence to the deepest root of human happiness, drawing the chain of affection indissolubly together between mind and mind, and contributing essentially to the unfolding and refining of the powers and faculties of the human soul, whether it may be of an innocent child, or of an aged individual, whose gray hairs are fast falling like the leaves of autumn, from the fane of thought. All should love the tender infant and teach its feeble mind to receive the purities and beauties of morality, and infuse into its little soul the devotions and virtues of true christianity. All should love the aged. They, perhaps, have realized the wrongs and injustice of the world, and their decrepit condition should loudly call upon you to love them; and as the sustaining elements of human life are becoming enfeebled, you should watch by the couch and point the spirit to the realities of a fairer world—of a sunnier clime, where years farrow not the countenance—where time never leaves its withering trace, but where the faculties of the soul are ever fresh, and the affections ever deep and abiding.

It is a fearful thing to banish from you one human being. It is true there are natural laws of attraction and repulsion by which human sympathies and friendships are measured; and there are also many minds that dwell upon the frailties and imperfections of other minds, instead of seeking the redeeming traits of character and the spiritual faculties, and by kindness and tenderness, developing those kindred principles that the inner being may rise above the outward self. This is too characteristic of the human mind; and, as yet, no religious sentiments, no law nor teachings have so perfected the nature of man as to enable him to see the wrong and cruelty which he inflicts upon other minds, by the constant, ungenerous and hard-hearted outpourings of his own weak nature.

What can strike a deadlier blow upon the human heart, than the careless word, uttered by the lips of some loved friend? There is nothing upon the face of the earth so chilling

and blasting to the most hallowed qualities of mind, as the constant rebukes and unkindnesses that fall daily, year hourly, upon thousands and thousands of human hearts. Such combative and impetuous characters belong more to the animal nature than the spiritual, for their propensities are inhuman; therefore it is essential that man should have some laws and principles unfolded to the outer perception; and his actions may partake more of the moral and spiritual influence—the interior qualities and essence—the innate and instinctive thoughts of the soul, so that the human mind may view the vast creations before it with new and soul-exalting and soul-expanding contemplations of the supreme mind, and of the natural and spiritual world he inhabits. Ye shall love one another, is a law of Deity; and its influence upon the mind creates aspirations in the generous soul of man, and directs his thoughts towards immortality and eternal happiness. Enter into the silent and holy sanctuary of your own heart and pray to Him, the Father of all, that you may comprehend His holy law; that you may love the simplest flower, the lowliest valley, and the loftiest mountain; that you may love the weakest mind as well as the highly spiritual one, and feel inspired to teach them the way of wisdom and purity. The principle of association is an infinite manifestation of the Divine Mind, and flows forth from the great heart of nature, into the qualities and essence of organic life and mental development. Thus it is that the human soul seeks its like from the principle of association and attraction; yet every two minds have some corresponding attractive qualities, and all should strive to seek the good and cast out the evil of each mind, and learn to be kind, and to love one another. There is no heart so unfeeling, but what some gentle affections there exist. The brow is not the home of the frown, nor the bright eye the rightful dwelling place of the gushing tear; for nature hath said, within the outward form there is a little germ continually pointing towards a better soil, still progressing in intelligence and affection while on the earth. Then you who believe that the human soul is guarded by watchful beings of another world, endeavor to be kind and gentle to the erring. Tell them of the truths of their own being—of the glories and beauties of another world—of the Supreme Father; and this will awaken in their hearts an impulse of gratitude; and from within the interior self, the prayerful promise will ascend unto Him, the Ruler of all: Oh Father! I will strive to fulfill thy holy law: LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Affectionately yours,
SARAH B. JUDSON.

For the Age of Progress.

Friend ALBRO.—As you invite communications detailing remarkable occurrences in spiritual investigations, I will give you the following, which you may publish or suppress, according to your estimate of its importance. I consider it among the best of tests that the spirits of the departed do return and hold converse with their brethren in the flesh:

On the evening of the third inst., whilst the circle of which I am a member was in session, at the house of Dr. HANNAH, in this city, a young man, or lad, whose name is GEORGE ARMSTRONG, and who had been developed as a medium, was entranced by a spirit, who commenced speaking to us, through him, as soon as he got control of him. He gave us a description of what he had seen in the spirit world, and talked somewhat enthusiastically of spiritual intercourse, assuring us that we should all see the spirits and walk and talk with them before long, as we do now with each other. He then commenced talking about himself; said that he had recently departed this life in Michigan; that he emigrated thither from Vermont; that he was always, and up to the day of his decease, a confirmed infidel; that he never believed in God, devil or hell, or even a future existence; that he still doubted all the spirit life; that he formerly knew the medium whom he was controlling, in Michigan, when he lived with his brother; and that his own name was A. H. MORSE.

When the medium came out of the trance, we asked him if he recollected any thing which he had been saying? He answered that he did not know that he had said any thing, and asked us if he had been talking. We then asked him if he ever knew a man by the name of A. H. MORSE. He said he was very well acquainted with a man by that name in Michigan, when he was living there with his brother. We asked him if he knew where Mr. MORSE went from when he went to Michigan, to which he answered that he went from Vermont. He then gave us a description of his person. We enquired if he knew any thing about his religious principles. He said he had no religion; that he was an infidel and was always trying to preach his infidelity into the minds of others; that he had very frequently talked to him on the subject, and argued that there was no God, devil, hell or future state. We asked him if he knew whether Mr. MORSE was still living in the same place. He said he supposed he was. We then told him what the spirit had been saying through him. He said he could ascertain the truth of it by writing to his brother, which he said he would do, and which he did do.

Before it was time to receive an answer by return mail, he received a letter from his brother, informing him, among other things, of the decease of MORSE. According to the account, he had not been in the spirit world more than two or three weeks when he made this communication. All these circumstances I can prove to your satisfaction.

G. B. C.

We need not be much concerned about those faults which we have the courage to own.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

Whisperings from the Spirit Land.

Did you ever sit at evening's twilight, when all nature was hushed and still, and all seemed at peace with its Maker? Even man, so deeply dyed in sin, seems at such an hour filled with a holy, reverential awe that, as it were, lifts upwards his soul to God. He forgets the busy turmoil of the day, and goes to his rest; but it is with one quiet thought akin to his Maker, or is it all confusion, and like the rough, troubled sea, without one calm, murmuring ripple to break the wild commotion? Oh! are there no misgivings, no sad relatings, as that busy soul seeks the quiet solitude and retirement which a night's repose may bring? Is there no little spark of divinity centered there, which is at that moment called into action, lighting up for the time being his whole existence and creating new desires, new motives, and new acts of life? Tell me, while that soul on earth may be ever so hardened apparently to others, is there no silent moment that brings back in its deep stillness hurried memories of the past? Are there not quick glances hurriedly and in fond retrospection that, as it were, bring a whole lifetime, and center in one little moment all its acts, whether good or bad? Oh! is there not implanted there that which angels can, at a moment like this, water with holy and divine dew from Heaven.

Angels witness many a struggle within the hardened and rebellious heart, that draws forth from them tears of pity and love. They approach, and so gently twine around the erring heart at this moment their calm influence, that the earthly spirit is touched, and whisperings, Oh, that my life were not one of sin and folly, and striving against God! But despair comes, and the happy moment is fled. The spirit passes off into its deep, deep repose; and oh! the unquiet, and troubled, and heaving commotion through which it passes in its beguiled rest! Angels see, but can afford no relief; and again another morn is ushered into existence, and weary and sad the worn spirit pursues his toilsome labor. Another twilight steals o'er him; again repose is sought; and angels bend near, and he listens to new whisperings, and hears—what? He thinks he hears whisperings in the air. Why, spirits haunt me! Can they be demons? No, those words which I hear were rather the words of peace and comfort. Hark! Methinks I hear it again—hark! No, 'tis not the wind—it seems like a voice I heard in my youthful days, calling me—climbing me for some past error and wrong committed. Hark! there is no one present; all is breathless silence, and yet those whisperings are audible! How plain to my senses! Now hark, another strain! Oh, my Father, pity me; hast thou indeed sent a warning voice to turn me from my errors, and to point to me the right way that I may walk therein? Is that truth which I hear? Are these voices from the spirit-land, that come to tell me I am not lost—that there is still hope for a poor wretch who has sinned away his whole life? Didst thou, O God, send to me those sweet whisperings to give me courage? I hear an answer—Yes. Can it be from the spirit-land? "Yes." The voice says, "Thou hast now commenced to learn the great and beautiful law which progression teaches; thy whole lifetime has been sinned away and God disowned; but even now angels come and bid thee follow them. Turn from thy sinful course, and we will show thee where, in thou canst walk and be happy." That's not for me, oh, no—I fear my case is hopeless. I look far back and see not one act of kindness and good will which has been performed by motive which should have prompted me, and I have been told from my youth up that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that many, oh, how many sin away their day of grace. Surely, I must be one of that number, for it is now with me the eleventh hour.

But hark! hark! another whisper! and what does it say? God loves thee still. He chides thee not, frail, erring mortal. And shall man dare to frown upon and crush on God's footstool that bright spark of holy love that has for so long a period lain dormant and been covered with darkness? Spirit, earth-born spirit—"I hear—arise; shake off the shackles of sin, and arise. Stand on thy feet; open thy heart even at the eleventh hour, as thou art pleased to call it, and let angels come and minister to thee. They will convince thee that it is never too late, and even though thou mayest have been dyed with the deepest stains of shame and guilt, yet it is none too late to retrace thy steps and accept of the kind ministry that angels bring thee."

But it is indeed true what I hear? The answer comes—"Yes, and angels will help thee." How strange! Will they tell me why this has not been announced to me before? "Because thou wouldst not hear," they answer. But did I not hear weekly from the lips of those who are God's messengers in the flesh, that I was condemned to perdition, and shut out forever from the broad gaze of Heaven? Has not my character been pictured in vivid colors again and again, by those who do God's work on earth and preach to us His Gospel? What more can I expect from what they have told me, than that my future is sealed, and I can hope for no seat among that throng which now seems to come and breath into my soul words of love, in the deep stillness of the night when all is hushed, and not a sound dares to break the quiet stillness?

But hark! another answer comes—strange how those visitants linger near one so sinful! I hear them very distinctly—such low breathings of melody! Can it be spirit-music? This surely shall. Oh, how sweet! how beautiful! Oh, I am not lost! I know there is hope, or the windows of heaven would not have been opened and delicious strains come wafted so beautifully over my senses! They seem to melt

my soul, and fill me with a holy awe. I'm calm as long as that music imparts such sweet tranquility of feeling. Oh, it carries me away—away back to the scenes of my youth, when with my hands clasped, and on my bended knees, I was taught by that sainted mother to lift my little heart to God. She told me that he would send his angels to watch over and shield her child. 'Tis she I hear chanting that melody of praise, and bringing up to memory those sweet infantile years, when my spirit, pure and free, loved to lip that little tune. She now with other chants. Hark! I hear—'tis the same! Oh, those lines, how precious they now seem! And she tells me that this night I am just starting on my heavenward course! What does she mean? That strain I have heard uplifts me, and she tells me I can listen and then go back. 'Tis true, I seem all at once to have a desire to move upward, and the thirst for that which violates seems not so great. She says: "You can not stand alone. God will support you. Pray." But I have not prayed for years—just then dared to pray. She says I did pray; have not, when I had that new desire I prayed. If that is prayer, with the feelings I now have awakened within me, methinks I shall pray much; for I certainly never felt so elevated, so calm, and composed, and so much inclined to pray under any earthly preaching as I now feel since listening to those whisperings from the spirit-land. I'll not go back. I'll obey that voice and start now on my journey. They have chanted their last song to-night, and now leave me to my own inner reflections; and, O God, in pity hear and help me as I now start, anew on my journey towards heaven. Even at this late hour, with all the infirmities of age upon me—with the hopes of a whole lifetime blasted and crushed, pity and forgive thy child. I am thy child, and dearly has thy love been overshadowed throughout my whole existence. Forgive the past, and help me that all along in the future I may keep my eye steadily fixed on thee, the author of all good, of all true joy, wisdom, and bliss. 'Tis not too late, and I come to thee now, praying to be disrobed of all sin, unholiness, and impurity of heart. So help me, great God, and I shall progress toward thee—the consummation of all goodness, purity, and love. I bid adieu to each and all its wild contentions—all its inharmonious jargons, its tauntings, and reproaches; and I hear the sweet whisperings of the unseen visitants that this night come to lighten my path, and to bid me a joyful entrance into that new and living way which leadeth to untold harmony and love divine.

The Contest in Kansas.

Governor Reeder has taken the best means in his power to prevent a repetition, at the election for members of the Legislature of Kansas, of the gross frauds perpetrated in the contest for Congressional delegate. To this end he has had a census taken, in order to ascertain the number of voters in the several districts, and has issued a proclamation fixing the qualifications of voters in reference to residence. At the time of offering his ballot, the voter must have commenced an actual inhabitancy with the intention of continuing it permanently, and must have made the territory his dwelling to the exclusion of any other home. In case any election is contested, the matter must come before the Governor for determination. It has been stated that the election would occur between the 15th and 20th inst, in which case it is already over, but as yet we have heard no news of the result.

The Albany Evening Journal truly says that these requirements are just; but they are also offensive to the Missouri conspirators, who intend to secure the Legislature to Slavery. A vigorous attempt will be made to enforce them, but the attempt, if it does not fail entirely, on the borders of Missouri, will be attended with violence and bloodshed. If the principle of "squatter sovereignty," has any virtue in it at all, it consists in absolute freedom from outside influences. That principle was sustained by the South; and yet, with characteristic consistency, the South is the first to attempt to break over the barrier with which that principle encircles the people of the territory. The action of a pro-slavery Legislature, elected by such outside influences, would have no more weight with Congress than an edict from the Celestial Empire.—Newark Mercury.

Door Unlocked by Spirit-Agency.

Baltimore Feb. 5, 1855.

Dear Sir—Some time last winter, while attending a small circle at the house of a friend, it was remembered by my husband that he had forgotten his night-key, and as the servants were sleeping in a remote part of the house, he thought there would be great difficulty in our getting in. On expressing our fears to our friends, it was immediately spelled out to us not to leave, and some Spirit-friend, who gave her name, said she would go with us home and aid us in. We at length, after repeated assurances of this kind, concluded to stay, and did not leave until twelve o'clock.

While returning home we had, I am ashamed to say, great misgivings as to the ability of the Spirit to perform its promise; and upon trying one door, and finding it seemingly fastened, we were almost in despair of getting in, but upon going to the side door it opened to us immediately. I can scarcely give an idea of the feelings with which we entered the house but it was with a profound conviction that our Spirit-friends were able to do all they said. There can be no doubt of the door having been fastened, as our son said he went back after seeing the servant fasten it to try, and found it both locked and bolted.—Spiritual Telegraph.

True prayer is not a human but a celestial gift; the fruit of the Holy Spirit praying in us and with us.

To Willie in the Spirit Home.

BY C. M. CAVAN.

Thou art in thy spirit home, Willie,
So happy and so free,
No bird upon the wing, Willie,
Is half so best as thee.
Sweet birdling of my little flock,
Sad weary years have sped,
Since, like a broken harp, my soul
Bent sadly o'er thee, dead.

Dead! no, sweet seraph Willie,
Thou livest—why go back
To where I laid thy little form,
And leave the radiant track
Where I can follow, Willie,
Among an angel throng,
Whose airy, like thine, was brief, Willie,
Preceding every wrong.

Thou art not lost to me, Willie,
For oft with thee I roam,
Thine arms around my form, Willie,
In thy lov'd spirit home,
Thou'rt now my teacher, Willie,
I've learn'd a holier love;
And in a new and glorious faith
I chant thy life above.

ROCHESTER, March 25, 1855.

For the Age of Progress.

Oh! there's a whisper from the real
Which wakes us from our charmed ideal,
Bidding us forth to sterner strife
To bravely meet the ills of life.
Like soldier true, with spirit strong
To succor Right and crush Old Wrong,
Whose crown'd head, rising from the past,
Cries precedence as 'tho' his last
Sad hour had come. 'E'en now the knell
That chimes his death dirge no merry ball
That heralds brighter morn—but one which
mocks

The hoary monarch as he shakes his locks,
Rears his colossal head with pride on high,
And reverence claims from every passer-by.
C. M. CAVAN.

March 27, 1855.

The Mexican papers have recently been publishing a census of the country. It shows that there are in that country 85 cities, 172 towns or large villages, 4709 villages, 119 missions, &c., 170 haciendas, and 6092 farms &c. Population 7,853,395.

The Religion of the country is Paganism; and their moral and intellectual debasement is a true exponent of the mind-murdering influence of dominant Jesuitism.

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Broek: or the Dutch Paradise.

It has long been a matter of discussion and controversy among the pious and learned, as to the situation of the terrestrial paradise whence our first parents were exiled. This question has been put to rest by certain of the faithful in Holland, who have decided in favor of the village of Broek, about six miles from Amsterdam. It may not, they observe, correspond in all respects to the description of the garden of Eden, handed down from days of yore, but it comes nearer to their ideas of a perfect paradise than any other place on earth.

This eulogium induced me to make some inquiries as to this favored spot, in the course of a sojourn at the city of Amsterdam, and the information I procured fully justified the enthusiastic praises I had heard. The village of Broek is situated in Waterland, in the midst of the greenest and richest pastures of Holland, I may say, of Europe. These pastures are the source of its wealth, for it is famous for its dairies, and for those oval cheeses which regale and perfume the whole civilized world. The population consists of about six hundred persons, comprising several families which have inhabited the place since time immemorial, and have waxed rich on the products of their meadows. They keep all their wealth among themselves; intermarrying, and keeping all strangers at a wary distance. They are a "hard money" people, and remarkable for turning the penny the right way. It is said to have been an old rule, established by one of the primitive financiers and legislators of Broek, that no one should leave the village with more than six guilders in his pocket, or return with less than ten; a shrewd regulation, well worthy the attention of modern political economists, who are so anxious to fix the balance of trade.

What, however, renders Broek so perfect an elysium, in the eyes of all true Hollanders, is the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing: each housewife vies with her neighbor in her devotion to the scrubbing brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotion to the cross; and it is said, a notable housewife of the place in days of yore, is held in pious remembrance, and almost canonized as a saint, for having died of pure exhaustion and chagrin, in an ineffectual attempt to scour a black man's raiment.

These particulars awakened my ardent curiosity to see a place which I pictured to myself the very fountain-head of certain hereditary habits and customs prevalent among the descendants of the original Dutch settlers of my native State. I accordingly lost no time in performing a pilgrimage to Broek.

Before I reached the place, I beheld symptoms of the tranquil character of its inhabitants. A little clam-built boat was in full sail along the lazy bosom of a canal, but its sail consisted of the blades of two paddles stood on end, while the navigator sat steering with a third paddle in the stern, crouched down like a toad, with a slouched hat drawn over his eyes. I presumed him to be some nautical lover, on the way to his mistress. After proceeding a jiffy farther, I came in sight of the harbor or port of destination of this drowsy navigator. This was the Broek-Deer, an artificial basin, or sheet of olive-green water, tranquil as a mill-pond. On this the village of Broek is situated, and the borders are laboriously decorated with flower-beds, box trees clipped into all kinds of ingenious shapes and fancies, and little "last" houses or pavilions.

I lighted outside of the village, for no horse nor vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, lest it should cause defilement of the well-scrubbed pavements. Shaking the dust off my feet, therefore, I prepared to enter, with due reverence and circumspection, this *sanctum sanctorum* of Dutch cleanliness. I entered by a narrow street, paved with yellow bricks, laid edgewise, and so clean that one might eat from them. Indeed, they were actually worn deep, not by the tread of feet, but by the friction of the scrubbing-brush.

The houses were built of wood, and all appeared to have been freshly painted, of green, yellow, and other bright colors. They were separated from each other by gardens and orchards, and stood at some little distance from the street, with wide areas or court-yards, paved in mosaic, with variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing. The areas were divided from the street by curiously-wrought railings, or balustrades, of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, scoured into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks of the trees in front of the houses were by the same process made to look as if they had been varnished. The porches, doors, and window-frames of the houses were of exotic woods, curiously carved, and polished like costly furniture. The front doors are never open, excepting on the christenings, marriages, or funerals; on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back door. In former times, persons when admitted had to put on slippers, but this oriental ceremony is no longer insisted upon.

A poor devil Frenchman, who attended upon me as cicerone, boasted with some degree of exultation, of a triumph of his countrymen over the stern regulations of the place. During the time that Holland was overrun by the armies of the French republic, a French general, surrounded by his whole *etat major*, who had come from Amsterdam to view the wonders of Broek, applied for admission at one of these taboo'd portals. The reply was, that the owner never received any one who did not come introduced by some friend. "Very well," said the general, "take my compliments to your master, and tell him I will return here tomorrow with a company of soldiers, *pour jurer la raison avec mon ami Hollandais*." The

rified at the idea of having a company of soldiers billeted upon him, the owner threw open his house, entertained the general and his retinue with unthought hospitality; though it is said it cost the family a month's scrubbing and scouring, to restore all things to exact order, after this military invasion. My vagabond informant seemed to consider this one of the greatest victories of the republic.

I walked about the place in mute wonder and admiration. A dead stillness prevailed around, like that in the deserted streets of Pompeii. No sign of life was to be seen, excepting now and then a hand, and a long pipe, and an occasional puff of smoke, out of the window of some "last-haus" overhanging a miniature canal; and on approaching a little nearer, the periphery in profile of some robust burgher.

Among the grand houses pointed out to me, were those of Claes Bakker, and Cornelias Bakker, richly carved and gilded, with flower-gardens and chipped shrubberies; and that of the Great Dittus, who, my poor devil cicerone informed me, in a whisper, was worth two millions; all these were mansions shut up from the world, and only kept to be cleaned. After having been conducted from one wonder to another of the village, I was ushered by my guide into the grounds and gardens of Myneheer Broekker, another mighty cheese-manufacturer, worth eighty thousand guilders a year. I had repeatedly been struck with the similarity of all that I had seen in this amphibious little village, to the buildings and landscapes on Chinese platters and tea-pots; but here I found the similarity complete; for I was told that these gardens were modeled upon Van Brann's description of those of Yuen min Yuen, in China. Here were serpentine walks, with trellised borders; winding canals, with fanciful Chinese bridges; flower beds resembling huge baskets, with the flower of "love lies bleeding" falling over to the ground. But mostly had the fancy of Myneheer Broekker been displayed about a stagnant little lake on which a corpulent like pinnace lay at anchor. On the border was a cottage, within which were a wooden man and woman seated at table, and a wooden dog beneath, all the size of life; on pressing a spring, the woman commenced spinning, and the dog barked furiously. On the lake were wooden swans, painted to the life; some floating, others on the nest among the rushes; while a wooden sportsman, crouched among the bushes, was preparing his gun to take deadly aim. In another part of the garden was a dominie in his clerical robes, with wig, pipe, and cocked hat; and mandarins with nodding heads, amid red lions, green tigers, and blue bears. Last of all, the beauteous deities, in wood and plaster, male and female, naked and bearded as usual, and seeming to stare with wonder at finding themselves in such strange company.

My shabby French guide, while he pointed out all these mechanical marvels of the garden, was anxious to let me see that he had too polite a taste to be pleased by them. At every new nicknack he would screw down his mouth, slung up his shoulders, take a pinch of snuff, and exclaim: "*Mai foi, Monsieur, ces Hollandais sont forts pour ces betises la*!" To attempt to gain admission to any of these stately abodes was out of the question, having no company of soldiers to enforce a solicitation. I was fortunate enough, however, through the aid of my guide, to make my way into the kitchen of the illustrious Dittus, and I question whether the parlor would have proved more worthy of observation. The cook, a little wiry, hook-nosed woman, worn thin by incessant action and friction, was bustling about among her kettles and sauce-pans, with the scullion at her heels, both clattering in wooden shoes, which were as clean and white as the milk-pails; rows of vessels of brass and copper, regiments of pewter dishes, and portly porringers, gave resplendent evidence of the intensity of their cleanliness; the very trammels and lingers in the fire-place were highly scoured, and the burnished face of the good Saint Nicholas shone forth from the iron plate of the chimney-back.

Among the decorations of the kitchen, was a printed sheet of wood-cuts, representing the various holiday customs of Holland, with explanatory rhymes. Here I was delighted to recognize the jollities of New-Year's day; the festivities of Pass and Pinster, and all the other merry-making handed down in my native place from the earliest times of New-Amsterdam, and which had been such bright spots in the year, in my childhood. I eagerly made myself master of this precious document, for a trifling consideration, and bore it off as a memento of the place; though I question if, in so doing, I did not carry off with me the whole current literature of Broek.

I must not omit to mention, that this village is the paradise of cows as well as men; indeed you would almost suppose the cow to be as much an object of worship here, as the bull was among the ancient Egyptians; and well does she merit it, for she is in fact the patroness of the place. The same scrupulous cleanliness, however, which pervades every thing else, is manifested in the treatment of this venerated animal. She is not permitted to perambulate the place, but in winter, when she forsakes the rich pasture, a well-built house is provided for her, well painted, and maintained in the most perfect order. Her stall is of ample dimensions; the floor is scrubbed and polished; her hide is daily curried and brushed, and sponged to her heart's content, and her tail is daintily tucked up to the ceiling, and decorated with a ribbon.

On my way back through the village, I passed the house of the prodigal, or preacher; a very comfortable mansion, which led me to augur well of the state of religion in the village. On inquiry, I was told that for a long

time, the inhabitants lived in a great state of indifference as to religious matters; it was in vain that their preachers endeavored to arouse their thoughts as to a future state; the joys of heaven, as commonly depicted, were but little to their taste. At length a dominie appeared among them, who struck out in a different vein. He depicted the New Jerusalem as a place all smooth and level; with beautiful dyke, and ditches, and canals; and houses all shining with paint and varnish, and glazed tiles; and where there should never come horse, nor ass, nor cart, nor dog, nor any thing that could make noise or dirt; but that there should be nothing but rubbing and scrubbing, and washing and painting, and gilding and varnishing, for ever and ever, amen! Since that time, the good housewives of Broek have all turned their faces Zionward.

The Snow of Age.

"No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts." The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The Scripture represents age as the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond tree shall flourish"—the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters, whose hair was turning grey, that it looked as if Time had lightly plashed his snows upon it in passing.

"It never melts"—no, never. Age is inexorable; its wheels must move onward; they know not any retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again," but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secret of the alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy schemes of early years, but as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, every moment carrying him further and further away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than die.

"It never melts."—The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blossoms upon valley and mountain, but soon the sweet spring follows and sues it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran; there is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay; its single flakes fell unnoticed, and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increased until we lay the old man in his grave; there it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness, for there is no age in Heaven.

Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, and eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old; if any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of care that are before them. It is but a temporal crown, which shall fall at the gates of Paradise to be replaced by a brighter and a better.

Ossian.

Translated from Krumpholtz.

Ossian, Fingal's son, the blind singer of Morven, sat, near the close of the day, at the entrance of his rock-built porch. Malvina, Toscar's blooming daughter, stood near the silent old man.

"Has the sun already finished his course, asked he, and is the sunset blush upon the western Heaven?"

"He is at this moment sinking below the horizon," Malvina answered with a sigh.

"Why dost thou sigh, Malvina?" asked the blind old man.

"Ah, my father," answered the maiden, "because thou canst see no sunrise and no sunset."

"Alas!" added the old man, smiling, "and not even the friendly countenance of Malvina, my daughter. But, Malvina, do I not hear the sound of thy sweet voice mingling with the tones of my harp, and the spirits hovering over its strings?"

"How canst thou, my father, perceive the sounds of invisible spirits?" asked Malvina.

"Only to him, Malvina," spoke the old man, "for whom the outward world has no longer life and joy are the low spirit-voices of the higher life perceptible. Thus seest Malvina, his eye is already closed before death comes. To him the earth is veiled in the darkness of night. As to the shrouded earth the glittering stars alone are visible, so to his longing spirit those heavenly strains descend, and they move the strings of his harp. Reach me the harp, Malvina."

Malvina silently gave Ossian his harp, and the blind old man drew melody from its strings.

The Celestial Poem.

The order of the universe is a celestial poem, whose beauty is from all eternity, and must not be marred by human interpolations. Things proceed as they were ordered, in their nice and well-adjusted and perfect harmony—so that, as the hand of the skillful artist gathers music from the harp-strings, history gathers it from the well-tuned chords of time. Not that this harmony can be heard while events are passing. Philosophy comes after events, and gives the reason of them, and describes the nature of their results. The great mind of collective man may one day arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present, and foretell the future; but as yet the sum of present actions, though we ourselves take part in them, seems shapeless and unintelligible. But all is one whole—men, systems, nations, the race, all march in accord with the divine will, and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated.

Insanity in the Church.

From the Christian Scientist.

Who is God? has been asked in imperfect words and by bewildered tongues, age after age, until here and there arose the mind to give the answer and enlighten the weary traveler. But when the Bible is turned over and over again for the answer, the divine is very careful to define according to the tenor of some favored text. Hence, as time rolls on, and the favored few who knew the Lord, are so very wise in their "own conceit," that as a matter of course the sin of ignorance, like all other sin, is laid at the door and at the cost, of the unconverted.

I am reminded of this by calling to mind the sad consequences resulting to a most excellent lady of this city (Mrs. J. Petty), who, although a regular attendant of one of the Presbyterian churches, felt the need of a more intimate acquaintance with the mysteries of Church Godliness. The consequence is, she suddenly became insane. It was charged, however, to Spiritualism, by some milk-brained invalid, and consequently I was led to make some inquiry why it was not.

Mr. Wm. Wood, who I understand is a member of the before-named church, tells me that she frequently invited him to her room,—no doubt for the purpose of learning who the Lord was, and what the constituents of religion were,—as she said to him but a few days previous to her insanity, that she was going to seek the Lord, she was going to get religion; she wanted it, and she would have it.

During the time of this excitement, she attended some few meetings at the Baptist Church, where excitement prevailed, and some dozen or two have been baptized, through the instrumentality of the Evangelist Knapp and some others. Not being able probably to get the evidence that she fancied that others were getting; she became over-anxious and confused; the result was insanity. But could this effect be without a cause? certainly not. Then what was the cause that thus affected this once loved and beautiful lady?

Why, evidently it was the concentration of this Church's influence in demoralizing her understanding, numbing her senses, paralyzing her brain, by proclaiming her a subject of the Hades, and in denying her fitness for heaven. Had she been told that God was goodness, righteousness, harmony and happiness, and that she had these qualifications, and consequently was just as good a Christian as those of higher pretensions, no doubt she would have settled down, short of being thrown into this high state of mental excitement by the hot-headed zeal of foolish enthusiasm, manifested by the ignorant religionists of the day.

But what can be done in this case? She has gone to the Utica Asylum, where we hope the best of talent may be used in her behalf, and in a few days restore her to her family.

My own opinion is that she might be demagnetized, as her nerve vital fluid is checked, and that she might readily be restored by Mr. Knapp, or whoever the transgressor may have been, by demagnetizing. And I would suggest through your columns, for the benefit of such ignorant clergy and foolish transgressors, that they try the experiment, and see if they may not be as successful in bringing people back from Hades as they were in sending them there.

This lady evidently at times fancies herself in hell, for she says she is there, uttering the most profane oaths that may be conceived to be characteristic of such a destiny.

Now I have seen hundreds of persons who were evidently insane for the time being, who would pull their hair and abuse themselves and friends, and yet on a sudden would be relieved. Why all this? because the restoring influence of the magnetic currents were sufficient to correct the delirium. Who could not produce the most horrible cases of insanity by the abuse of the physiological or magnetic elements? If these things can be induced in this way, may they not be deduced by proper means? If they can be induced through ignorance, or a want of understanding certain laws, may they not be deduced by understanding and wisely applying those laws? Certainly. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways.

If this lady's insanity has been induced by Mr. Knapp's horrible painting of the Hades, let him go to work and correct that to her mind, by treating the subject legitimately, and I think she would become sane. But if her insanity is induced by the magnetic current of spirits in or out of the form, originating from the confusion or want of understanding, then I would suggest that a number of persons who might have been the most eager for her conversion, make the experiment to demagnetize her. But I don't expect to persuade these folks to do anything of the kind. Yet I wish to lay this subject before the public, and if possible, help others to avoid a similar error.

Yours with respect,

L. Besant.
Auburn, March 5, 1855.

Crime in Toronto.

We find in the Toronto Globe complete statistics of the Toronto jail for the past ten years, from which we condense the following: Whole number committed for trial, 7,226; of these 4,485 were males, 2,741 females; of these 1,390 were charged with felony, 3,334 with misdemeanors, 434 with debt. The number of females convicted was 594; of which 147 were females. The number convicted of misdemeanors was 4,275; of which 1,924 were females. Convicted for drunkenness 2,486; of which 1,143 were females. The Rochester Union, in which we find the above, appends the remark: "If this is not quite as large a list of criminals as any republican city of equal size can present—then we are mistaken in our calculation."

The mighty spirits of our race, are as the lyric thoughts of God, that drop and breathe from his Almighty solitude; transient cords flying forth from the strings, as his solemn hand wanders over the possibilities of beauty. One finely finished expression of mind, one entire symmetric saint, has fallen upon our world. In Christ we have the overflowing world, the deep and beautiful soliloquy, of the Most High; not his message and his argument,—for in that, there were no religion,—but the very poetry of God, which could not have been told to us, face to face, but only cast in meditation, upon the silence of history. Not more certainly do we discern in the writings of Shakespeare, the greatest manifestation of human genius, than in the reality of Christ, the highest expression of the Divine. Not more clearly does the worship of the saintly soul, breathing through its windows opened to the midnight, betray the secrets of its affections,—than the mind of Jesus of Nazareth, reveals the perfect thought, and inmost love of the All-ruling God.—James Martineau.

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