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STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1855.

VOLUME I.—NO. 29.

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Poetry.

Lines to a loved One.

My soul thy sacred image keeps,
My midnight dreams are all of thee;
For nature then in silence sleeps,
And silence broadens with the sea;
Oh in that still, mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee but a fancy flower,
Thou hast been a part of my heart!

For ever thine, my dreams will be,
Whatever may be thy fortunes here,
I ask not love—I claim from thee
Only one boon, a gentle tear,
May blessed visions from above
Play brightly 'round thy happy heart,
And may the beams of peace and love
Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart.

Farwell! my dreams are still with thee,
Hast thou one tender thought of me?
My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer blooms depart,
But there's one flower that cannot die,
Thy love memory in my heart;
No dew that one flower's cup may fill,
No sunlight to its leaves be given,
But it will live and flourish still.

As deathless as a thing of heaven,
My soul greets thine, unasked, unsought;
Hast thou for me one gentle thought?
Farwell! farwell! my far off friend!
Between us broad, blue rivers flow,
And forests wave and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breathes upon thy brow,
Is not the wind that breathes on mine,
The starsbeam shining on thee now
Are not the beams that set them free;
But memory's spell is with me yet,
Canst thou the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that thou and I
May shed when'er by anguish bowed,
Exhaled into the boundless sky,
May meet and mingle in the cloud;
And thus, my much loved friend, though we
Far apart, must live and move,
Our souls, when God hath set them free,
Can mingle in the world of love.
This were an ecstasy to me—
Say—would it be a joy to thee?

Miscellany.

House-Hunting.

Next to the election of a lady as a companion for life there is, perhaps, nothing on earth so perplexing as the choice of a house. The requisites admitted, by universal consent, to be indispensable both for the comfort and convenience of persons of even moderate ambition, or of so multifarious and diverse a nature, that it is next to impossible to find them united in any one tenement (however eligible it may appear on a first "view") under the canopy of heaven. It is in vain that you fortify your memory with all the desiderata which the most experienced House-Hunter may have in his power to suggest for your information; for, although the illegibilities turn out to be ever so numerous and important, there is always some little piddling nuisance to weaken and impair the freshness of a "first impression;"—some objection which, to borrow the language of the law, is sure to be "fatal," and to overturn all our plans of colonization. Sometimes, indeed, the point is "reserved," for the opinion of that most righteous of all judges, a discreet wife; but one trifling evil in *prose* in such cases at least, is uniformly allowed to counterbalance a whole host of conveniences in *verse*.

Now, as I have the good fortune to be united to a woman, who is allowed by all her neighbours to be one of the best managers in the country, and whose opinion on every question of domestic economy, is (according to her own belief) infallible, it will readily be believed that the vexations and disappointments which I have been called upon to endure, in the course of my various changes of domicile, have been such as no ordinary foresight could have averted. Blessed with an adviser of surpassing clearness of perception, I must inevitably have escaped all inconvenience, had not my perplexities been of a very peculiar character.—But I am anticipating the disclosure of my miseries.

Some few months ago, a maiden aunt of my wife, from whom we had, in reality, no reasonable expectations (although my penetrating spouse has repeatedly declared, that she should not be surprised if aunt Grizby were to leave us something comfortable), died and bequeathed us two thousand pounds in the three per cents. This God-send, for such, indeed, it was to us, occasioned a good deal of discussion in our little circle. The point in debate was not whether we wanted such an accession to our fortune—for it was admitted, *nam. con.* that nothing could have been more reasonable—but to what purposes it should be applied? After repeated deliberations, it was proposed, by my Daughter Monimia (a lively girl of sixteen), and seconded by her mother, that we should straightway remove to a larger and more commodious residence. They both affected to feel convinced, that the difference of rent between a small and what they were pleased to term a *respectable* house, would be more than compensated for by the increased convenience

to papa, for whose fatiguing walks to and from town, they had just then begun to feel the most poignant concern. Independently of this and other weighty reasons which I was not prepared to controvert, the dearthness of all the necessities of life at our distance from the great city, and the impossibility of passing a social evening with a friend, or of witnessing a new play, or a new opera, without a most grievous taxation in the shape of coach-hire (not to mention the shoe-leather destroyed, and dresses dilapidated in wading through suburban mire), were all thrown into the scale; no wonder, therefore, that it should have kicked the beam in the twinkling of an eye. To say the truth, although I affected to object to our removal, I was by no means inclined to oppose it. A *fourteen*. So far from it, indeed, that I had a strong inclination to locate in a more agreeable neighbourhood myself, and was only restrained from giving expression to my sentiments by the apprehension, that my too ready acquiescence might produce an unfavourable alteration in my wife's opinions; who, notwithstanding that she is possessed of innumerable good qualities, is not without the common failing of her sex. Perhaps, too, I was the more anxious that the matter should appear to originate solely with herself, as I was well assured that if it did not turn out quite so favourably as we anticipated, she would lay the whole burden of the failure entirely at my door—for, although I am allowed a very limited share in the credit of any new scheme that may happen to be successful in its results, of which I am the author, I am pretty secure of bearing the full blast of the odium, should it chance to miscarry.

The question of expediency having been decided in the affirmative, the next point for consideration was, when we should carry our intention into effect, and where we should choose a "place of rest," better suited to the improved state of our finances, and the increased importance of our station in society, than the hotel (for such Monimia was pleased to entitle it) in which we had been vegetating for so many years. This was a knotty point, and one upon which we found it extremely difficult to agree. I intimated my preference to the east end of London, on account of its proximity to the place of business; but my wife and daughter were execrated at the idea. "Sparely, papa," expostulated Monimia, "you would never think of settling within the sound of Bow-bells! We had better remain where we are, than migrate to so vastly ungentle a neighbourhood. We have only four rooms and a half that are habitable, in our present residence, it is true—but then we have a string of excellent excuses always at hand for whatever inconveniences may sustain; in the extraordinary salubrity of the air; our proximity to an excellent friend Lady Dashwood (who, by the way, had only done us the honor of calling upon us once, and then merely to shelter herself from a shower of rain, which had overtaken her before she could reach her own lodge-gate); the great facility of conveyance to and from the metropolis, &c., &c. The East—my gracious! I see mamma is ready to expire at the thought! If it come to that, we shall certainly be exhibited along with Mr. Deputy Dip, of the Ward of Farringdon Without, in some future incubation of the Smiths." Here my wife took up the strain; "Beside, my dear, there's our Monimia is just verging into womanhood, and must be introduced. She is older, and a far greater proficient on the harp than Dr. Tympanum's daughter, who was brought out a year ago. What advantages, in the way of society, shall we be able to afford her, if we take up our abode in the purlieus of all that is odious and disagreeable? Only reflect how Mrs. Miss—one door from the pump, at Aldgate, would read upon a card. For heaven's sake, my love, abandon the idea of immolating our gentility at the shrine of vulgar mercantile convenience!

What think you of some nice street out of Portland Place? or leading to either Portman, Cavendish, or Grosvenor Squares? or—"She would have proceeded with her enumeration, but I cut her short by reminding her, that the rent and taxes of a house, in any one of the fashionable situations for which she appeared to have imbibed so peculiar a predilection, would amount to something more than our entire annual income—a consideration worthy the attention of matter-of-fact people addicted to the plebeian practice of eating and drinking. This point appeared to startle her not a little; and as it was an argument which no ingenuity could controvert, she made a virtue of necessity, and like a good housewife, as she is, admitted the importance of the objection with all imaginable deference and good humor. It was, however, mutually agreed, that there must be a number of quiet streets in the west end, (for on this point she continued inexorable,) in which it might not be difficult to meet with a habitation suited both to our means and our ambition. It was accordingly resolved, that we should devote a certain portion of every day of the ensuing week to various peregrinations of Discovery. The lease of our Cottage

Once had, to be sure, two years to run; but we entertained no doubt whatever of letting it at a few days' notice.

Determined not to proceed precipitately or unadvisedly in the matter, we consumed the whole of Sunday, (a breach of propriety, to which the pious reader will no doubt refer all our subsequent mishaps) in concocting and digesting a series of questions for our guidance in House-Hunting, which would, we fondly imagined, secure us from the possibility of mischance. In this memorandum we fancied we had glanced at every "particular" to which it could be necessary to advert in taking a house. It was as follows:—

I. The annual rent; and whether there be an after-dinner in the shape of a premium?

II. The amount of taxes—for some parishes are rated lower than others; and whether the preceding tenant will be disposed to produce his receipts for the same, up to the period of his departure—parish officers not being particular as to whether the taxes have been incurred by you or your predecessor, provided there be enough of your furniture on the premises to satisfy their claims?

III. The character of the said predecessor? For if he have left the neighbourhood in debt, you will stand a fair chance of being cheated by your trades-people, to make amends for his defalcations.

IV. Do the chimneys smoke?

V. Has the house an offensive breath? In other words—are the sewers and cesspools adequate to the purposes for which they were excavated?

VI. What quantity of old iron, brass cocks, and leaden mains is to be foisted upon you, under the denomination of "fixtures" and whether you are to take them at a *fair* valuation—which means twice as much as you are ever likely to get for them again;—or at your landlord's own estimate—which is sure to be half as much again as they cost at first hand?

VII. Whether the floors and walls are given to cold perspirations? And, above all, whether a bust will be necessary, at certain periods of the year, to enable your servants to navigate your kitchen and cellars?

VIII. Whether the house is in good and venustate repair?

With this document reduced to black and white, and tucked into one of my gloves, in order that we might be able to refer to it at a moment's notice, did my wife, my daughter, and myself, commence our first day's peregrinations. Not a single empty house, from about the scale we considered likely to suit us, to the town mansion of the peer, did we suffer to escape our observation. To paraphrase a passage in Scott's admirable translation of Burger's "Leonora."

Tramp-tramp along the path we sped,
Splash-splash across the road!

Wherever we saw a placard, containing the words "This house to be let—Inquire within," thither did we forthwith direct our steps. It was in vain that I reminded my companions, that many of the edifices into which they seemed bent upon penetrating, were obviously too large and too expensive for our means; they would persist in tramping through them, in order to see "what kind of places they were." "Beside, my dear," my wife would sometimes exclaim, "who knows but we may, some day or other, want such a house!" Our first day's expedition afforded us a tolerable insight into the mysteries of house-hunting; and what with ascending and descending stairs, and exploring cellars and servants' offices, we found ourselves pretty considerably fatigued before we reached home.

To attempt to give any thing like a detailed account of our adventures would be to fill a volume. Some persons were most obsequious in their civilities; others, surveying us with suspicion, demanded (before we had passed the threshold of their doors) if we *really* considered the house *likely* to suit us. Mr. A. was at breakfast, and could not be disturbed! Mrs. B. had no objection to our viewing her sitting-rooms, but the bed-chambers (the blackholes of her establishment), were in a state of confusion, which rendered it impossible that we could be allowed to inspect them. Mrs. C. had the chimney-sweepers in her kitchen! (it was just then under way, and might have impressed us with an angry prejudice against the general comfort of the tenement) so that we were not allowed to penetrate lower than her dining-room. Mrs. D. was at dinner; and wondered how people could expect to obtain admittance at so unreasonable an hour. Here the landlord had put a capacious rent of twice its real value upon his house; and had taken an oath that it should rot to the foundation before he would let it for less. There, an officer's lady, whose husband was with our army in India (in what regiment it might be difficult to ascertain,) wished to dispose of her lease and furniture, in order that she might join her spouse! In one place, the house had grown too large for the family—in another, the family had grown too large for the house! Under any other circum-

stances, the party would not have vacated it for the world. At this place we were informed, that Mr. E.'s sole reason for leaving his residence was, that he wished to retire into the country—at the other, that the increase of Mr. F.'s professional avocations would not admit of his living at so great a distance from the Inns of Court. In no single instance was any motive assigned, which could possibly invalidate the supposed eligibility of the tenement. Our queries (which, whenever there appeared to be the slightest chance of our suiting ourselves, were always at our fingers' ends,) were answered, for the most part, satisfactorily. Where a servant or charwoman had the care of a house, the common reply to our various inquiries was, "Yes, Ma'am; for ought I have heard to the contrary!" and "No, Ma'am; not as I know of." For all the more important particulars, however, we were, in such cases, usually referred to "my master," or, "the gentleman as puts me in"—living some six or seven English miles from the scene of action.

At first, we found it difficult to account for the extraordinary candour of the people who had the letting of houses for agents and upholsterers; for, however fervent they were in their general recommendations of the premises, they had always some little candid communication to make at our second visit, which was sure to save us the trouble of calling again: "It was true that the chimneys did smoke a little, and the kitchens were shocking damp." While we were yet green in our vocation we considered ourselves bound, in common gratitude, to present our informant with a shilling, as a premium for her timely intimation; but we soon found that it was the common trick of the profession. The Mrs. Candid in question, had house rent-free, and so much a week for taking care of the premises, to say nothing of an odd shilling every now and then, for telling the whole truth! Where is the starving and homeless wretch who would have been proof against such a temptation?

But I shall not fatigue my reader with minutia. It is sufficient for all useful purposes to remark, that after six days' peregrinations, just as we were about to make up our minds that such a domicile as we were in search of—like *supper* was not to be met within—like *supper* we were about to give up the search, when, in the window of a genteel-looking house, in—Street—Square; and although it did certainly appear a cut above our means, we determined (on my wife's favourite principle), to take a peep at it. We accordingly knocked at the door, and were ushered into the drawing-room, where we were informed that "Mrs. Varnish" would wait upon us without delay. In the meantime, we had leisure to survey the apartment. My wife and daughter were in ecstasies. If the rent should prove at all moderate, it was just the very thing we wanted! We were here interrupted by the *entre* of a smart, smiling lady of a certain age, who, smartly tripping across the room with more than fairy lightness, addressed me with, "I fear, Sir, you will be disappointed, if you have called respecting the house, as it is, I have reason to believe, already let. Indeed, the rent is so extremely low, considering its size and conveniences, that I might have parted with it half a dozen times over, had I been less fastidious than I am." This rent was, she then informed us, one hundred pounds per annum (twenty pounds beyond the limit I had prescribed as our ultimatum); and there were a few fixtures—better, she declared, than new; including her carpets and curtains, which, as they were planned to the rooms, it would be "a thousand pities to disturb." Here my daughter manifested considerable impatience to know if the house was *really* let; and Mrs. Varnish (all complaisance as she was) rang the bell, to catch her servant (who had of course her cue), as to whether Mr. Fitzroy Wilmington had sent his definitive answer that morning or not;—when it turned out that he had not, but that he considered the matter as all but settled, and would call and make the final arrangements in person, at two o'clock. Mrs. V. expressed great satisfaction that she had it still in her power to oblige us, as the house seemed to suit us so entirely. She must, however, beg to show the two ladies through her sleeping apartments before she could allow us to form any decision. On their return, they appeared to have made the most of their time, for they had grown as intimate as if they had known each other a dozen years. "What a delightful woman!" whispered Monimia, aside to me. I nodded my assent; for, in truth, Mrs. V. did appear to me to be a most fascinating creature. She was all delicacy and disinterestedness! She even offered to give us a day for consideration; but this my wife declared would be taking an unfair advantage of her generosity, considering her situation with respect to Mr. Fitzroy Wilmington.

We accordingly brought the matter to an issue upon the spot. To save the trouble and expense of reappraisal, Mrs. V. proposed to take 20 per cent. off the cost price of her fixtures, &c. She had spent a vast deal of money on ornamental repairs, but for this she should charge

nothing; neither would she require a premium, notwithstanding the extraordinary cheapness and eligibility of the house. In short, she was a paragon of a landlady; and we seemed mutually charmed with each other, until we got fairly in,—and then—but I must make short work of a long story.

It is quite true, that Mrs. Varnish had guaranteed us, in her memorandum of agreement, against any of the nuisances referred to in the schedule I have already presented to my readers; but, gracious goodness! we had to encounter horrors without number, which nothing short of the wisdom of Solomon would have enabled us to avert.

Imprints.—The house had the dry-rot; and although it was impossible to prove that it was not in "tenantable repair" when we took it, it was equally so to affirm with truth that it might not some day or other, suddenly tumble about our ears. To add to our confusion, our tenure was a "repairing lease."

Secondly.—Our opposite neighbor kept a private mad-house; and although his patients were not quite so turbulent as some of Mr. Warburton's maniacs, they were sufficiently so to be extremely troublesome, on summer evenings more especially. Several of them, too, had an ugly trick of grinning, showing their teeth, and otherwise distorting their features, at the windows, to such a degree, that we could not open our front rooms in the day-time, without the risk of being horrified by their demoniacal gesticulations.

Thirdly.—Our next-door neighbour, on the right hand, was no other than our worthy friend Dr. Tympanum, the professor of music; a circumstance which, however auspicious it appeared when we first heard of it, turned out in the event, to be a most intolerable nuisance. My good neighbour (whose eminence in his art had been rewarded by a musical diploma), had begun to teach upon the Logerion system, just three days after we were fairly housed. My readers are no doubt aware of the slender texture of a single-brick London party-wall! His classes commenced at eight o'clock in the morning, and continued (with the exception of an hour's intermission for dinner), until eight in the evening. Merciful heaven! I thought all the devils in Pandemonium had broken loose! strum! strum!—crash! crash! crash!—from no less than twenty pair of hands, from morning to night!

Fourthly.—To escape the annoyance,—at least partially, for to fly from it wholly was impossible—I resolved to make a study of my back drawing-room; but here another evil awaited me. The rear of my house looked directly upon the yard of a "Statuary Mason" who had no less than two brace of desperadoes employed constantly in sawing blocks of marble into slabs. No powers of the pen could do justice to a quartetto of such performers. Suffice it to say, that it quite eclipsed the most violent *crescendos* of Dr. Tympanum's concerts.

Fifthly.—My house had been built with green wood. The consequence of which was, that there was not a door that had not shrunk beyond the reach of the latch-hole; so that we could only keep them closed by setting chairs or tables against them; to say nothing of the windows, which admitted the breezes of heaven in all directions. As to the flooring, it was one continued series of *crescendos*, or abysses, through which the wind rushed with such amazing impetuosity, that it was impossible for a lady to walk over any part of the room uncovered by the carpet, without having her petticoats puffed up like an air balloon. I once read (I think it was in the "Morning Post"), of a respectable old lady who was carried up to a second-floor window in the Strand, by means of the wind, and her tenacious adherence to her umbrella; and after what I have seen of the operation of the same element in my own house, I can believe any thing of it.

Sixthly.—My left-hand neighbour was a good enough sort of a man, of quiet habits and highly respectable character; but a nuisance of the most overwhelming description notwithstanding. He was a wholesale wax and tallow chandler, and what with his "Melting Days" and "Evenings in Grease," (for his warehouse is directly contiguous to the premises of my friend "The Statuary Mason") well nigh stunk me into a consumption. Nay, the bare mention of his name, at this distance of time, is equivalent to a dose of emetic tartar.

Seventhly.—But no—I can stand it no longer. My fire is out—my candle is expiring—and I am almost frozen to an icicle. I have a score more evils yet to enumerate. Pandora found Hope at the bottom of her budget, but I fear I have no such luck. However, as *unrejoiced*, my dear reader! for I have grown with the number still to pour into thy kindly sympathizing ear.

Do to another as thou wouldst be dealt with thyself. This single rule is sufficient to regulate thy conduct, for it is the foundation and principle of all good laws.—*Penn.*

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, APRIL 14, 1855.

The Liquor Law.

Being unfavorably impressed with the amendments to the Liquor Law, which were tacked upon it in the Senate, we expressed, in our last issue, our opinion that it would be utterly useless for the suppression of intemperance. Those amendments, as they stood isolated, in the Albany papers, seemed to warrant such a conclusion. The bill having become a law and been published in extenso, we have arrived at a different conclusion, on perusing it attentively. Although, in its amended form, it allows every body to engage in the traffic who may choose to do so, the privilege is so hedged about with prerequisites and constant requirements, that few can so comply with the law as to get into a cheating position, and at least nine-tenths of the present number of liquor dealers must either abandon the business or do it stealthily, at great hazard.

We give, below, the first four and the last two sections of the law, entire, and an extract showing what is intended to be included under the denomination of intoxicating liquor. The whole substance of the law is comprised in what we have given. The remainder is all details of the proceedings whereby the law is to be enforced; for which we cannot afford room in our columns. It remains for the friends of temperance to see that the law is strictly enforced.

SECTION 1. Intoxicating liquor, except as hereinafter provided, shall not be sold, or kept for sale, or with intent to be sold, by any person, for himself or any other person, in any place whatsoever; nor shall it be given away (except as a medicine, by physicians pursuing the practice of medicine as a business, or for sacramental purposes), nor be kept with intent to be given away in any place whatsoever, except in a dwelling-house in which, or in any part of which, no tavern, store, grocery, shop, boarding or victualing house, or a room for gambling, dancing, or other public amusement or recreation, of any kind is kept, nor shall it be kept or deposited in any place whatsoever, except in such dwelling-house, as above described, or in a church, or place of worship, for sacramental purposes, or in a place where either some chemical art, requiring the use of liquor is carried on as a regular branch of business, or while in actual transportation from one place to another, or stored in a warehouse prior to its reaching the place of its destination. This section shall not apply to liquor the right to sell which in this State is given by any law or treaty of the United States.

SEC. 2. Any citizen, of good moral character, who is an elector of the town or city where he intends to sell intoxicating liquor, as hereinafter provided, and who is not a peddler nor a victualing house, grocery or fruit store, or any bar-room, confectionery, inn, tavern, or other place of public amusement, or the keeper of, or interested in any museum, theatre or other place of public amusement, nor the captain, commandant, agent, clerk or servant of or on any vessel, boat or water craft of any kind whatever, may keep for sale, and may sell intoxicating liquor or alcohol for medicinal purposes, and wine for sacramental use; provided he shall within one year previous, have filed in the office of the clerk of the county in which such liquor is to be sold, an undertaking executed by himself and two good and sufficient sureties, to be approved by the county judge of the said county, or in the city of New York by one of the judges of the Common Pleas, and acknowledged before said judge, that he will not violate any provisions of this act, and will pay all fines, damages and costs which may be imposed upon or recovered against him, in any action, civil or criminal, to be commenced under any of the provisions of this act; and provided further, that he shall also have filed with his undertaking or declaration, an oath or affirmation, taken before said judge, setting forth the town or ward, and particularly designating and describing the premises and place in which he intends to sell such liquor, and declaring that he is an elector of such town or ward, and does not use intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and is not, and during the time he shall sell such liquor, will not be a peddler, nor the keeper of nor interested in any inn, tavern, boarding-house, victualing house, grocery or fruit store, bar-room, confectionery, or other place of public entertainment, nor the keeper of, nor interested in any theatre, museum or any other place of public amusement, or the captain, commandant, agent, clerk or servant of or on any vessel, boat or water craft, of any kind whatever, and will not violate any provision of this act; and provided further, that he shall, within one year previous, have filed a copy of such undertaking and declaration, certified by the County Clerk, in the office of the clerk of the town or city in which such liquor is to be sold. No such undertaking shall be approved by any such judge unless the applicant shall be a man of good moral character, and such sureties shall be householders within such county, and shall severally justify in the sum of \$500 each, over and above all debts, demands, liabilities or legal exemptions, and shall also make oath or affirmation that they have not become possessed of any property for the purpose of enabling them to justify as such sureties, and that they are not, and will not become, directly or indirectly, engaged or interested in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor during the continuance of the suretyship.

SEC. 3. Any person authorized, as in the last section provided, shall not do anything contrary to his said undertaking, nor to what he has sworn in his said oath or affirmation, nor shall he sell any liquor known by him to be impure or adulterated, nor shall he suffer any liquor sold by him to be drunk upon the premises where the same is sold; but he may sell in the following cases, and no other:

1. To any person of the age of twenty-one years, being of good character for sobriety, provided the person selling the same shall have good reason to believe, and shall believe that the same is intended by the purchaser to be used for some one of the purposes in the preceding section named, and not to be sold, disposed of or given away, or to be drunk on the premises, contrary to the provisions of this act; or

2. To any person authorized to sell such liquor, as in the last section provided.

Every person authorized to sell, as in the last section provided, shall keep a book of sales, in which he shall enter, or caused to be entered, every sale made by him—each entry shall contain the kind, quantity, price, purpose for which, name of the person to whom, and time when sold—which book shall at all times, during business hours, be open to public examination by any resident of the town or city. Every person so selling liquor shall file with the clerk of the town or city where he sells the same, between the first and fifteenth day of each month, a sworn copy of such sales, and of all purchases made by him, containing kind, quantity and price, with an affidavit that the same contains a correct account of the sale, and all the sales and purchases made by him during the previous month, according to his best knowledge, information and belief. But nothing in this act contained shall be construed to prevent the sale by legal process (in case of the insolvency of the authorized liquor-seller) of any liquors held by him at the time of such insolvency, to any other liquor-sellers authorized to sell by this act, nor to prevent the legal representatives of any deceased person (who at the time of his decease was an authorized liquor-seller) from selling any such liquors as may come to their possession as property of such deceased liquor-seller, to any person authorized by this act to sell liquor.

SEC. 4. Every person who shall violate any provision of either of the preceding sections, shall, upon conviction, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and except for failure to file his return or make his entries as in the last section provided, shall forfeit all the liquor kept by him in violation of either of the preceding sections, and be punished as follows: For any violation of section first, for the first offence, by a fine of fifty dollars; for the second offence, by a fine of one hundred dollars, and thirty days imprisonment; for the third and every subsequent offence, by a fine of not less than one hundred, nor more than two hundred and fifty dollars, and by imprisonment not less than three nor more than six months. For any violation of section second of third, by fine of one hundred dollars and by imprisonment in the State Prison for not less than one year nor more than five years.

SEC. 5. Every person who shall violate any provision of either of the preceding sections, shall, upon conviction, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and except for failure to file his return or make his entries as in the last section provided, shall forfeit all the liquor kept by him in violation of either of the preceding sections, and be punished as follows: For any violation of section first, for the first offence, by a fine of fifty dollars; for the second offence, by a fine of one hundred dollars, and thirty days imprisonment; for the third and every subsequent offence, by a fine of not less than one hundred, nor more than two hundred and fifty dollars, and by imprisonment not less than three nor more than six months. For any violation of section second of third, by fine of one hundred dollars and by imprisonment in the State Prison for not less than one year nor more than five years.

SEC. 6. The term intoxicating liquor, and "liquor," as used in this act, shall be construed to extend to and include alcohol, distilled and malt liquors, and all liquors that can intoxicate, and all drugged liquors, and mixed liquors, part of which is alcohol, distilled, or malt liquor.

SEC. 7. No license to sell liquors, except as herein provided shall be hereafter granted. All liquors kept in violation of any provision or provisions of this act, shall be deemed, and is hereby declared to be a public nuisance.

SEC. 8. The second section of this act shall take effect on the first day of May next; section twenty-fifth shall take effect immediately; and all other parts thereof on the fourth day of July next.

Doings of the week, at Brooks' Spirit Room.

There were companies there on Saturday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Professor "FUNK," the spirit musician, was in attendance each evening, and performed all the feats on the piano which we have before detailed. We do not think he has ever done better than he did on Tuesday evening. Many of the pieces which he played on that occasion, were performed in the most masterly manner. We had, in the company, some ladies who were good pianists, and what was better, they were excellent vocalists and sang with a spirit which seemed to animate the performer, stimulating him to the exercise of all his artistic skill. One of these ladies is a resident of Chicago, if we remember rightly, who had never before witnessed any spiritual manifestations of the kind. That she should be astonished at the performance of the disembodied artist, was very natural. She acknowledged that the accompaniments, by FUNK, surpassed anything of the kind she had ever heard.

Received remittance, in advance from PATTERSON KEEL.

A Series of Spiritual Lectures.

The following is the commencement of a series of spiritual lectures, or "lessons," as the spirits term them, communicated through Rev. CHARLES HAMMOND, of Rochester, in the wonderful manner set forth in his preface. We shall give the series in succeeding numbers of our paper, as we find room for them; and we feel assured that they will be read with great interest.

Lectures.

The following lectures were communicated on the evenings of their respective dates, through, to a circle of Harmonists, of this city, under peculiar circumstances, which I will describe. The number composing the circle was twelve, each person having been previously named by spirits as proper to belong to it; and the time and place of meeting were also fixed by them. These persons were Isaac and Amy Post, Smith M. Brown, wife and daughter Maria, Miss Emily Beebe, Albert G. Pool, Mr. Olin, Mrs. Olin, Esquire Draper, Dr. Hamilton, and myself. No one had any information of the object, or anticipated the design of the spirits in making this arrangement.

On coming together the writer was quietly thrown into a peculiar condition for communications. The eyes were closed by spirits, and yet all the other senses were as acute, and seemed even more so than ever, in a strictly normal state. While in this condition, not being able to open my eyes, nor caring to do so, a plate resembling steel, with a perfectly smooth surface, and apparently about one foot square, was presented; and, on this plate, were beautifully engraved words, which, as I repeated, would immediately dissolve, and other words assume their place. These words, as repeated were taken down by an appointed scribe of the spirits, Isaac Post; but not more than four or five words were ever seen at any one time upon the plate; generally one, two, or three words appeared at a time. These words had the appearance of gold, or a yellowish light, upon a dark plate.

I am conscious that I did not anticipate any thing, for I felt too stupid to have any anxiety about the subject; and, further, I was wholly unable often to tell the circle what I had said, although, at others times, I had an indistinct, or dreamy recollection of what had in part transpired.

Great punctuality was manifest in the delivery of these lessons, none extending later than nine o'clock in the evening. Lesson four was delivered, as the reader may see by the date, about one week before any news reached this country of hostilities between the Turks and Russians. I distinctly saw the lines of battle, and the retreat of the Russians. This answered to the date of the contest near Kalafat. Esquire D. remarked, "Well, then, they have really got to fighting over there." The reply was, "yes, and the Turks are victorious." But this seemed to me rather improbable, at the close of the sitting, from the current news of the day. Nevertheless, it was true. In all cases, where the poetry

the scribe was directed to note the fact. Consequently the "lessons," as the spirits called them, are given to the public, without alteration or amendment as they were originally presented to the circle.

C. HAMMOND.

RULES TO DETERMINE TRUTH FROM ERROR.

LESSON I.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 21st, 1853.

Progressive pilgrims: We hail with delight and satisfaction this opportunity, to unfold to your understandings the everlasting realities of wisdom. Placed in a position, high above all mercenary motives, we propose to instruct those, and those only, who are solicitous of counsel, leaving such as close their eyes to the light, and their ears to the sound of our speech, to reflect upon the situation in which they may find themselves. Open your hearts to the voice of truth, and a great measure shall be meted unto you, free as the air, the light, and the rain.

By inspiration is to be understood spiritual impression. By prophecy is to be understood spiritual foresight; the correctness of which depends upon the wisdom of the seer. Predictions are announcements of future events, the fulfillment of which proves their verity. All predictions are not reliable; all are not unrelaxable. The real and the unreal conflict with each other, and you desire to know by what rule you shall distinguish them, so as not to be imposed upon.

First, the real may be distinguished from the unreal by its harmony with natural law, or the philosophy of cause and effect.

Second, the real may be distinguished from the false by its adaptation to the great end of human enjoyment.

Third, the real may be known from the deceptive by its consistency with reason.

Fourth, the true may be known from the false by its harmony with the progressive development of the human race. Hence, whatever prediction casts the sable curtain of doubt and uncertainty over the fond hopes of the heaven-aspiring mind, may be regarded as fallacious. When hope is ruined, and confidence destroyed, the cause which has induced such a calamity is untrue, false, deceptive, arrogating to itself what it has no right to claim. Such predictions have swerved and shipwrecked the confidence of the unstable and fluctuating. History is replete with confirmations of this fact. Unreliable predictions have cursed all ages of mankind. Vain pretensions to prophetic wisdom have poisoned the fountains of confiding hearts. Streams of darkness have overshadowed the bright future, and rendered dismal the opening heavens. Delayed in the murky darkness of ignorance, fanaticism and folly, men

have groped their way in solitude, with no ray of inspiration to enlighten their path. Dreams of demons, specters of wild hallucination have invaded the sanctuary of social and domestic enjoyment. Relieved of this nightmare of a diseased imagination, you may progress in the sublime realities of eternal life; to do which it becomes important that each one should understand the philosophy of good and evil, and their antagonistic effects upon mind.

Permit me, then, to remark, that good is that which is agreeable, without pernicious and disagreeable consequences. Evil is the exact reverse. Good never causes shame, remorse, conscientious guilt, nor destroys the enjoyment of mind; but satisfies, purifies, elevates and sanctifies the soul. The importation of good must induce the most cheering, soothing, and happily-impregnated results; and whatever prediction contradicts this primary principle, is acknowledgedly unjust, untrue, deceptive, and should be treated with no respect, and regarded as an emanation of ignorance.

Now pursue your investigations of spiritual philosophy, comparing each fragment by the rules in question, and you will not treasure up that which will injure you, nor expose yourselves to the impositions of misguided and misdirected intelligences.

I now submit to your criticism this introductory lesson, with the assent of my associates in this sphere, from which I am permitted to speak through the passivity of this medium.

The Cleveland Discussion.

We have to thank our worthy friend and brother laborer, S. WARR STARR, of the *Spiritual Universe*, for a copy of the published report of the Cleveland discussion. It is necessarily voluminous, and we have so little time to read that we have not been able fully to qualify ourselves to speak of the merits of the parties and their arguments. We have read enough of it, however, to hazard the two following assertions: First: that Professor MAHAN has treated the subject more fairly, and his antagonists more gentlemanly, than any other opponent of spiritualism whose efforts have come under our observation. And, Second: That, with all his erudition and great ability, his armor has been pierced; his lance has been shivered; he has been repulsed at every point of attack; he has been driven from all his positions; he has been totally vanquished, and nothing remains to him but time to regret that he has devoted himself as a martyr to a bad cause, and been forced to either yield or resort to some shifts which will stand as unsightly spots on his otherwise fair character as a candid and an honorable adversary.

Of Professor REIS, we have to say that he has proved himself a most able advocate of the cause of truth, and a formidable adversary of error. His erudition and ability suffer nothing in comparison with those of his opponent; and, having neither necessity nor relish for unmanly dodges, he comes out of the contest unscathed and unsullied. Much credit, also, is due to Mr. TIFFANY, for the effective aid which

he rendered when he left (Thursday) he considered him out of danger. Here we have another convincing truth in regard to spirits communicating with mortals. Mr. WARR (Father of the sick boy) is expected home tomorrow.

Something of a Test.

We think it was one week ago last Sunday, that we were called on by Mr. WARR, of Ballston Spa, with Doctor MOORE, of the same place, who were en route for Dayton, Ohio.—Mr. WARR had received a telegraphic communication from Dayton, informing him that his son, a young man, or lad, who was residing there, was dangerously sick, and urging him to come in haste, if he wished to see him alive.—He prevailed with Dr. MOORE, who is his family physician, and who has spiritual aid in his practice, to accompany him. When they reached this city, on Saturday evening, they found, to their great mortification, that there was no conveyance by which they could proceed farther, till Monday morning. Their business with me was to request that I would introduce them to some reliable medium, through whom they could get a spiritual communication in relation to the condition of Mr. W.'s son. I conducted them to the house of Mr. BROOKS, who received them kindly, and whose daughter, our principal medium, immediately sat down to the table with them. We asked them to state their business with the spirits;—which they did. We had some rapping at first; but it soon ceased, and we began to fear that we should receive no response. After waiting with what patience we could command, for some twenty or thirty minutes, the raps again commenced, informing us that the spirit of Professor DAYTON had just returned from an examination of the young invalid; and a diagnosis was given which was perfectly satisfactory to the inquirers. The Professor stated that the patient was in a very critical condition;—that they were giving him stimulants which so inflamed the blood and increased the fever that his brain was affected and his mind was wandering. He added that, if Dr. MOORE should make all possible speed to get there, he could be saved by immediately changing the treatment and treating him according to the impressions which he would receive. They thought they would call on us, on their return, and inform us how the facts of the case corresponded with the intelligence they received from Professor DAYTON. They have not called; but we have been favored with a letter from THOS. G. YOUNG, Esq., of the *Saratoga Republican*, from which we make the following extract:

SARATOGA SPRINGS, April 9th, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: I write you at the request of my friend, Dr. L. MOORE, of Ballston Spa, who has just returned from Dayton, (Ohio), and who requests me to say, that, on reaching that place, himself and Mr. WARR, found matters precisely as stated by the spirit of Professor DAYTON, at Mr. BROOKS' two evenings prior to their arrival at Dayton. The Physicians in attendance were giving the patient stimulating medicines, as it was stated they were, and the young man was rapidly failing, and Dr. MOORE says, could not have survived twelve hours.—Dr. MOORE at once took charge of the patient, following his impressions as instructed by Prof. DAYTON when he left (Thursday) he considered him out of danger. Here we have another convincing truth in regard to spirits communicating with mortals. Mr. WARR (Father of the sick boy) is expected home tomorrow.

Yours Truly,

THOS. G. YOUNG.

For the Age of Progress.

MR. EDITOR:

In reading your valuable paper of the 7th, inst., my attention was called to friend DUDLEY's remarks in reference to Mr. KOONS making a charge for parties visiting his rooms. I do not wish to carry the idea that Mr. KOONS cannot be prevailed upon to take a gift of any kind, aside from presents to the family. I found no difficulty in compensating Mr. K. for the trouble we put him to.

I mentioned in my communication to the "Anglo American," that Mr. KOONS made no charge, &c., simply from the fact that it was frequently turning in my face that it was a speculation, and that the spirits would stop their performances at KOONS rooms when the dollars stopped coming in.

Now I know that there is not a true and faithful spiritualist in the world that would visit brother KOONS, and come away without leaving an equivalent for the time, labor and attention bestowed upon them by Mr. KOONS and his family, in giving them audience with the spirits. And my friend DUDLEY may rest assured that I did not leave brother K. without giving him a liberal compensation for his trouble we put him to.

Yours Fraternally,

E. V. WILSON.

We are pleased with the above explanation by our friend WILSON. It will prevent the misapprehension which Dr. D. feared his remarks would produce. Those remarks were the following, which conclude a paragraph in Mr. W.'s article:

"In fact, they will not receive money for any of their attentions to the visitors with which their house is constantly thronged."

Thanks to our friend, W. BLANCHARD, of Lockport, for subscription and remittances. The old Scotch proverb says, "Many mickle make a muckle." But for the individual cents contained in a dollar, there would be no dollar.

Winter lingers in the lap of Spring.—On Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, instead of April showers, we had an April snow-storm, the accumulation of which amounted to about two inches in depth, which might have been six or eight inches if it had not melted as it fell.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Flour, extra	per bbl.	\$16.50 @ 11.00
do, good, Western	"	9.00 @ 9.50
" per sack	"	4.62 @ 5.25
Butter, heavy, per cwt	"	4.50
Indian meal	"	2.00
Pork, new	"	\$17.50
" prime	"	13.00
Dressed hogs, per cwt	"	\$3.00
Fish, white	"	8.25
" fat	"	4.25
Salt, fine	"	2.00
" coarse	"	2.00
" trout	"	2.00
" fat	"	4.25
Eggs	per doz.	16 @ 17
Butter	per lb.	25 @ 30
Honey	"	12 @ 15
Cheese	"	9 @ 12
Blackberries, dried	"	15
Plums	"	18 1/2
Cherries	"	18 1/2 @ 25
Currants	"	6 1/2
Flax seed	per bush.	65 @ 67
Corn	"	63 1/2 @ 1.25
Oats	"	2.75 @ 3.50
Apples, dried	"	1.38
" green	"	1.25 @ 1.75
Potatoes	"	12 @ 15
Onions	"	7 @ 8
Dressed Chickens per lb	"	96
Turkeys	"	106

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6th

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RESTORED TO MAN. "They shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall be healed."—BIBLE.

HAVING been developed as a Healing Medium, I offer my services to the Sick and Afflicted, as a medium through whom assistance from a highly developed source can be obtained, to aid in restoring to health and vigor the diseased and suffering of earth.

As time is extensively occupied by patients soliciting aid and relief, and as the free and unrewarded labors of any medium would not be appreciated, I am compelled from necessity, to charge for my services in advance, to be graduated according to the means of the patient and the nature of the disease.

I. G. ATWOOD, Lockport, N. Y. TAYLOR ST. 25th

W. G. OLIVER, DENTIST,

263 MAIN STREET, Opposite the Churches, BUFFALO.

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

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Sent to any address, gratis, and post free in a sealed envelope, by returning a post paid two postage stamps to Dr. B. DE LANEY, No. 17 Lispenard Street, New York.

S. DUDLEY & SONS.

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

PLANNED TABLE-WARE, to examine our stock, consisting of Coffee and Tea Urns, Stoves, and Fish, and Soup Trays, Dish Covers, &c., &c., which we are constantly manufacturing in the most elegant style; and in beauty of finish unsurpassed by any other establishment in the United States.

We also have on hand an extra quality of LEATHER HOSE.

of our own manufacture; also, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS, FORCE PUMPS, &c., &c. We are likewise, the sole agents in this city of H. R. WORTHINGTON'S Improved

PATENT STEAM SAFETY PUMP and FIRE EXTINGUISHER. We manufacture Railroad Lanterns, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, and a greatly improved COOK STOVE, designed expressly for Steamboats, Propellers, Hotels and FAMILIES.

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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. Ruggles' Patent.

Pocket Diaries for 1855. DIFFERENT STYLES AND SIZES. For Sale at the Literary Depot, Postoffice.

"It is the works of the Devil."

So say the clergy and those whose consciences are in their keeping, when they are compelled to admit the verity of those phenomena which are constantly witnessed in their midst. Supposing this assertion to be true, what are the comparative merits of their God and their devil?

They represent the God whom they worship to be infinite in wisdom, power and glory. They affirm of him that his knowledge is and always was unbounded; that, when he created this earth and all things pertaining to it, there was no event that would take place, through infinite millions of ages, that was or could be hidden from his all-pervading vision. He, therefore, clearly foresaw the course which would be pursued by Adam and Eve and every one of their posterity, if he created them as he did create them; that he could, if he would, have created them differently, so that they would have taken different courses; that he chose to create them as he did, and to give them such propensities as he did, knowing that they would, under strong temptations, transgress his laws and do evil in his sight; that, in order to make this result sure, (for it could have been for no other purpose) he created a devil to tempt them to violations of his laws continually; that, in accordance with his foreknowledge and foreordination, they did hearken to the voice of the tempter, and do evil in his sight; that, although he foreknew all this, he became exceedingly angry with them for taking the course which they took, and pronounced sentence of eternal suffering upon them for it; and that he sees millions upon millions continually passing from the earth into torment, endless and ineffable, prepared for them by himself ever yet they had a being, from whom he has shut out all means of redemption.

This being the character of the God which they worship, according to their own showing, can the human mind conceive of a being more unjust, more vindictive, more unrelenting, more cruel, more detestable?

Now let us see what sort of a being their devil is. He was not the author of his own existence nor the fashioner of his own nature. He is what he is by the decree of him at whose fiat he came into existence. He but fulfills his destiny when he does his worst. Hence he is but the tool of a more demonic power, who uses him to carry out the original plan suggested by his malignant disposition, and he is blameless. But look what a work of mercy and love this same devil is now doing, if the christian clergy represent him truly. He is giving to the inhabitants of earth such evidences of the immortality of the soul as leaves no doubt upon their minds. He is teaching them to love a God whom he represents to be a kind, merciful and loving Father, whose sovereign and all-powerful will is that all his human children shall be redeemed from sin and its consequences; whose saving mercy will reach them and bring them up from the lowest state of degradation, even though they refuse his proffered grace and abandon themselves to the worst vices, through the whole course of their earth life. He teaches them that a sinful life will necessarily lead to a state of degradation and wretchedness here, and to a corresponding condition in the spirit world, from which they can be redeemed and elevated only by long repentance, humiliation and labor, on their part, and by the missionary labors of ministering spirits. He teaches them that a virtuous life here, will produce a state of happiness here, with which all the wealth and honor of the world, without virtue, can hold no comparison, and place them in a condition of happiness and joy, at their entrance upon the second state of existence, of which the incarnate mind cannot possibly conceive an adequate idea. He teaches them to be kind, charitable, merciful and loving towards all their fellow creatures; to manifest their love to God by acts of brotherly kindness to his human children; and to live soberly, honestly and cheerfully, discharging all their duties faithfully to themselves and to each other, walking uprightly, circumspectly and hopefully, through the whole journey of life, and giving God the glory for the priceless boon of existence, and for all their enjoyments, present and prospective.

These, as is well known to all spiritualists, are the teachings which they receive from what they take to be the beatified spirits of men, women and children who have stepped over the threshold of eternity but little—very little—in advance of them. And those teachings the great body of the christian clergy and their adherents attribute to their devil. Now look upon the two portraits, as drawn by the Rev. clergy themselves, and decide which is the more lovely character—their God or their devil.

Conference Meetings last Sabbath.

We had Rev. C. HAMMOND to address us, forenoon and afternoon, on Sabbath last; and the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. In the afternoon there were more present than could be seated; and we observed that several persons left the hall, probably for want of accommodation. These assemblages are made up, in general, of people of the highest respectability. When we thus characterize them, let it not be understood as having any allusion to that false standard of respectability which mammonian idolaters measure all human worth

and worthiness by—to wit: the plethora of prizes. "From their fruits ye shall know them." We judge the audiences which attend these meetings by their attentive listening to the discourses there delivered, and to their orderly and decorous deportment.

In the forenoon, Mr. H. gave us a history of his own experience, in the investigation of the spiritual phenomena; and we do not believe that he could have chosen a subject, for a single discourse, which would have been more generally interesting and satisfactory. Nor do we believe that there was a person present that did not, in the sincerity of his convictions, give full credence to his statements.

In the afternoon, Mr. H. gave us a philosophical dissertation on spiritualism in general, which was highly interesting and instructive. It is becoming very evident that, if we are to have regular lectures, we shall be compelled to procure a more spacious hall, and that without much delay.

Our Spirit Friends.

We do not know of a more important subject of serious reflection than the fact that our spirit friends are, some of them, ever present with us, watching our every act and taking an interest in all our subjects of conversation. Of the truth of this proposition, we receive numerous and conclusive evidences continually.

There are, as our readers are aware, a circle of spirits who manifest great interest in the publication of this paper, and in the manner in which it is conducted. We gave, in one of our early editions, a catalogue of names who promised us lectures, many of whom have since fulfilled their promise. To these have since been added others; among whom is the late Hon. SAMUEL YOUNG, of this state.

The subject of marriage, "conjugal affinity" and the disagreement and divorce of married couples, has, from some recent occurrences, been a topic of much conversation in a circle of spiritualists of which we are a member. We have, in this number, two lectures which were elicited by these conversations; one from STEPHEN R. SMITH, and the other from SAMUEL YOUNG. The former through Miss BROOKS, and the latter through Rev. C. HAMMOND, Mr. HAMMOND came to this city on Saturday morning, and went to brother S. DEXTER's to dinner. After dinner was over, the conversation turned upon the above topic; and they had talked but a few minutes when the hand Mr. H. was influenced; writing materials were rapidly written by spirit the whose name is appended to it:

THE PROPRIETY AND NECESSITY OF OBEDIENCE TO LAW.

Harmony is order and order is secured by law. I have seen social disorder created by disobedience to law; but I have never witnessed harmony promoted by any compromise of principle. The universal laws of nature are just and merciful, and no person need hope to find happiness while such laws are disregarded.

Among earth's inhabitants, inharmonious relations are formed, and, being formed, are constantly aggravating the parties, who, instead of harmonizing themselves, irritate the minds of each other. Persons who teach the beauties of the harmonious philosophy, should not practically deny their instructions by discarding the obligations of their voluntary acts. It matters not how beautiful the philosophy of nature may be, if man or woman be not morally true to the laws which govern them. I have seen harmony in married life on earth; and I have seen antagonism and discord. Are the elements of nature at such variance that peace and order cannot be maintained between parties? Has God so ordered, by immutable laws, the existing social order of husband and wife, that discord cannot be avoided—that war must continue during such relation? What are the elements constituting the one that are not discernible in the other? Are not all flesh and blood, and do not the same elements make each? A second thought will show that the discords of married life originate, not in the elements of soul or body, but in the ignorance of the spirits which are coupled. When parties become alienated from each other by law—when married persons separate because they have no affinity, it proves only their own ignorance of truth, if not their moral delinquency and faithlessness to their covenant engagements.

I have watched the progress of parties seeking divorce from each other; but I have not yet seen a case which did not arise from either ignorance of nature's laws or a gross want of integrity. It is true that such delinquency may not fasten itself to both parties, but it is sure to belong to one or the other.

Inharmonies are generally most severely felt in those minds not improved by spirit culture. And the difficulty, let me say, exists not because nature, in her order, has brought together parties in antagonism, but because those parties have not become harmonious in themselves. Thus by looking through their ignorance, through their own unrefined spectacles, they see things in an inverted position, and give themselves the consolation that nature has made them so, when the true philosophy of nature is, that men and women shall always seek to improve their relations when inharmonious conditions offend them.

To run away from discord will not remove it, nor will the principle of right and truth be vindicated by shrinking from duties based upon the integrity of social contracts. Let all parties matrimonially united, do their duties to each other faithfully, and not disgrace themselves by abandoning integrity under a plea, that nature has hedged their paths to happiness, by making them so much unlike that they can never agree.

S. YOUNG.

Lecture No. 12.—By Stephen R. Smith.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

This lecture was elicited by the conversations spoken of in another place.

MARRIAGE.

There is a universal connection of all things by a natural, spiritual adaptation of attraction. In the vast empire of creation, there are the combinations of atoms, chemical development and geometrical compounds, brought together by a natural affinity; and it is not inconsistent to say that intelligences are brought into connection with each other by corresponding developments, or by the natural attraction of the human mind. That refinement and development should attract a similar relation, is an established law of nature and Deity. Hence, in the spirit world, each mind seeks its associate, by the laws of affinity; and such should be the governing law of the human mind, as every mind has a separate and distinct individuality. By the continuing of connections in a determinate succession, but of every variety, you can well distinguish the source from which comes the disagreement and unhappiness between individuals bound together by the constitutional laws of your country, and not by spiritual adaptation, in accordance with the immutable laws of God. In the physical organization, there are concentrated the various attributes of the separate and distinct orders of animals; and it is the interior nature that gives the soul a preeminence, in eternity, over the undeveloped mind, and not the outward elements of the human construction. Minds harmonizing together, can develop some new attributes within the inner man, which belong to him naturally, but which are yet undeveloped for the acquirement of mental cultivation. If minds would always refer to the interior development, to the propensity exhibited in their natural tendency to love and admire, the mass of unhappy connections would now have been rising higher and more rapidly in happiness; although no development can transcend its position in any existence. It is not because there is no natural relation between congenial companions, that they become discordant and are divorced; but it is a want of cultivation of the interior principle of right and wrong. There must be, from the all-pervading laws of God, in every human soul, eternal qualities and attributes, which, if cultivated and refined, would make a different individual or mind. There are, perhaps, not two minds in the material existence where every faculty intimately blends in a perfect harmony of material action. But, though an individual may feel a profound sympathy for one of a pair who are connected by the laws of their country, and who, in more youthful days, held a more harmonious spiritual relation to each other, it would not only be ungodly in the sight of man for such one to cause their separation, or for them to separate, but it would be trenching upon the laws of being and of nature. For example, we may take two flowers, both of the same quality, and put the germs into a congenial soil, and behold we begin to see the elements of life manifested by their coming forth from the dark bosom of nature, to receive the bright influence of sunlight and the other elements of nature necessary to their development. As they begin to refine and develop, we discover one to be more perfectly developed than the other; and by the constant action of the elements of life upon the inward principles of these flowers, we discover one to progress more rapidly than the other in beauty and perfections. While one is in full bloom the other may be in the bud; and why this marked difference of development? Because there are concentrated in the most rapidly progressive one, the more perfect essence and principles that constitute the life and development of its harmonious construction; and its capacity to refine when receiving the properties of nature into its inner qualities, exceeds those of the one yet in the seed. Then because one flower develops faster than another, it is evidence to the human mind that there are no material relations of the qualities and properties of life brought into conjunction with one another by their constant progressive development? There is no positive evidence that there are no spiritual attractions in these flowers because their developments differ. And so it is with the human mind: there are concentrated, perhaps, in the one mind, the attributes and properties of eternal life, which, if cultivated and developed by receiving the essence and qualities of corresponding attributes emanating from the Great Creative Power, will develop and progress in intelligence and wisdom faster than the mind it has sought as a companion to share with it the vicissitudes and joys of human life. There must be a principle either of the animal or spiritual nature that attracts two individuals together. If it is the animal nature, that attracts two together, then the progressive development of the spiritual nature will evidently exhaust the elements of animality, and each mind will be awakened to its true condition. They will then long for more spiritually developed companions; and as they interrogate the depths of their own interior being, they find that the spiritual self has been bound in darkness by the selfishness of a more depraved nature. Then the mind of the one individual companion begins to unfold in mental cultivation, and the spiritual faculties begin to develop in beauty and perfectness; while, perhaps, the associative faculties of the other mind, are impeded in their development by the forces and action of an animal nature; hence these two minds may not harmonize. If not, shall they be divorced? It should be the object of each and every married couple to study together the laws governing their sympathies and affections, and endeavor to discover the source of the cause of unhappiness and inharmonious relation, if such relations exist; for there must be centered

in these minds some qualities and faculties alike, though they may not be discoverable under the present condition of spiritual development. If two individuals, from a want of spiritual cultivation, and for the want of a faculty to discriminate between right and wrong, become divorced, when they have offspring, who, from the laws of God, claim the indelible right of a father's protection and advice, and a mother's tenderness and affection, it is an act that no mind can tolerate; nor is it in harmony with the mighty laws of a Divine Being. A child is a part of the being of its parents, and inherits qualities, faculties and elements of their nature; and if the parents become separated or divorced, do you suppose that little innocent being, to whom they have given, by the laws of God and nature, an eternal existence, will not sigh for the advice of a father or the tenderness of a mother, when they have left it to the sympathies of an uncharitable world, by becoming separated for the want of interior cultivation? Is such an act harmony, order and spiritual elevation? Does a separation of man and wife harmonize with the integral principles established by the power of Almighty God? If so, and should this be taught to the world and the world should believe it to be right, more than three-fourths of the present married relations would be broken up. This one and that one would be seeking their supposed spiritual affinities, when, after the lapse of time, they would find their partners deficient in those qualities and instinctive principles which they may desire to find. And thus would the world go, and thus would couples keep divorcing, until discord and iniquity would drown the beauties and harmonies which might otherwise exist, if mind would but study the laws of affinity and attraction. If they are married, they should strive to learn the source of their unhappiness, and teach one another. If one mind exceeds the other in development, it should not forsake the less refined one, but impart to it the knowledge acquired from the studies of nature and existence, and lead it on in wisdom and goodness. If they are not married, they should seek an equal companion in mental cultivation and spiritual refinement, and not seek the gratification of a vain ambition or of pride.

It should be the object of male or female, though they may desire the wisdom and sympathy of another, to strive to promote the happiness of another, and from the laws of nature, which are written upon all things, by the undiminished power of God, receive the unfeigned assurance, that the incompleteness of their now existing life will not be eternal, but that, when the spirit is immortalized, it shall, in the lapse of ages, if not now, be spiritually and purely connected to the wisdom principle or the love principle, which signifies male and female.

In the whole creation and economy of God, quality seeks a corresponding quality, and so on, up through all processes of development, until the same principle is ultimated into intelligences. The material existence is imperfect; hence man is imperfect, as he has his material or physical organization, which prevents his inner senses, or spiritual capacities, from living up to and appreciating the true laws of his being. Thus he is not capable of selecting his eternal associate; and it is base and cruel for him to enforce his belief upon another weaker mind, that she is his immortal companion, if it connects her to another. It is heartless for a strong mind to so operate upon the weaker mind of a married individual, as to call out her feelings of admiration and respect, and wear her from the object she solemnly vowed before Almighty God to love and honor. But truth is nowhere arbitrary, and it shall come with a sublime force, to remove the false ideas now dwelling in the strongest minds upon your dark planet.

Yours truly,

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Lecture by the Spirit of Mrs. Hemans

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

HOW SHOULD WE LIVE.

Centuries, like shadows, come and go—Human nature has long been subjected to the will of man. The ruling monarch, the stern tyrant, controls his nation by arbitrary laws, while many free and active minds, have suffered a martyr's doom, until expiring human nature became like the inert stone, cold and motionless, while the soul was seeking its home on high. Again, differently constituted and constructed mental and physical organizations, based their spiritual faith upon the indefinite teachings of men, who, in primitive ages, were more like the savage of the forest than like intelligent beings, knowing no more of God and His works than the simplest mind. From the teachings of these men originated the different religious denominations that now stand upon the face of the earth. The churches have their established laws, and many of them hold the interior faculties of the human mind in bondage; for if a mind discovers a religion in the perfect and magnificent organization of nature, he has no right to receive or inculcate its truths, as in so doing he violates the constitutional laws of his own church, and will be excommunicated for exercising his reason and intellect, when contemplating the true word of God.

Again, intellects were developed in past ages, and taught to a sinful world that God was the source and cause of all creations, and convinced many earnest minds of the truths of spiritual and intellectual progress.

And how should we live. While I am communicating to you, I can hear angel voices whispering the poetry of the spirit land. They breathe sentiments of prosaic beauty; they search deep into the laws of philosophy and science, and harmony and order fill each mind with profound emotions and feelings of sympathy.

While each mind progresses onward to feel the fragrance of sweeter joys fall like incense upon their pure and holy thoughts, the great fountain of life is open and imparts to immortal minds their noble destiny through the endless ages of infinite progression. Each spirit traces the course of thought and feeling, and if less refined spirits are struggling in darkness, they teach them the laws of their being—the principles of their ultimate destination, and counsel them to search deep into the wondrous workings of the eternal mind, and the uncalculated interior qualities of their own spirits will begin to unfold and develop beneath the pure and holy light of the Divine influences. In Heaven each countenance is adorned with a smile, each mind is decorated with eternal and beautiful thoughts; and while the spirits seek some leafy bower—some murmuring waterfall—some prating stream, and while they gaze upon the beautiful and immortal flowers, they teach them a lesson of wisdom and purity. These eternal beauties of heaven and nature show them the expanse of the power of God, in his innumerable creations. They also show them the goodness and perfection of God, in his bestowments of love and mercy upon every living object.

In the spirit home we have music so sweet and lovely that it falls upon our souls like sympathy upon the desolate heart; and while a band of heavenly beings wander to some of the sublimities of nature and immortality, to enjoy their genial influence, they hear from higher spheres, lofty strains of melody that seem to breathe forth the rich and grand—the pure and sublime enjoyments of those minds who chant their celestial anthems to attract the unrefined spirit still higher and higher in wisdom and goodness.

Ah! though the form may wither and decay, the spirit wings its way to a brighter land, where it finds an eternal home and a true altar of worship. The flowers of earth may droop and fade, but the spirit gem is transplanted in a richer soil to bloom and never die. Though the home circle may be deprived of one of its pure minds, yet the vacant seat on earth tells of a home in Heaven, where love and harmony reign supreme throughout the spirit realm. Thus do the inhabitants of Heaven dwell; and how should the human family live? Should the human soul mock the paupers tattered garments! Should the proud and haughty frown upon the meek and lowly? Should the undeveloped mind curse its friend, because he may err? Should the weak mind abominate and defile the word of God? Oh! ask us not the murderers down, who has smothered the principle of love and mercy in his own bosom, to conceal the elements and beauties of his spiritual being. Ask us not the destiny of him who partakes of the accursed beverage, and who goes reeling and staggering home to a heart who, in its youth, throbbled sweetly as it welcomed him home—whose bosom was once a pillow of softness for his weary brow—but who now weeps instead of rejoicing at the sound of his foot-fall. No—ask us not the condition of him who knows no pity nor love for himself, but goes on in his reckless path, smothering the interior and spiritual perceptions of his being, which strive, from nature, to penetrate the mass of earthly iniquity, but cannot. Such minds writhe not in eternal agony, but though the animal nature may be developed, yet when that is thrown off, the spiritual being is but in its infancy. It has to study the rudiments of purity; nor can it ever again violate the laws of existence, though it may again yearn for its earthly associations. Then, though human nature is imperfect, should not every soul live to love and contribute to the happiness of its associates? Should they not wipe the tear from the fevered cheek of the pauper, as well as to moisten the parching lips of the mighty monarch? Should not all seek to do good to their companions and associates? And if the human heart is pained with grief, should not the balm of sympathy and the dew drops of affection be given to awaken to action those faculties that lie embedded deep within the soul? The rainbow that spans your firmament, with its variegated and beautiful hues, may delight the eye, but it is as fleeting as the winged moments. So it is with the allurements of human life. Beauty may please the eye, but every object and intelligence of nature and creation should be appreciated and comprehended by their innate virtues, eternal qualities of mind and defined development.

Oh! you who yet linger in an imperfect existence, live so that the beautiful music of immortal minstrels may catch on its dying strain the melody of your own soul as it floats upward to the great fountain of life. The friends of eternity cluster around you, breathing gentle words of consolation, and they are unending the secret recesses of the soul and laying them open for all minds to analyze the faculties therein contained, and appreciate you according to your innate virtues. Beings of sympathy and love are gently descending from their happy homes in Heaven, to your world of sunshine and shade, to call out the deepest feelings of your nature, that your spiritual faculties may be properly cultivated, and that you may learn to live a holy life, loving and teaching the erring and pointing them to a higher and happier existence in the realms of blessed immortality. Live by practicing the principles of virtue and morality, that you may breathe forth the sentiments of true religion, obeying the pure inspirations of your own mind. Live to give solace to the bereaved. Live to alleviate the pangs of physical and moral disease. Live so that, when nature becomes exhausted, your spirit may go up on high, and that the angels may chant their songs of melody, and all Heaven exclaim: Well done good and faithful servants; enter thou into the kingdom of thy Father.

Fervently Yours,

MRS. HEMANS.

Local Habitations of Spirits.

It seems that, when Mr. HAMMOND was lecturing in our hall, on Sabbath forenoon, the spirit of JAMES WEAVER was listening to him, and, probably like some of his hearers in the flesh, had a desire to hear him allude to a subject which he had in his own mind. At the close of the forenoon service, we went home with our friend DEXTER, with whose hand the spirits frequently write. As soon as we were seated, Mr. D.'s hand was moved and a wish was expressed to hear Mr. H. speak on the subject of the local homes of spirits. The writer suggested that, if Mr. H. would speak on that subject he would endeavor to influence his mind. To this request the signature of JAMES WEAVER was appended. We observed to the spirit that it would be better for him to write out his ideas on the subject, through the hand of Mr. HAMMOND. To this proposition he readily assented, providing that we could induce Mr. H. to lend him the use of his hand and mind. We made this known to Mr. H., and he readily consented; and the following brief but beautiful communication, was the result:

HOME OF THE SPIRITS.

The spirit world is everywhere; but spirits have local homes. Every human soul has a corresponding spirit guardian who watches over it, and, upon its release from the earth-body, conducts it to its abode in the spirit world.

Those abodes are prepared for them in such localities as their guardians are permitted to occupy. All the spheres in the spirit world are not accessible to all spirits; for the spirit must possess a degree of refinement and mental perfectibility corresponding to the position it occupies, or is qualified to enjoy.

Undeveloped spirits cannot occupy a sphere which is refined; and the great laws of mind and matter forbid that such spirits should locate in a sphere so pure as to be unwelcome to their gross condition. Such spirits seek a sphere congenial with their unimproved natures, and are therefore separated in their abodes from the pure and good.

It is well to know that the local habitation of spirits is regulated by their moral and refined condition, so that those who enter the spirit world may not, as is sometimes the case, be disappointed in their expectations. The moral and just person who enters into the spirit world, is guided by a corresponding guardian, and is permitted to ascend to a sphere congenial with his affinities.

Now, not wishing to protract this communication to an indefinite length, I will briefly say, that, as each guardian spirit is sympathetically united to the one in the form, so he conducts his charge to such sphere and locality as he prefers. If he is ignorant and unimproved, he prefers a society and a locality answerable to his condition, as his abode. But if he is in degree of perfectibility, he chooses a different sphere. Thus each spirit has a home in the spirit world—a local home—where he resides, according to the degree of his progress.

But he may leave that home, as we do, and visit earth friends on such mission as seemeth meet. We, as spirits, have homes; but our homes are not all in one sphere; yet all are in the spirit world.

If a man would see the philosophy of God's government, as it is, they would hasten to do works meet for repentance, and secure to themselves a crown that fadeth not away. They would turn their minds to principles and laws, and obey them with strict integrity of soul.

JOHN WESTLEY.

Four days latter from Europe.

The Steamship Washington arrived at New York on Thursday evening. No news of importance. The prospect of any conclusion of peace by the Vienna Conference was dubious.

Harmonical Association.

Conference meeting Sabbath afternoon April 15th at 2 P. M. Circle meeting for spiritual manifestations takes place in the evening at 7. No meeting in the forenoon.

W. G. OLIVER, Pres't.

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From Wolfert's Roost, A Contented Man.

In the garden of the Tuileries there is a sunny corner under the wall of a terrace which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavor of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning it is quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful little charges. Hither also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen, who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expenses, for which the French are noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save firewood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost-bitten moth thawed before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then cycling the buxom nursery-maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism.

Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly anti-revolutionary. He wore the three-cornered cocked hat of the *ancien régime*; his hair was frizzed over each ear into *ailes de pigeon*, a style strongly savoring of Bourbonism; and a queue stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility, and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant though old-fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time, pinching the nursery-maid's cheek, a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his devoirs to the sex.

I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was an habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in these relics of the politer days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

Where there is a favorable predisposition, one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accommodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats with each other; and at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the East; from that time our acquaintance was established.

I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good humored remarks on men and manners. One morning as we were strolling through an alley of the Tuileries, with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel in Paris; but the revolution, which effected so many disastrous changes, stripped him of every thing. He was secretly denounced by his own steward during a sanguinary period of the revolution, and a number of the bloodhounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him. He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head upon his shoulders; several of his neighbors having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich.

When he reached London he had but a louis in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a solitary dinner on beef-steak, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which from its color he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop-house, and of the little mahogany-colored box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Every thing looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings he had of change; did not know what was to become of him; and—went to the theatre!

As took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting, and stabbing, and scene-shifting, and began to feel his spirits sinking within him; when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognize an old friend and neighbor in the very act of extorting music from a huge violoncello.

As soon as the evening's performance was over he tapped his friend on the shoulder; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friend's advice he now turned to it as a means of support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth.

Here therefore he lived for many years during the ascendancy of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living like himself, by the exercise of their talents. They associated together, talked of France and of old times, and endeavored to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the centre of London.

They dined at a miserable cheap French restaurant in the neighborhood of Leicester-square, where they were served with a caricature of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James's Park, and endeavored to fancy it the Tuileries; in short, they made

shift to accommodate themselves to every thing but an English Sunday. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be *braves gens*; and he mingled so much among them, that at the end of twenty years he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood.

The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape penniless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return penniless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been pensioned benignantly by government, and had a pension of several hundred francs, upon which, with careful management, he lived independently, and, as far as I could judge, happily.

As his once splendid hotel was now occupied as a *hotel garni*, he hired a small chamber at the attic; it was but, as he said, changing his bedroom up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house. His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he professed to have been on favorable terms, among them was a favorite opera-dancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. She had been a protégée of my friend, and one of the few of the youthful favorites who had survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes. They had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him; but the beautiful Psyche, once the fashion of the day and the idol of the *parterre*, was now a shriveled, little old woman, warped in the back, and a hooked nose.

The old gentleman was a devoted attendant upon levees; he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm, for he still felt towards them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty he made light of it, and indeed had a good-humored way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, yet cost nothing. When I walk through these fine gardens, said he, I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors, and I defy the grand seigneur himself to display a greater variety of beauty. Nay, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect *Sans Souci*, where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theater, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end: I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole, said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good humor, when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune.

Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher, and it is a picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the revolution. The French appear to have a greater faculty than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them, but when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune, and if it be not true philosophy, it is sometimes almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found what I had long considered as not to be found on earth—a contented man.

P. S. There is no calculating on human happiness. Since writing the foregoing, the law of indemnity has been passed, and my friend restored to a great part of his fortune. I was absent from Paris at the time, but on my return hastened to congratulate him. I found him magnificently lodged on the first floor of his hotel. I was ushered, by a servant in livery, through splendid saloons, to a cabinet richly furnished, where I found my little Frenchman reclining on a couch. He received me with his usual cordiality; but I saw the gayety and benevolence of his countenance had fled; he had an eye full of care and anxiety. I congratulated him on his good fortune. "Good fortune?" echoed he; "bah! I have been plundered of a princely fortune, and they gave me a pittance as an indemnity."

Alas! I found my late poor and contented friend one of the richest and most miserable men in Paris. Instead of rejoicing in the ample competency restored to him, he is daily repining at the superfluity withheld. He no longer wanders in happy idleness about Paris, but is a repining attendant in the ante-chambers of ministers. His loyalty has evaporated with his gayety; he shrugs his shoulders when he hears the praises of the king. In a word, he is one of the many philosophers undone by the law of indemnity, and his case is desperate, for I doubt whether even another reverse of fortune, which should restore him to poverty, could make him again a happy man.

Forgiveness is the perfume which flows give when trampled upon.

A Thrilling Narrative.

James Morgan was a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryants Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn. It was on the 17th, of August, 1782. The sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood, the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad leaves of corn waved in the air.

Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee. His young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they acknowledged an early and ardent attachment to each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy in the faces of both; the little infant too, seemed to partake of its kind parents' feelings, by cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard, another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed—"Indians!"

The door was instantly barred, and the next instant their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians.

The cabin could not be successfully defended, and the time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing her under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her—she arose, seized the infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray its place of concealment. She hesitated—glazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between duty and affection, took place. She once more pressed her child to her bosom, and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheeks, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. "In the name of heaven Eliza, release the child or be lost," said the distracted husband in a soft imploring tone, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife and hatchet, ran up to the ladder that led to the chamber and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag and lashed it to his back, and then throwing off some clapboards from the cabin roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assailed by two Indians. As the first approached he knocked him down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk Morgan let fall his gun and closed in.

The savage made a blow, missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back and it fell. The contest over the child, now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy, both were badly cut and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were deeper and deeper, and the savage fell to the earth. Morgan hastily took up the child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house basely engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action.

Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put upon his track. Operated upon by the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon out-stripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to out-run or elude the cunning animal trained to hunt of this kind, he halted and waited till it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him to the ground. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided at Bryants Station, at Lexington, where he left the child, and the brothers left for the dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his view—his steps quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. Emerging from the cane brake, he beheld his house in flames and almost burnt to the ground: "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces, and fell exhausted to the earth.

Morning came, and the luminary of heaven arose and still found him seated near the expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "Eliza" on the ground, and his left hand lay on his favorite dog by his side, looking first on the ruins then on his dog, with evident signs of grief, Morgan arose. The two brothers now made search, and found some bones burned to ashes, which they gathered and silently confined to the mother earth, beneath the high spreading branches of a venerable oak consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victoriously, and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As he beheld the Indians appear on the side, he felt and saw his wrongs and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his

saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; the Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping knife. At this moment Morgan cast up his eyes and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage; and knew it to be his wife's.

This added renewed strength to his body, and increased his activity to fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him; the scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscathed, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band had after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak, its trunk supporting his head. The ragged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain, the once white and projecting rocks, bleached by the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with blood that warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the soldier.

The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead; then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness and gave additional terror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the hoarse growls of a bear, the loud howl of the wolf, and the shrill and varied notes of the wildcat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart rending sensation, and looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large ferocious looking bear, covered all over with blood, now approaching him, he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to heaven, and in breathless anxiety, awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed without noticing him. Morgan raised his head and was about to offer his thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him and awakened him to a sense of danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes; steps approached, a cold chill ran over him. Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was actively employed—death, the most horrible, awaited him; his limbs would in all probability, be torn from him and be devoured alive. He felt a touch; the vital spark was almost extinguished. Another touch more violent than the first—and he was turned over.

The cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face. The moon passed under a cloud—a faint ray beamed upon him, his eyes involuntarily opened and he beheld his wife, who in a scarcely audible voice exclaimed, "My husband! my husband!" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians entered the house they found some spirits of which they drank freely. An altercation soon took place, one of them received a mortal stab and fell, and the blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud and thus betrayed the place of her concealment.

She was instantly taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse with a saddle and bridle rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's.

During the action the prisoners were left unguarded—made their escape and lay concealed beneath some bushes near the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle ground, she, with some other persons who escaped with her, determined to make search for their friends, and if on the field, and living, to save them if possible from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Col. Logan, found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant, and their homes.

Times of Trouble—How they Exhibit the Character.

Times of trouble are times of honesty.—Then men act without art. The prevailing temper of the spirit is developed. The lover of the world will turn to the world for relief. The lover of God, to God. When the heart most feels its weakness and dependence, then it yearns most sensibly after that in which it trusts. And never does it feel its weakness and dependence more than in the days of its tribulation. If, now, it is true that afflictions work together for good to them that love God, and if it is true that special intercourse with God and special comforts are—to such—the sure fruits of afflictions, then it is plain that they who experience these blessings, love God, and that they who do not experience them, do not love him. Does a man in the hour of sorrow betake himself to the throne of Grace? Does he go there in the spirit of confidential fellowship? Does he throw himself upon God with the spirit of a sorrowing, affectionate, trustful child? Does he find that in the hour of trouble is an hour when he cries, "Abba, Father," with unwonted emotion? When his soul seems melted within him by the lively fervor of his secret communion? Does he thus grow in grace? Does he find that there is an unseen arm buoying him up amid the billows? That there is a soothing balm upon his wounds? That there seems to be another fountain opened within him of peace and quietness mingled with the fountain of his grief? Does he find that "the secret of the Almighty is with him?" and the

witness of the spirit, and a sweet concord of thoughts and feelings and afflictions are blending themselves with the decrees and allotments of God? Does he thus find comfort from God? Surely that man must love God. Surely there must be a medium of communication, a bond of union between him and God, which cannot exist without love.

Proposed Modification of the Slave Laws in North Carolina.—The *Staats Zeitung*, a New York German paper, states that a memorial is in circulation in North Carolina, for a change in the laws regulating the slave system. The following reforms are proposed: The introduction of marriage among slaves, with legal guaranty for its perpetuity; the recognition of the tie of parent and child; and the instruction of the slaves in reading and writing.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated with great spirit in Louisville, Ky. Nine living Irishmen were committed to jail on Saturday, and three dead ones were found on Sunday. —*Newark Mercury*.

The heart must rest that the mind may be active. As the ballast to the ship, so to the Spirit are faith and love.—*Zionist*.

The external misfortunes of life—disappointments, poverty, and sickness—are light in comparison of those inward disturbers of mind occasioned by folly, by passion, and by guilt.

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