

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

VOLUME I.—NO. 36.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

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Our Conference on Sunday last.

As had been announced, we had Rev. URBAN CLARK to lecture to us, last Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon. The hall was but comfortably filled in the forenoon, for the reason that it was not very generally known that Mr. CLARK would be here. In the afternoon it was filled to its utmost capacity, with an audience whose countenances and deportment were indicative of elevated mind and liberal sentiments. We can conscientiously say that we never saw an audience listen with more riveted attention or with more apparent satisfaction with what they heard.

We had seen accounts of lectures on the spiritual philosophy, and some controversies, by Rev. URBAN CLARK; and we had seen accounts of difficulties between him and some church organization over which he had charge; but we had no idea that we had ever known him personally. He arrived, and presented a familiar countenance. We then found him to be the same CLARK who supplied the desk of the Universalist Church in this city, for a few weeks just before and up to the commencement of the ministrations of the late, lamented STEPHEN R. SMITH. At that time, now some ten or twelve years ago, we considered Mr. CLARK a very promising young gentleman; and we must say that his growth, during the interim, in intellect, in the faculty of ratiocination, and in all the powers and graces of an effective and pleasing speaker, has more than redeemed the promise.

It gives us pleasure to announce that Mr. CLARK will be with us again next Sabbath; and we hope that his old friends of the Universalist faith will not forget the opportunity which will be presented to them to come and hear him, in the afternoon, when there is no service at their house. We do not expect those whose religion consists in mere profession of universal philanthropy, charity and sympathy, but who are really as bigoted and as intolerant as any of the orthodox sects whom they have ever delighted to denounce, to come and listen to this brother who has taken a step in advance of them. We expect such ones to stay away and enjoy and nurse their prejudices, till the hour comes to meet and worship their cherished idol, "WE," instead of the true God. But, whilst we attribute this character to the few, we know that liberality, charity and a willingness to know the truth, are general characteristics of Universalism. Spiritualism is Universalism and Unitarianism, purified and made rational and consistent in all their bearings; and such, we are confident, it will be found by all elevated minds who have courage to investigate it.

Let each human tortoise keep his cold heart and bigoted head within his own shell; but let those who have hearts warmed with generous sympathy and heads not armed with snapping jaws, walk abroad in the sunlight and keep their eyelids unsealed and their minds open to the reception of truth, whencesoever it may come.

"Spiritualism Exposed."

A few days since, we received a paper entitled *The Belvidere (Ill.) Standard*, with "please exchange" on the wrapper, and, in its columns, the communication under the quoted head, which will be found on our fourth page. Some people may wonder at our taste, in making such a selection as this. Let such ones remember that we judge all good things by comparing them with their opposites. We judge wisdom by comparing it with folly, known to be such. We judge intelligence by comparing it with ignorance. We judge truth by comparing it with evident falsehood. We are enabled to discover the fallacy of the Ptolemaic system of the universe, by comparing it with that of Copernicus; and we are taught to estimate the value of progressive mind, by comparing it with that which is immovably anchored in the morose ground of pristine ignorance and conservatism.

Although the article which we have copied, is evidently a child of the writer's imagination, he never having seen or heard of any such nonsense as that which his dough-brains have elaborated, it will serve the purpose of showing what has been received as probable truth, by many readers of a public journal, published in one of the States of this Union, in the year of our Lord, 1855. Even now, such a production is as much of a *rara avis* as a talking crow, and compares about as well with the philosophy of the age as that fastidious bird does with the humanity which it caricatures in its attempts to confabulate. We like to put such things on record, for the benefit, in after years, of those who now occupy the position of "bricks," to block the wheels of progressive philosophy. Puerile and comfortably as such stuff as this is, it compares favorably with the most able arguments which opposing philosophy brings against the assumed spiritual phenomena.

Lectures for next Week.

We have seven spiritual lectures on hand, and shall publish as many of them as we have room for. One of them from GEORGE WASHINGTON, one from DANIEL WEBSTER, one from STEPHEN R. SMITH, one from EDGAR C. DAYTON, one from SAMUEL YOUNG, one from NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, and one of the series given through Mr. HAMMOND.

Several articles and notices are deferred for want of room.

In the following communication, the reader will find enough that is wonderful to excite suspicion, in the absence of any knowledge of the author's character, that he is given to romance. To prevent the entertainment of such an idea, by those who are acquainted with us, we will state that we are intimately acquainted with Mr. WILSON, and are willing to pledge our reputation for veracity that he is a gentleman in whom may be placed implicit confidence.

TORONTO, May 19th, 1855.

FRIEND ALBRO:

I send you a strange communication. The facts occurred in 1846, in the month of June, at the mouth of the Menomonic river, in Michigan, on the north side of Green Bay. If you think it worth a place in your truly valuable paper, you are welcome to use it, and I will furnish the sequel for your next paper.

You will notice that the whole thing took place before the advent of modern spiritualism.

Yours Fraternally,

E. V. WILSON.

In eighteen hundred and forty-six, I resided at the mouth of the Menomonic river. This stream empties into Green Bay, about sixty miles north of the flourishing little town of NAWANOO, and three hundred miles north of Chicago. My family consisted of myself, wife and one child, and two or three hired men. On the evening of the 18th of June, Mrs. W. requested me to walk on the beach of the lake. I at once complied with her request, and we soon found ourselves enjoying the cool breezes that gently ruffled the bosom of the otherwise quiet bay.

We walked for a quarter of a mile, or so, without either of us uttering a word. I then observed, this is a silent walk, Archie; have you nothing to say? Yes, my dear husband, I have much to say, too much, I fear, for my own present peace of mind and your future happiness. Let us pray. This was uttered in a solemn and impressive tone. We joined hands, and knelt upon the pure white sand of the beach, with a dense forest behind us, the bright sparkling water before us, and the star-studded canopy of Heaven above us. We thus remained for a moment or two, and then the gentle tones of her sweet voice were heard to utter the following impressive prayer: Father, what is this that is stealing over me? Is it death, or is it the influence of that Divine spirit that dwells upon yonder mid-theaters? Answer, thou eternal Creator, from thy dwelling-place in heaven—answer, and tell me, I die? Yes, I hear thee whisper: Set thy house in order, for to-morrow thou shalt be with me. Be it so, my Father, thy will be done, not mine. And now Father, into thy hands I commend myself and mine, and if thy pure eye hath seen anything amiss in that which thy servant hath done, I pray thee, forgive the faults of thy handmaiden, and bless her in her passage upon the river of death. Oh Lord, wilt thou look upon him in mercy and teach him wisdom from on high? Oh Lord, sanctify his heart to thyself, and make him all that thou wouldst have him to be. Father, throw around him the arms of thy love. Let him see thee as I see thee, and let him hear that still small voice, as I now hear it. Whisper to his soul the joys that I now feel, and I will praise thee forever. And, Oh Lord, I pray thee to have in thy keeping my lovely bright-eyed boy; guard him as he grows up to manhood, and teach him wisdom; and when the frost of hoary winters hath silvered over the head of his Sir, may he be a light to guide him, a staff on which he can lean for support in his journey down to the grave. Bless my unborn babe—my daughter. Oh Lord bless her. Bless her in her short journey from the womb to the tomb, for thou hast promised to bring her to me in the space of one short month, and then I will clasp her to my heart, upon yonder mid-theaters of glory, and shout thy praise forever.

Archie! Archie! I exclaimed, what is this? Art thou mad? No my dear husband, I am not mad, but I will tell thee all about my troubles. I am afraid, my wife, that thou art ill; had we not better return to the house, and then I will listen to thy tale of sorrow, or joy, which ever it may be.

Nay, husband, permit me to tell it here, beneath Gods starry kingdom—here on the shore of this beautiful lake—here beneath the shade of the silent forest; where none but God and you will hear me. Wilt thou listen, my dear husband?

Yes, wife of my bosom, I will listen until the Sun again marks you eastern sky with his golden tinge, if thou dost wish it.

Well, then let us sit ourselves in the primitive style of Adam and Eve, and I will tell thee all my fears, my dream, my vision, and the promise I have received.

My wife then proceeded to tell me the following dream: You know, dear husband, that we were away last Saturday and Sabbath—Well, on Saturday night, after I had retired, my unborn babe uttered these words: (do not smile, my dear husband, nor be incredulous, for you know that Archie never told you a falsehood, not even in play or joke) mother we are called. I sprang from my bed to the floor, looked into the bed and under it, tried the door, went to the men's room, heard them snoring fast locked in silent sleep. I then returned, and bowed myself in prayer before my God, and asked for an explanation to this phenomenon. I prayed for thee, my dear, for my boy, for my unborn babe, and for myself. I then lay down, with candle burning; soon it grew dim and sputtered, as though water had been dropped on the wick, and then went out. I thought nothing of this, and tried to lose

My wife was delivered of a daughter on the day previous to the night that she died, and this is the daughter referred to in her prayer.

myself in sleep. All at once the room was as light as though the Sun at mid-day illumined it. At first I was frightened and covered up my head; and then I thought, why should I be afraid; this must be some supernatural agency of great importance to me. I then uncovered my head. The light was gone, but I heard a rustling noise in the room, and then there came a voice distinct and clear, upon the midnight breeze; yes, you are called. I asked who calls, and what do you want? To this I received no answer. I pondered the thing in my heart, and prayed to God for an explanation of this wonderful mystery; and as I lay meditating upon the majesty of God, and his eternal goodness and power, I heard again my unborn babe say: I will follow thee in a month. I not only heard the child speak, my husband, but I felt it and knew that I was not deceived. I was not frightened this time as before. I then asked, will you speak again my child? I received no answer to this last question, but soon felt drowsy and fell asleep.

Then I dreamed that it was Friday and that I saw a schooner approaching the mouth of the river, with a pleasant breeze and all sail set. She came up in noble style, let go her anchor, rounded to, parted her cable and went ashore. I saw the Captain and the crew, moving hither and thither, on the deck, and there stood our friend, Dr. H. I saw you move down toward the vessel and beckon them to come ashore in the small boat. I heard you assure them that there was no danger. I then saw myself sitting in the front room. I thought that I looked very unwell and that I had a severe headache; and that I had a handkerchief tied round my head. At that moment I thought that Mr. McCarty, your hired man, came into the room, or to the door, and I saw and heard myself ask him to call you, saying that I felt quite unwell. He started at once. I saw him go down to the shore to you. I heard him tell you as distinctly as you now hear me. He said, W. you had better go up to the house, your wife is very unwell. I saw you start for the house. You came in, asked me a question or two, helped me to my room, and then sent one of the men for Mrs. B.—and Mrs. H.—you then called the Dr. up from the wreck. He came, took my hand, felt my pulse, pronounced me in labor pains, and took me under his care. I then saw myself in great agony. My distress was most fearful. You stood by watching with anxious look the Dr.'s countenance, and then you took my hand, dropped it suddenly, snatched it up again, and then exclaimed: my God! Dr. H. has received a paralytic stroke. Her whole right side, leg and arm, are paralyzed! Oh! Dr. can you not save her? I heard him say that there is but one chance, and that is to take away her child. He turned and looked at you with an expression of great meaning; you placed your left hand on your head, while you held my left in your right hand. Your reply was, doctor, you will do what you think is right, and if she dies under your treatment, I will not attribute any blame to you. I then saw the operation, you, the doctor and his lady present. The operation was performed in a masterly manner. My child was born. It was a little girl. Mrs. H.—wrapped it in its swaddling clothes, and handed it to you. You looked at it for a moment, and said: My sweet babe, I welcome thee and will care for thee, notwithstanding thou hast cost a great price. Thy mother's life is the price paid for thee. Oh! my child, wilt thou ever fill her place? And then, with a sad expression of countenance, you handed the little innocent to my friend, Mrs. B.—and, asked the doctor if there was any hope for me. His reply was: I will tell you in an hour from this time. You then set down by the bed side; took my hand and gazed with great anxiety into my face, frequently placing your ear close to my lips, and then you would pronounce my name in soft and endearing tones, to which you received no response. Soon the hour was past, the doctor raised himself up, and folded up his arms, and with one of his peculiar looks, said: Mr. W. there is no earthly hope. Your wife must die, I am of no more use to her. You wept and said: My thanks, dear sir, to you and your excellent lady, for the kindness you have manifested to my poor dear wife. May God bless you. You had better retire, for I wish to be alone with my dying wife. At this each shook hands with me, kissed my already cold forehead, and retired, requesting to be called if there was any change. Then we were alone, you and your dying wife; and it was night; darkness reigned without and sorrow, gloom, sadness and death within. Silently and mournfully I saw you watch by my side. Oh, how I tried to speak with you but could not. My speech had gone. At half past one o'clock in the morning, I saw myself expire. I lay an inanimate corpse, before you. You gently folded my arms across my breast, pressed the eyelids down, closed the lips, then kissed the pale brow of your poor wife for the last time in the flesh. There I stood and witnessed all this. I saw it all, but could not tell thee that I was present. I saw you go to the cot where my dear boy was sleeping. You kissed him; took him from his little nest, brought him to me; gently pressed his face to mine, and bade him kiss his mother's lips once more—once more pressed him to my still cold heart; wept over my tenantless body yourself, and then placed my boy in bed to sleep the hours of night away, to awake in the morning and find his mother dead. I then followed you to Mrs. B.'s room. I heard you tell her that all was over, and that Archie was in heaven. She exclaimed: My God! Wilson, why did you not call me? Your answer was: Mrs. B. I loved her too well to allow any one to be present at the silent and solemn hour of death for I fully expected that God would permit her to speak once more before she left

for heaven. You will oblige me Mrs. B. by discharging the last sad duty of the living toward the dead. I followed you to your bed. I heard you pray. I watched by your side as you restlessly passed the hours away. Morning came, you went up the river to the doctor's house, informed them that all was over, and wished our friend to make ready for the funeral; which request they readily complied with. I heard the doctor ask you where you wished for me to be buried. You replied: On yonder knoll, on the bank of the stream, beneath the shade of that towering pine, I would have my wife sleep time away. You then, with sorrowing heart and slow step, retraced your way to your home, desolated by the hand of death. Oh, how I tried to impress upon your mind that I was present. You heeded not my efforts. You looked once more upon my lifeless form. Once more kissed the cold pale brow; gently pressed my hand, and sighed a final farewell. All that night I watched beside my babe. I heard it cry—I tried to quiet it—but was prevented by the woman that had charge of it. The next morning I saw the preparations for my funeral. I went with you to the grave. Oh! how little you thought that I was there. I noticed the sad and sorrowing look of those hardy men, as they took their last farewell look at me. I saw my body lowered down into the grave. I heard the hoarse rattle of the earth upon the coffin lid. I saw the mould rounded up and the board placed to mark the spot where my remains were to pass through that transformation that makes us dust, and then I followed you to your desolate home; saw you dispose of your furniture; knew that you were making preparations to carry my babes to your mothers away down in southern Illinois. I watched by your side throughout all your journey; visited your mothers with you, and then followed you back to Menomonic; was with you as I thought for two or three months; and then you were taken sick. Oh! how sick you were. They all said that you would die. Doctor H. gave it as his opinion that you would soon sleep beside your wife. You died, as your friends all thought; and preparations were made to place you by my side. But you were not dead. You were only under the powerful influence of myself and several spirit friends that I thought were with me. At this stage, one of my spirit friends informed me that this was all dream, but that it would come to pass; that all I had witnessed would take place, and that after I had died, I should see you, be often with you, and that you would be permitted to see me, talk with me and remember all that you saw in this trance state.

When I awoke it was day; the men were at work about the house; the birds were singing; the sun shone brightly in at my window; our lovely boy was at his play, little thinking that ere ten days passed away, he would be motherless. Yet so it will be, my husband, and I must leave you this very week.

Archie, I exclaimed, stop this mad talk; it is only a dream. You will not die. You never looked better in your life. Your cheeks are red with health, and your prospects are good for many, many years of joy and bliss. Mark me and listen to what I say: One week from tonight we will come here again, and prove that there is no truth in dreams.

Ah, my husband, one week from tonight I shall be no more of earth. My body will rest in the grave, and you and our babes will be out yonder on the bosom of the bay on your way to your mothers. Remember what I now tell you—this will be. I shall die to-morrow night. Come, let us drop this sad conversation; go home and retire not to sleep, but to talk of the future.

We sadly retraced our way back to the house; went into our room, and all night long talked of the past, the present and the future. All her plans were laid for her approaching illness. Directions were given for the care of her children; and through the live-long night we talked of her approaching dissolution. The day dawned; she was well. Breakfast was past. No signs of sickness. Ten o'clock came. One of my men came to the house and said that there was a schooner in sight, and that the wind was blowing fresh. I looked at my wife. She was the picture of death. Her face, but an hour before, was as red with health as I could wish it. In an hour the vessel neared the harbor. We were outdoors watching her with no little interest. She came up in noble style, rounded to, let go her anchors and rode beautifully on the waves; away went the men aloft; the sails were snugly furled; all things seemed safe. I turned to my wife and said: Archie, have no fears, she is safe, and your dream is not fulfilled.

Be not too sure, my husband; that vessel will come ashore; her cable will part. Look! she exclaimed, it is done! my dream is true! I turned my eyes towards the vessel, and, sure enough, her cable had parted and she fast drifting in toward the shore. In ten minutes more the vessel was beached; the dream was fulfilled; I saw the doctor as my wife had predicted. I stood on the beach motioning them what to do. While I stood there, Mr. McCarty came to me and told me my wife was quite unwell, and that I had better go up to the house. I went and found her as she had seen herself in her dream. Thus it went on, one thing after another, until the dream was completely fulfilled. The doctor and the persons mentioned, were all present. That night she died as she told me she should. I buried her as she had seen herself buried, on the knoll that she mentioned, under the very pine tree designated in the dream. In fact every thing, was fulfilled as she dreamed that it would be; and one week from that night I stood on the quarter deck of the brig A. R. Cobb, of Buffalo, (Captain Rogers) and looked back to the shore, the spot where my late wife had related to me her wonderful

and, to me, dreadful dream. I visited my mother, with my children; left them with her; returned again to Menomonic, and was taken sick on the third day of October following the death of my beloved wife.

My fever ran nine days. I became insane and died, as all my friends thought. Every preparation was made to bury me beside my wife. While I lay in this state, my brother came to see me. He noticed that there was pliability in my limbs not natural to a dead person; and on a close examination, it was decided to keep me above ground until there was evidence of decomposition taking place. On the third day after my brothers arrival, there were evident signs of life. My brother sent for the doctor, and in the mean time applied such remedies as he thought applicable. When the doctor arrived, he used the lance. Blood was started in several places. I was put through a bathing and rubbing process for two or three hours, and then I was pronounced alive. For several days I lingered on the verge of the grave, between time and eternity. At last I was pronounced out of danger; and in a few weeks I was able to be out of doors. I saw, during this state of trance, much that was wonderful, and met with many that I had known on earth, and amongst others, my wife, my father, my two infant children, and one that died three years before in Chicago; the other one month after its birth; and one day less than a month after the mothers death.

Thus you see, my friend, that the dream was fearfully fulfilled. In my next I will give you my experience while in this trance state; provided this communication is worthy of a place in your paper, of course. I leave it for you to decide on its merits. All I have to say is, that it is too true.

Yours Fraternally

E. V. WILSON.

A boy two years old, died in Chicago, Ill., three years before, on the 4th of September.

Lecture by the Spirit of Jo. Smith,

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

THE EVILS OF MORMONISM.

Nature most beautifully harmonizes all developed minds with the impulses and conditions which surround them. Our freedom from the bondage of mental slavery, superstition and error, is even now spreading its divine influence over each universe, while the dark and gloomy conservatives of your land are yielding to its power. Yet men will earnestly strive to bind the human mind more closely to the worn out errors of the past—to the sickly shadows of hygienic circumstances, while religious excitement will distort your vision, and you will venerate and admire, as a supernatural being, one which is not such, but which is the type of your own form, and the image of your soul. Such teachings arrest the flowing and rapid current of moral sentiments. It impedes the increase and expansion of free thought, and man exercises his devotion to the delirious of individuals who lived centuries and centuries ago. You give them an unnatural greatness of character, because some fifty strong and well developed minds and temperaments have, in very high toned sentiments, expressed their ideas of a God and a future which the plainest and simplest mind is now capable of uttering in a simpler language. But there are fertilizing principles which develop the intuitive powers of the mind, and weary not your mental faculties with useless exercises of ancient forms of worship, and without the fatiguing processes of modern religious forms of service. These principles contain philosophy. The philosophy lays bare the stupendous volume, or mysteries of human life, and develops the excellence and intrinsic beauty of all scriptural truths. Man is now fostering and idolizing the sickly offsprings of diseased imaginative minds, while he should be devoting his energies to the application of the principles of Deity to all religious creeds. The enthusiastic admirer looks up to the form of his religion, not to the truth or substance which it may contain, while if he applied the principles even of his own being to the objects he worships, he would find them to be a reflection of his own mind. There cannot be so many Gods as the different creeds seem to reverence; for science, nature and logic disprove this. Then which is right? Is the important question to be considered. This is not for you nor for me to say; but there is a way by which this subject may be reached. It is by receiving the living truths of man and his being and not speculate upon events past; for what does the pyrotechnical demonstration of talent amount to, in the result of such speculations? Why nothing. Then we are discharged of the functions of a mind upon some mythological standard of infallibility. Why do the Mormons believe in the entire and perfect infallibility of their religious revelations? Because they adopted the professions I made, and sincerely believed that I was a prophet, receiving direct knowledge from God. But this was false; yet the fundamental principles of Mormonism occupy their positions, as far as truth and virtue are admitted, on an equality of development with other theological denominations.

When I was a mere infant, I distinctly remember of having visions, where I saw beings whom I realized to be free from the form. They would show me the beauties of the spirit land, and I would relate them to my friends, and they supposed it to be an uncommon gift of prophecy, from God. They believed that what I saw and spoke was an inspiration from the Almighty, and thus I was made to believe that I was almost equal to Christ. Possessing naturally a very ambitious mind, and constitutionally susceptible to spiritual influence, I, from my visionary gleamings, derived a faith, a creed, its basis or foundation being the Bible.

My education was limited, but was constantly improved by a spirit developing power. My clairvoyant powers were large, and in my visions, where I found those plates, I could have sworn that I saw what transpired with my physical vision; but although I was conscious, yet it was a vision of the inner man, given by spirits. The plates were undoubtedly buried there by some ancient tribes, who first inhabited America. And these spirits, not having progressed from their earthly faith, desired to influence some one to discover these plates, and, through them, by the gift of interpretation, make known their religious worship and designs. I being, in my temperament, susceptible to their influence, became their object and through their designs and mind originated the Mormon bible. Mormonism, when free from iniquity, has many virtues. The laying on of hands has done more good in healing the sick, than all the medicine in Christendom. I have, myself, seen individuals writing in agony; seemingly about to step upon the threshold of eternity, when a few individuals were called who laid their hands upon the location of the disease, when the sufferer revived instantly; and thus we continued our operations till the physical body was wholly restored to health. This was our uniform method of administering to the afflicted. This was a virtue. But Mormonism has finally run into gross animality and sensuality. All its primary goodness is absorbed by the will passions of false believers: Go to Utah, and what meet your gaze? Pollution and crime could not be fouler nor more cursed. Men becoming tyrants and women slaves to their base passions. In the last days of my career, I lost my power, and my followers, many of them, desired my downfall, and finally succeeded in their designs, and I fell a victim to their foul snare. I have seen the innocent man murdered. I have seen the inoffensive robbed of all their earthly goods. I have seen the virtuous female become a victim to the vile seducers arts, and all within my own church. These are now the evils of Mormonism. I fear not to say that I, too, was an actor amid such scenes; but I was not as deeply stained by sin as the world made me.

Mormonism has its government, and, by certain laws and through certain men, such things as they desire may be readily acceded to; and this is the manner in which the plurality of wives originated. This is a baneful curse, than which nothing could be more damnable. But it pains my spirit to contemplate their debased condition. I no longer uphold them in their iniquity, and if the testimony of spirits was allowable in your courts of law, the standing men of Mormonism might have long ere this shared a murderers fate; for it is wrong that such crimes should, blacken the face of the earth. I would gladly implicate them, if it would impel the rapid current of pollution; but it will not. Yet there is a justice which sentences all faculties of the mind to darkness, if stained by earthly crimes. Mind is unfolded by the harmonious quickening of the spiritual faculties; and it springs up like the noble tree in the primal forest, inhaling divine inspiration into all the avenues of the intellect and soul. Genius inspires, purity qualifies, and goodness renders the soul happy. It is then evident that men, if controlled by sensuality on earth, must be in ignorance in heaven, until they learn to make a perfect application of the principles of God, with other manifestations of truth. The immortal mind must go deeper than the forms or symbols of thought and life. The truth of an eternal progressive existence, refers to the deepest vitality of our souls. It touches gently the finest feelings of our spirit, and throws a halo of brightness over our eternal life. The spiritual philosophy is casting a beautiful light over the mental constitution of man. It proves that the soul is not a bubble cast upon the ocean of humanity, floating after the mysteries of death; in the depths of infinity; but that it is made to appear in its true form and identity; as a high destined, sublimely endowed, and independent individual. Man may commit a crime and leave his country, to escape punishment; but the still small voice troubles the mind. The slave serves his master because he fears the lash; and the doctrine of fear prevents the natural development of mind; and you behold a man a miserable slave to the low degrading teachings of ignorant men. God is not material, nor never was; and he cannot possess materialistic desires; hence he punishes no mind, only from the want of the natural development of the spiritual faculties. All created things are invested with the power of function—with the requisite qualifications to perform some definite part in the order of nature. Then we conclude there must be some principle in the law of his being by which these functions are governed. Man may recede in darkness on earth, mentally, and enter the spirit land in the same deplorable condition. In accordance with the universality and invariability of truth, matter and mind are considered one distinct independent substance. Truth is a unit, mind is the flower of matter, and man is the flower of creation. Man is superior to all created developments, because he possesses a higher mental organization and a deeper source of feeling. His intelligence is the foundation of his supremacy, and is the source of his divinity. When men believe Wisdom to be the savior of the soul and Love its guardian angel, then you will have taken the initiatory step towards the kingdom of celestial and spiritual harmony.

Yours in truth,
JOSEPH SMITH.

There are some who take our paper, who have never made the first payment. We desire such ones to ask themselves how they thing we can pay our daily expenses.

We were thrown back two days, this week, on account of the shortness of help. We will try to do better next week.

Mr. KERR:—I wish to present a short investigation of Spiritualism, not with the idea of blowing the whole Institution skyhigh, but make a few remarks concerning it, then to sheath my weapon and retire. To contend that Spiritualism, or any other such wide spread sin is all "Humbug," would be like contending that all dollars are bogus because we had tried one or two and found them worthless. Thousands of men have "poohed" at the idea of bringing about certain scientific and artistic results; but the actual existence of the steamboat, the railroad, the telegraph &c, has successfully demonstrated that the opinion of thousands even, can be outweighed and overcome by the indefatigable research and labor of a few men of genius.

And on the other hand, to contend that any metaphysical theory is true because one or a thousand learned men have investigated and pronounced it so, is equally preposterous. Past experience has proved this. Hundreds of doctrines and theories have and do exist in the world, all have had a beginning, and many of them have had an end. They have been promulgated by individuals and followed by the masses; many of them have been investigated and pronounced truths by men of eminence in wisdom and learning, and yet the views of each individual doctrine is generally antagonistic to the views and teachings of the other. Thus plainly proving that some of them must be wrong, and leaving us without positive knowledge that any of them are right. For instance: The great Christian Religion, as promulgated and expounded by many of the finest intellects of Europe and America stands in many points opposed to the teachings of Spiritualism. Which also claims to have been investigated and pronounced good by many of the finest minds in the country.

With all our mind, instinct or will, entrenched here in the body, its material citadel and supporter, we are unable to jar the frailest leaf or to lift the smallest insect, unless we make a physical exertion. The tipping, or lifting of a table is not a spiritual, but a material or physical effect. The result of some natural or material cause or force acting upon it. By what power, and in what manner can the disembodied mind, or spirit, lift substances which we know from every day experience that it requires a motive power to raise? Can the spirits grasp all the elements and secret powers of the universe, subvert the forces of gravitation and make them subservient to their knocking and table dancing propensities? or do they possess a physical body, which, like the body of the natural man is capable of sustaining itself and lifting substances against that force of gravitation which holds worlds in their orbits? If they are clothed with an electrical body, independent of the great mass of electrical vitality which pervades the material universe—if they are a distinct and material organization of sufficient density and strength to stand upon the floor and lift a table—if they have power to handle and play upon musical instruments, they can be recognized not as spirits, but as substances or bodies having a form strength and a motive power equal to man.

Electricity in the form of lightning often breaks wood in pieces, but an electrical magnet will not attract or repel wood. An electrical body might explode under a substance and raise it in that way, but perhaps the spirits would not fancy being blown up every few evenings. If spirits have no material body, but are purely spiritual, what better facilities have they for making tables dance without physical aid than they had previous to being disembodied.

The majority of mankind have been educated to a belief in the existence of spirits; and that many are very credulous upon that point is proved by the fact that all spiritual theories, no matter how absurd, find plenty of followers. And a certain class of individuals have so much confidence in their own powers of discernment and discrimination, that they pronounce every mysterious appearance which they cannot trace to natural principles, as utterly inexplicable; then falling back upon their education, they proclaim to the world that a supernatural miracle has been witnessed. Thus, they are admirably fitted by nature and education to fall an easy prey to the snares of deception. Having presented a few thoughts concerning the theory, I will explain the ways and means by which some of the manifestations are produced.

I once sat in a circle where the mediums were two girls, both quite young. The spirits were told to raise the table, and it raised about four inches—we were requested to press it down—we did as requested, but when we lifted our hands it followed them up again. We pressed it down again, and then the spirits were told to leave it there and it remained on the floor. Two large Bibles and a child were placed upon the table, our hands were ordered off, and the mediums stood up, put their hands upon the table and requested it to rise. It then raised as before. Music was struck up and the table would jump up and down in perfect time. It there answered questions by raising or tipping, and the show went on for an hour or more. Afterwards took the mediums' father to one side, and told him if he would show me how the table was raised, that I would learn him the art of reading with his eyes blindfolded. He pretended to know nothing about it, but after parrying awhile, a bargain was struck up between us, and he was led into the secret of clairvoyance, and I was initiated into the secrets of the mysterious table. An inch and a half auger hole was bored in the upper end of each table leg, eight inches deep, from the bottom of that a hole was bored through to the foot of the leg, one

fourth of an inch in diameter.—In the larger cavity was placed a strong coil spring, the upper end of which rested against the corner of the table. A spring steel rod, one half inch longer than the leg was run through the hole and fixed to the spring at such a point that when the spring was compressed, one end of the rod would rest on the floor, and the other would project half an inch into the cover of the table. Under the cover, one inch from each end, were two secret springs, fixed in such a manner that they could be reached by the thumb, whilst the fingers and a part of the hands were resting upon the table, and by moving backwards or forwards, the end of the rod could be fastened in the cover or disengaged at the will of the operator. When the rod was disengaged the spring would raise the table; when pressed down, of course it would raise again, unless the rod was fastened. The weights were put on to balance the force of the springs, then with a light pressure it would go down, and come up when the pressure was taken off, and tip and dance by bearing on one side and easing up on the other, and when it was borne down and the rod was fastened, it would behave as well as any other table. The old gentleman informed me that by painting the lower ends of the rods black, and keeping all the lights on the table, that no one had discovered the trick and yet many people had witnessed the performance.

The raps are effectually produced by electricity as follows: A battery is placed under the floor, a number of nails driven through the floor in different parts of the room, wires which are connected with different parts of the machinery of the battery are attached to them. That part of the table leg which rests upon the floor is plated with iron, and a wire which is connected with the plate runs up through the leg and terminates in the centre of the cover. In some part of the room, a nail arranged with a spring is so fixed as to protrude half an inch out of the floor, with a secret spring to hold it level with the floor when not in use.

Below the floor is an arrangement, on the same principle of a machine in a telegraph office, to the lever of which the nail is attached; another one is ingeniously secreted in the cover of the table to which the wire is attached; the table is placed upon one of the nails and thus a connection is formed—a child is put up by the table as the medium, whilst some older person sits apart from the table, producing the raps by managing the nail with his foot. The company are satisfied that the child does not make the sounds, and as no one else is near the table, they swallow it down as supernatural. Chairs can be arranged in the same manner, and the operator can make raps on the chairs and table all at once.

Tables can be weighed down as follows:—A half inch bar of steel is bent in the shape of a horse shoe, and the ends are tapered down to the size of a large nail head and are just as far apart as the legs of the table; two holes are cut in the floor and the ends of the bar are inserted from the under side, the wires from the battery are attached to it and the machine is ready for use. When the table legs, which have blocks of steel fixed in the ends, are placed upon the ends of the bar, the current of electricity is let on, and the table is fastened. There are various other ways of producing the mechanical manifestations, which for want of space I must leave unnoticed and pass on to other features of "humbug spiritualism." A great many mediums gain their celebrity by means of confederacy. As they claim the right of answering when they please and refusing to answer when they please, they have a fine chance of selecting individuals in whose history they are well posted up. And as they proclaim to the world that there are lying spirits among them, they have a fine chance to creep out of the scrape, even if they do answer questions wrong. The medium secretly gets acquainted with some young man or woman in the neighborhood or village and makes him a confederate, and he makes accomplices of one or two more; they then secretly learn the past history of one or two individuals, find out their ages, note the order of things about their premises, consult the tomb stones, and then learn when they have lost friends, how long a go, how old they were, &c. Then perhaps they will take an axe belonging to one of the individuals, or something else which he will miss, and secrete it somewhere perhaps on his own premises—the facts are then communicated to the medium; thus armed the medium enters the place a stranger—a private meeting is appointed, and a dozen or more persons are invited, including the above mentioned individuals. A circle is formed around the table, and presently the medium begins to be powerfully agitated, and by way of embellishment, he pounds the table so hard as to knock a piece off his fist occasionally! Then according to his directions his eyes are tightly blindfolded and a person with a spelling book takes a seat in the corner of the room, and commencing at the letter A, he points to the letters in rotation along down the alphabet, and when the medium knocks on the table, he stops, and the letter upon which the pencil rests when the blow falls, is taken down by persons standing by. The same process is gone through with again and the next letter upon which the pencil rests when the blow fall, is set down to the right of the first, and so on, until the medium refuses to rap. Then the letters are brought to the table, and are found to form the sentence "Spirits are here."

They are then asked who they are willing to converse with, and by the same pointing process the names of the above mentioned individuals are spelled out, pencil and paper are then given to the medium, they ask questions and he writes answers, he tells them how old they are—how many children they have lost—how long since, &c. He tells them how things

are situated about their premises, in their houses, and tells them of events and circumstances which they supposed no one knew but themselves. He then tells one of them that he has lost an axe, where he will find it, &c. He then comes out of the clairvoyant state, examines his bloody fists, and pretends to be greatly fatigued. The man goes home, finds his axe—and publishes the news far and wide. Of course the medium gets a reputation—the people wonder, and the confederates laugh in their sleeve.

EXPLANATION.—When the medium is blindfolded, secret confederate No. 1 takes the book and seals himself in the corner of the room, and confederate No. 2 takes a seat at the table opposite the medium, with his foot against that of the medium, and his eyes upon the hand of confederate No. 1. Then, for instance, they wish to spell the word love.—No. 1 slightly raises his hand and lets the pencil fall upon A No. 2 says to himself A, 1 raises his hand again and lets the pencil fall upon B, No. 2 says to himself B; and thus by the motion of No. one's hand he keeps track of the letters until the pencil strikes L, he then presses the medium's foot, and he raps on the table. L is then set down. No. 1 then commences to point again at A and No. 2 keeps track of the letters again by the motion of No. 1's hand until the pencil strikes O, he then presses the medium's foot, he raps again, and O is set down,—and so they go on pointing and pressing and rapping, until the word is spelled.

The new Spiritual Theory may be true, but one thing is certain, a disembodied mind can never move a table, unless it brings some natural power to its aid, and in my opinion, man, by the aid of machinery, is capable of handling the secret powers of Nature, equally as well, if not better than the Spirits are.

V. R. G.

The Progressive Refinement of Matter.

It is well known that analysis has proved, beyond dispute, that all substances in nature are composed of sixty-four simples, which may be considered as having existed in the chaotic period in a divided or unform shape, and we first find all these substances in rocks. By the debris of these rocks soils were formed, and hence all these substances are found in soils, and the admixture of these soils, and the movement of the rocks from place to place has occurred by convulsions of the earth's surface, changes of position of large masses of water, &c.

We next notice these simple substances occupying their places in vegetable and animal matter; but still find large quantities contained in rocks in their primitive form. We also know that any of these substances, separated from the rocks, may, by chemical means, be produced in what is usually termed a pure form; thus, if a magnesium rock be dissolved in sulphuric acid, and the clear, supernatant fluid be evaporated, crystallization will take place, and these crystals will be the sulphate of magnesium (Epsom salts). So also, if we take that mineral known as chlor apatite, which is composed of phosphoric acid and lime, and known as phosphate of lime, that we then have a mineral identical in composition with a calcined bone, which is also phosphate of lime.

Should the sulphate of magnesium, after having been obtained in the crystalline form be frequently re-melted and re-crystallized, it will arrive at a condition having different properties from those belonging to the original crystals, although, by analysis they will seem to be of the same composition; the one used as a medicine will cause great pain, while the other will produce the same medicinal effects without pain; and, indeed, all the inorganic constituents as taken from rocks may, under certain combinations, form crystallizable substances, which, by repeating the process of crystallization, are rendered more fit for appropriation in organized nature. But when these substances are incorporated, as in a plant or in an animal, they seem to form a homogeneous mass, having none of the character known as crystalline, not even when examined by the microscope; still, from some microscopic examinations, it is fair to infer that peculiarities of configuration, consequent upon composition, do exist. Thus much as a platform for thought.

The chemist tells us by analysis that blood is composed of certain materials which exist in rocks, and may be separated from them. Now let us suppose ten square yards of soil to be fertilized by ten lbs of bullock's blood, and another ten square yards of soil to be fertilized by the constituents which analysis shows to exist in ten lbs of blood, and that these constituents shall not only undergo the greatest degree of mechanical division by grinding, but they shall also be placed in solution and applied to the soil; still, notwithstanding this great mechanical sub-division, the ten yards fertilized by the blood will yield double the amount of crop of that fertilized by the same constituents taken from the rocks.

As another instance. Should we fertilize one piece of land with the bones of an animal previously heated to redness, so as to drive off the gelatine, fatty matter, etc., and leave phosphate of lime only, dissolving it before its application, in sulphuric acid, and should fertilize another similar piece of land with the same amount of phosphate of lime taken from the rock as at the location at Dover, N. J., or Crown Point, Lake Champlain, and dissolve this also in sulphuric acid, we should find that the portion fertilized by the dissolved bones would yield a crop much larger than that arising from the use of dissolved phosphate from the rock.

This gives rise to the question. Does matter by its entering into animal and vegetable organism undergo any changes which are important for under progression, but which changes are not discoverable by chemical test or mi-

croscopic investigations? All experiments seem to prove that isomeric compounds, although chemically alike, so far as analysis is capable of discovering conditions, really do differ in their adaptability for appropriation in organic life, and thus the ingredients found in the blood or bone of an animal, between the time of its leaving the original rock and becoming blood or bone, may have occupied place in vegetable or animal life a thousand times, at each of which assimilation, growth, and decay it may have been more fully suited for its present advanced purposes, and thus the phosphate of lime and other constituents of blood may differ in their applicability for re-appropriation from the same materials in a less advanced state. We all know that when a plant or animal decays, or is consumed in any way that its ultimate pass back either to the soil or the atmosphere, and are re-united in some new organic form; no one particle is ever put out of existence—and may not this be the cause why many manures are to be found so much more effective than others of similar composition?

All know that the ultimates contained in a green crop, when applied to the soil from original sources, will produce no such result as is consequent upon the plowing under of a green crop.

We all know that night-soil, urine of animals, stable manure, etc., produce effects in vegetable growth not to be arrived at by the use of the same constituents direct from the rocks; and it is not possible that our present improved plants, improved fruits and animals, may be the result of this system of progression in the quality of ultimates and their adaptability for easy assimilation? We can trace back all our fruits to inferior sources, and our various garden vegetables are of comparatively modern production. The same rule applies with equal force to the animal creation, and possibly from the same causes.

If we refer to the records of animals as portrayed in Grecian art, we shall discover the probable proof of this assertion. The horses shown in the Elgin Marbles, although replete with beauty from the graceful curved lines in their form, may be approved of by the artist; but the horsejockey will inform us that they are far inferior, both for fleetness and strength, to the horses of the present day; and the very horse that carried Romulus into Rome might have failed if Remus had mounted him at the same time.

The cattle represented in these marbles, and those represented in Egyptian art, are far inferior in figure and size to the Devons, Durhams, etc., of the present day.

This is not only true of animals, but also of man; for while we have such exceptions as Goliath of Gath, in ancient history, O'Brien the Irish giant, the Belgian giant, etc., in modern history, we still know that the human race have improved in figure, size, and probably in mental energy. The Eglington tournament, which occurred in England twelve years since, gave proof of this fact; for the noble youths who wished to emulate their great forefathers on that occasion found it impossible to wear the suits of armor which had so long ornamented their baronial halls, and blacksmiths were in active requisition for the enlargement of these mail protectors.

While the useful animals have been continually increasing in size, those which are not required by man, but which were probably required as machines for the progression of ultimates, have either entirely passed out of existence or materially lessened in size; thus, the mastodon, which once, as proved by fossil geology, roamed at large over the earth's surface, no longer exists. This animal was capable of consuming immense amounts of vegetable food and thus presenting it for reappropriation for new forms in a refined condition. The same may be said of the ancient hyena, whose bones occupy the hyena-caves of England, but which does not now exist, the animal of the same name being many times less in size. We find the same true of many of the Saunians, and while the tooth of the largest shark of this time is but an inch high, we find the teeth of antique sharks in the Monmouth marls larger than a human hand. May it not be that, as the vegetable kingdom progressed, it ceased to present food sufficiently gross for the use of these animals, while those of finer ultimate structure, composed of more progressed particles, were able to assimilate more progressed food, and thus the useful animals—man included—have all improved.

In the fruits, vegetables, etc., we know this to be true; for we have hundreds of varieties of pears alone which were unknown to our forefathers, and in a greater or less degree we find similar advancement throughout the vegetable world.

The farmer might also learn that both his soil and the fertilizers used have certain power consequent upon their advanced state, and when used for raising the most progressed species of plants, it may be necessary to select the most progressed kinds of fertilizers, or those containing ultimates which have for the longest time, and during the greatest number of changes, occupied organic nature. May it not be possible that the raising of seeds, when to be used as such, should always occur in the oldest and most highly balanced soils, and that all fertilizers used upon them should be from the most highly organized sources? We know that seeds contain a large amount of nitrogen, and we know, also, that the blood and feces of man, and of the more progressed animals, also contain very large amounts of nitrogen as compared with their inorganic constituents; and as the food is selected from the highest of organized nature, it is fair to infer that for this reason in part the inorganic matter is required from such sources for perfect soil raising.

Indeed, if this hypothesis can be sustained it will act as a guide, not only for present investigation, but for the examination of natural laws, which now seem to be beyond the comprehension of man.

JAMES J. MAPES.

GREATNESS.—The wealthy and the Noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of Genius, with busts, from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael are to be commended, if they do not stand still here, but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the Master himself be not inferior to the Mansion, and that the Owner be not the only thing that is little, amidst every thing else that is great.—Colton.

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