

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

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

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VOLUME I.—NO. 4.

Poetry.

Progress.

Up, man of reason, rouse thee up,
This is no slumbering age;
Requit thy loins, unbare thine arm,
And for the future engage.
Stern duty's voice demands thine help,
Arouse thee for the strife—
Be up and doing for the world,
With mighty change is rife.
Thou knaves should scheme and rogues combine
To thwart your honest aim,
Maintain your ground, press on, press on,
Add fuel to the flame;
More and more yet; keep to the work;
Raise, raise the pile on high,
Until its blaze in giant might
Leaps to the very sky.
Already much has been achieved,
There's much more to be done,
But do the work with all thy strength,
The goal shall yet be won;
Overleap the barriers of prejudice
May set up in your way,
Hope on—take courage—persevere—
And yours is still the day.
Mind soars o'er matter, sordidness
Sinks withering to the earth,
And wealth, that long hath claimed the bow,
Succumbs to humbler worth;
Base systems, born in ages dark,
Are falling to decay,
And soon a blast, by Progress blown,
Shall sweep them all away.
And can't no longer shall be palmed
As virtue on the good;
Nor shall pale-faced Hypocrisy
Stand long where it hath stood;
The semi-blind shall have their sight,
And opening their eyes
Things shall be known whenever seen,
Whatever their disguise.

Miscellany.

From the Home Journal. The Magic Goblet.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

The forenoon peal rang out from the great dome. Men and women wandered in various directions over the broad square: carts passed by, and priests went to their churches. Ferdinand stood upon the broad step, looking at the passers-by, and remarking those who came up to be present at High Mass. The sunshine glanced upon the white stones—all sought shade from the heat—only he stood for a long time leaning against a pillar, in the burning rays, without feeling them, for he forgot himself in the recollections which arose to his memory. He reflected upon his life, and was inspired with the feeling which penetrated his being, and in itself had rendered extinct all other wishes.
At this same hour, in former years, he had stood here to see matrons and maidens come up to Mass; with careless heart and laughing eyes, had he marked the various forms. Many a kindly look was roguishly received, and many a girlish cheek blushed; his watchful eye espied the dainty little foot, as it mounted the steps, as the swaying robe was more or less displaced to display the ankle.
But, then, over the market-place came a youthful form, in black—slender and noble—the eyes steadily bent down, moved carelessly out upon the elevation with lovely grace; the silken robe surrounded a most beautiful form, and swayed, as if to music, around the moving limbs. Now she would make the last step, and safely she raised her eyes, and met his look with a beam of the brightest blue.
He was pierced through by one ray. She slipped, and as quickly he sprang towards her; yet he could not prevent that, for a short time, she should lie kneeling in the most charming attitude at his feet.
He raised her; she regarded him not, but was all blushes, and answered not his question, if she were hurt. He followed her into the church, and saw only the form which had knelt before him. On the following day he sought again the steps of the temple. The place was sacred to him. He had wished to go away. His friends impatiently expected him in his home; but here only was his fatherland. His heart was changed. He saw her more often. She shunned him not; yet were they only single and stolen moments; for her rich family watched her enough, and still more an illustrious jealous lover. They knew each other's love, but knew no help in their position; for he was a foreigner, and could proffer for his love no such great fortune as she was entitled to expect. Then he felt his poverty; yet, when he reviewed his former mode of life, he thought himself abundantly rich; for his existence was hallowed, his heart ever beat in the most beautiful emotion. Now was nature a friend, and her beauty open to his soul. No longer he

felt himself a stranger to devotion and religion. He passed over that same threshold into the mysterious gloom of the temple now, with quite other feelings than in those days of levity.
He withdrew from his acquaintances, and lived for love alone. If he went through her street, and only saw her at the window, he was happy for that day. Often he had spoken to her in the gloom of the evening. Her garden adjoined that of a friend, but he knew not his secret. So a year passed by.
All the secrets of his new life passed again through his memory. He raised his eye: already the noble form moved over the square. She smiled upon him like a sun out from a confused crowd. A love-song sounded in his eager heart; and as she drew near, he stopped back into the church. He held towards her the holy water; the white fingers trembled as they touched his; she bent herself gracefully. He followed after her and knelt near her.
His whole heart was melted into grief and love. It seemed to him as if, from the wounds of passion, his being bled out into devout prayers; each word of the priest penetrated him—each tone of the music shed devotion into his bosom. His lips quivered as the beautiful one pressed the crucifix of her rosary to her warm, rosy lips. How had he never before so fully experienced this grief and this love? Then the priest raised the Host, and the bell struck, and she bent herself humbly, and crossed her breast; and like a lightning flash, it rushed through all his faculties and emotions, and the altar-form seemed to him living, and the colored twilight of the windows like a light of Paradise. Tears streamed plentifully from his eyes, and lessened the consuming fervor of his heart.
The divine service was ended. He offered to her again the holy water. She spoke some words and departed. He remained behind, in order not to attract attention. He looked after her, until the edge of her garment had vanished around the corner. Then it was to him as to the weary, bewildered traveler, to whom, in the dense wood, is extinguished the last beam of the setting sun. He awoke from his dreams, as an old withered hand struck upon his shoulder, and someone called him by name.
He turned, and recognized his friend, the cross Albert, who withdrew himself from all men, and whose solitary house was open only to the young Ferdinand.
"Are you mindful of our appointment?" asked a hoarse voice.
"O, yes," answered Ferdinand.
"And will this day hold you to your promise?"
"This very hour," replied the other, "if you will follow me."
They went through the city and into a large building in a side street.
"To-day," said the old man, "must you really be troubled with me, in the back of the house, in my lonely chamber, where we shall not be disturbed."
They went through many chambers, then over many stairs; passages received them, and Ferdinand, who thought he knew the house, must wonder at the crowd of rooms, as well as at the wonderful plan of the immense building; but still more, that the old man, who was unmarried, who also had no family, dwelt in it alone with a few servants, and never had been willing to let the superfluous rooms to strangers.
Albert stopped at last, and said, "Now, we are at the place." A great, high chamber received them, which was hung with red damask, attached to golden clasps; the chairs were of the same material, and through heavy, silken curtains shimmered a purple light.
"Wait a moment," said the old man, while he went into another room.
Ferdinand, meanwhile, looked at some books, in which he found strange characters, circles and lines, besides many wonderful designs; and in the few which he could read appeared alchemical letters. He knew also that the old man had the reputation of being a gold-worker. Upon the table lay a lute, which was curiously inlaid with mother-of-pearl and colored woods, and represented birds and flowers in shining forms; the star in the midst was a great piece of mother-of-pearl wrought out into many perforated circles, in the most skillful manner, very like the window-rose of a gothic church.
"You are looking at my instrument," said Albert, who had returned; "it is already two hundred years old, and I brought it from Spain with me, as a souvenir of my journey. But leave all that now, and sit down."
They seated themselves at the table, likewise covered with a crimson cloth; and the old man placed something covered up on the table.
"From pity to your youth," he began, "I have lately promised to tell you truly, whether I could render you happy or not, and this promise I will perform at the present hour, even if you would hold the recent affair only as a jest. You need not be terrified, for what I intend, can happen without danger; and neither shall fearful conjurations be made by me, nor shall a frightful appearance alarm you. The thing

which I shall attempt may fall in two cases—namely, if you love not so truly as you have wished to make me believe; for then is my labor in vain, and nothing at all shows itself; or that you destroy and ruin the oracle through a useless question or a hasty passion, while you desert your seat and spoil the figure. You must promise me to keep yourself quite still.
Ferdinand gave his word, and the old man unwound from the covering what he had brought. It was a golden goblet of very costly and beautiful work. Around the broad base ran a flower-wreath mingled with myrtles and various leaves and flowers, finished above with dead or polished gold. A similar but richer band, with little figures and flying wild beasts, which trembled before children, or played with them, ran around the centre of it. The cup was beautifully turned. It even bent itself back to meet the lips; and within, the gold sparkled with a red glow. The old man placed the cup between himself and the youth, and signed him nearer.
"Do you not feel something," said he, "as if your eyes lost themselves in this brightness?"
"Yes," said Ferdinand, "this gleam mirrors itself with me; I might say I feel it like a kiss on my eager heart."
"That is right!" said the old man. "Now let your eyes wander no longer about, but keep them fixed upon the light of this gold, and, lovingly as possible think upon your love."
Both remained quiet for some time, and looked earnestly at the shining beaker. But soon, with mute gestures, the old man, first slowly, then quicker, at last in hasty motion, drew, with outstretched fingers, equal circles around the glow of the goblet. Then he did the same again within, and drew the circles from the other sides. When he had continued this beginning for some time, Ferdinand believed that he heard music; but it sounded as if without, in a far-off street. Yet soon the tones came nearer—they rang louder—they trembled distinctly through the air; and at last no doubt remained that they rushed out from the interior of the beaker. Rose-decor was the music, and of so penetrating power, that the heart of the youth beat, and tears stood in his eyes. Eagerly moved the hand of the old man in various directions over the mouth of the goblet, and it seemed as if sparks came from his fingers; and moving towards the gold broke sparklingly and ringingly by. Soon the shining points increased and followed, as if strung on a thread, the motion of his fingers to and fro. They shone of various colors, and continually pressed closer and closer together, until they shot together in lines. Now seemed it as if the old man, in the rosy twilight, laid over the radiant gold a wondrous net; for at will he drew the rays hither and thither, and interwove with them the opening of the goblet. They obeyed him, and remained lying like a covering, while they wore to and fro, and swung themselves together. When they were so placed, he again described the circles around the edge, the music sank back again, and was lower and lower, until it could no longer be distinguished; the flashing net trembled as if troubled.
It broke into multiplied wavings, and the beams rained dropping into the cup; yet from the falling drops it ascended like a rosy cloud, which moved around in numerous circles, and the foam arose over the edge. One point, the brightest, moved swiftly through the cloudy circle. There stood the form, and as suddenly, an eye; it looked out from the gloom, as like golden locks, it floated and curled over it, and then a soft blush moved up and down in the moving shades, and Ferdinand recognized the laughing face of his beloved one; the blue eyes, the soft cheeks, the dark rosy mouth.
The head bent to and fro, raised itself plainly and firmly upon the slender, white neck, and inclined itself towards the enraptured youth.
The old man still constantly described the circles around the beaker, and out came the gleaming shoulders; and as the lovely image arose yet more from a golden bed, and gracefully waved hither and thither, so appeared the bust, upon which shone the fairest rosebud, with sweet, concealed red. Ferdinand seemed to feel her breath, while the dear form bent waving towards him, and almost touched him with burning lips. In his eagerness he could no longer restrain himself, but pressed a kiss upon the mouth, and thought to seize the beautiful arm, to draw the whole form out of its golden prison. Then a powerful shudder rushed through the dear shape as the head and body together broke into a thousand lines, and a rose lay at the foot of the goblet, out of the crimson of which still appeared a sweet smile. Eagerly Ferdinand seized it, pressed it to his lips, and it withered in his burning ardor, and was scattered to the wind.
"Thou hast kept thy word badly," said the old man crossly. "Thou canst charge the fault upon thyself alone."
He covered the goblet again, drew aside the curtains and opened a window. The clear day-

light broke in, and Ferdinand, sorrowful and with many apologies, left the old man.
He hastened, excited, through the streets of the city. He threw himself down under the trees before the gate. She had said to him in the morning that she must go into the country in the evening with some relations. Now he sat down; now wandered up and down in the wood intoxicated with love. Ever saw he the graceful form, as it flowed more and more out of the glowing gold. Now he expected to see her step out in the full splendor of her beauty, and then the fair form was blotted out before his eyes, and he blamed himself, that, through his restless love and the wandering of his mind he had destroyed the image, and perhaps his fortune.
As at the noonday hour the promenade was generally filled with men he withdrew deeper back into the grove; but, watching, he kept in view the far-off highway, and each carriage which came through the gate was eagerly examined by him.
It drew near evening. The setting sun threw a rosy light; then sped out from the gate the richly gilt carriage, which glittered brightly in the evening rays. He hastened towards it—Her eye already sought his.
Now he stood near the carriage; her full glance fell upon him; and while she, going farther, drew back again, the rose which decked her bosom fell out, and lay at his feet. He raised it and kissed it, and it was as if it foretold him, that he would never again see the loved one—that his happiness was destroyed forever.
[From the Waverly Magazine.]
City Life and Country Life.
Of late it has become quite the custom to praise up country life, and inveigh against city life; to paint in glowing colors the beauty, advantages and pleasures of the former, the evils, disadvantages and miseries of the latter. In this there is some truth, and something that is not true. The city has its benefits and pleasures, and the country is not without its evils and discomforts.
The evils of city life are in its temptations.—There extravagance dwells. The piles of wealth, exhibited in the shops—furniture, dress, jewels, and everything to please the eye and delight the heart of man—are constant tempters in the path of the city-man.—Thither the rich are drawn. Those less wealthy strive to keep up with them in outward appearance; and these have again their competitors in the class below them. Each one, from the highest to the lowest, spends far more than he ought; all he has, and, perhaps, more than he has. Fashion has many strange and injurious customs; and who can withstand fashion? Intemperance and licentiousness spread their snares in many a secret corner; to which the best sometimes fall a victim, and where the weak are sure to find their destruction.
The main evil of living in the country is want of educational advantages. The schools are of necessity poor; and in a place which can truly be called the country, there will, probably, be none at all. There are no libraries. Books cost money; and none but the rich can buy all they would desire. There are no lyceums, lectures, or exhibitions.
The evils of the country are almost necessary evils. The evils of the city, on the contrary, may be overcome. The young person who fortunately can see city life in its true aspect, and who also possesses sufficient independence to carry out his ideas, may avoid its evils.—Take, for instance, health. The small, pale, sickly boys and girls of the city are contrasted with the active and ruddy boys and lasses of country. There is no doubt about the fact.—City life is not so long, nor so vigorous as country life. But this fact is not a necessary evil. Something may be attributed to the difference of air and to some other things; but not much. The difference of health arises from difference of habits. Country people are not wealthy; they are obliged to work; and exercise, combined with a healthy constitution, will ward off nearly all sickness. But the city person, if he has a mind, can exercise. Many of the faults and vices of city persons are not owing to their living in the city, but to some other cause, as their wealth, or their own natural bad qualities. The rich man, if he lived in the country, would have many of the same faults, as if he lived in the city. The villager who infest cities are not made so by living there, but are so by nature. The city does not make all its vice and misery, but only collects them from the country at large.
Turn now to the pleasures of the city and country. Many persons like to represent the country as a place of Arcadian beauty and simplicity. They picture to us cool groves, murmuring brooks and waterfalls, plains covered with the golden harvest, orchards brimming under the weight of rich fruit, and fields sprinkled all over with flowers. We hear nothing said of labor; and should not suppose that country people had any of the weaknesses or faults of

human nature, or were liable to the evils of life—death and sorrow and care. These persons present us with quite a different picture of the city. There is all noise, bustle and confusion; every body has to work; all are madly striving for riches. There is no beauty in the city—misery is on every side. Nothing beautiful to the eye, nothing but dismal old houses, and dark, cold, cheerless streets—and much more in the same strain.
Now this is either exaggeration, or only half a picture. Persons who live in the country can obtain many things, which their friends in the city cannot. They can have a flower garden, fruits, &c.; but the production of these cost much labor or money. Neither is the scenery in the country always very fine. On the other hand, there is a beauty in the city. It is not the beauty of fields, and woods, and brooks, or that of fruits and flowers. But can any one look at you street, for instance, stretching in the distance, lined on either side with massive houses of brick and stone, clean and smooth as a beach, and say there is no beauty in it? Then there is human nature to gratify an occupation interesting and useful, and for which there is no place like the city. Let one take his stand on a crowded thoroughfare, and watch the multitude passing by, old and young, rich and poor, natives and foreigners, and he will see much, not only to please, but also to improve him.
Thus we see that the city and country has each its advantages and pleasures, and each its disadvantages and miseries. Which is the most pleasant and most useful to live in, it may be hard to say. Something will depend on taste and natural qualities. A strong minded independent person can pass through the ordeal of a city life without danger. It may be better for a weak minded person to preserve his integrity at the expense of his intellect, and stay in the country. Those undoubtedly are the most favored who can spend part of their time in each.

The Declaration of Independence.

In the June number of Graham's Magazine we find the following description of the debate which preceded the Declaration of Independence, the anxiety which obtained during its progress, and the general joy with which the first stroke of the bell announcing the passage of the Declaration, was received:
"While events were thus passing around New York, Congress, having assembled in Philadelphia, were engaged in the momentous question of a Declaration of Independence.—Many of the separate provinces had already acted on the subject. North Carolina took the first step, and took a vote instructing her delegate to concur with the other colonies in declaring independence. Massachusetts followed. Virginia next wheeled into the ranks, then Connecticut and New Hampshire. Maryland opposed it; while the delegates from the remaining provinces were instructed to unite with the majority, or left free to act as their judgments might dictate. Thus instructed, the representatives of the people assembled in solemn convocation, and long and anxiously surveyed the perilous ground on which they were treading. To recede was now impossible, to go on seemed fraught with terrible consequences.—The struggle had not been for independence, but for the security of rights, in which they had the sympathy and aid of some of the wisest statesmen of England. To declare themselves free, would cut them off from all this sympathy, and provoke at once the entire power of England against them. The result of the long and fearful conflict that must follow, was more than doubtful. For twenty days Congress was tossed on a sea of perplexity. At length, Richard Henry Lee, shaking off the fetters that galled his noble spirit—June 7th—arose, and in a clear, deliberate tone, every accent of which rang to the farthest extremity of the hall, read, 'Resolved, that the United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states, and all political connection between us and the states of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.' John Adams, in whose soul glowed the burning future, seconded it in a speech so full of impassioned fervor, thrilling eloquence and prophetic power, that Congress was carried away as by a restlessness before it.
The die was cast, and every man was now compelled to meet the dreadful issue. Still weighed down with fear, Congress directed the secretary to omit in the journal the names of the bold mover and seconder of this resolution, lest they should be selected as the special objects of vengeance by Great Britain. The resolution was made the special question for the next day, but remained untouched for three days, and was finally deferred to the first of July, to allow a committee, appointed for that purpose, to draft a declaration of independence. When the day arrived, the declaration was taken up and debated article by article. The discussion continued for three days, and was characterized by great excitement; at length

the various sections having been gone through with, the next day, July 4th, was appointed for final action. It was soon known throughout the city, and in the morning, before Congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups, engaged in eager discussion, and others moving toward the State House. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis the country had now reached. No sooner had the members taken their seats, than the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bellman mounted to the belfry to be ready to proclaim the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote had passed. A bright-eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal. Around that bell, brought from England, had been cast more than twenty years before, the prophetic sentence, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof." Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud. It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay, but hour after hour wore on, and no report came from that mysterious place, where the fate of a continent was being settled. The multitude grew impatient—the old man leaned over the railing, straining his eyes downward till his heart misgave him, and hope yielded to fear. But at length, at about two o'clock, the door of hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed." The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy-scout turned to the belfry, clapped his hands and shouted, "ring! ring!" The desponding bell-man, electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue and hurried it backward and forward, with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia, like a bugle blast.—"Clang clang," it resounded on, ever higher and clearer, and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibrations, and proclaiming in long and loud accents over all the land, the motto that encircled it. Glad messengers caught the tidings as it floated out on the air, and sped off in every direction, to bear it onward. When the news reached New York, the bells were set ringing, and the excited multitude surging hither and thither, at length gathered around the Bowling Green, and seizing the leaden equestrian statue of George III, which stood there, tore it into fragments.—This was afterwards run into bullets and hurled against his Majesty's troops. When the Declaration arrived in Boston, the people gathered to old Faneuil Hall to hear it read, and as the last sentence fell from the lips of the reader, a loud shout went up, and soon from every fortified height, and every battery, the thunder of a canon re-echoed the joy.
WHAT A BOMB-SHELL CAN DO.—Round shot and shells were perpetually whizzing through the air day and night, falling in all directions, amongst and through the houses of the city.—By night the shells assumed a magnificent appearance, resembling so many shooting-stars, though, alas! far more formidable. One day a number of us were viewing the scene of destruction from a battery erected on the summit of a high hill. Whilst we anxiously observed the amount of damage committed by the shells, there arose suddenly from the centre of the fort what at first appeared to us a huge mound of earth, which gradually increased in size until it resembled a hill some six hundred feet in height; then it almost imperceptibly changed, and assumed the appearance of an excessively dark thunder cloud, which eventually spread far and wide, concealing both fort and town from our wonder-struck gaze. A few minutes elapsed, and it entirely enveloped the high position we were occupying, although nine hundred yards from the explosion. This terrific catastrophe originated in one of our shells fortunately bursting in a powder magazine containing several tons of combustible ammunition. A sublime spectacle that ensued will never be effaced from my memory, nor, I imagine, from that of any one who witnessed the sight. For several minutes the atmosphere continued very close, not even a breath of wind stirring, but a deathlike stillness prevailed precisely similar to that which preceded a Scinde dust storm. All the guns ceased firing—all eyes were directed upwards, gazing with awe at the scene, thus suddenly presented them. Men even addressed each other in a whisper.
Many a true heart, that would have come back, like the dove to the ark, after his first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace—the taunt, the savage clarity of an unforgiving spirit.
If you begin a thing don't give it up.—Drive right on to success. With a stout heart, a stiff back bone, courage and all that, you are sure of winning your object.
People go according to their brains.—If those lie in the head, they study; if in the stomach, they eat; if in their heels, they dance.

Capt. James C. Luce arrived at his home in
Yonkers last night at half past nine o'clock.
He came down from Troy in the Albany ex-
press train, and every where along the line of
the railroad was received with the greatest demon-
strations of joy. He arrived in Troy by the
Northern line about half past four o'clock in the
afternoon, where a company of two thousand
citizens were assembled to receive him. When
he came forth from the train, an enthusiastic
mob went up to him, and a mass that
made the railroad ring throughout the entire
city. He was overwhelmed by the congratula-
tions of the numerous friends who rushed up
on him, to grasp by the hand and congratulate
him for his safe deliverance from the clutches
of death. Having no time to wait, the gallant cap-
tain could do no more than simply to thank his
various friends for their interest in his safety.
The cars left Albany at five o'clock, where there
was another company of citizens to greet him.
About half past five he arrived here from
hundreds came the shout: "Nine cheers for the
captain who would not desert his ship."
Cheers followed cheer, given with all the enthu-
siasm of the soul, till the train was lost in the
distance.

At every stopping place along the line of the
railroad the same scene was enacted. At some
places where the cars did not stop, hundreds
were assembled to greet him, and the train
passed by. At Hudson there was a large crowd
meeting, and the rush into the cars to get a
glimpse at the rescued commander, soon crowded
them from the locomotive to the rear car. All
wanted to see him, and the train was delayed
and return of him who resolved "to stand by his
ship till she sinks."

Captain Luce stopped at Yonkers, with one
or two of his companions, rescued from the
clutches of death. He was expected from the
land of grief which he weighed him down. Mr. George F. Allen came
in company with Captain Luce, but not stop-
ping at Yonkers, he continued on to the city.
About half past five he arrived here from
hundreds came the shout: "Nine cheers for the
captain who would not desert his ship."
Cheers followed cheer, given with all the enthu-
siasm of the soul, till the train was lost in the
distance.

After passing through the line and receiving
the silent but expressive congratulations of his
friends, he was conducted to a carriage which
conveyed him to his home. The crowd, with a
feeling of delicacy which did them credit,
stopped when they came within about a hun-
dred feet of his residence, and only a few friends
accompanied him to the door. There they left
him; but who can express the intense joy of
who was plunged into such profound grief by
the news of the terrible disaster. No one in-
truded upon the sacred privacy of that meeting,
and after some time in his home, the multitude
immediately dispersed.

Capt. Luce will come to this city this morn-
ing, when it is expected that he will make a
more detailed statement of the loss of the *Arctic*.

THE HEALTHFULNESS OF SMOKE.—A writer in
the *London Times* has discovered certain vir-
tues in smoke, which have hitherto escaped
public attention. He thinks London and all
large cities would be much less healthy but for
the artificial atmosphere created by the combus-
tion of wood and coal. We give the writer's
opinion for what it is worth:

Smoke, in truth, is nothing more than minute
flakes of carbon or charcoal. Carbon in this
state is like so many atoms of sponge, ready to
absorb any of the life-destroying gases with
which it may come in contact. In all the busy
haunts of men, or wherever men congregate to-
gether, the surrounding air is to a certain extent
rendered pernicious by their excretions, from
which invisible gases and miasmas arise, such as
phosphuretted and sulphuretted hydrogen, cy-
anogen, and ammoniacal compounds, all well
known by their intolerable odor. Now, the
blackness of smoke (that is the carbon) absorb and
retain these matters. The crowd, with a
few hundred weight of smoke probably ab-
sorbs twenty hundred weight of the poisonous
gases emanating from the sewers and from the
various works of the city. The crowd, under
manipulation, by fellowmen, for instance, and
on the premises of fat-melters, bone-crush-
ers, glue-makers, Prussian blue-makers, &c.
This accounts for the undeniable fact that Lon-
don, although a great city, is not so healthy as
the best metropolis in the world. In waging war,
therefore, against smoke as an artistic evil, it is
not wholly wise to dispense with it, on account
of its sanitary value. Before we try to throw
off the clouds of London, we should shut off
the sewers from all upward communication with
the streets, and by an act of Parliament send
the bone-crushers to Salisbury Plain. As Lon-
don is at present a city of smoke, and the very
safeguard of the health of the population; it is
unquestionably the mechanical purifier of a
chemically deteriorated atmosphere.

CAUTIOUS EATER.—By a simple experiment, it is
easy to discover whether a kind of blood or
blood or spots of blood belong. The process
is as follows: Put a few drops of blood or the
serum of blood, into a glass; add concentrated
sulphuric acid to the bottom of the glass, and
one-half the quantity of blood; and stir the
mixture together with a glass rod; by this means
the odoriferous principle peculiar to the species
of animal to which the blood belonged, is evolu-
ced; thus, for example, the blood of a pig, dis-
charges a strong odor of the perspiration of a
man, which it is impossible to confound with
any other; that of a woman a similar odor, but
much weaker; that of a dog, the well-known
smell of a pig; of a pig, the disagreeable
odor of a piggery; and so on. Even the blood
of a frog has given out the peculiar smell of
tarsus reeds, and that of a carp the peculiar
smell of a fresh pond. The process is so simple
as to ascertain whether spots of blood could be
distinguished and referred to their source, it
was found that to a certain extent a pretty sure
judgment can be given even after fifteen years
have elapsed since the blood was shed. The blood
watch glass, and being moistened with a little
water, left for a short time at rest, and was
found; a little sulphuric acid is to be added
and stirred about with the glass rod, the odor
will then be recognized; but this experiment
should be performed without delay, for after
a fortnight the odor is scarcely perceptible.

Mr. H. Knox of Troy, who is the late Judge
Knox, it is thought was probably on board the
Arctic, returning from an European tour.

The N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser* states that
118,773 German Emigrants have arrived at that
port the present season, to Sept. 1st.

A boy ten years of age, son of a Hoax, of But-
terburg, Oregon county, shot his brother, aged
five, dead one day last week. The boy found a
pistol in a wagon and playfully said to his lit-
tle brother, "I'll shoot you," and pulled the
trigger. The pistol was loaded and discharged
its contents into the heart of the child.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, OCTOBER, 21, 1854.

Political.

"What has caused this great commotion?"
Did ever anybody see, hear or know such a
whirlwind before, as is now turning everything
inside-out and upside-down in the world of
party politics? All the old stagers of the po-
litical parties stand amazed—almost aghast, at
the general wreck and giddy whirl that every-
thing is taking. The answers which we get
from old politicians when we ask what party
they belong to now, reminds us of the tailor who
was a good old-fashioned Presbyterian, and
who sometimes got so drunk that he forgot
himself for many hours. In one of these fits
he started from the tipping-house, late at night,
with a view of staggering home, but lost his
way and found a blacksmith's shop, which he
managed to crawl into, and lay down in one
corner of it. Vulcan came in before light in
the morning and blew up his fire, by the light
of which he discovered the tailor lying drunk
on his earthen floor. With a red-hot iron in
one hand, to afford him light, and his hammer
in the other, with which to make sure of his
own safety, the smith approached the snoring
fraction of humanity, and as he gave him a
kick with his stogy, roared out: "Who and
what are you?" This partially aroused the
sleeping, who, in his bewilderment, and in the
agony of headache and burning thirst, supposed
that he had died the night before and had
really arrived at the place which he had been so
frequently warned of by the faithful preacher
of the parish. The stogy smith, with his flaming
iron and his drawn hammer was very readily
taken for his infernal majesty; and by the time
he got ready to repeat the question in a still
sterner voice, the tailor had prepared himself to
reply: "When I was alive, in the upper world,
I was a tailor; but now I suppose I must be
whatever master devil pleases to make me."

The politicians of the old parties are as
much bewildered as the drunken tailor was;
and they feel as certain that they are (politically)
dead. They, too, are willing, now, to be
whatever master devil pleases to make them.
They shrewdly suspect that all this overturn is
caused by a certain occult power, whose *sobri-
quet* is "Know Nothing," but whose real name
appears to be Legion. To this power the most
of them would fain be as obsequious as the
tailor, if they could stagger into his work-
shop. But we have a notion that they at-
tribute more than is due to this influence.

We are ready to acknowledge that the anti-
papists are doing much towards the fulfilment
of their mission, all over the country, and that
they are gaining continually in numbers and
influence; but there is another powerful influ-
ence at work with them, or leading them on to
action and to victory. It is the redeeming
spirit of the free states, which seems to have
backled on its armor to redress its wrongs and
put its southern persecutors and their northern
abettors under its feet. It is doing battle nobly
against the hosts of the slave power, who
have been making inroads upon the domain
of Liberty, ever since the election of JAMES K.
POLK. Its motto and its song of triumph are
resounding through the country, echoing from
hill to hill and reverberating from mountain to
mountain. We hear, or imagine we hear, in
the notes of its bugle blast:

Lay the foul usurper low;
Treason cowers where'er we go;
Liberty's in every blow;
Die ye traitors, die!

And they do die, or ingloriously slink away
and hide themselves from the wrath of the combined
forces which are putting them to death where-
ver they find them. The shibeoles of the
parties have lost their talismanic influence, and
comparatively few are now seen flocking to
those banners on which are inscribed "Whig"
and "Democrat." Treachery had become so
rife among northern politicians that it seemed
to be out of the question to think of electing a
northern man for President or Vice President,
who would not sell himself as soon as he got
to the southern shambles, at the seat of gov-
ernment; nor has it been practicable, within
that period, for the people of the free states to
elect Senators and Representatives, without
getting a sufficient number of traitors to sell
out the majority in both houses to the propa-
gandists.

General PIERCE was the nominee of Virginia.
She found him and put him in nomination. She
knew his qualities and chose him because
he suited the purposes of the slave powers—
Virginia, having long since worn out her soil
with the institution, has become the principal
slave breeder for more fruitful regions, and she
wanted the slave market extended. She cared
for no other qualities in a President than flex-
ibility to the will of the propagandists. She
found exactly the man she wanted. She la-
belled him "good for the South," and it was a
sufficient recommendation to secure southern
support. He was a northern man, and the
democratic factions of the free states all united
on him. He told them he would not allow of
any more agitation of the slavery question;
and—pointing to the national treasury—said:
"None of you can get your noses into this
trough, if you dare to wag your tongues or
pens on the interdicted subject, either in Con-
gress or out." The Hard Shells were in ex-
tremes at this stern interdiction, for they were
sure the Softs and Barnburners—particularly
the latter—would rebel, and they should get
all the spoils that would come North. There
they miscalculated, for all the Softs and the
most of the Barnburners instantly became as
obsequious as the Hards were themselves, and

actually shared the spoils with them, which
made them not only angry, but miserable; and
they turned around and cursed his Excellency
for an ingrate and a fool. Since this break
between the President and the Hards, he has
been tickling first one faction and then the
other, as their organs would condescend to no-
tice him and his administration favorably; and
every act of kindness done towards either of
them, was sure to drive the other further from
him.

Finding that he could make nothing out of
the democratic factions at the North, Presi-
dent PIERCE resolved to throw himself entirely
into the embrace and under the protection of
the southern propagandists, and took measures
to bind them to him in a debt of gratitude for-
ever. He consented to be made an instrument
to rob the free states of the territory which
was ceded to them, and consecrated to free-
dom, by that Missouri Compromise which gave
a free state to slavery, and those wilds were
civilized fast ever trode, and was never ex-
pected to tread, to freedom. To the accom-
plishment of this gross fraud and damning act
of perfidy, he devoted not only his whole soul,
but all his official influence, backed by the
whole patronage of the government. It was
not thought practicable for a man of his calibre,
however much he might be disposed to evil,
to induce such an atrocious act of wickedness
as the repudiation of a solemn compact, and
the wanton spoliation of one moiety of the
states of the Union, by the other moiety. But
the people have learned, to their sorrow, that
the patronage with which the constitution
clothes the national executive, renders him al-
most omnipotent to work evil. And they be-
gin to see that, without such an amendment of
the constitution as will take that dangerous
power from the executive and restore it to the
people who gave it, political liberty in this
country will soon be a term without a practical
meaning.

Thank Heaven! the rank and file of the peo-
ple of the free states, who usually attend to their
personal matters and let the politicians manage
the affairs of state, have become thoroughly
president and his corrupt adherents of the free
states; and they are slaying the latter wherever
they find them, and will keep slaying them till
there will not be a congressional friend of the
infamous Nebraska Law, north of Mason's and
Dixon's Line. Nor will the President go out
of office with ten friends in both houses of Con-
gress from the free states. Nor, indeed, will
he have many to boast of from the South; for,
whilst they are willing to accept the treasonable
service, there are very many of them possess-
ing a nobility of soul which compels them to
despise the traitor.

It is this redeeming spirit of the northern
people, united with that power which is march-
ing against the "Roman legions"—those right
hand men of the national executive—which is
so turning everything upside down in all the
states in which elections have been held, and
which will continue to do so to the end of the
chapter. So the people must do, if they intend
to preserve anything beyond the name of po-
litical and religious liberty in this country.

An Incident of the Burning of the Collins.

W. H. Stone, of Brecksville, in this county,
in company with two others, went west a few
weeks ago to buy some land, leaving some
business with the law firm of Wyman & Thayer,
of this city, in which a brother and a brother-
in-law, living in Brecksville, were concerned.—
On Monday last said brother-in-law and a near
neighbor of Stone came to town and visiting
their lawyers on said business, had occasion to
speak of Mr. Stone, who, he said, was quite
sick, in fact entirely prostrated, by a shocking
dream he had the night before. She dreamed
that her husband was dead, had died on a
steambot, and in an awful and violent man-
ner. The lawyers informed said neighbor that
a steambot had been burned on Lake Erie
the night before, but that Mr. Stone's name did
not appear either among the lost or saved,
and he was probably not on board. While
talking, the comrade and room-mate of Mr.
Stone, a Mr. Farr, came into the office and
announced that Mr. Stone was on board with
him, slept in the same state-room, heard the
alarm of fire, rushed out together into the cab-
bin, lost one another. Farr reached the deck and
leaped into the lake. Stone has not been heard
of since. The last words he spoke were,
"Farr, where are you?" "Here I am," said
Farr, both so enveloped in smoke that they
could not see one another. Farr happened to
find the cabin door and escaped. Stone prob-
ably was smothered and devoured by the
flames. The parties are all well known, and
these facts need no authentication.

The very night and about the very hour
that the husband was grappling with this
strange but terrible death, the wife has a pre-
sensation, so vivid that the reality could not
affect her worse. Is there any religious or
moral philosophy that can explain this?
Cleve. Plaindealer.

Yes, there is a philosophy, to which the
Plaindealer once well-nigh became a con-
vert, which will explain it fully and to the sat-
isfaction of many thousands of the best minds
of the present age. The spiritual philosophy,
which the *Plaindealer's* interests, probably,
prevented it from embracing, explains all these
phenomena on the most rational hypotheses.—
The action of the fire had liberated the spirit
of the husband, and it flew to its counterpart
on the swift wings of conjugal affinity.—
There it immediately set about informing her
of its transience, and the catastrophe by which
it was effected. Her dream was the message of
the enlarged spirit, delivered to the incarnate
one. There is now no mystery about these
things.

Our Common Schools.

We do not feel called upon on this occasion,
to elaborate a dissertation on the advantages
of the educational system which has been
adopted by the people of this state. All efforts
of this kind should have some higher object in
view than merely the stringing of words and
sentences together to fill newspaper columns.
In the city of Buffalo, as it is now, the
people pay about seventy-five thousand dollars
per annum for common school education, ex-
clusive of what is received as their quota of
the income from the state school fund, which, if
we mistake not, is some thirteen or fourteen
thousand dollars. This sum of seventy-five
thousand—a guess without statistics—is made
up of teachers salaries, interest on investments
for school houses and lots, additions to school
libraries, fuel, repairs and insurance. The whole
amount of expenditures for these purposes, in-
cluding what is received from the state school
fund, we suppose to be in the neighborhood of
ninety thousand dollars annually. For the
seventy-five thousand, the property of the city
is taxed, and the people of the city, of all classes,
whether tax payers or not, reap the advantage.

This tax amounts to about one dollar a head
on all the inhabitants of the city. Much as
the school tax has been complained of by those
whose sense of feeling is all centred in the re-
gion of the pocket, there is, probably, no other
educational system that will not cost three
times the amount in money, for the same a-
mount of teaching and of benefit received.—
But notwithstanding this fact, it is a large
sum to be collected annually, and no part of it
should be thrown away. Education is pur-
chased by the tax payers of the city and placed
before all the people. That which is purchas-
ed and paid for and not used by those for
whom it is provided, is thrown away. There
is supposed to be room in those noble struc-
tures which the people have provided, for all
the children of the city; and it would be the
highest pleasure of the best minds of the city,
to provide more room, if more were found nec-
essary. This ample means of education which
is prepared for the rising generation, and to
which every child is invited, as to a feast, is
the food on which the mind is fed, that it may
grow to maturity and become vigorous and
pure. Those who have children and neglect
to send them to those public tables which are
loaded with the most wholesome intellectual
aliments, rob themselves of the solace which
they would find in the well stored and culti-
vated minds of their children, when the current
of life is ebbing and the gratifications of the
external senses become few and insipid. They
rob their children of that which is of more val-
ue to them than all the gold and silver that
the earth contains. This robbery starves the
minds and dwarfs the souls of their own of-
spring, prevents them from rising to the emi-
nence in this world which is due to their natu-
ral genius, and fits them to take a low position
when they are transferred to another state of
existence.

Education is always a passport into good
society, where mind is illumined by the light of
philosophy and science; where the moral at-
mosphere is not charged with infectious malar-
ia, where the passions are controlled; where the
virtues are cherished; where the virtues are kin-
dly treated, and where intellect aids intellect in
the march of progress. The want of education
shuts the doors of elevated society against the
wanting ones, and opens to them the entrance
to those schools where moral pestilence rages;
where ignorance greets ignorance; where
folly meets folly; where vice shakes hands with
vice, and where crime is made welcome and
honored with the title Purveyor General. Out
from these schools go the great majority of
those who break the hearts of mothers; who
bow to the dust the grey heads of fathers; who
poison the lives and destroy the happiness of
brothers and sisters; who disgrace neighbor-
hoods; bring shame upon communities; occupy
poor-houses, mad-houses, county jails and state
penitentiaries; and those whose breath are stop-
ped short by the embrace of the halter.

Fathers and mothers, these things are true.
Then do not allow your children to run in the
streets, practising all immoralities which they
have learned, and learning all that the worst
of blackguards know, instead of attending those
schools which will make them intelligent, mor-
al, respectable and useful citizens, and insure
to yourself an old age of comfort and self-ap-
proving retrospect. There is the food prepared
and ready to be served up to the hungry minds
of your children, without money and without
price. *It is the food of moral salvation!*
Shall they not partake of it? Bitter will be
the fruits which they will reap from the neglect,
if you do not even compel them to go to those
fountains where knowledge is drunk, where in-
tellects are watered, and where souls receive
the upward impetus. Childhood, boyhood,
girlhood, is the seed time of life. The soil is
luxuriant and in the fallow condition. Send
them where the seeds of knowledge, of wisdom,
of virtue, will be sown in their ready minds,
or every passing wind will wait and deposit
there the seed of some vicious plant, succulent
with moral poison.

We have in this city, if fame do not speak
falsely, as good common schools as may be
found in any city of the Union. We have
first class school houses and the best of teach-
ers. The whole department is becoming well
systematized, and is ably and faithfully man-
aged. Every facility is afforded to promote
the education of the whole rising generation;
and he or she who withholds a young mind
and lets it grow up in ignorance and vice, is
not only committing the moral robberies of
which we have spoken, but is guilty of throw-
ing an impediment in the way of progress, and
of inflicting a curse upon the community, to be
explicated in the agonies of a lacerated heart.

The Shades of Skepticism.

There are many shades of belief in the
truth of spiritualism, or the intercourse be-
tween spirits in the body and out. One class
of skeptics—those greatest in numerical, and
least in intellectual strength—denounce it all as
trick, humbug and lies. These are ready to
swear, and do swear, that no such things as
spirits tell of ever happened, and if such
things ever have been presented to the human
senses, they were the result of "slight of hand,"
such as professional necromancers exhibit.—
Ask one of these if he has ever endeavored to
ascertain the truth or falsity of the alleged
phenomena, by actual investigation, and he
will reply, with a contemptuous leer: "No,
thank god, I am not quite stupid enough to
fool away my time with such humbugs as spir-
it rappings and table movements." We quote
this reply because it was actually made by one
of those specimens of humanity who get a suf-
ficiency of wisdom for their use at an early age,
and add nothing to it through the remainder
of life's journey. With such ones, at this day,
spiritualist should never spend breath or time.

Another class will believe you perfectly sin-
cere and truthful in all the allegations you
make, concerning what you have seen and
heard in the way of spiritual communications
and manifestations. I believe you think you
saw a woman taken up, with a child in her
arms, and set upon a table, without human con-
tact; but I do not believe you really did see
any such thing. It was an optical illusion—
your vision played you false—you were de-
ceived. He who takes this position feels safe
in it, for he intends to make himself the same
wise one, and you the crazy fool, all the
way through. If you tell him that there were
twenty others who saw the same thing, and
that they will all testify to the truth of your
allegations, he will assure you that they were
all under the same deceptive influence that you
was. He cannot tell what that deceptive in-
fluence was; but he is willing to believe it mi-
raculous. He has no objections to men's senses
being perverted miraculously, so as not to serve
them as God intended they should; but he can-
not consent that a disembodied spirit should
manifest its presence by performing feats of
physical power, in accordance with the laws of
nature. If you had been present in court, you
might have heard the same man swear on the
stand that the defendant in a suit paid the
plaintiff a certain sum of money, in his presence,
on a particular day. You ask him how he
dared to make oath that the one paid the other
money, and he will say, because he saw it with
his eyes. Ah! but, says you, how do you
know that it was not optical illusion? Your
eyes may have deceived you; you may have
sworn falsely. What a dangerous thing it is
for men thus to swear. They may, for ought
they know, be swearing an honest man out of
his right. Indeed men's reputations and lives
may be sworn away by this same optical illu-
sion. If men's senses are false to them in one
thing, why not in another? What jury, thus
instructed, will ever believe a man under oath,
in relation to what he sees or hears or feels or
tastes or smells? At all this kind of reason-
ing, he would laugh heartily; but he would be
as grave as a goose when he used the same
argument in relation to your senses. Such
wickedness would have us believe that their wis-
dom is more reliable than our physical senses,
for the existence of a palpable fact. They
would have us confess that we are cheated by
our eyes, our ears and our touch, when we are
present where the phenomena occur, and that
they, who are far distant, and who have never
manifested any thing startling in the way of in-
tellectual superiority, know that they did not
occur. They would have us believe that twenty
sane minds, with external senses unimpaired,
have their senses miraculously perverted, that
would be a thousand times greater marvel
than the manifestations which we witness. "I
will believe," said the old lady, "that there are
mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, in some
countries; but, that there ever was a fish that
could fly, no one on earth can make me be-
lieve."

"It is the devil," says the orthodox clergy-
men. "Beware," says he, "how you meddle
with that abomination in the sight of God.—
It is the arch enemy of souls that is doing this.
If you suffer yourself to be deceived into his
toils in this way, you will be lost eternally.—
This is the very means by which he would de-
ceive even the elect, if it were possible; as the
scripture says.
This is giving a cognovit that the phenom-
ena are spiritual, which it would be well for all
classes of cavillers to do. The clergy have been
driven to this admission by a necessity which
would otherwise have knocked out the founda-
tion of their superstructure and destroyed the
craft by which they hold so many intelligences
in the thrall of superstition and bigotry. To
deny that the communications and manifesta-
tions which are now continually received
throughout the length and breadth of the coun-
try, and the world, are spiritual, would strike at
the root of their own religious system, which is
founded on spiritual revelations and sustained by
the evidence of "miracles" wrought by spirits
in the body and out. The same kind of miracles—
raising the dead excepted—are now continually
performed in the midst of every commu-
nity. Hence the clergy are driven to a choice
between two alternatives. They must confess
that the spirits of men, women and children,
who have departed this life, do really hold con-
verse, in various ways, with their surviving
friends, proving to them by ocular and oral de-
monstrations that we are all destined to a life
which will be endless and eternally progressive,
or they must have recourse to their arch fiend,
which they have brought up from the dark ages
of superstition and ignorance, and make him
the author of it all.

Aside from that stultifying myth which is
still huddled in the bosom of the orthodox clergy,
and which teaches the foolish absurdity that
God created a being so nearly his own match
in power, that he sometimes actually got the
advantage and foiled him in his purpose, and
set him up in antagonism to himself, for no
other purpose than to decoy, deceive and cheat
human souls, and lure them into the hell of
endless torment which he had also provided
for the purpose, seemingly with malice pre-
sented—we say, aside from this palpable absurd-
ity and soul-degrading superstition, they are de-
priving their friend of the only quality which
renders him capable of fulfilling his mission and
finding them employment in their profession.—
They take from him his cunning, and make him
a fool. Throughout the world, with one united
voice, communicating spirits teach the exist-
ence of an Allwise, Almighty, All-governing,
All-loving God and father of all spirits. They
teach us that we should love and adore Him
above all other beings; that we should love
each other and do good to each other in every
possible way, as the only means by which we
can make any return to our heavenly Father
for His loving kindness to us; that we should
observe justice towards each other, and live in
all moral purity, faithfully discharging all duties
incumbent on us, both as children of God and
as members of communities; that our mission
here is to prepare ourselves to take up the march
of progression in the second state of existence;
that we should not suffer our affections to be
engrossed by worldly objects, nor devote our-
selves to mere animal enjoyments, as if this life
were the all of human existence. They teach us
to bear in mind continually that this state
of existence is merely preparatory to that which
is to be eternal, and that it is of the highest
importance to us to so live that we may take
an elevated position when we are transferred
from this to that. They teach us that those
who live virtuous lives here, will be elevated
there, and that those who live vicious lives here,
will be proportionally depressed there. They
teach us that those who die in extreme wicked-
ness, will be in a condition of extreme dark-
ness there, and that not as an inflicted punish-
ment, but as a natural consequence of such a
life. They teach us that, by a law of our being,
deeds of moral darkness, lead to a condition of
spiritual darkness, in the second state of exist-
ence, and that, by the same law, the soul
which has lived here in the light of a pure mor-
ality, will be elevated to a condition of spiri-
tual light when it goes hence.

By these teachings, and by the positive evi-
dence which they bring to all with whom they
communicate, that there is a life beyond this,
which will never end, they are continually in-
ducing men and women to forsake their evil
ways and to live more in accordance with their
high destiny. Never have we known, nor has
any body known, a man or a woman to be truly
converted to spiritualism, without being made
better by the change. Hence it is evi-
dent to us that spiritualism is not the work of
that outrageously wicked devil, who furnishes
the loaf off of which the orthodox clergy eat, or
that he is a very foolish devil, laboring in the
cause of God and humanity, in a manner di-
rectly calculated to overthrow his own infernal
kingdom.

Commencing Early.

Passing by one of those dens of moral in-
fection where drunkards, blackguards and crim-
inals are manufactured from the raw material,
we saw two urchins standing by the counter,
apparently about ten years old. Each one
held a tumbler of strong beer in one hand and
a cheap segar in the other. There they stood
alternately sipping and smoking in imitation
of those more advanced in age and drunkenness,
till the beer was exhausted, and then came out
puffing the smoke like veterans. What will
such ones be by the time they reach twenty-
one, if they ever do reach that age?

Selling intoxicating liquors to such boys as
these, is the business which Governor Seymour
protects with his veto, the prohibition of which
he decides to be unconstitutional. What man-
ner of people are we, if we have so disabled
ourselves that we cannot provide a legal rem-
edy for an evil of this magnitude? What kind
of a constitution is it that will allow the loaner
of money to be thrown out of both interest
and principal, because he receives more than
seven per cent. per annum for the use of it,
when it is worth more to the borrower, but
will not allow the whiskey and beer to be taken
from the miscreant who is making drunk-
ards, blackguards and vagabonds of people's
children with it? All such men as this vender
of beer, whiskey and long-lines, will vote for
Seymour, if they have gotten their naturaliza-
tion papers—many of them whether or not.—
It would be an interesting sight to see the Gov-
ernor's party all in marsh array, with him at
their head, *a la Falstaff*.

Rev. C. M. Butler of the city of Washing-
ton, delivered a discourse last April, in Trinity
church, of which he is rector. The discourse
is a labored effort to prove that the spiri-
tual phenomena are the works of the Devil,
carried on through witches, wizards and
necromancers, thus attempting to revive a su-
perstition which has become nearly obsolete a
the fireside of the grossest ignorance. The dis-
course was published for the edification of the
church, and for the discouragement of that in-
vestigation which so seriously threatens the
craft of the clergy.

Professor S. B. Bittyan, the able editor of
the *Spiritual Telegraph*, has reviewed Mr.
Butler's discourse, and published his review in
pamphlet form, in which he has left nothing of
the Rev. gentleman's argument undismembered.
We commend the review to all who are wil-
ling to sit in the light of truth.

The Age of Progress.

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The Spirits and the Catholics.

Not having the fear of a Papal bull before their eyes, the spirits in this city have invaded the sanctuary of Roman Catholicism. A lady who is a medium for spiritual communications, but not known to be such by the people into whose house the spirits introduced themselves, went, by invitation, with a friend, to spend the afternoon and evening with a respectable catholic family. When all were seated around the tea-table, the spirits commenced rapping. No attention being paid to this, they commenced moving the table, turning it around, first one way and then the other, changing dishes and tea with the guests all around the board. The lady of the house asked her sister, who was present, if she was moving the table in that manner; and the question went round; but nobody had done it, and it still kept moving. At length it was whispered, by the friend of the medium, that it was spirits. Then all with common consent, appealed to the invisible guests to declare themselves, if they were moving the table. Hereupon the raps commenced with unmistakable distinctness, giving the name of the spirit, which was the deceased daughter of the hostess, who acknowledged herself convinced of the identity of her daughter's spirit, and was affected to tears.

There was much more of an affecting nature, which we cannot give without exposing the family to the wrath of the papish priesthood, which we would by no means do as long as they remain in that connection, which we hope will not be long. When the company got through with tea, they attempted to move the table, but the spirits were not ready to have it removed, and they could not stir it. One tried; then two tried; then three; and at length five united their strength; but there stood the table, and they could not budge it. One lady's dress got under a leg of the table while it was moving, and they tried to raise the leg so that she could get it out; but it refused to be lifted. She succeeded, however, in drawing it out, and thereby released herself. No thing could be done with it but to clear it off, as it stood, and it remained there all night. In the morning they found it still fast to the floor; but on sitting around it, and putting their hands on it, the supporters were shoved in and the leaves let down by the spirits, and it became movable. These facts can be substantiated by indubitable testimony, if, at this day, doubts still remain in people's minds, as to the truth of such manifestations.

Nunneries.

Nuns, we are told, are females of the Roman Catholic faith, who seclude themselves for life, under a vow of perpetual chastity. The house or prison in which they are immured is called a nunnery, a convent, a cloister. In Roman Catholic countries, where the people are not permitted to question or doubt the propriety, the purity, or even the divinity of any custom, practice or act of the papal priesthood, such things pass as mere matters of course. To say that the pope, the hierarchy, or the papal priesthood, sanctions it, is sufficient, there, to shield it, not only from censure, but from all examination and question. Here in America, things wear a different aspect. Here we dare to question the propriety of any practice, however backed by votaries or however gray with age. Here we deem it not only our privilege, but our duty, to step up to everything of questionable propriety, examine it in all its features, and pronounce upon it as the light of reason and the law of conscience estimate its merits.

We learn that there is a nunnery in the course of erection within the bounds of this city. We are informed, that like all other buildings of the kind, it will have many ingeniously concealed subterranean apartments. There are no males allowed to enter these sanctuaries, save the priests, who are likewise bound to lifelong celibacy and sexual abstinence. But for the non-intercourse between the sexes of these religious devotees, the nunnery of the Roman Catholics and the harems of the Mohammedans would have little to distinguish them; and whether this is a real or merely a pretended distinguishing feature, is a question on which there may be various opinions outside of the walls. Every one has heard and read the reports of nuns who have escaped from those prisons, and such tales of damning deeds of wickedness and infamy as they have told to the world, have been so shocking to the minds and feelings of the communities to whom they were communicated, that the priesthood had seemingly little trouble in establishing their character as falsehoods. According to these revelations, and according to much corroborative testimony outside of these convents, there is no class of men in Christendom more given to lasciviousness and every species of debauchery than the papal priesthood. And if it be not for the gratification of their libidinous propensities that they keep females thus immured, what is it for? It is a well established fact that Roman Catholic priests do not live up to their profession in this respect, outside of the nunnery. They have animal propensities like other men, and, being unconfined by the marriage contract and vow, and having the pardoning power always at command, they

have little to hinder them from a continual round of the sensual indulgence to which they are prone.

If the Catholic clergy really desired to be what they would seem to be, nothing could be easier than to divest themselves of their besetting propensity entirely. Let them do, for the kingdom of heaven's sake, what those did, who from Christ spoke (Mat. xix, 12). Then they would have no difficulty in keeping themselves free from sexual contamination, as they hypocritically profess to do; and no one could doubt their chastity.

The most revolting of all the moral abominations said to be carried on in these pretended sanctuaries of religious seclusion, is the destruction of the natural fruits of that commerce which they formally eschew by their false vows to the "holy virgin." Those who have escaped from them, have told that their secret vaults are charnel houses, where the anatomies of infants, born and unborn, are continually mouldering, and where the bones of many adult females, whose obstinacy could not be conquered, and who would divulge to the world the atrocities they were witnesses to, if allowed to go forth, are likewise crumbling to dust. These charges, though spurned indignantly and denied with all the vehemence and mock gravity of jesuitical sanctimoniousness, remain unrefuted by any evidence which a free and fair investigation might afford. Nothing but the naked *ipse dixit* of the guilty ones, if they be guilty, is brought against the testimony of their own escaped sisters, and their own dissenting brethren.

How would it fare, in an American community, with any of the protestant sects, if they should thus imprison large numbers of females, and support them by levying forced contributions on all their adherents? How long would Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Universalists, Unitarians, or any other sect, of protestants, be tolerated by the people of this country, if they should establish institutions of this kind? We do not hesitate to affirm that public indignation would rise above the restraint of law, and that houses devoted to such abominations would be demolished as fast as they were erected. We rejoice that these jesuit institutions are not thus visited by popular indignation, but are left to be finally put down by the steady march of religious, moral and intellectual progress. Heaven speed the day when they will no longer disgrace our country.

The Duty of Congress.

We are on the eve of an election, in which we are to choose legislators, both state and national. The question of a prohibitory liquor law will come up in the state legislature; and the question whether Congress has any duty to do in relation to that monstrous evil, may come up at the coming session. Appropriate to the occasion is the following extract which concludes a speech in Congress made by the Hon. GEORGE S. WATSON. The foregoing part of the speech is a portrait of the great evils of intemperance:

"But some who hear me may be ready to ask: 'What has Congress to do with all this which I have been saying?' We will pass on then without further delay to the question, what Congress has to do with it. This question is not whether Government may undertake to promote the cause of temperance; for I have virtually admitted that it has not. But it is whether government must not do its duty at every point, and even at that point where the doing of its duty helps indirectly the cause of temperance? To explain myself, I hold that the suppression of the sale of intoxicating drinks is indispensable to the protection of person and property; and is, therefore, the manifest duty of Government. At the same time I admit that the suppression is important, yes, indispensable to the success of the cause of temperance. Now, must Government forbear the suppression in order to avoid rendering an incidental benefit to the cause of temperance? Surely not for that reason, all will say. But I shall be called upon to prove that such suppression is needful to the protection of person and property. I hold that it is, because the sale of intoxicating drinks is by far the most fruitful of all sources of crime. Indeed, I cannot better define a dram shop than to call it a manufactory of paupers and mad men; and this is a just definition whether we have reference to the noisy filthy holes where the poor and humble slaves of appetite congregate, or to the elegant apartment which is made attractive to the circles of fashion. Moreover, I charge the same character upon the stores and distilleries which stand back of the dram-shop and supply it. These stores and distilleries are virtual dram-shops; and in all my argument they are undistinguishable in responsibility from the low dram-shop. I certainly need not go into proofs of the fact that the industry of the sober is heavily laden by the pauperism which the dram-shop imposes upon it. That fact is as plain as the sun. And so is the fact that the madmen of the land are to a great extent the manufacture of the dram-shop. How frightfully in presence of these madmen? How know we, when we step into the stage-coach, the car, or the steamboat, especially on the 4th of July, or some other holiday, but that the driver or the engineer has indulged in the maddening draught, and that our lives will be required to pay for the indulgence? How know we, when we walk the streets that we shall not meet these madmen flourishing their deadly weapons? How know we when we leave our dwellings that these madmen will not in our absence fire those dwellings and murder all of their beloved inmates."

"But the right of Government to suppress the dram-shop is denied. Why should it be? It is claimed that there is an overbalance of good in it. There is no good at all in it. It is only evil continually." I admit that there are nuisances which the court should be slow to abate. The mill-pond, for instance, which generates disease. The courts should pause ere sacrificing the costly and much needed mill, which the pond supplies with water. But the dram-shop does not fall in this class of nuisances. It has

not one redeeming feature. There is nothing in it to mitigate its inimitable wickedness. Nothing to set over against its unmitigated mischief. In the case of the former nuisance there are two sides to be looked at before deciding to abate it. In the case of the latter, but one. So far from true is it that Government exceeds its province in laying its suppressing hand upon the dram-shop, there is no duty of Government that falls more clearly within its province. In truth, sir, among all the duties of Government, this stands pre-eminent. Indeed, I am prepared to say again as I have often said, that rather than have these things remain as they now are, I would compromise with Government, and surrender all my claims for protection upon it from other burdens and perils, provided it would stipulate in turn to protect me from the burdens and perils of the dram-shop. It is idle to say that a people are protected by Government, who are left exposed to these perils and burdens. Such a people are emphatically unprotected, and their Government is emphatically faithless.

"But why, I ask again, is the right of Government to shield the people from the burdens and perils of the dram-shop denied? One reason is, because this service not having been rendered hitherto, it would be unpopular and odious to render it now. Another and stronger reason is, because there are so many interested in continuing these burdens and perils."

"Suppose a shop should be opened in this city for the sale of a very pleasant and exhilarating gas. It infatuates a portion of those who inhale it, disposes them to burn and kill; and the obvious tendency in the case of most of them, is to make them more or less reckless of their own rights and interests, and of the rights and interests of others. Nevertheless the gas is so palatable and attractive that as many as fifty persons frequent the shop and pay a liberal price for it. Would Government hesitate to shut up this shop? Certainly not. The number interested in keeping it open would be too small for Government to fear. And again, there could be no plea of custom or prescription in its behalf, as in behalf of the dram-shop. No—Government would destroy this work, and yet, (Oh, mad inconsistency!) it spares, and even patronizes, this dram-shop work which is ten thousand fold more injurious and destructive."

"Suppose too, that an establishment for cutting off hands should be opened in this city. A score of persons debased with rum, weary of work and eager to cast themselves and families more on the public charity, hasten to this new establishment and pay their dollar each, for having their hands cut off smoothly, and a speedily healing ointment applied to the stumps, who would doubt the power and disposition of Government to put an end to this new business? No one. For, as in the case of the gas-shop, there would be comparatively few persons, and no plea of usage, on the side of continuing it. And yet, where the establishment in question would cut off one pair of hands, the dram-shop virtually cut off a hundred pairs. Far worse than that, said a friend in whose hearing I employed this same illustration, the dram-shops cut off their heads! You are wrong, I rejoined. The dram-shop would be comparatively bearable, if it but cut off the heads of its victims. Its unspeakably greater wrong to the community is to cut off the hands only, and to leave the head on with a hungry mouth in it, to consume the earnings of the industrious and sober."

Fall of Sebastopol.

We were about to write an article on the recent great battle between the allied forces and the Russians, and the fall of the great stronghold of Russia, in the Black Sea. Finding one in the New York Evening Post which suits us just as well as if we had written it with our own pen, we have concluded to adopt it as our own, and save labor:

At length the war between the Turks and the Russians has been signaled by events worthy of the immense preparations made by the allies. The two most warlike and formidable powers of Europe have sent to the East armaments such as we have had no example of since the crusades; armaments of such a strength that the only chance of their failing to be victorious seemed to lie either in the unskillfulness of their commanders or the proverbial uncertainty of the fortunes of war. The complaint has hitherto been that, while those armaments have met with no disaster, nothing has been done to justify the mighty fleets which have been made and the powerful forces which have been fitted out—that we have had tidings of no scene of homicide on a magnificent scale, no bloody victories or defeats, no splendid conquest or disastrous flight—that the war, in short, has been too much like an armed peace, a war without perils or incidents. If we may rely upon the intelligence brought by the steamer Baltic, that complaint can no longer be made.

The expedition to the Crimea has been attended with the greatest good fortune on the part of the allies. The troops and the fleet reached the coast of the Crimea by a most favorable and speedy passage over the fickle waves of the Euxine. They landed unopposed and in perfect safety, although the occasion of placing a large body of troops on a foreign and hostile shore was always one of great anxiety and danger, the forces which defend the shore having the advantage of position. They found friends in the people of the country, who are Mohammedans, and who hate their Russian masters; the Tartars of the Crimea brought supplies to the allied army, and even swelled its numbers with volunteers. It is hardly possible that an invading army should have begun its march under more favorable auspices. According to the accounts which we received this morning, the first incident which occurred in the progress of the army towards Sebastopol was a victory. The Russians, who had hesitated to attack the allies on their landing, waited for them, under the command of Menchikoff, at the fortified heights which overlook the Alma, where fifty thousand men were post-

ted behind strong entrenchments, with a powerful artillery, to oppose their march. The allies on the 20th of September stormed these entrenchments, and, after a desperate battle of four hours, carried them by the bayonet, driving the Russians before them. A few prisoners only, and no guns, are spoken of as captured in this engagement, from the accounts of which we infer that the Russians retreated in tolerable order, with their artillery. On the 23d the Russian troops were ready for another engagement, which took place on the river Katcha, where Menchikoff, after some hard and bloody fighting, was totally routed. The retreat after the battle brought the Russians to their entrenchments at the city of Sebastopol, where other and more terrible reverses awaited them.

We see no reason to doubt the capture of Sebastopol. The news is treated as authentic everywhere, both in France and England, the governments of both countries having communicated it to the public. The accounts, it is true, are not in every respect congruous with each other, but of the main fact, the fall of the city, we do not see how there can be any dispute. The carnage is represented as frightful, ten thousand Russians blown into the air and eight thousand more killed or disabled. The Crimea now passes into the hands of the allies, and the Russian general with the remains of his army, must make such haste as he is able, to place himself beyond the hot pursuit of the victorious enemy. His march must be full of danger through an unfriendly and barbarian population rejoicing once more to be rid of the Russian yoke.

What will be the effects of these events upon the relations in which Russia stands to England and France is a question already a good deal discussed. One consequence will be regarded as a matter of course, namely, that it will give to the armies of the allies the advantage of being thought invincible in an equal contest with the Russians; and it will be felt that, in proportion as the allies are encouraged by their late victories, the Russians will be depressed and dispirited. We doubt whether the Russian soldiers are so much affected by reverses of fortune as those of any other people of Europe. They do not fight with enthusiasm like the French, but mechanically, as they perform any other labor, and as they are never impetuous, so they are not often disheartened. The loss of the Russian army will be easily repaired from the vast population of the empire, and the Czar has only to give the word to have on foot an army as large as the one he has lost in the Crimea.

But in awakening martial enthusiasm both in France and England, and giving the governments of both countries the support of a strong popular feeling, the late events are of great importance. Supplies for the war will be more readily voted by the British Parliament, and the French love for military glory will be gratified at the expense of large additions to the public debt of the present day and the taxes of future years. The Caucasian chief Schamyl has already almost driven the Russians from the provinces lying between the Black sea and the Caspian, and the news of these successes of the allies will greatly strengthen his hands. It is probably the destiny of all the southern provinces of European Russia to be severed from the empire, some of them, perhaps, permanently. The Crimea, by the character and wishes of its population, properly belongs to Turkey. Circassia deserves, by the bravery of its people, to be erected, including perhaps Georgia, into an independent government.

With respect to the effect which the conquest of the Crimea may have upon the future policy of the Czar, there is this to be observed, that, as he did not engage in the war without mature deliberation, so it is not likely that he will make peace in haste. He must have been prepared for all the uncertainties of the conflict. The loss of two or three of the remote provinces of his empire must have been contemplated as a probable event. To judge of his future conduct by his past, it is not unlikely that he will trust to a second campaign to repair the losses of this. Having resolved to stand all the hazards of the game, he is not likely to be discouraged by a little bad luck at the beginning.

Spiritual Meeting.

We are requested, by a number of spiritualists, to give notice that a meeting will be held, at the office of this paper, on Saturday evening, the 28th inst., to take into consideration the expediency of forming some kind of an organization, and appointing a business committee, whose duty it shall be to provide a suitable room for general meetings, at which those who believe in the genuineness of the phenomena purporting to be spiritual, may meet and exchange views on all subjects connected therewith. Also to provide halls for the accommodation of lecturers from abroad, and to attend to all those things which are now everybody's business, and consequently, nobody's. We are directed to say that a general attendance of spiritualists is desirable and important.

For our next Number.

Just as our inside form was made up, we received, through the mail, a communication from the spirit of DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, addressed to *The Age of Progress*, on the subject of human progress. It was written by the hand of Rev. C. HAMMOND, of Rochester, without his volition or mental action. It is characterized by the elevated thought and sound philosophy which would be looked for from the author, by those who knew the qualities of his mind. We are thankful for the favor, as well as the incarnate spirit through whom it was communicated, as to the disembodied one from whom it emanated.

As we have received from D. M. Dewey, Esq., of Rochester "The American Manual," published by himself. It contains the constitution of the United States, with all acts of Congress relating to slavery. It is very convenient for reference; and no editor should be without it, as it will frequently save him much labor in searching for what it contains.

CHOPS IN EUROPE.—Both the newspaper and private accounts by the steamers from England, represent a very cheerful state of trade and money confidence, because of the splendid prospects for a large harvest. The leading London journal, the *Times*, devotes an able editorial to a review of the consequences, socially and commercially, of cheap bread throughout the kingdom, and the saving of \$100,000,000 which was sent abroad last year because of inadequate supplies at home.

How to speak to Children.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child accompanied with words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language quite unobjectional in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its intention. What is it which hurls the infant to repose? It is not an array of mere words. There is no charm, to the untought one, in letters, syllables and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few words, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to produce a magic influence. Think what this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parent's roof. Is the boy grown rude in speech or boisterous in manner? I know no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tone of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty we are liable to utter ourselves harshly to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit, which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we should manifest in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.

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NOTIFY their numerous customers and the public generally that they have moved into their new premises.

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213 MAIN STREET, (BY STAIRS). In the new brick buildings next door below Barnum's Variety Store. The rooms are the finest in the state, being four floors, each 30 feet front, and 200 feet deep. In addition to our

LARGE RETAIL STOCK.

Consisting of a general assortment of all articles in our line, and mostly of OUR OWN MANUFACTURE. We are also prepared to supply, on the best terms, the

WHOLESALE TRADE.

And our facilities for shipping to WESTERN AND CANADIAN MERCHANTS, FROM OUR WAREHOUSE, On the Dock, enable us to do so free of charge. E. TAUNT. 11f J. A. BALDWIN.

The Philosophy of Cheerfulness.

THE HOUSEHOLD CIRCLE.
These eyes, like twinkling stars in evening clear,
When decked with smiles that all are looking cheer,
And bright forth, delight—Spenders.

It is, we admit, impossible at all times to be animated, gay and cheerful. Sickness, sorrow and disaster are more or less the lot of every human being. There are likewise times and seasons when it is almost impossible to rally one's spirits, and to appear otherwise than sad and oppressed—a shadow seems to rest upon the heart, and to forbid coming alive. This is often the result either of indisposition, of business anxiety and vexation, or of "a dull and murky atmosphere." There is, moreover, a season for all things; and it is perhaps well, occasionally to be calm, thoughtful and contemplative.

Yet in a general sense, and as a rule of conduct, we have great faith in cheerfulness. We regard it as one of the brightest and most commendable of the gentler virtues—one that, like a ray of sunshine, adorns and beautifies everything it touches, gladdens and glorifies the human countenance, and is a golden and holy emanation from the buoyant and impulsive heart within. How essential to the household circle is cheerfulness! How like the voice of the morning lark—blithe, gay and mounting—is the free laugh of innocence and youth! And how difficult to seem dull, weary and depressed, with such a sound of purity and pleasure ringing through one's senses!

Every household circle should be gladdened and made joyous by some cheerful, winsome spirit! At times, we admit, the ready jest and the light laugh may seem out of place; and yet, if harmless, if meant to afford pleasure, if designed to chase away moody thoughts and fancied grievances, the tendency, the influence cannot but be for good. To young wives and young husbands, the duty, the policy, the beauty and the propriety of cheerfulness cannot be too earnestly urged. Such "favored mortals" should commence their matrimonial career with a determination to make each other happy, day to day, to render their little home a refuge and a haven at all times and seasons, a calm yet joyous temple of peace and social harmony, the brightest, sunniest, most cheerful spot on this side the grave!

But do all recognize and practice this philosophy? Do all strive to render home the true source and centre of those calm, tranquil, refined and virtuous enjoyments, which should have birth and being only within the world of confidence, frankness, affection and esteem?

Are there not some husbands and some wives, young as well as old, who seem to take pleasure in being fretful and peevish; who are for days and for weeks, moody, silent and morose; and who thus are not only discontented themselves, but who render all about them so? Are there not some who have periodical fits of *enferme* and melancholy—who assume to be wretched without the slightest cause—who wear a constant frown upon the brow, and repel everything like life, vivacity and good humor? Are there not some gentle wives, who despite the fact that their husbands are compelled by the necessities of the case to toil assiduously and agonizingly day after day, year after year, with the object of maintaining a respectable position in society and providing the comforts of social and civilized existence for the cherished ones at home—seem to lack everything like a proper sense of appreciation, and to exact as a right, all that is provided and done, while they at the same time murmur and are out of "temper" because more is not accomplished? They forget that one of their duties is to encourage and cheer, and thus to manifest a proper sense, as well of respect as of affection. They know little or nothing of the cares of the out-door world, and they are unkindly of the hallowed obligations of home! A cordial welcome after the toils of the day is rarely thought of. A word of approbation, a smile of encouragement, are dealt out sparingly, coldly and as favors. Sour looks, sharp words and bitter complaints are by no means rare.

Alas! for the folly, the madness, the wickedness of such a policy! How surely will it destroy confidence and weaken affection! How speedily will it dispel the fond dream of happiness, and render home anything but the chosen spot, the cherished source of true and priceless enjoyment! And so, again, on the other hand, a moody husband will never make a happy wife. Frowns may be met with smiles at first, but a change will soon come—a change that will be attended by asperity and harshness, or disappointment and despair. There must be a mutual understanding—a mutual determination to bear and forbear—a mutual desire and effort to please. The tolling husband should be greeted at nightfall gladly, cheerfully, lovingly, by the anxious, the confiding, the affectionate wife. Smile should be met with smile, and love by love. This is the only safe rule, the only wise policy. The peevish and fretful at home will soon become the discontented and unhappy. They will find themselves neglected, if not derided and despised. They should be cheerful as well for their own pleasure, as for the satisfaction, enjoyment and contentment of the household circle.

Life, in its best condition, has sorrows, disasters and vicissitudes, that are unavoidable. But if, in every pervasiveness, we misapprehend our comforts and our blessings—if in mere whim, caprice, or evil temper, we are gloomy, unquiet, and unhappy, the consequences will not only be disastrous to our own felicity, but to that of all within our influence, and who look up to us with affection and respect. Cheerfulness, we repeat, is a virtue, and should be sedulously and constantly cultivated in every condition of life, and especially by the young, who are about to be subjected to the chances and changes, the trials and temptations to which all human beings are more or less liable.

Kronstadt.

KRONSTADT, properly the port of St. Petersburg, and the principal station of the Russian navy in the Baltic, is situated on the long, flat, arid island of Kotlin, near the eastern extremity of the gulf of Finland, and about twenty miles from St. Petersburg. The town is built in the form of an irregular triangle, on the south eastern extremity of the island, opposite the mouth of the Neva, and is strongly fortified on all sides. On the south side of Kotlin is the narrow channel, through which only one vessel can pass at a time, from the gulf to the capital, and scores of guns could here be brought to bear on an enemy, by means of a fortress erected on a detached islet; or, if arriving on the opposite side, by the batteries of Resbank, and the citadel of Kronstadt.

The appearance of Kronstadt is respectable. It is regularly built, and contains many straight and well paved streets, and several squares. The houses, however, are all low, being generally of one story, with those singular red and green painted roofs, common in Russia; and are mostly of wood, with the exception of those belonging to the government, which number nearly two hundred, and are nearly all built of stone. The town is entered by three gates, and is divided into two sections, the commandant's division and the admiralty; each of which subdivided into two districts. It is also intersected by two canals, which have their sides built of granite, and are both deep and wide enough to admit the larger vessels. The one, Peter's canal, is used as a repairing dock; and the other, Catharine's canal, for commercial purposes.

Kronstadt contains three Greek churches; that of the transfiguration, a large wooden edifice, built by Peter the Great, and covered with images; Trinity Church and St. Andrew's Church, in the Byzantine style, with a handsome cupola. There are also two Greek chapels, and three other churches, one each for Lutherans, English and Catholics. Between the two canals stands a handsome palace, built by Prince Menchikov, now occupied as a naval school, and attended by three hundred pupils. The other public buildings deserving of notice are the marine hospital, fitted up with twenty-five hundred beds; the exchange, custom-house, admiralty, arsenal, barracks, cannon foundry, etc., and the small palace in which Peter the Great resided, and in the gardens of which are several oaks planted by his own hand. The shady alleys of the gardens form the principal promenade.

The harbor of Kronstadt lies to the south of the town, and consists of three sections; the military, or outer harbor, which is the great naval station of Russia, and is capable of containing thirty-five ships-of-the-line; the middle harbor, properly intended for the fitting out and repairing of vessels; and the innermost harbor, running parallel with the last, and used only by merchant vessels, of which one thousand might lie in it. Two-thirds of the external commerce of Russia passes through Kronstadt, although the depth of water at the bar is scarcely nine feet, and ice blocks up the harbor nearly five months in the year; the shipping season continuing only from May to November. Kronstadt has constant communication with the opposite shores, and steamers now ply regularly between it and the capital. The population in winter is not above six thousand, exclusive of the garrison and marine; but including these in summer, it is not less than forty thousand.

Common Schools.

We copy the following article from the "True Witness," of Aug. 18. This paper is published in Canada, and is an organ of the Pope of Rome, and speaks the voice of Pius IX. and the whole Catholic clergy. It shows what they would do to crush our schools and the freedom of the press, if they had but the power. We awake none too soon from our sleepiness.

"Is it possible to over-estimate the importance of the 'School Question' on the future of Catholicity? But the other day, the Catholic world was startled by the announcement that, within a few years, and in one country—the United States of America—Two Millions or more had been lost to God and His Church, and gained to Hell and the Devil. It was publicly stated by a Catholic clergyman that of the descendants of Catholic Irishmen, this fearful number had become—not converts to Anglicanism, Methodism, Presbyterianism, Judaism, or any other form of dogmatic Protestantism—but apostates to the Catholic Faith; simply that they had left the Church, not that they had gone to swell the numbers of any other religious denomination. At this announcement, over which the Powers of Hell must have glistened, whilst Angels wept, Protestantism confidently foretold the downfall of the Catholic Church on this Continent; whilst Catholics, though of course recognizing some exaggeration in the statement, could not but admit that it also contained much truth. But upon one point, Protestants and Catholics were agreed; both attributed the loss to the Catholic Church, and the consequent damnation of so many myriads of souls, to the pernicious and demoralizing influences of the 'Common' or 'mixed' school system. The grog-shop, the gambling-house and the brothel, count their victims by thousands and tens of thousands; the Common Schools of America count theirs by Millions.

In Canada is rapidly growing up the same accursed system as that which has borne such deadly fruit in the neighboring Republic. It flourishes here and threatens to extend itself beneath the fostering care of Government. And here, too, if unchecked, if not at once, and effectually crushed by the vigorous and united efforts of the Catholic body, will the results be

the same. We are indeed, in some respects, more happily situated than are our neighbors. We have a more numerous—we do not say a more zealous or devoted—body of Clergy; we have the schools of the Christian Brothers, and of the Nuns; we have Catholic Colleges and Seminaries, and numerous well conducted educational Institutions. But it does not therefore follow that we can afford to despise the schemes of the enemy of souls; or that because in Lower Canada we may, at present, laugh his puny efforts to scorn, that in Upper Canada—where our brethren are poor, and enjoy few of the advantages which we, in this section of the Province still can boast of—the work of perversion may not yet be crowned with results almost, if not quite, as fearful as those which have been brought about by the 'Common,' or 'Mixed' schools of the United States."

The Spirits at Mr. Koon's in Doon, Ohio.

Mr. Barnard of Boston, who has recently made a visit of a week at the residence of Mr. J. Koon's in Ohio, reports in the Boston New Era, as follows:

He first described and exhibited drawings of a sort of table which had been fitted up, according to spirit directions, by Mr. K. to act as a retainer of the subtle fluid which is used as the agent of the wonderful manifestations which are produced there. Visitors are admitted to the room free of charge, that being one essential condition on which the spirits consent to operate. The demonstrations are performed in this room mainly in the dark, for the alleged reason that sunlight or lamplight chemically neutralizes or destroys the agent by which they are performed. If the company do not remove their hats on entering the room, they will be taken off by invisible hands, perhaps carried across the room and hung up. While Mr. K. was present, drums were played, the sticks being handled by unseen hands, and moved "like lightning." They also played upon a harmonium and upon bells. They would exhibit a hand by rubbing phosphorus upon it, and would shake hands with all the company, giving a hard grip, but yet no arm could be felt connecting with the hand—as Mr. K. took special pains to ascertain for himself. He took in his hands a violin, with the strings loose, and while holding it, they were screwed up, and it was tuned and played by an intangible musician. A quire of paper which laid upon the table was brought near Mr. K., and he saw an illuminated spirit hand write upon it. The writing he had brought with him and exhibited it. They also speak through a tin horn, in a somewhat peculiar voice, but nearly as plain as we speak in common conversation; will converse on any subject, and in a familiar and interesting manner.

He stated that a neighbor of Mr. Koon's, Mr. Tippie, was favored with similar demonstrations. The children of the latter were clairvoyant, so that they see and play with spirit children day by day, and considered it a great privilege to go into a dark room for the purpose of shaking hands with the spirits before retiring at night.

Mr. Koon has been bitterly persecuted for his interest in Spiritualism—his barn has been burnt, and his crops destroyed. But he considered these sacrifices not worthy to be compared with the privilege of giving to the world such evidences of an immortal life.

Mr. Barnard added, that if this journey had cost him a thousand dollars, he should have been amply repaid. He had been all his life a doubter of spiritual existence—the common evidences had not been sufficient to afford conviction to his mind. But now he knows that spirits exist, and that men live after the death of the body. He was assured by the intelligences who communicated at Mr. Koon's room, that if he will afford them suitable conditions in Boston, by fitting up a similar room, and admitting visitors free of charge, they will perform equally astounding and convincing things here.

Mr. B. had come home fully resolved to do this, and thus afford to his skeptical fellow citizens the means of arriving at the same joyful confidence in a glorious immortality of Progress which he had attained. [Mr. B. is a trader at the corner of Cambridge and Belknap streets, well known in that part of the city.]

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF POULTRY.—As everything connected with poultry, now-a-days, has a peculiar interest, we give the following remarks from an English paper. First, of the roost and nest-house. The floor should be sprinkled with ashes, loam, pulverized peat, or fine charcoal, and should be cleaned off every week. The yard should contain a grassplot, some fine gravel, slaked lime, dry ashes, and pure water. The nests should be lined with moss and straw. Evidently the Dorkings are the best breed; they will lay an average of one hundred and eighty-five eggs each per annum. Fowls with black legs are the best for roasting while those with white legs are the best for boiling. If you want them to sit early leave the eggs under them. Fowls in their native habits never lay more than they can hatch. Remember that no success can be expected from poultry-keeping, if their houses be damp, cold, unclean, or badly ventilated; if their food does not approximate to that which they get in a state of nature, viz: a mixture of animal and vegetable food; if the water they drink be stagnant, the drainage of the manure heap, etc., or if the strongest and handsomest be not bred from.

They who drink away their estate, drink the very tears of their widows, and the blood of their impoverished children.

CLOSE OF CANAL NAVIGATION.—The Canal Commissioners have fixed upon the 5th of December, as the day upon which to close the Canals of the State. So says the Rochester Democrat.

Spread of Know Nothingism.

The history of this country fails to furnish a single instance, in which a body of men have organized for any purpose whatever whose principles have spread with such unparalleled rapidity as those of the so called "Know Nothings." Although but a comparatively short time has elapsed since they were first heard of through the public prints, yet in almost every State of the Union they already wield a controlling influence. In Massachusetts they are said to number eighty thousand strong, a body sufficiently numerous to elect every officer in the State, independent of aid from either of the old parties. And what is true of Massachusetts is said to be true of the majority of the States. How are we to account for this singular phenomenon?

It is, as is charged by the Cincinnati Enquirer and kindred prints, an organization composed of broken down politicians, discarded political hacks, and disappointed office seekers generally, together with a sprinkling of a certain class, who are said to delight in mobbing foreigners, burning churches, &c. Any one who is not politically blind or insufferably stupid, knows that this is not the case, and nothing but a base heart and stolid intellect could induce any one to make charges so utterly destitute of even a semblance of truth. In none of the political demonstrations of this body of men have we seen such results, as would be likely to flow from an organization composed of men politically and morally corrupt. Wherever they have made their power felt, it has only been to rebuke political dishonesty, and to hurl from high places, men, who by their actions had shown themselves unworthy of the confidence of the public. If this is the only evil which is to grow out of the Know Nothingism, in all honesty we must say that we bid it God speed.

The fact is, corruption has crept into every department of government, State and National. American sentiments and American feelings seem to have been lost sight of. Politicians by trade, in their race for office and anxiety to appropriate the spoils, have lost sight of the highest duties of an American citizen, and have not hesitated to pander to the lowest and basest passions of certain classes of our population, who are not supposed to be overstocked with information, and who instead of being acquainted with the spirit and workings of our free institutions, are sadly in need of instruction in political ethics. That this is wrong no one will deny. That it needs correcting, every citizen, who is not a demagogue by nature, will freely admit.

It is this state of things that has necessitated and brought into existence the order of Know Nothings. Is it to be wondered at, that when the attempt was made to indoctrinate the people anew with American sentiments that the great heart of the American people should respond to it. We think not. If the current newspaper reports of the case are to be relied upon this new order has already obtained a lodgment in nearly every city and town in the Union, and, as short a time as it has been in existence, is already gigantic in its proportion and hangs like a cloud, black and threatening, over the heads of the dishonest and corrupt politicians of the day, who stand trembling in the fear that the next bolt from this unseen and impalpable power will dash their prospects to the earth and blot out the last hope they have of political preferment.

Under the circumstances we do not think that it is a matter of surprise that this order spreads with such rapidity. On the contrary, if we are correctly informed as to its aims and objects, we should be surprised if it did not spread and continue to spread until it had thoroughly purged the country from the corrupt influences now at work and threatening the permanency of those free institutions, which were bequeathed to us by our fathers of the revolution as a sacred heritage.—*Dayton Daily Herald.*

Playing with Children.

Country life's opportunity to cultivate intimacy with children, seems to me a very important as well as agreeable advantage over life in the city. To be able to get out any moment in the day when most convenient, and join a gay and loving little troop and take a share in their work or play, unobserved by all eyes, is preferable to an opera, I think, as a relaxation from care and as a pleasure exercise; while its timeliness makes it serviceable to health.

But the degree to which a man lives a stranger to his children, without it—either understanding their minds nor comprehending their dispositions—can hardly be understood by those who have only lived in the city.—There is no charm, for a child, like the presence of a person who takes an interest in play; and he loves and is frank with nothing else. To enter into the excitement of his occupations, and listen to reply with habitual familiarity and earnestness to his questionings and importunings, is to link his soul with you by an every day strengthening of affection, like the growing of a branch upon a tree. With his memories of those days—all golden and treasured—the parent who is the kindly companion out doors is thus inseparable woven. Nature ordained such to be the intercourse between parent and child.

And while to daily life this gives a charm and hallowing influence, it plants a flower of affection that will bloom when old age needs its fragrance of respect and tenderness.—[Willis.]

Doct. Graham, on Monday, the 9th inst, was found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree, for killing Col. Loring, at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York city.

We want country agents for the *Age of Progress*, for whose services we will pay liberally.

Advertisements.

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 STEAMBOAT, HOUSEHOLD, and FARMER'S USES. We invite the attention of those purchasing.

PLANNED TABLE WARE.

To examine our stock, consisting of Coffee and Tea Urns, Stew and Fish heaters, Soup Tureens, Dish Covers, &c., &c., which we are constantly manufacturing in the most elegant style; and in plenty of British engravings by any other establishment in the United States.

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

OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE; also, FIRE ENGINES, FORCE PUMPS, &c. We are, likewise, the sole agents in this city of H. R. WOODHISTON'S, REGISTERED PATENT STEAM SAFETY PUMP and FIRE ENGINE.

We manufacture Railroad Locomotives, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, and a greatly improved SMOKE STOPPER, designed expressly for Steamboats, Propellers and Hotels.

A large quantity and assortment of STRAW and WATER GAUGES, and beautifully finished GONG BELLS,

for Steamboats and Hotels, comprise part of our stock.

We are, likewise, prepared to execute any Order for STEAMBOAT, COPPER, TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK.

With our usual promptness and upon terms that give good satisfaction. S. DUDLEY & SONS, 51 Main street.

DAILY REPUBLIC JOB PRINTING BOOK BINDING AND STEREOTYPING ESTABLISHMENT.

204 WASHINGTON-ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO EXECUTE THE following descriptions of PRINTING, such as Hand Bills, Posters, illuminated and plain Steamboat Bills, Cards and Bill Sheets.

Rail Road Work.

Done on the shortest notice, and in every variety of style. Letter Heads, Bills of Lading, Bank Checks, Check Books, and every variety of work that can be done by any other establishment.

LARGE BOOK BINDERY.

Is connected with the Establishment, which will furnish at short notice all the latest and most fashionable styles of books for sale in the State. Price to Subscribers, \$5.00 per year, or weekly at 12 1/2 cts per week.

THE BUFFALO DAILY REPUBLIC, Published every Evening, (Sundays excepted), has a large and increasing circulation, and affords one of the best mediums for advertising in the State. Price to Subscribers, \$5.00 per year, or weekly at 12 1/2 cts per week.

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY AND PAPER RULING ESTABLISHMENT.

THE Subscriber would respectfully announce that he is now prepared to do all kinds of

Plain and Ornamental Book Binding.

Blank Books Ruled to any pattern desired, and packed in legible type.

OLD BOOKS RE-BOUND.

Magazines of all kinds, Music, Newspapers, Pamphlets, etc., neatly bound in a variety of styles. C. L. FOND, Republic Buildings, 204 Washington-st., Buffalo.

ERIE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

INCORPORATED APRIL 10TH, 1854—OFFICE CORNER MAIN AND NORTH DIVISION STS., BUFFALO.

TO BE OPENED FOR BUSINESS SEPT. 1st, 1854. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 6 to 7 1/2 P. M.

C. O. P. & G. B. S.

WILLIAM A. BIRD, President. GIBSON T. WILLIAMS, 1st Vice President. STEPHEN V. R. WATSON, 2nd Vice Pres't. CYRUS P. LEE, Secretary and Treasurer. E. C. SPRAGUE, Attorney.

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Wm. A. Bird, Henry Root, Stephen W. Howell, Richard B. Williams, Michael Dunner, Jacob Kremer, Wm. C. Shaw, Wm. Wilkeson, Noah A. Sprague, Stephen V. R. Watson, F. Augustus George, James Wadsworth, Noah H. Gardner, Gibson T. Williams, Myron P. Bush, Chandler J. Wells, Wm. Fisk, James C. Harrison, Bradford A. Manchester, John R. Evans.

The objects of this Institution are to afford a secure place where Money may be deposited for safe keeping, drawing interest, and be drawn out at any time, and also to loan Money in moderate sums, to our citizens upon Real Estate, at a legal rate of interest. It is hoped that the names of the Officers and Trustees are a sufficient guarantee of the character of the Institution, and the safeguards imposed by its Charter and By-Laws afford the amplest security to depositors. In addition to these, the Trustees of the Bank have made such arrangements, that in no event can the depositors be assessed for the repayment of the expenses of the Bank. It is believed that this Institution offers the following advantages to our citizens, and especially to our workmen:

1. It receives deposits of any amount, down to ten cents; thus affording an inducement to our poorest citizens, and especially to the young, to save their earnings.

2. It pays *six per cent.* interest on all sums deposited, and to one who saves and upwards.

3. It will be kept open in the evening, for the accommodation of those whose business prevents their attending the Bank at the usual banking hours.

4. As the Trustees have assumed personal responsibility for the purpose of giving perfect safety and stability to what they believe will be an institution of benefit, they hope that it will be liberally sustained by their fellow citizens.

5. Further particulars may be obtained of the undersigned at the office of the Bank, or of any of the Trustees.

CYRUS P. LEE, Sec'y and Treas. Buffalo, N. Y., August 23, 1854. 1-1m

BOTANIC MEDICINE DISPENSARY.

D. B. WIGGINS, M. D., would respectfully notify the citizens of Buffalo and the public at large, that he has opened a wholesale and retail

BOTANIC MEDICINE DEPOT.

On the corner of Niagara and West Eagle sts. in the city of Buffalo, where he will constantly keep a full and choice assortment of BOTANIC MEDICINES, comprising all the varieties of Roots, Herbs, Powders, Decoctions and Compounds, which are used by Families and Practising Physicians. He will take especial care to have all his Medicines not only genuine but of the first quality, and of all preparations from the latest growths. He will take care never to be out of the Old Compounds, such as

Composition No. 6, or Hot Drops, Spiced Bitters, Mother's Relief, Stomach and Cathartic Pills, Liver Drops, Neutralizing Mixture, Honey Cough Balsam, a superior remedy for Coughs and Colds, Rheumatic Liniment, and CHOLERA SYRUP,

which was extensively used in '49 and '52, with unflinching success, when taken in the incipient stage of the disease.

The advantage and safety of procuring Medicines at such an establishment, and from a regular Botanic Physician, whose professional knowledge and practical experience preclude the contingency of vending poisonous and deleterious to every one. He hopes by using every endeavor to serve the public satisfactorily, to merit patronage and earn the good will of all who favor him with their custom.

All orders from abroad promptly attended to. 11f

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

HAVING ESTABLISHED AGENCIES in all the principal cities and towns of the United States and the Canadas, and in all the Principal Cities of Europe, to buy and sell GOLD DUST, BULLION, GOLD & SILVER Coins, Drafts, Bills of Exchange and Public Stocks, collect and settle bills, notes, or other demands and claims, forwarded by

EXPRESS.

Money, Bank Bills, Coin, Merchandise and all other descriptions of Express Freight, Packages and Parcels.

CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CREDIT, issued by the Union, which are cashed throughout Europe at the best rates of Exchange, and the circular letters of credit, and circular notes of the principal London Bankers cashed at the usual rates at the Paris office. Special credits issued to parties purchasing merchandise. Money received on deposit at our principal offices, on the usual terms.

All orders for the purchase of Public Stocks, Bonds, or other securities, or articles, promptly attended to. All orders addressed to the office of any of our agencies promptly delivered or forwarded.

For the convenience of emigrants or others, we draw bills for £2 and upwards, upon the Royal Bank of Ireland, National Bank of Scotland, and Union Bank of London.

The Company's Expresses, in charge of special Messengers, are regularly dispatched. SEMI-MONTHLY TO AND FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the Mail Steamship Lines, via Panama, and also by the New York Steamship Lines, and to and from EUROPE by the LIVERPOOL, HAVRE and BREMEN STEAMSHIP LINES.

The House in Paris is Agent for the New York and Havre Steam Navigation Company, and the Union Line of Havre Packets.

At the Paris office is kept a Traveler's Register and all the principal American newspapers, to which visitors have free access.

DIRECTORS: D. N. Barney, Johnston Livingston, James McKay, New York; Wm. G. Fargo, Buffalo; Edwin B. Morgan, Henry Wells, Aurora; W. J. Pardee, San Francisco, Cal.; E. P. Williams, Buffalo.

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BUFFALO & BRANTFORD RAILWAY.

SHORTEST ROUTE BETWEEN BUFFALO AND DETROIT.

By the Buffalo and Brantford Railway.

In connection with the several Lines terminating in Buffalo and the

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAIL ROAD, To Chicago, St. Louis, and the Great West.

On and after Monday, the 11th inst. Three Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), leaving the New Depot on Erie street, Buffalo, at 10:30 A. M., 1:45 and 10:40 P. M.

Morning Express leaves Detroit at 9 A. M. Paris at 3 P. M., and arrives in Buffalo at 7:5 P. M. Evening Express leaves Detroit at 5:15 P. M. Paris at 12:20 A. M., arrives in Buffalo at 4:15.

Freight train leaves Paris at 9:50 A. M., arrives at Fort Erie at 2 P. M.

N. B.—This route connects with the several Eastern Lines, terminating in Buffalo and the Michigan Central to Chicago.

Tickets may be procured at the Depot and at 37 Exchange street, Buffalo, and at the Office of the Company's Agents in New York, Albany, Detroit and Chicago.

Baggage checked through. Fare from Buffalo to Detroit, \$5. Fare to Chicago, \$15. No extra charge.

Supplies Office, opposite Erie Depot, Buffalo, August 23, 1854. 11f



HIGHLY PERFUMED with Rose Geranium, Citronella, and other choice Odors.

This article is introduced to the attention of the public after its virtues have been thoroughly tried. It is a significant and gratifying fact, that all who have used it

ROSE COMPOUND.

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

As an article of DAILY USE for dressing the hair, it is rapidly taking the place of Hair Oils, Pomatums, &c.

Be careful of its Cheapness! DELICIOUS FRAGRANCE, AND WONDERFUL POWER IN PROMOTING AND MAINTAINING A PERMANENT GLOSS TO THE HAIR.

The superiority of the ROSE HAIR GLOSS in this respect, consists not merely in its lubricating elements, but is chiefly attributable to its efficacy in cleansing the scalp of scurf or dandruff, stimulating the vessels and promoting the healthy secretion of Nature's own Hair Oil.

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

The small quantity required to produce these desirable results, and the LOW price for LARGE bottles, mark it as the Cheapest, and as we are confident it combines all the active agents which have yet been discovered for promoting the vegetative power, strength and beauty of the hair, we believe it is the most Hair preparation in the world.

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