

# THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

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

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## Poetry.

### Farewell to the Flowers.

Farewell! farewell! bright children of the sun,  
Whose beauty rose around our path where'er  
We wandered forth since vernal days began,  
The glory and the gladness of the year.

Ye came, the children of the spring's bright promise,  
Ye crowned the summer in her path of light,  
And now, when autumn's wealth is passing from us,  
We gaze upon your parting bloom, as light  
And cheer for this summer's richest hue—  
Sweet flowers, adieu!

Ye will return again. The early beams  
Of dawn will wake ye from your wintry sleep,  
By the still fountains and the shining streams,  
That through the green and leafy woodlands sweep:  
Ye will return again to cheer the bosoms  
Of the deep valleys, by old woods overhung;  
With the joy fragrance of your opening blossoms  
To be the joy and the treasure of the young;  
With birds, from the farlands and sunny hours,  
Ye will return, sweet flowers!

But when will they return, our flowers that fell  
From life's blossoming garden when it bloom was new,  
And left but the dim memories that dwell  
In sleek hours and homes? The summer's dew  
And summer's sun, with all their bloom and light,  
May fall on daisies or on grass in vain,  
But to the larks grow dim with early whistles,  
What spring can give the same look again,  
Or to the early withered heart restore  
The perished bloom once more?

In vain, in vain! Years come and years depart;  
Time bath its changes, and the world its tears,  
And we grow old in frame, and gray in hair,  
Seeking the grave through many hopes and fears,  
But still the ancient earth renews around us  
Her faded flowers, though life renews no more  
The bright but early broken ties that bound us,  
The garlands that our blighted summers wore,  
Holds to the trees and blossoms to the bowers  
Return—not but life's flowers!

## Miscellany.

### Demetrius the Diver.

[From Dicken's Household Words.]

There is no hygonas that have greater need  
to be bygonas than those of wickedness, vio-  
lence and cruelty. The blood and dust that  
besmear some pages of history, might glue the  
leaves together for ever. Yet from time to  
time necessities will occur that leave us no  
choice but to open the old grave; to turn to  
the old dark register; to unlock the old dark,  
grim skeleton closet; to turn the retrospective  
glass towards the bad old days that are gone.

We are at present the allies—and worthy  
so—of the Turks. A brave people, patient,  
high minded, slow to anger, terrible yet mag-  
nanimous in their wrath. Yet, while we ac-  
knowledge and respect all the good qualities  
possessed by this valiant nation, it is impos-  
sible to forget that the Turk has not always  
been the complacent Pacha in a European  
frock coat with a sealing wax cap with a blue  
tassel, who writes sensible, straightforward state  
papers, reviews European troops, does not ob-  
ject to a quiet glass of champagne, and regales  
English newspaper correspondents with coffee  
and pipes. Nor is he always the sententious,  
phlegmatic, taciturn, apathetic Osmanli who,  
shawled and turbaned, sits cross-legged upon  
the divan of meditation, smoking the pipe of  
reflectiveness; who counts his beads and says  
his prayers five times a day, and enjoys his kof,  
and who, as to wars and rumors of wars, fire,  
famine, pestilence and slaughter, says but, "Al-  
lah akbar"—God is great.

There are men in London, whom we may  
meet and converse with in our daily walks, who  
can remember the horrible massacre of Scio,  
in the year of salvation eighteen hundred and  
twenty-two. We had just begun, through the  
edifying cob-web spinning of diplomacy, the  
passionate poetry of Lord Byron and the crude  
(because badly informed) intelligence of the  
English press, to understand that there was  
something between the Greeks and the Turks  
in the Morea, the Peloponnese and the Arch-  
ipelago, and that the former were not, on the  
whole, quite rightly used. We were just going  
to see about forming an opinion on these and  
other matters when the news of the massacre  
of Scio burst upon us like a thunder clap—  
Gloomy and succinctly the frightful news was  
told us how the terrible Kara Ali—or the  
Black—Pacha had appeared with a fleet and  
an army in the harbor of Scio, then one of the  
fairest, peacefullest, most prosperous, most  
densely populated islands in the Greco-Turk-  
ish archipelago, and that all—peaceful rayahs,  
gold and purple harvest, university, commerce,  
wealth—had in three days disappeared.

The story of the massacre of Scio has never  
been fully told in England; and only in so far  
as it affects my story I called upon to ad-  
vert to it here. Besides, no tongue could tell

no pen describe in English language, a title  
of the atrocities perpetrated in the defenceless  
island by order of the Black Pacha. Suffice  
it to say that for three days Scio was drowned  
in blood; that the dwellings of the European  
consuls were no asylum; that the swords of the  
infuriated Osmanli murdered alike the white-  
headed patriarch, the priest of the family, the  
nursing mother, the bride of yesterday, the  
bride of that to-morrow which was never to  
come to her, the tender suckling and the child  
that was unborn. Upwards of eighteen thou-  
sand persons were massacred in cold blood;  
and the blackened ruins of Scio became a habi-  
tation for bats and dragons, howling dogs and  
wheeling birds of prey.

Some few miserable souls escaped the ven-  
geance of Kara Pacha. There is a Greek  
ecclesiastic now in London, who was hidden by  
his mother in a cave during the massacre and  
brought away unhurt. When the fury of the  
invaders began, through lassitude, to cool, they  
selected such boys and young girls as they  
could find alive, and sent them to be sold in  
the slave market at Constantinople. Then,  
when they had left the wretched island to itself,  
half finished wretches began to crawl out of  
holes, and thickets and ditches, where they had  
hidden themselves. They saw the charred and  
smouldering remnants of what had been Scio;  
but they abode not by them. In an agony of  
fear, lest the murderers should return, they  
made the best of their way across the sea to  
other islands—to inaccessible haunts on the  
main land. Those who had the means took  
refuge on the French and Italian shores of the  
Mediterranean.

There is a sultry city which, if you were  
reminded to go to it over land, you could have  
reached in those days by diligence, as you can  
reach in these by a commodious railway from  
Paris; but to attain which by sea you must  
cross the stormy Bay of Biscay and pass the  
rocky Straits of Gibraltar, and coast along the  
tidelless sea in sight of the shores of Africa—  
To this great mart of southern commerce, with  
its deep blue sky, its slack-baked houses, its  
orange trees, black-eyed, dark-skinned children,  
and crowded port, where floats the strangest  
medley of ships, and on the quays of which  
walk the most astonishing variety of costumes  
that ever you saw—to the city of Marseilles  
in France, came many of these refugee Greeks,  
some from Scio, some from the Morea, some  
from Candia, many from the Fanal or Fanar  
of Constantinople—which had also had its mas-  
sacre—some from the interior of Anatolia and  
Roumelia. There were Greek gentlemen and  
their families, who could never congratulate  
themselves sufficiently on having saved their  
heads and their piastres; there were merchants  
quite stripped and bankrupt; who nevertheless,  
in the true Grecian manner, began afresh, trad-  
ing and making money with admirable assid-  
uity and perseverance. And above all there  
were poor rayahs, who had been calqueers, cof-  
fee house waiters, portefaix, at home—who  
had lost their little all, and who were glad to  
carry burdens, and run messages, and help to  
load and unload the ships in the port of Mar-  
seilles.

Among these was one Demetri Omeros.—  
None knew much about him, save that he was  
a Scioite, and had escaped after the massacre;  
that he was quite alone, and very poor. He  
was fortunate enough to possess a somewhat  
rare accomplishment, which made his earnings,  
although precarious, considerably more remun-  
erative than those of his fellow countrymen  
occupying the station to which he appeared to  
belong. Demetri Omeros was a most expert  
swimmer and diver. Had Demetri Omeros  
lived in our days he would have been a profes-  
sor to a certainty; the walls would have been  
covered with posting bills and wood cuts por-  
traying his achievements; and he would have had  
a convenient exhibition room, and a sliding-  
scale of prices for his entertainment. In eight-  
een twenty-three he contented himself with the  
exhibition of his talents in the open port of  
Marseilles, and was satisfied with the stray  
francs, half francs, copper sous and liards flung  
to him when he emerged from the water, all  
soaked and dripping like a Newfoundland dog.  
He thus managed to live a sufficiently easy,  
loving, idle life; splashing, swimming and  
diving sometimes for sheer amusement; at  
others, basking in the genial sun with such  
indolence that had you not known him to be a  
Scioite, you would have taken him for a genu-  
ine lazzarone of the Quai Santa Lucia. Dem-  
etri was some thirty years old, tall, magnifi-  
cently proportioned, with a bronzed countenance,  
wavy black hair and sparkling black eyes.—  
His attire was exceedingly simple, being ordi-  
narily limited to a shirt, red-and-white striped  
trousers, secured around the waist by a silken  
sash, and a small Greek tarbochon on his head,  
ornamented with a tarnished gold tassel. Shoes  
and stockings he despised as effeminate lux-  
uries. He was perfectly contented with his mod-  
est fare of grapes, melons, brown bread, gar-  
lic and sour wine. House rent cost him nothing,  
as one of the Greek merchants settled at Mar-

seilles allowed him to sleep in his warehouse,  
like a species of watch-dog. When the weath-  
er was fine, he swam and dived and dried him-  
self in the sun; when it was foul, he coiled him-  
self into a ball and went to sleep.

In the year eighteen hundred and twenty-  
four it occurred to the Turkish government to  
considerably strengthen their navy. There was  
an arsenal and dockyard at Constantinople  
then, as there is now; but the Ottomans  
did not know much about ship-building, and  
in the absence of any material guarantee for  
the safety of their heads, European artists were  
rather chary of enlisting in the service of the  
Padishah. So, as the shipwrights wouldn't go  
to Sultan Mahmud, Sultan Mahmud condescend-  
ed to go to the shipwrights; that is to say,  
he sent an Effendi attached to the department  
of Marine to Marseilles, with full power to have  
constructed four frigates, by the ship-builders  
of that port. As the French government had  
not begun to interest itself one way or another  
in the eastern question, and as the ship-build-  
ers of Marseilles did not care one copper cen-  
tine whether the Turks beat the Greeks, or  
the Greeks the Turks, and more than all this,  
as the Effendi from Stamboul had carte-blanche  
in the money department, and paid for each  
frigate in advance, they set about building the  
four frigates with a hearty good will, and by  
the spring of eighteen hundred and twenty-five  
two of them were ready for launching.

It was observed by the French workmen  
that Demetrius the Diver appeared to take a  
very great interest in the process of ship build-  
ing. Day after day he would come into the  
slip where the frigates were being constructed  
and, sitting upon a pile of planks, would re-  
main there for hours. Other Greeks would oc-  
casionally come, and launch forth fierce invec-  
tives against the Turks, and against the French  
too, for lending their hands to the construction  
of ships which were to be employed against  
Christians. In these tirades Demetrius the  
Diver seldom, if ever, joined. He was a man  
of few words, and he sat upon the planks and  
looked at the workmen, their tools, and their  
work. Nobody took much notice of him, ex-  
cept to throw him a few sops occasionally, or  
to say what a lazy, skulking fellow he was.

At length the day arrived which was fixed  
for the launch of the first frigate, the Sultani  
Bahri. Half Marseilles was present. The sub-  
prefect was there—not officially, but officious-  
ly (whatever that subtle distinction may be).  
Crowds of beautiful ladies, as beautifully dressed,  
were in the tribunes around the sides of  
the slip; the Sultani Bahri was dressed out with  
flags, and aboard her was the great Effendi  
himself, with his secretary, his interpreter, his  
pipe-bearer and the amateur, or ship-builder.

The sight of a ship launch is to the full as  
exciting as any race. The heart beats time to the  
clicking of the hammers that are knocking the  
last impediments away, and when the mighty  
mass begins to move, the spectator is in a  
tremor of doubt, and hope and fear. When the  
ship rights herself, and indeed walks the  
water like a thing of life, the excitement is tre-  
mendous; he must shout, he must congratulate  
himself, his next neighbor, everybody, upon the  
successful completion of the work.

Now, everything had been looked to, thought  
of, prepared for, the triumphant launch of the  
Sultani Bahri. The only obstacles between  
her and the waters were certain pieces of wood  
technically called in England (I know not what  
their French name may be) dogshores, and  
these were being knocked away by the master  
shipwright. This operation, I may remark,  
was formerly considered so dangerous, that in  
the royal dockyards it was undertaken by con-  
victs, who obtained their liberty if they accom-  
plished the task without accident. Just as the  
first stroke of the hammer became audible,  
Demetrius the diver, who had hitherto been  
concealed among the crowd, plunged into the  
water, and swam directly across the track that  
the frigate would probably take on its release  
from the slip. A cry of horror burst from the  
crowd as he swam directly toward the ship's  
stem, for the vessel had begun to move, and  
every one expected the rash diver to be crushed  
or drowned. But, when he was within a few  
feet of the frigate, Demetrius the Diver, threw  
up his arms, held them aloft for a moment in a  
menacing manner, then quietly subsided on to  
his back, and floated away with the tide. The  
Sultani Bahri slid down her ways to a consid-  
erable extent, she was even partially in the wa-  
ter, but she walked it by no means like a thing  
of life, for her stern began to settle down, and  
if the truth must be told, the new frigate of his  
Imperial Highness the Sultan—stuck in the mud.

They tried to screw her off, to weight her off,  
to float her off, but in vain. When a ship  
sticks in launching, there is frequently no re-  
source but to pull her to pieces where she  
sticks, and this seemed to be the most probable  
fate in store for the Sultani Bahri. The Effen-  
di was in a fury. The shipbuilder was discon-  
solate, but the Frenchman only ascribed the  
misadventure to the clumsiness of his ship-  
wright, whereas the Moslem, superstitious like

the majority of his co-religionists, vowed that  
the failure was solely owing to the evil eye of  
the Giaour diver, Demetrius Omeros. Had the  
Effendi been in his own land, a very short and  
summary process would have preserved all fu-  
ture ship-launches from the troublesome pres-  
ence of Demetri Omeros and his evil eye; but  
at Marseilles, in the department of Bouches du  
Rhône, the decapitation, bowstringing, or drown-  
ing, of even a rayah was not to be thought of.  
So, the Effendi was obliged to be satisfied with  
giving the strictest orders for Demetri's exclu-  
sion from the shipbuilder's yard in future; and  
after a delay of some months the third frigate  
(the first was rotting in the mud) was ready for  
launching.

Anxiety was depicted on the Effendi's face  
as he broke a bottle of sherbert over the bows  
of the frigate, and named her the Achmedie.—  
Immediately afterwards a cry burst from the  
crowd of "Demetri! Demetri the Diver!" and,  
rushing along the platform which ran round  
the vessel, the Effendi could descry the accused  
diver holding up his hands as before, and  
doubtless blighting the onward progress of the  
Achmedie with his evil eye.

Evil or not, a precisely similar disaster over-  
took the second frigate, and the launch was a  
lamentable failure. The shipbuilder was in de-  
spair. The Effendi went home to his hotel,  
cursing, and was about administering the bas-  
tinado to his whole household as a relief to his  
feelings, when his interpreter, a shrewd Greek,  
one Yanni, ventured to pour the baln of ad-  
vice into the ear of Indignation.

"Effendi," he said, "this rayah that dives is  
doubtless a cunning man, a magician, and, by  
his spells and incantations has arrested the ships  
of my lord the Padishah, whom Allah preserve,  
in their progress! But he is a rayah and a  
Greek, and a rogue of course. Let my lord the  
Effendi bribe him, and he will remove his  
spells."

"You are all dogs and sons of dogs," an-  
swered the Effendi, graciously, "but out of  
your mouth, devoted to the slipper, O Yanni,  
comes much wisdom. Send for this issue of a  
mummy pig, this diver with the evil eye."

Demetri was sent for, and in due time made  
his appearance, not so much as salaaming to the  
Effendi, or even removing his hat. The  
envoy of the Sultan was sorely tempted to be-  
gin the interview by addressing himself through  
the intermediation of a bamboo to the soles of  
the diver's feet; but fear of the subprefect and  
his genarines, indeed, of the magical powers of  
the diver himself, prevented him.

"Dog and slave!" he said, politely, "dog, that  
would eat garbage out of the shop of a Jew  
butcher, wherefore hast thou bewitched the  
ships of our lord and Caliph the Sultan Mah-  
moud?"

"I am not come here to swallow dirt," an-  
swered the diver, coolly, "and if your words are  
for dogs, open the window and throw them out.  
If you want anything with a man who, in  
Frangistan, is as good as Effendi, state your  
wishes."

"The ships, slave, the ships!" said the  
Greek; "and the third, with the blessings of  
Heaven and St. George of Cappadocia, will no  
more float than a cannon-ball."

"You lie, dog, you lie!" said the Effendi.

"Tis you who lie, Effendi," answered Dem-  
etrius the Diver; "and moreover, if you give me  
the lie again—by St. Luke, I will break your  
unbelieving jaw."

As the Effendi happened to be alone with  
Demetrius (for he had dismissed his interpret-  
er), and as there was something exceedingly  
menacing in the stalwart frame and clenched  
teeth of the Greek, his interlocutor judged it  
expedient to lower his tone.

"Can you remove the spells you have laid  
on the ships?" he asked.

"Those that are launched are past praying  
for."

"Will the next float?"

"If I choose."

"And the next?"

"If I choose."

"Name your own reward, then," said the Ef-  
fendi, immensely relieved. "How many piastres  
do you require? Will ten thousand do?"

"I want much more than that," answered  
Demetrius the Diver, with a grim smile.

"More! What rogues you Greeks are! How  
much more?"

"I want," pursued the Diver, "my wife Ka-  
tinka back from Stamboul. She was torn away  
from Scio, and is in the harem of the Cap-  
tain Pacha. I want my three children, my boy  
Andon, my boy Yorgli, and my girl Endodia.  
When I have all these, here at Massallian,  
(Marseilles), and twenty thousand piastres to  
boot, your frigates shall be launched in safety."

"All well and good," said the Effendi; "I  
will write to Stamboul to-night, and you shall  
have all your brood and the piastres as well,  
within two months. But what security have I  
that you will perform your part of the contract?  
The word of a Greek is not worth a para."

"You shall have a bond for double the  
amount which you will hand over to me, from  
two merchants of Marseilles. You cannot give  
me all I should like," concluded the Diver, with  
a vengeful frown. "You cannot give me back  
my aged father's life, my sister's, my youngest  
child's; you cannot give me the heart's blood  
of the Albanian wolf who slew them."

Within a quarter of a year, Demetrius the  
Diver was restored to his family. He insisted  
upon receiving the stipulated reward in advance,  
probably holding as poor an opinion of the word  
of a Turk as the Effendi did of the word  
of a Greek. The momentous day arrived when  
the third frigate was to be launched; a larger  
crowd than ever was collected; everybody was  
on the tip-toe of expectation. Demetrius the  
Diver, who, during the past three months, had  
had free access to the ship-builder's yard, was  
on board. The dogshores were knocked away,  
the frigate slid down her ways, and took the  
water in splendid style. The launch was com-  
pletely successful. The Effendi was in rapt-  
ure, and believed more firmly in the power of  
the evil eye than ever. A few days afterwards  
the fourth frigate was launched with equal suc-  
cess.

"Marvellous man!" cried the envoy of the  
Sublime: "by what potent spell wert thou en-  
abled to bewitch the first three frigates?"

"Simply by those," answered Demetrius the  
Diver, in presence of a large company assembled  
at a banquet held in honor of the two success-  
ful launches. "Five years ago my father was  
one of the most extensive shipbuilders at Scio,  
and I was bred to the business from my youth.  
We were rich, we were prosperous, until we  
were ruined by the Turkish atrocities at Scio.

I arrived in Marseilles alone, beggarly, my  
father murdered, my wife and children in cap-  
tivity. How I lived, you all know. While the  
first two frigates were being built, I watched  
every stage of their construction. I detected  
several points of detail which I was certain  
would prevent their being successfully launched.  
When, however, I had entered into my con-  
tract with this noble Effendi, I conferred with  
the shipwrights; I convinced them, by argument  
and illustration, what was necessary to be done.  
They did it. They altered, they improved.  
Behold the ships are launched, and the evil eye  
had no more to do with the matter than the  
amber mouthpiece of his excellency the Effendi's  
chibouque. I have done."

The Effendi, it is said, looked rather foolish  
at the conclusion of this explanation, and wad-  
ded away, muttering that all Greeks were thieves.  
Demetrius, however, kept his piastres, gave  
up diving for a livelihood, and commencing  
business on his own account as a boat-builder,  
prospered exceedingly with Katinka, his wife,  
and Andon, Yorgli and Endodia, his children.

As to the two frigates, they were equipped for  
sea in good time, and were, I believe, knocked  
to pieces by the allied fleets at the battle of  
Navarino.

### From the Saturday Evening Post. What the Angels thought of it.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

In the night an Angel came to me with his  
All Hall! I was not afraid, but rose from  
sleep into his presence, and waited for his teach-  
ing.

He stood for one uncertain moment, pon-  
dering; and in that moment, my struggling  
Spirit so far escaped its flesh as to travel the  
earth with him, in contemplation; toiling along  
the level of his thought.

Therein I saw all world doings. The build-  
ing of cities, the crowning of sovereigns, the  
growth of religions, the harvest homes of vil-  
lagers, the multitudinous assembling of armies,  
rising against each other, as sea against sea;  
at last, at the end of that uncertain moment,  
the birth of a fisherman's child.

Then I stood in the fisherman's hut, and not  
in my chamber; gradually I was aware of other  
angels bending over the babe.

One stood tall and smiling; a light of sur-  
prise, half god-like, half child-like, lived through  
the dark of an earthly morning, filling all the  
room.

Another presence moved with the first, and  
seemed a mere shadow of the bright one's  
brightness. And he that smiled is called in  
heaven the Announcer, the Liberator, the  
Keeper of the Threshold, the Joy bearer; but  
on the earth his name is only Death.

He said:  
"My sister, Angel, this child, so far more  
lovely than nature's wont, has awakened in my  
heart a strange desire; I would fain take it,  
even in this desire of flesh, and lay it as a  
flower bud yet unshedded, at the foot of its  
Creator."

"Nay," said the dark one, her countenance  
breaking to twilight, "shall clay endure an in-  
stant before the Throne?"  
"For in the end, all beauty of my beautiful  
earth shall perish!" added slow the mournful  
mournful Angel of Life.

But the other said, the Believer.

"Is not God all? and is not every shade and  
color of beauty a visible thought of His mind?  
hath he studied the blending of browns on a  
moth's wing, and shaped the pine cone, and  
imagined the scent of the strawberry, and are  
they not fully good?"  
And further:  
"Can God forget? If once he fix the form  
of the spheroid grape, can the instance of a  
universe of far creations blot it from existence?  
Nay, but mounting, step by step, the spheres  
of life, whereof this earth is the threshold, the  
essence of all beauty in this lower creation  
shall be added to the higher, and the rounding  
of a rose, and of this babe's cheek, shall not be  
lost in all the eternities of God?"  
He spoke yet further:  
"At blush of evening, I stood by your cot-  
tage, when, a few days gone, I changed a sick,  
gaunt child, to a rosy angel.  
"By the door of that cottage, a large red  
bud, half-bursting, swung low with a bee in its  
heart; and on the moss-purpled roof lingered  
a corner of sunshine. I scooped the light with  
my palm into the rose heart, and closing the  
petals, bore it straight to my little stranger in  
heaven.  
"Now the rose is unthorned, and the bee is  
stingless; but its petals shall never crystallize to  
germs, nor change to amaranth; and still, as-  
cending through the ages from life to life, this  
child shall bear, amidst the symbols of other  
angels, that soft web blossom, with a bee in its  
heart, as a memory of the first of all its homes.  
"So let me snatch this bud from this human  
garden, to live perpetual in the rose fields of  
heaven.  
"So release this yet innocent Spirit from its  
coming possibility of degradation, and this dainti-  
ness of flesh from its gradual certain deadening  
back to clay. Risk not this one sweet body and  
soul to corruption, oh, dreary Angel of Life!"  
But the other spoke, the Fulfiller:  
"I am kinder than thou, too eager Angel:  
Thou who seest to mend the intents of God.  
"He wills that some souls stand already in  
untried innocence about him: He wills that  
this and others suffer humanity: He is Love—  
He purposes, I fulfill."  
"Then farewell, beauty!" sighed the pitying  
Angel.  
"I think not so," said the other, half uncer-  
tain, (for Spirits are but wise in their degree).  
"Yet pause, my senses grow clearer—I feel  
the future; tarry me and watch this baby's  
growing, and if any moment find him fail in  
beauty, that moment sees him safe and soft in  
these arms."  
So we waited—I also for to him who stands  
with angels, Time is not. So the day stepped  
one by one to his cradle, each with its tribute  
of baby softness and bloom; so the rosy weeks  
tipped by, and pausing, deepened the mean-  
ingless dimples to conscious smiles, and kindled  
the vacant infant eyes with joyful recognitions;  
so the years rolled on, and passing, led the  
child from his cradle, and set him a leaping—  
left an unsealed kiss on the round soft mouth,  
which straight took up the olden task of crea-  
tion, fleshing new baby thoughts with quaint  
words, as God half speaks some souls in limi-  
ting clay.  
Year by year the boyish form grew more  
buoyant, the glance more eager, the bearing  
more impetuously beautiful! And I saw that  
while the glory of youth was about him in its  
fulness, the Spirit of Life arose, and touched  
him with a finger.  
A shadow fell on his brow; it passed, and  
with it the wildness from his play, and the dimples  
from his smiling.  
"He loses!" said death, half anxious, half tri-  
umphant; yet as I looked, the shadow that dim-  
med, had vaguely sweetened his smiling, and  
he had not lost.  
Life looked into those dancing eyes, and they  
steaded.  
"He is mine!" said Death; but straight from  
their darkening depths arose a light of Thought-  
fulness—an outlook of new awakened hopes,  
and yearnings, and questionings; and the newer  
charm was greater than the lost.  
Now he stood eager, passionate, beautiful;  
thrilled with an ignorant, expectant wonder of  
himself. And while yet rapt in youth's aim-  
less, joyful dreaming, again the Angel fronted  
him, sombre and stern. She spoke of daily  
needs and drudgeries; how poverty binds with  
fettered mean and mighty; how ignorance blinds,  
and passion maims, and appetite sucks the soul  
into the flesh, until the brute is all. How in  
the path of him who would surmount his fate  
arise ten-fold of all the obstacles wont to stand  
between youth's dreams and their fulfillment.  
At her words a new change fell upon that  
glowing cheek, and on those red lips, erewhile  
pushing full against each other, as if to keep  
from bursting into kisses.  
"He fails!" uttered the Angel of the Thresh-  
hold; but as I looked again, he had not failed;  
for on the paler cheek and firmer lip sat the  
light of new born Purpose, never to leave him  
until it be fulfilled.  
Toiling by day, unceasing through the daily  
common drudgery before him, poring by night,  
unwearied over the gathered wisdom of ages



gone; wandering anon, with purpose unwavering, over many lands and waters, gleaming store of knowledge from many nations,—standing at last, triumphant, in the nobler beauty of Intelligence and Will—then it was that I saw the Spirit confront, very sad and cold.

A presence of the unknown evil thrilled him; that proud eye quailed, the firm lip trembled with anguish. He stood in the shadow of a great temptation—Death outstretched his arms.

But even in that first agony of self-striving, fiercer than any strife against the world, was born a new, sweet light in his star crown of beauty. Death was silent. So as the days stood one by one before him, each echoed the cry of the tempter in his bosom; so the dreary weeks dragged on, and lingering, compassed him round with new pains, and shames, and sorrows; so the mournful years rolled on, and pressing, bore from his arms home loves and consolations; so striving, faltering, stumbling, groping in sleepless faith to the pathway, every shred that dropped from his tattered raiment of earth beauty, revealed more fair the inner stature and form.

And now I saw a wonder: I saw that clay-bound Immortal arise and put on his immortality; arise serene in the night of thrice-proven virtue, innocent above the untainted innocence of primal angels—beautiful above the further power of flesh to hold. "I am thine," he said to the Angel of the Threshold; and the Spirits of Life and Death bowed mute before him.

#### Spirit Personations Recognized.

Mr. C. Partridge, at a recent Conference, related that being on one occasion in the presence of Henry Gordon, he observed the latter performing a series of Spirit-prompted gesticulations, the meaning of which he did not at first understand. As the pantomime progressed, however, he recognized it as representing all the consecutive manipulations of a secret process used only in his own match factory, and known only to one or two persons out of it. The pantomimic process was continued through-out all the stages of the operations in making the matches, and when they were represented as complete, the medium made the motion of striking one to ignite it, and then putting it to his nose and scowling as in disgust at its offensive odor. Mr. P. was at a loss to imagine from what Spirit this manifestation could come, until on going to his shop and enquiring he found that one of his workmen who had been accustomed to those very manipulations had died a few days before. The easiest explanation of the origin of the pantomime he found to consist in the supposition that it was prompted by the Spirit of the deceased workman.—*Spiritual Telegraph.*

**NOVEL CASE OF SWINDLING.**—Quite a funny affair was brought to light at the office of Justice Gartner on Sunday afternoon. A young lady residing in Old Town called at the office and preferred a charge of swindling against a man named Edward Martin, fruit dealer, corner Rutaw and Franklin streets. The accused was arrested yesterday morning for that purpose and brought before the Justice, when the following facts appeared:—That the young lady and Martin were engaged to be married, but he being a Catholic and she a Protestant, they could not be married. On Thursday last they started for that city, and on the way he managed upon some pretence to get possession of the money, which she, not suspecting anything amiss, permitted him to retain.

On reaching Philadelphia, they presented themselves before a priest and asked if he would marry two strangers from Baltimore, Martin referring him to some friend of his there, of whom he could make inquiry concerning them. They then left, telling him they would return and be married and proceeded to a hotel, where Martin engaged a room for each of them. He soon after left the house, assuring her he would return in an hour. After waiting in vain considerably longer than the allotted time for his return, the lady began to suspect something was wrong, and upon returning to the priest, to whom they had applied to marry them and finding he had not been there, her suspicions were confirmed and his deception was then placed upon the ears by the priest and returned home, and finding her faithless intended had reached here in advance of her, with her funds in his possession, she made complaint to the Justice, who then committed him to jail in default of security to answer the charge before court. This is a hard case indeed—to lose a husband and all her money the same day.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

**ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HOTELS.**—We could hardly picture to ourselves a greater contrast than that between an old country and an American hotel. The two things are not in the least alike. Arriving in an English hotel, the guest is treated with respectful deference, allowed the use of a private apartment, charged exorbitantly for everything, and, at departure, courteously and bowed out at the door, as if a prodigious favor had been conferred on the establishment. In the United States things are managed differently. The Americans, with some faults of character, possess the singular merit of not being exclusive, extortionate, or subservient. But where all travel, hotel-keepers are obliged to act magnanimously. Instead of looking to live through from a few customers, scheming petty gains by running up a bill for the use of candles, firing and other conveniences, and smoothing everything down to the least possible, the proprietor of an American hotel is a capitalist at the head of a great concern, and would despise doing anything shabby; hundreds pour into and out of his establishment, he notices neither your coming nor going; without ceremony you are free of the establishment; and when you pay and depart, there are no bows, no thanks, but you are not needed; and that is always felt to be a comfort.—*Wm. Chambers.*

**ANOTHER LIQUOR CASE.**—A novel and interesting question arose in our court of special sessions on Tuesday, while engaged in trying one of the liquor cases now pending before that court. The court, as is well known, is composed of the Recorder and one of the Justices of the Peace of the city. In trying the case, questions upon the admissibility of testimony arose, and one member of the court decided, it proper, the other improper, and upon the whole of the case the Court was divided. The Recorder deciding as he has previously, that the licenses granted by the Mayor to grocers, are not sufficient to authorize the person holding them to retail strong and spirituous liquors to be drunk upon their premises; the Associate Justice, Mr. Nugent holding otherwise. The matter stood when the case was to go to the jury. In consequence of the disagreement of the Recorder and Justice, the case could proceed no further, and the only alternative was to discharge the defendant, which was accordingly done.—*Albany Argus.*

## Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, NOVEMBER, 4, 1854.

### Habits of Life.

The most potent enemy which poor, peccable humanity has to contend with and bear up against, is Habit. It is sly, insinuating, inveigling, seeming to study physical, moral and intellectual constitutions, ever ready to assail where it finds a weak point, taking possession and entrenching itself wherever nature has left a position unfortified. Its belaguerings hosts are numerous and active, ever on the alert to discover points of attack where they can establish themselves. The most potent of all these is Intemperance in the use of alcoholic beverages. The next is the use of tobacco. Then come lying, profane language, obscenity, moroseness, cant phrases, by-words, repetitions of words, such as "ye know" and "ye see," belching, hawking without spitting, and scores of others, too tedious to mention.

The first of these habits is the most fearful of all, because it has power to totally metamorphose its subject—making him radically different from what he was originally, but never better. It can and does make a sober man a drunkard; a sound man an invalid; a sensible man a fool; a truthful man a liar; an honest man a knave, a thief and a robber; a kind hearted, humane man a cruel tyrant and a murderer. It loads the person with ungodly flesh; fires his blood and makes it peer through his skin; lights up a flame in his eyes and makes them sore and frightful to look at; takes away his power of locomotion and tumbles him into ditches, gutters and mudholes; fills his mind with evil thoughts and his mouth with words of blasphemy; makes him loathsome to look upon and more loathsome to listen to; brings poverty and misery to his dwelling; fills the heart of his wife with sorrow, her cheeks with wrinkles and her hands with implements of menial labor; clothes his children in rags and keeps their minds in ignorance; brings nothing to the house but whiskey, and beats the wife and mother for not providing a comfortable meal; rails, raves, storms and swears without provocation, turns the family out of the house in the dead of night, break pots and dishes, burns chairs and tables and returns to the grog-shop to replenish the infernal agent that does it all. It fills jails with criminals; furnishes nearly the whole necessity that exists for criminal courts; brings the tax-gatherer to the door of every honest man, with quadrupled demands for revenue; makes state-prisons necessary and keeps them supplied with convicts; establishes poor-houses and furnishes nineteen-twentieths of their pauper inmates; makes all the vices of life and rank, promotes crimes of every grade, scowls malignantly at virtue and its votaries, and swears by the God whose name it blasphemes continually, that the Maine Law is unconstitutional, and that all laws prohibiting or restricting the liquor traffic, are fetters upon legitimate business, and usurpations of power.

When this habit is allowed to take possession of its victim early in youth, it grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength, and becomes irradicable in nearly all cases.—How great, then, is the responsibility of parents and all those whose duty it is to guide the footsteps of youth, till the ripeness of manhood fortifies them to look forward from causes to consequences—till observation teaches them how it fares with those who take hold of that most dangerous and most fatal of all vices, in the greenness of youth. How strange it is that parents are so horrified at the approach of dangerous diseases, such as smallpox, yellow fever and cholera, and seem so unconcerned at the riskiness of that incomparably more fatal malady, which lurks in the way of their young sons, in the whiskey bottle and beer barrel, at almost every corner of every street. Whilst the three former can do no more than kill the body and set the spirit at liberty, to start on the march of eternal progress, the latter takes hold of the soul, warps, distorts and deforms it, and converts it into a maniac and a demon, preparing it to take up its abode in darkness, as it prepares the body for early consignment to the charnel-house. Is it true that all the evil deeds of the earth-life will be brought to the view of the enlarged spirit, when it leaves the body and goes to take up its final abode in the next state of existence? If so, how fearful, how horrifying must be the array which will be presented to him or her who has spent a life in holding the cup to the inebriate's mouth! What broken hearts of mothers and wives, what blasted prospects of promising youth, what fine young minds wrecked and ruined and converted into maniacs, what destruction of the peace and happiness of families, what blasphemies, what thefts, what robberies, what arson, what murders will stare them in the face, and what accusing characters, glowing with crimson flame, will stand above them all, saying, "ALL THESE ARE THE FRUITS OF THY WORK ON EARTH!"

The use of tobacco is a mere pigmean vice, when compared with intemperance. But it is a vice; a pernicious vice; a vice for which there are no such excuses as there are for intemperance. Intemperance is frequently induced by a social spirit, which, when rationally indulged, is innocent and conducive to human happiness, and hence, must be classed among the virtues. When the unrefined mind overflows with exuberance of friendly feeling and joy, at the meeting of an old associate and friend, for want of some better mode of expression, it says: "come let us drink together in commemoration of 'Auld Lang Syne.'" Frequent repetitions of this practice will beget a

taste for the drug and its elevating influence. No two friends, on meeting, after long separation, were ever heard to greet each other with: "Come, let us chew." Alcoholic drinks are medicinal in their effects, when not used as constant beverage; and, being as omnipresent as the father of evil is said to be, they are generally the first medicine introduced into the stomach for any sudden attack of disease.—This is frequently the initiatory degree of the habit of intemperance. No such excuse can be pleaded for the use of tobacco. It is a loathsome and poisonous narcotic, good for no disease that flesh is heir to; and the habit of using it is acquired by a painful process of compelling the revolting stomach to submit to it. Why so many persons persist in forcing this nauseous and noxious weed upon their loathing stomachs, is what no philosopher can account for upon any rational hypothesis. The pleasure which the use of it affords, if indeed it do afford any, is not social in its nature. It conduces nothing to conviviality, like alcohol. It is slightly—very slightly, stimulant. This is all that can be said in extenuation of the degrading practice of chewing, smoking and snuffing it. It makes a man ridiculous in appearance, offensive to smell and filthy in fact. The two yellow rills that run from the corners of veteran tobacco chewers' mouths, are not only ridiculous but loathsome to look upon. The rank breath of either chewer or smoker, is exceedingly offensive to the nasal organs of all who come in contact with them; and the continual emission of saliva, mingled as it is with the mother tincture of the noxious herb, is a continual source of disgusting filth, rendering the person who indulges in the habit particularly annoying and unwelcome to decent company.

As to the habit of snuffing, there is very little to be said of it, as it is not a supposable case that it can extend to the next generation in this country. It has already passed far into obsolescence; not one in one thousand indulging in the dirty practice. Would to heaven its enslaving and poisonous concomitants—chewing and smoking—were as well on their way to oblivion. Although these habits are not demoralizing and subversive of law, order and good government, like intemperance, they destroy health, subvert the physical constitution, and so tobaccoize the system, that the man is converted into a huge tobacco worm, after using it for one or two scores of years; and, if he then leave it off, he must undergo another radical transformation.

As respects the other immoral habits which we have named, and those of a more innocent but uncouth character, we must let their cases stand adjourned till we and the reader have more time to attend to them; as those which we have tried, condemned and sentenced to execution, have occupied as much time and space as we had intended to devote to the whole family.

### What say the three Doctors to this?

On Tuesday evening, we went, by invitation, to witness an attempt of the spirits to play on the piano. Through the raps they called for silence, which was observed till they countermanded the order by calling for singing. This they continued, calling for one tune after another, till the circle had sung some five or six.—Then they called for the violin, which was produced and played by one of the circle. Whilst the violinist was playing the first piece, we heard a few sounds on the wires of the piano—not by striking the keys, but by twanging the wires, like the strings of a guitar. The second performance on the violin was accompanied by many bass notes on the piano; but it was not a full accompaniment. As piece succeeded piece, the accompaniment became more and more perfect, till few notes were missed. Singing was then called for, and several pieces were selected by the spirits, who spelled the names by the raps. To several of these, the bass accompaniment was full and artistic. At intervals the piano was moved from one position, in the room, to another, by the invisible operators, with the hands of three or four persons lying on it. The spirits arranged the members of the circle around the instrument, and in that arrangement, placed the writer immediately in front, where no one could touch a key without his knowledge.—Besides this circumstance, it was known to each one that no one in the room could play on the instrument so as to make music. There was one who had been practising a little; but they placed that one entirely out of the reach of the keys. At the conclusion of the evenings' performance, we thanked the spirits for the entertainment they had given us; and they, through the raps, thanked us in return for our patience and passiveness.

Now, providing that we can prove all we have said to be true, and that by eight witnesses whose veracity and moral integrity no one will dare to question, how will the three knoologyists account for it?

There were two mediums present; but neither of them can play the piano with their hands; nor could they or any one else get at the keys or the wires, without the writer's knowledge, if they could play. Will the doctors argue that each one has a miniature piano in his knee-pan, and that the one cracked out the bass and the other the alto? We are not certain that the Parisian philosophers would believe this, credulous as they seem to be. We do not doubt, however, that it would be much easier for the doctors to induce rabid opponents of the spiritual philosophy to believe that media have little pianos in their knees and toes, than for angels from heaven to make them believe that musical instruments are played by the spirits of departed men and women. Such is the perversion of persons who are wilfully skeptical.—We do not blame skeptics for their want of

faith, when they have had no convincing evidence. It would be unfair and unphilosophical to do so. But we do blame those who are ever ready with a scornful look and a contemptuous intonation, when a fact is related by a man or woman of sane mind and sound morals. Such ones we have here in this city; and, to their shame be it said, they are of a class who would fain be recognized as leaders of the public mind. Would that such ones could know how fast they are fading out of view and sinking into public contempt, before the rising sun of truth, whose bright rays are so fast over-sweeping and ablazing the world.

### The Papal Edict has gone forth.

In all that we have said about the approaching election in this state, we have held out the opinion that Governor Seymour will be re-elected. Our reasons for this conclusion we have given with the conclusion, as is our wont on all occasions. Let us briefly repeat those reasons, that those who have not seen them may still have an opportunity to compare their own opinions with ours, before the day of election arrives.

Governor Seymour is a man of much ability, and is endowed with deep political discernment. If he did not veto the liquor bill of the last session, and particularly frame it, with a view to the building up of a political popularity in the state which would secure his re-election, he did it exactly as he would have done if this had been his principal object. He knew that the fraternity of liquor dealers in the state was very numerous. He knew that no other single business embraces one fourth of the number which that embraces, in all its ramifications.—By his veto, Mr. Seymour not only killed that particular prohibitory law, but gave dealers in the proscribed article to understand that no prohibitory law could stand the constitutional test, and that no such law could go into effect, unless it should do so over his veto, as long as he should occupy the gubernatorial chair.—This, we argued, would array the whole alcoholic fraternity of the state on his side. We further argued that the whole Irish catholic force would be added to the rum force, and go for Mr. Seymour. Our reasons for this conclusion were, that nearly all the Irish catholics in this state, if not in the whole country, are liquor dealers or liquor imbibers. We know that many of their priests, whom they worship as Gods, are drunken debauchees; and we know that drunkenness is not deemed a sin by either clergy or laity, among Irish papists.—We further argued that Bishop Hughes would sound the several candidates, with a view to ascertain which would be the most likely to favor a law investing all catholic church properties in this state, in the Pope of Rome, through his dependants, the bishops. And it was our opinion that he would receive the greatest encouragement, if not a direct pledge, from Mr. Seymour. How we arrive at this conclusion, we do not choose to tell the reader; nor do we pretend that it is more than speculation, based on circumstances. It was our opinion that the arch-bishop and arch-intriguer, Hughes, would cause his sovereign will to be made known to all his adherents, throughout the state, in good time to secure all their suffrages for his favorite, the vetoing governor.

As our head line says, the Papal edict has gone forth. The organ of the papists, in this city, called the "Buffalo Sentinel," came out, last Saturday, with an article something more than a column long, making it known to the faithful in this state, that it is the sovereign will of Pius IX., that they shall cast their votes for HORATIO SEYMOUR, the present incumbent; and no one of those who hold him to be the vicegerent of God on earth, will dare to disobey. This, it is known, is the vitality of every Irish catholic's faith; and every vote cast by them, in this state, will go for SEYMOUR, as we predicted. We say, as we predicted, for it is no longer a prediction. It now amounts to a verity, and may be set down as a fact of history, unless death should remove the candidate before the day of election. Let a few extracts show the peremptory nature of the political bull, issued by the catholic priest who edits the *Sentinel*, and who must act in strict obedience to the will of his superiors, who derive their authority directly from his holiness at the Vatican.

"We are now within one number of the State Election, and deem it our duty to make known our sentiments as plain as possible regarding it, that our readers may not be in a single instance misadvised on so important a subject. We are almost certain that not one of them will accuse us of any worldly motive in what we have hitherto said, or may hereafter say on it, as they are aware that no one connected with the BUFFALO CATHOLIC SENTINEL is in a position to seek for office, or hunt up interest to obtain it. Our only motive, in hazarding any advice regarding the election, is that it is a duty we owe to God and his Church to oppose a body of men who are the enemies of both."

"What, then, is our advice? Our advice is that every citizen should vote for the ticket or individual, already tried in the country's service and known as most conservative in maintaining the constitution and personal liberty, and now pledged to preserve the same honorable line of conduct if elected. Away with every 'Know-nothing,' 'Main-Liquor-Law' man, and 'Abolitionist,' from that ticket which the lover of his country wishes to endorse. Let no private interest prevail on any man to vote for any candidate tainted with any of the above 'reform' if found on the ticket, their names must be crossed."

"Which of the Democratic parties ought to be selected? That question we cannot fairly answer without going beyond the limits of a religious Journal. We leave every one to de-

cide for himself, with this proviso,—remember that ELIJAH FORD is said to be a 'nativist.' Between SEYMOUR and BRONSON we have no right to interfere. They are both conservatives, both honest gentlemen, as far as we know. Yet people can vote for but one, and they ought to vote for the one who has the better chance; otherwise, their vote will be thrown away."

"We must, however, draw some practical conclusion for the benefit of our readers, or what we have said might still leave them in doubt. Mr. BRONSON's party, we now of 'nativists' and 'reformers,' as Mr. SEYMOUR's. Nor is it this fall. If our readers vote for Mr. B., we are assured that he will not be able to obtain near as many votes in the northern and eastern part of the State as Mr. SEYMOUR, and our votes shall be lost. We are, therefore, to conclude that, aside from our predilections to BRONSON's party, we ought to vote for SEYMOUR in the present election. 1st. Because he is a tried man; 2d. he is no Abolitionist, *Main-Liquor-Law*, or 'Naytyve'; 3rd. because he has the better chance of being elected."

In these extracts the reader will recognize a mere show of argument, to make the edict more palatable to the people of this country. This is deemed expedient, till such times as popery can so entrench itself that no power can overthrow or withstand it. When that time arrives, the form of argument will be dispensed with, and the naked peremptory command will be issued in few words, concluding with "I Joux, Archimimus of New York."

Now, what should American citizens do in this case? This is a very simple question, but a very important one. Should the native and protestant population of the state lend their aid to the papists, under present circumstances, to elect their candidate for governor?—Are there any American citizens in this state who wish the papists to succeed in getting a law enacted to make the pope of Rome the proprietor of a hundred million dollars worth of church property in this state, which, under such a law, will be swelled to a thousand millions, by the force of death-bed coercion and every other subtlety that Jesuitism is capable of practising? How long would it be, under such a law, before New York would be, in reality, what it is termed in the language of popery: "a province of the pope?" "Our province of New York," is the insolent phrase used by the pope and his vassals, whose continual aim is to make it such. Are there any American citizens in this state, who are ready to have a law enacted to divide the school fund between protestants and papists, and thereby to break down and destroy our noble system of education, which may well be termed the palladium of American liberty? If there are, let them unite themselves to the Roman catholic church, and never again pretend to be American citizens. It is our candid opinion that this is the most important state election that ever has been the duty of the people of New York to attend. The papists are up and dress. They have buckled on their armor, and the front of battle looms. They have united with their most potent ally—Intemperance, the stiffener, to put down protestantism and popular knowledge, and elevate popery, ignorance and debauchery. They shall not succeed if our vote will prevent it. So let every patriotic American say.

### Unprofitable Discussions.

There is a great deal of thought, a great deal of literary genius, a great deal of rhetoric, a great deal of logical labor, thrown away on discussions which are totally useless. And let it be distinctly understood, that all discussions which produce no good effect upon mind, are prejudicial to it. It is impossible that any labored discussion, which is read or listened to by any portion of the great commonwealth of human intelligences, should exercise no influence, either for good or for evil. Hence it is plain that all discussions which produce no good results, must produce evil ones; and hence the syllogistic conclusion, that unprofitable discussions should be avoided and discontinued by all good men.

There are numerous questions of this nature, which have, as we think, unprofitably employed the minds and pens of metaphysicians of the present age, who might have made themselves vastly more useful to their fellow men, if they had turned their attention and employed their genius upon subjects which are not totally beyond their own comprehension. For instance, the questions: What is God? Is God the Creator of matter? Are God and matter coeval and eternal? Does God govern personally throughout the universe, directing the movements of all matter, organic and inorganic, even to the rising, gyrating and falling of every atom of dust in a whirlwind?

Take the first of these questions, and let us see what it would lead to: God, says one, is a personal entity, self-existent, omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent. His personal organization does not extend to all extent. He is every where present in knowledge and power, but personally present only where he wills to be. He created the universe and governs it with the word of his power. He is from everlasting to everlasting, without the least variableness or shadow of turning; yet he will be entreated of men, reconsider his determinations, and reconstruct his programme of future operations accordingly.

Nay, says another, but he—or it—is an all pervading, intelligent principle. God has no personality. He extends through all extent, but is no more essentially present in one locality than in another. He did not create the matter of which the universe is constructed. God and matter are coeternal. God, in his being, embraces everything. The universe of matter is the physical body of God, and the intelli-

gence which prevades and governs all things, is his spirit, or the soul of the universe. He can compose and decompose, organize and analyze the matter of which worlds are made, but he cannot destroy or annihilate one particle of it. Being an eternal and an unchangeable principle, one may as well pray to the law of gravitation to reverse its action and cause water to run up hill, as to pray to God to remit the penalties of sin, or to send rain on the parched earth.

Much learning and great logical powers can extend those arguments indefinitely, and, like parallel lines, they will keep at the same distance asunder. The common people, whose time is occupied by labor instead of spinning ingenious theories, conclude that one or the other of these must be right, and fall in with the proposition which presents the greater degree of rationality to their respective appreciations. The laquacious ones of this class, will take up the most conflicting points, adopt them as settled tenets of faith, and argue them with all the crudeness and tenacity of ignorance and dogmatism. This class of disputants very naturally strip the opposing theories of the verbal embellishments in which they are clothed by their authors, and present them to their audiences in their naked deformity. Between the two conflicting representations of the character of the Deity, faith in a supreme Ruler of the universe falls to the ground, because neither of them presents a God worthy of adoration; and the spread of atheism is the resulting consequence.

Now, if there were a practicability of arriving at the truth by these discussions, there would be an incentive for prosecuting them worthy of the greatest minds. But where is the umpire to decide between the disputants? There is none on earth capable of deciding any of these questions, neither is there any one in heaven, below the Infinite Mind. What folly, then, to search for truths deeply buried in the arcana of divine wisdom, by the dim lights that glimmer in human understandings! More especially, what folly is it, when such truths, if approachable, would be incomprehensible to the most profound human intellect. Take the most simple of all questions of this nature: "Is there any limit to space?" Either the negative or the affirmative of this question would be incomprehensible to the human mind. Both are equal impossibilities to human conception. We cannot possibly conceive that a straight line may be extended eternally, without arriving at a stopping point; nor can we any more easily conceive that there should be such a point.—What, then, would be the use of arguing the question? It is evident that He who constructed the human mind, said to it: Thus far shalt thou go and no farther. What he designed that the human intellect should master, it is developing and approaching continually. But those questions of divine philosophy which are placed beyond the reach of human research and comprehension, it is worse than folly for us to rack our minds with. There are a great many lessons in the great volume of nature, which are yet unlearned by human minds, but which are not incomprehensible to them.—There are also a great many which a few minds have mastered, but which the great mass of minds remain ignorant of. Let those who have acquired philosophical knowledge which would be profitable to their fellow men, labor to impart it to them; and let all seek to acquire all the knowledge that God has made comprehensible to the human mind, and acquirable by human labor; but let us not "leave our spheres and rush into the skies." This has always been the great fault of "fast" philosophers. They will venture beyond their depth, lure others to follow them, and then splash and flounder till they all sink together in the gulf of atheism or the seepool of annihilation.

### A Test Medium.

We are directed to give public notice that J. B. COSKIN, of New York, rapping, tipping and writing medium, will be in Buffalo on the 9th inst., and will give public sittings for a number of days and evenings. Mr. COSKIN is supposed to be the best test medium in the State. Through him, the spirits have astonished all who have called at his rooms, and convinced a great many skeptics. We advise those who are determined not to be believers in spiritualism, not to call on Mr. COSKIN when he comes; for, if they do, it will leave them no alternative but to confess their faith or be hypocrites.—We are not yet advised where his rooms will be, but will give notice in good time, through some of the daily papers.

### Infamous lies of the Papists.

We have lying before us, a new assertion that DANIEL ULLMAN, the candidate of the Anti-papists, was born in Calcutta, of Jewish parents. This lie is highly complimentary to Mr. ULLMAN, as it goes to show that papish malignity itself can utter no truth which could injure his popularity. Mr. ULLMAN has proved his American nativity, and that of his father and grandfather, to the entire satisfaction of all honest citizens, and we begin, to hope, the satisfaction of a majority of the voters of this state. Nothing can prove his worthiness in our estimation, more conclusively than these foolish lies; nor nothing should more forcibly appeal to the sympathy and justice of the people.

**THE DARKIES AND THE TELEGRAPH.**—Wat dem dar tall poles foah, Sambo? Wat, dem dar stickin up wid wires on 'em? Sertain.—W'y, nigger, wat all yer eyes? desent ye see dem is to hole de wires up? Gosh! Sambo, I gesser tought of dat. But wat am de wires foah? I gesser dat'll stumpe ye. Stumpe me! Does ye tink I's a country nigger, like you is! Dem dar wires is to keep de posts from fallin' um up, wat de wires do foah. Dat's dat, now I giba um up! you knows ebery ting, Sambo—ebery ting I kin ax ye.







## Poetry.

### From the Sacred Circle.

#### Progress.

How'er debased, however vile,  
The soul of man may be,  
'Tis only thus a little while—  
It must at last be free.

At first, death strips the form of clay,  
Distorted and unclean,  
Bestowing one without decay,  
And less defiled with sin.

And then the life in spirit-spheres,  
However long the time,  
'Tis but a point 'mid countless years,  
And then its cease sublime.

And up and on, forever on,  
It soars and bears away;  
Till widening from the golden dawn  
Glowers the eternal day.

There is no end to man's career—  
His course, how'er sublime,  
Is up and on from sphere to sphere,  
Beyond the bounds of time.

### Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes.

#### NUMBER VII.

MR. DEAR SIR—Agreeably to the promise made to you in my last letter, I now commence a statement of the reasons which, on the most mature reflection, yet prevent me from returning to the pale of your church. I wish to avoid prolixity of statement, and minuteness of detail; as I feel that I am addressing one who can see the point, and weigh the force of an argument, without either.

When, in the kind providence of God, my mind became interested to know what God would have me to do, I cast around for a true guide to the solution of the question. Where could I find such an one? Books are written by fallible men—priests had already imposed upon my understanding—fond parents, deceived themselves, taught me superstition for religion—all men are liable to err. I felt there was a God, and that I was bound to obey him; but where is the rule of my obedience? This was the question. I was told of the Bible, but of that I knew nothing; and, then, I knew the Bible to be by your church a prohibited book, or to be read only by priestly permission. I sought the Bible, and read it. I found it to be the true, and only guide to the right solution of the question as to what God would have me to do. And without the fear of the Pope, or of the anathemas of the Council of Trent, add without a line of license from prelate or priest, I have continued to read it for years.

And the virtual prohibition of the unlearned reading of the Bible by your church, is one of the main reasons why I cannot return to it. That your restrictions amount to a virtual prohibition, your candor will not for a moment deny.

And let me ask you, dear sir, why this virtual prohibition? Who has given you authority to say that I must not read what God has given to direct me into all the ways of faith and obedience? God has commanded me to "Search the Scriptures," who has given you authority to forbid me? What right have you to forbid me, more than I to forbid you? Produce your credentials! Where does God place his Revealed Will in the keeping of pope, prelate or priest, to be doled out to his erring children in such ways and parcels as they may deem best? He has no more placed the Bible under your control, or that of your church, than he has the sun in heaven, or the vital air. Nor can I conceive of any principle that can possibly induce you to withhold it from the people, without gloss or comment, save one: "Every one that doeth evil, hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." It is said that Herod, when convinced that he was not of the royal line of the Jews, burned their genealogies and records, that his false pretences might not be confuted by them. Is it for a similar reason that your church withhold the Bible from the people? The Bible lays the axe at the root of the Upas tree of Popery; is this the reason why it is withheld?

Another of the reasons which prevent me from returning to your church is the way and the manner of your public worship of God—On reading the New Testament, I find that Jesus Christ embraced every opportunity of declaring the will of God. After his ascension and the descent of the Spirit, the Apostles went every where preaching the gospel of the Kingdom. The worship of God, as taught in the New Testament, consists in prayer, praise, and the preaching of his word for the instruction and edification of his people. To the instruction and edification of the saints every thing in the church of Christ is made subservient. Is it so in the church of Rome? Do your Masses convey any instruction to the common mind? Do they ever give, have they ever given, one true idea of God, or of religion, to a human soul? If so I should like to know it. May not individuals attend upon, them from youth to gray hairs, and yet know not the first principles of the doctrines of Christ? I have attended recently, sir, a High Mass at one of your Cathedrals. It was on the last Christmas day. I bore the unmeaning pageant for three hours together. There was the bishop in his robes, with his cap, his crook and his cross—there were priests, in numbers moving about, making their crosses, obeisances and genuflections—when the bishop rose, the cross and crozier moved before him, and the priests, as waiters, went behind him—the book was shifted from side to side, and was read and chanted in ways that no mortal hearer could comprehend—there was the raising of the Host, and the bowing down of the people—

the incense, and all the other usual accompaniments of such a service; and it struck me as one of the most farcical pantomimes that I ever witnessed. I left the house without receiving a solitary religious suggestion, and puzzled and confounded for a solution to the question, how intelligent men could possibly submit to act such a farce, and to pass it off upon a crowd of poor looking people for the solemn worship of God? And if your Mass, when thus performed with all the splendor and pomp of your ritual, is thus unmeaning, how insipid must it be when performed in your country chapels by ignorant priests, who hunt up the sheep only to shear off their wool! God, my dear sir, is an intelligent God, he has given me intelligence with which to worship him. For the intelligence within me, either as to its increase or exercise, your church makes no provision in its public worship. I must not, then, return to your church, and seek to have my soul, made for the inhabitation of the Spirit, satisfied with the mummery of your muttered Masses, in the public worship of my God.

Another of the reasons which prevent me from returning to your church is, the burdens which it places on my conscience, which crush, without correcting it. It institutes a kind of ceremonial law which restricts where God has given liberty; and which licenses where God has prohibited indulgences. With your Fast and Feast days, who can keep up without an almanac in his hand? And how many of your people can read it? Should I blunder in counting the days of the week, and mistaking Friday for Thursday, eat meat, my conscience is wounded. If in performing penance, I miscount my beads, and say a less number of Pater Nosters than required, my conscience again suffers. If, ignorant of the "Laws of Lent," which have been just published by you, I should eat three meals on a day between "Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday," or should eat meat on the "Thursday next after Ash Wednesday," or on "any day in the Holy Week," my conscience would be again burdened. And these are but specimens of the thousand and one ceremonial regulations of your church, as burdensome as they are unmeaning, which fret and crush the conscience without directing or strengthening it. And whilst thus instructed in things indifferent, I am freely indulged in things which the divine law prohibits.

Now, sir, who has given you authority to make laws where God has made none? Where is the law in your Statute Books for your Lent, your Fast days, your Fast days, your Easter days? Why fast or fast at one time more than another? Who has given you authority to say what I shall eat, or how often, in any one day of the year? What unutterable arrogance to tell me I cannot eat fish or flesh at the same meal; what priestly intolerance to tell me, with my Bible open before me, that if I transgress these laws I sin against my God! You know that the gospel is a law of liberty, you know that if a man eat meat he is not the worse, and that if he refrain he is not the better—you know that the Bible teaches that man is defiled, not by that which entereth into him, but by that which cometh out of him. And why burden souls and fetter consciences by silly enactments about things in themselves indifferent, and about which God has made no regulations? O, sir, like the Scribes and Pharisees of old, you are busied about the mint, the annis and the cumin, forgetful of the weightier matters of the law. And I deeply regret that a man who has forced himself up to station and influence against so many adverse circumstances, had not force enough left to break the chains of early religious prejudice, to rise up to the region of intellectual, and moral, and religious freedom! You are too much of a man to stoop to such nonsense. I would leave such things to those who know no better.

On these subjects, dear sir, your church must return to the standard of the Bible, and of common sense, before I can return to it.

Another of the reasons which prevent my return is, the obstructions which your church raises between me and my God. My Bible, that hated book by pope, prelate, priest and papal peasant, teaches me that if any man sin he has an Advocate with the Father—Jesus Christ. It every where teaches me that I may have free access to God through Jesus Christ, that if I sin, I may go for pardon directly to the throne of God, through the mediation of his Son. And this a precious privilege; a privilege which may be enjoyed by all, "without money and without price." Now what do you ask me to do in order to receive the forgiveness of sin, and be restored to the favor of God? You send me to Peter and Paul, or some other saint on the catalogue, who may have never known me; and who may never hear me if I pray unto them. Or you send me to Mary, whom you blasphemously call the Mother of God, to ask her to intercede for me. Nor will this suffice. I must go to your Confessional, and tell you all my sins; incurring the fearful penalty of refusal of pardon if I withhold one. Thus you take from me the privilege of going to God for myself, a privilege purchased for me by the death of Christ. You tell me I must go to the priest; and from the priest to the saint, or to the Virgin; and the Saint or Virgin will go for me to the Savior; and he will go for me to the Father! And then when pardon is granted, it goes from the Father to the Son—from him to the Saint or Virgin—from him or her to the priest; and when in the hands of the priest, he will give me absolution, if I pay for it! Will you say, dear sir, that this is a caricature of your teachings upon this matter? Would to God you could with truth! Why send me to the saints to ask them to intercede for me, if this is untrue? That I am a sinner, I know and feel. That there is pardon for me through the atonement of Jesus Christ,

on my repentance and faith, is a precious doctrine of the Bible, and of my creed. That pardon I receive the moment I sincerely exercise the graces of repentance and faith; yes, and not a whit the less freely, if all of you, pope, patriarchs, prelates and priest, were with Pharaoh and his chariots.

And why turn me away from the door of mercy, and compel me to speak to my heavenly Father by proxy? Why call me away from the cross, and send me to a priest, or a saint, or a virgin, to ask them to do for me what I can better do for myself? Where has my Savior taught me that I can only address him through a priestly attorney, that I must fee, however poor, for his services? O, ask me to do anything—to bale the ocean—to tame the hurricane—to arrest the sun—rather than ask me to return to your church, until everything is removed which forbids the free access of my soul to my God, which suspends my salvation on anything else than repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. You must pull down your toll-gates on the way of life, before you see me back.

The statement of a few additional reasons I hope to give in my next.

With great respect, yours,

KIRWAN.

### Wintering Stock.

Much of the profits of rearing cattle depends upon the manner of keeping them through the winter. If they are suffered to lose flesh during the cold season, and turned out to pasture "spring round," it takes a long time to regain what they have lost. With the best quality of early cut, and well made English hay, with regular and judicious feeding, and comfortable quarters, a stock of cattle, from the oldest to the youngest, may be made to thrive all winter, to gain size and flesh; with a small allowance of meal, potatoes, turnips, or other roots, they would do still better.

Our horses, cattle and sheep, were originally constituted to subsist the year round on green and succulent food.

By domestication, they have been gradually introduced from a warm to a cold climate of the north, where, as with us, they generally have to be fed on dry forage for six months or more, every year. This, in some degree, is placing them in an unnatural condition, and it seems to us, it is a strong argument in favor of a more extensive root culture among us, for feeding purposes.

Most farmers have more or less coarse fodder, such as poor hay, corn fodder, straw, &c. And many commence feeding their cattle exclusively on these the first part of the winter, or till it is used up, and seem to think it a "good riddance to bad rubbish." Cattle and sheep, doubtless, like a change of food as well as man, and when kept in good condition, they seem to relish a foddering of meadow hay, corn fodder, or straw occasionally; but if fed entirely on such fodder the first half of the winter, they lose flesh, and will be apt to come out in the spring in poor condition, in spite of English hay.

Corn fodder is as nutritious as common stock hay, when fed in connection with it, but to compel cattle to live on such fare for weeks together, is, as some others have said, "absolutely cruel, as it makes their teeth sore when fed for a length of time." A better way is, to give cattle one foddering a day of corn butts, and that at the last feeding at night, and if they have a pretty stout allowance given them, they will eat it nearly clean before morning—at least as what they reject, will hardly pay for passing through the straw cutter. Cattle, to do well, must have drink as well as food; and a free use of card and brush adds to their good looks—*Granite Farmer.*

At the late term of the Supreme Court of Vermont, at Woodstock, the court held that a dog which was fierce, dangerous and accustomed to bite persons, and this known to the owner, and is suffered to go at large, is a public nuisance, and may be killed by any one. Judge RICHMOND is reported by the *Mercury* to have said that the owner ought to consider it a favor done to himself to have such an animal killed, and that he should consider himself fortunate if he were not made amenable to the criminal justice of the county for maintaining so great a nuisance.

It is estimated that the current expenses of the churches of Boston will amount to \$240,000 a year. The value of church estates is about \$4,000,000. The expenses of the different societies vary from \$1,500 to \$5,500 a year. The cost of public worship in the churches occupied by the wealthier portion of the citizens will average about \$100 a Sunday. The clergyman has a salary of \$3,000, the music costs about \$1,000, and the miscellaneous expenses will be from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year. The tax on the pewers vary from \$8 to \$70 a year, according to their value. The Methodist preachers have the smallest average salaries, and the Unitarians the largest.

The Toronto Leader announces that the Indian land department has concluded the bargain for the Owen Sound Peninsula with the Indians.

The surrender made by the Indians, says our contemporary, "embraces the entire peninsula, with the exception of about 12,000 acres at the Indian villages of Sauguen and Nawash, 6,000 acres of Colpo's Bay, and a small point of land to the north of Cape Croker."

The New York Times says it is a solemn time when men won't eat oysters on invitation. It says the oyster business and that branch of the saloon business is pretty much at a stand, but on examination into the cause of the recent deaths by cholera—only five in number attributed to the eating of oysters—has done anything but prove that they were the cause. At last accounts the panic was subsiding.

A rigorous prosecution under the Maine Law is being carried on in Massachusetts. P. B. BRIDGEMAN, one of the most extensive dealers in Boston, has been fined \$1,000, and required to give bond to discontinue the business.

### Interesting from Wisconsin.

The following is a letter from the Hon. N. P. TAILMAKER, to the Spiritual Telegraph:

Mrs. French, of Pittsburgh, who has been with us for the last week or ten days, left this morning on her return home. By her amiable and lady-like deportment she has won the esteem of all who have been so fortunate as to make her acquaintance. One evening, to a very large audience, she related her experience in "spiritual manifestations," and at the close was entranced and spoke most eloquently to the delight and astonishment of all present.

While Mrs. French was at my house there were some remarkable occurrences worthy to be mentioned. She arrived on Saturday evening, and stated that on Friday, on board the steamer from Chicago to Sheboygan, she was confined to her berth from sea sickness, with frequent retching and vomiting. On Saturday morning at five o'clock she was aroused, having been troubled about home the evening before. The following communication, which she showed me, was written by her hand under spiritual influence. "There was no cholera reported in the Pittsburgh papers for the 29th. I was at your house last evening, and saw Mr. C.; write you to that effect—so that you need have no fears about home. All is well!"

Early on Sunday evening she was entranced—said she had been to New York; saw a large number of people assembling at Dodsworth's Academy, and they were talking about Mr. Courtney of Pittsburgh, who was to lecture there that evening. Mrs. F. expressed her surprise at his lecturing there at that time, because she saw Mr. Courtney just before she left Pittsburgh, and did not know that he thought of going to New York to lecture. He said he should not leave the city until the cholera abated.

At ten o'clock on Sunday evening Mrs. French was again entranced; went home, saw the family all in bed except her uncle, Mr. C. He was writing to her; commenced his letter No. 4, ten o'clock, Sunday evening; said the family were in bed; very anxious about her; that the cholera had entirely disappeared from Pittsburgh.

In due course of mail Mrs. French received a letter from Mr. C. marked No. 4, and dated ten o'clock, Sunday evening, and stated precisely what she had seen and related in her trance state. Also a letter from Mr. French, stating that his little daughter (who is a medium) had seen her in bed on board the boat on Friday, and very sick and vomiting, and they were all anxious about her.

In due time, too, I received the *Spiritual Telegraph*, containing a notice that Mr. Courtney of Pittsburgh, would lecture at Dodsworth's Academy on Sunday forenoon and evening!

Mrs. French has astonished every one who has seen her, by her accurate description of diseases, and her prescriptions have already given relief in cases which have baffled the skill of the ablest physicians. Skepticism has, in some instances, yielded to these evidences of her spiritual power in healing. The cause in Wisconsin is "onward and upward."

Very respectfully yours,

N. P. TAILMAKER.

### A Pointed Extract.

In one of Rev. E. H. Chapin's sermons is the following passage:

"Many a man there is clothed in respectability and proud of his honor, whose central idea in life is interest and ease—the conception that other men are merely tools, to be used as will best serve him; that God has endowed him with sinew and brain merely to scramble and get; and so in the midst of his grand universe, which is a perpetual circulation of benefit, he lives like a sponge on a rock, to absorb, and bloat, and die. Thousands in this great city are living so, who never look out of their narrow circle of self-interest; whose decalogue is arithmetic, whose Bible is their ledger; who have so contracted, and hardened, and stamped their nature, that in any spiritual estimate they would only pass for so many bags of dollars."

A writer in *Frazer's Magazine* says that about sixty years have elapsed since Dr. BARNES first sounded the praises of cod liver oil, but scarcely a dozen years have elapsed since it was fairly tested. Skepticism slowly made way to conviction, and he, who a few years ago would have passed for a quack who should have pretended to cure consumption, is now counted among everywhere by the most eminent practitioners of the land.

The oldest printing office in Europe is owned by M. BARTH, of Breslau, Prussia, and has been 70 years in the hands of his ancestors and himself. He recently celebrated the 350th anniversary of the first book printed in his establishment—it was a German legend that appeared in 1504.

A Virginian has beaten the Yankees at their own weapons. JOHN J. ROLLO, of Fredericksburg, Va., has invented a machine which will husk and shell corn at one operation. The ear with husk is thrown in its mouth, and in the twinkling of an eye the corn falls at one point, the clean cob coming out at the other end. Its capacity is about four hundred barrels per day.

In the compact between the United States and the Kingdom of Siam, it is stipulated that if persons from the United States vessels stopping at the Islands, shall "violently go into houses, or trifle with women, or force people to sell their things, or do other like illegal acts, they shall be arrested by the local officers—but not maltreated—and shall be reported to the captain of the ship to which they belong, for punishment by him."

REDFIELD, the eminent New York publisher, having out-bid all competitors, will publish P. T. BARNES'S autobiography. So the papers say, and this is a "cute" way of making the forthcoming work notorious and saleable. REDFIELD pays \$75,000 for the copyright.

The New York Post characterizes the South as a spoiled child, which if refused what it asks for, always threatens to throw itself down stairs; and the North, like a foolish slave, believes it will fulfill its threat, becomes frightened, and fussily goes and gets what ever it may fancy it wants.

## 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 STEAMBOATS, HOTELS and PRIVATE FAMILIES. We invite the attention of those purchasing.

#### PLANNED TABLE WARE.

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

We also have on hand an extra quality of

#### LEATHER HOSE.

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

PATENT SAFETY PUMP AND FIRE ENGINE. We manufacture and have on hand a large quantity of Steamboats, and a greatly improved COOK STOVE, designed expressly for Steamboats, Propellers and Hotels.

A large quantity and assortment of STEAM and WATER GAUGES, and beautifully finished.

#### LARGE 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 all Descriptions of PRINTING, such as Hand Bills, Posters, illuminated and plain Steamboat Bills, Cards, Tri-plets, Circulars, Brochures, &c.

#### Rail Road Work.

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

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, \$6.00 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 bound in legible type.

OLD BOOKS RE-BOUND. Magazines of all kinds, Music, Newspapers, Pamphlets, etc., neatly bound in a variety of styles. C. L. POND, 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.

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

TRUSTEES. Wm. A. Bird, Henry Root, Stephen W. Howell, Richard Bullymore, Michael Danner, Jacob Kreiner, Wm. C. Sherwood, Wm. Wilkison, Noah P. Sprague, Stephen V. W. Watson, F. Augustus Geiger, 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 simplest security to depositors. In addition to these, the Trustees of the Bank have made such arrangements, that in no event can the deposits be assessed for the payment of the expenses of the Bank. It is believed that this Institution offers the following advantages to our citizens, and especially to our workmen:

1st. 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.

2d. It pays six per cent. interest on all sums amounting to one dollar, and upwards.

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

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 to the community, they will be held personally accountable for the result. N. B.—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. 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 streets, 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 groves. 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 Choler, Pills, Liver Drops, Neutralizing Mixture, Hysteria Cough Balm, 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 all contingency of vending poisons, must be obvious to every one. He is happy 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.

N. B. All orders from abroad promptly attended to.

### WELLS, FARGO & CO.

HAVING ESTABLISHED AGENCIES in all the principal cities and towns of the United States and the Canada, 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 to Travelers, 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.

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For the convenience of emigrants or others, we draw bills for £1 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.

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

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

JAMES MCKAY, Secretary. T. J. MORGAN, Treasurer. 1-1f

### 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 P. M., and 4:40 P. M.

Morning Express leaves Detroit at 9 A. M., Paris at 3 P. M., and arrives in Buffalo at 7:55 P. M. Evening Express leaves Detroit at 5:45 P. M., Paris at 10:30 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 taken 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, \$11. No extra charges.

WM. WALLACE, Sup't B. & B. R. W. Sup't's Office, opposite Erie Depot. Buffalo, August 23, 1854. 1-1f



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 the

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 those 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, Pomades, &c.

Because of its Cheapness! DELICIOUS TASTE, AND WONDERFUL POWER IN PRODUCING AND MAINTAINING A PERMANENT GLOSSY SOFTNESS!

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 cleaning 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 abundant, so as to force the vigorous friction and rubbing into the roots of the hair. 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 hair itself grows out thick and strong; and by a continuance of this care, the hair will be preserved in its original healthful luxuriance, unchanged as to quality and color to the remotest period of its 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 best Hair Preparation in the world.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Keep the bottle corked. Liberal terms to Agents and wholesale purchasers.

A. B. MOORE, Druggist, 225 Main st., Buffalo. R. B. NOBLE, Westfield, Proprietors.</