

# THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

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

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1854.

VOLUME I.—NO. 8.

## Poetry.

### Milton's Last Poem.

The last poem dictated by Milton to his amanuensis, after the total loss of his physical vision, according to the Oxford edition of his work, was the following:

I am old and blind!  
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown—  
Afflicted and deserted of my mind—  
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—  
I murmur not that I no longer see—  
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong  
To Father Supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One! I beseech thee  
When men are farthest from Thee are most near;  
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning towards me—and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,  
And there is no more night.

On my benighted knees, I pray;  
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown—  
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see  
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have sought to feel—  
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—  
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here  
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand  
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless hand,  
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go  
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,  
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing new,  
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—  
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,  
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime  
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought  
Roll in upon my Spirit—strains sublime  
Break over me unthought.

Give me now my lyre!  
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,  
Within my bosom glows unceasing fire,  
Lit by no skill of mine.

## Miscellany.

### The Evening before Marriage.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANNES.

"We shall certainly be very happy together!"  
said Louise to her aunt, on the evening before  
her nuptials; and her cheeks glowed with a  
deeper red and her eyes shone with delight.

"When a bride says so, it may easily be guessed  
whom of all persons in the world she means  
thereby," murmured the old woman, who means  
"I do not doubt it, dear Louise," replied her  
aunt; "see only that you continue happy to-  
gether."

"O, who can doubt that we shall continue so!  
I know myself. I have faults, indeed, but my  
love for him will correct them. And so long  
as we love each other, we can not be unhappy.  
Our love will never grow old."

"Alas!" sighed her aunt, "thou dost speak  
like a maiden of nineteen, on the day before her  
marriage. In the intoxication of wishes fulfilled  
of fair hopes and happy omens. Dear child, re-  
member this—*even the heart in time grows cold.*"

Days will come when the magic of the  
senses shall fade. And when this enchantment  
has fled, then it is first become evident whether  
we are truly worthy of love. When custom has  
made familiar the charms that are most at-  
tractive, when youthful freshness has died away  
and with the brightest of domestic life more  
and more shadows have mingled, then, Louise,  
and not till then, can the wife say of the hus-  
band, 'He is worthy of love; then, first, the hus-  
band say of the wife, 'She blooms in imperish-  
able beauty.' But, truly, on the day before  
marriage, such assertions sound laughable to me."

"I understand you, dear aunt. You would  
say that our mutual virtues alone can in later  
years give us worth for each other. But is  
not he to whom I am to belong—for myself  
I can boast of nothing but the best intentions  
—is he not the worthiest, noblest of all the  
young men of the city? Blooms not in his  
soul every virtue that tends to make life happy?"

"My child," replied her aunt, "I grant it—  
'Virtue blooms in thee as well as in him; I can  
say this to thee without flattery.' But, dear  
heart, they bloom only, and are not yet ripened  
beneath the sun's heat and the shower. No  
blossoms deceive the expectations more than  
these. We can never tell in what soil they  
have taken root. Who knows the concealed  
depths of the heart?"

"Ah, dear aunt, you frighten me!"  
"So much the better, Louise. Such fear is  
right, such fear is as it should be on the eve-  
ning before marriage. I love thee tenderly, and  
will therefore declare all my thoughts on this  
subject without disguise. I am not as yet an  
old aunt. At seven and twenty years one still  
looks forward into life with pleasure, the world  
still presents a bright side to me. I have an  
excellent husband. I am happy. Therefore I  
have the right to speak thus to thee, and to  
call thy attention to a secret which perhaps  
thou dost not yet know, one which is not often  
spoken to a young and pretty maiden, one, in-  
deed, which does not greatly occupy the  
thoughts of a young man, and still is of the  
utmost importance in every household; a secret  
from which alone spring lasting love and unal-  
terable happiness."

Louise seized the hand of her aunt in both  
of hers—"Dear aunt! you know I believe you  
in every thing. You mean that enduring hap-  
piness and lasting love are not insured to us by  
accidental qualities, by fleeting charms, but  
only by those virtues of the mind which we  
bring to each other. These are the best dow-  
ry which we can possess; these never become  
old."

"As it happens, Louise. The virtues also,  
like the beauties of the body, can grow old,  
and become repulsive and hateful with age."

"How, dearest aunt? what is it you say?"  
"Name to me a virtue which can become hate-  
ful with years."

"When they have become so, we no longer  
call them virtues, as a beautiful maiden can no  
longer be called beautiful when time has  
changed her to an old and wrinkled woman."

"But, aunt, the virtues are nothing earthly."  
"Perhaps."

"How can gentleness and mildness ever be-  
come hateful?"

"So soon as they degenerate into insipid in-  
dolence and listlessness."

"And manly courage?"

"Becomes imperious rudeness."

"And modest diffidence?"

"Turns to fawning humility."

"And noble pride?"

"To vulgar laughings."

"And readiness to oblige?"

"Becomes a habit of too ready friendship  
and servility."

"Dear aunt, you make me almost angry—  
My future husband can never degenerate thus.  
He has one virtue that will preserve him as he  
is, forever: A deep sense of indestructible feel-  
ing for every thing that is great and good, and  
noble, dwells in his bosom; and this delicate  
susceptibility to all that is noble dwells in me  
also. I hope, as well as in him. This is the in-  
alienable pledge and security for our happiness."

"But if it should grow old with you; if it  
should change to hateful excitability; and ex-  
citability is the worst enemy to matrimony—  
You both possess sensibility. That I do not  
deny; but beware lest this grace should degen-  
erate into an irritable and quarrelsome morbid."

"Ah, dearest, if I might never become old I  
could then be sure that my husband would  
never cease to love me."

"Thou art greatly in error, dear child! Wert  
thou always as fresh and beautiful as to-day,  
still thy husband's eye would by custom of  
years become indifferent to these advantages.  
Custom is the greatest enchantress in the world,  
and in the house of one of the most benevolent  
of fairies. She renders that which is the most  
beautiful, as well as the ugliest, familiar. A  
wife is young, and becomes old; it is custom  
which hides the husband from perceiving the  
change. On the contrary, did she remain  
young, while he became old, it might bring  
consequences, and render the man in years jeal-  
ous. It is better as kind Providence has or-  
dered it. Imagine that thou hast grown to be  
an old woman, and thy husband were a bloom-  
ing youth; how wouldst thou then feel?"

Louise rubbed her chin, and said, "I can not  
tell."

Her aunt continued: "But I will call thy  
attention to a secret which—"

"That is it," interrupted Louise hastily, "that  
is it which I long so much to hear."

Her aunt said: "Listen to me, attentively—  
What I now tell thee I have proved. It con-  
sists of two parts. The first part of the means  
to render a marriage happy of itself, prevents  
every possibility of disunion, and would even  
at last make the spider and the fly the best of  
friends with each other. The second part is  
the best and surest method of preserving femi-  
nine attractions."

"Ah!" exclaimed Louise.

ly, never to have a secret from each other, un-  
der whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it  
may be. You must continually and every  
moment, see clearly into each other's bosom—  
Even when one of you have committed a fault,  
wait not an instant, but confess it freely—let it  
cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep  
nothing secret from each other, so, on the con-  
trary, preserve the privacy of your house, mar-  
riage-state, and leave from father, mother, sis-  
ter, brother and all the world. You two, with  
God's help, build your own quiet world. Every  
third or fourth one whom you draw into it with  
you, will form a party, and stand between you  
two! That should never be. Promise this to  
each other. Renew the vow at each tempta-  
tion. You will find your account in it. Your  
souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last  
will become as one. Ah! if many a young  
pair had on their wedding day known this im-  
plicit secret, and straightway practiced it, how  
many marriages were happier than, alas, they are!

Louise kissed her aunt's hand with ardor—  
"I feel that it must be so. When this confi-  
dence is absent, the married, even after wed-  
lock, are two strangers who do not know each  
other. It should be so; without this there can  
be no happiness. And now, aunt, the best  
preservation of female beauty?"

Her aunt smiled and said: "We may not  
conceal from ourselves that a handsome man  
pleases us a hundred times more than an ill-  
looking one, and the men are pleased with us  
when we are pretty. But what we call beau-  
tiful, what in the men pleases us, and in us  
pleases the men, is not skin and hair, and shape  
and color, as in a picture or a statue, but it is  
the character, it is the soul that is within these  
which enchants by looks and words, earnest-  
ness, and joy, and sorrow. The men admire us  
the more they suppose those virtues of the  
mind to exist in us which the outside promises;  
and we think a malicious man disagreeable,  
however graceful and handsome he may be—  
Let a young maiden, then, who would preserve  
her beauty, preserve but that purity of soul,  
those sweet qualities of the mind, those virtues,  
in short, by which she first drew her lover to  
her feet. And the first preservative of virtue,  
to render it unchanging and keep it ever young,  
is religion, that inward union with the Deity  
and eternity, and faith—piety, that walking  
with God, so pure, so peaceful, so beneficent to  
mortals."

"So, dear heart," continued the aunt, "there  
are virtues which arise out of mere experience.  
These grow old with time, and alter, because  
by change of circumstances and inclination,  
prudence alters her means of action, and be-  
cause her growth does not always keep pace  
with that of our years and passions. But reli-  
gious virtues can never change; those remain  
eternally the same, because our God is always  
the same, and that eternity the same, which we  
and those who love us are hastening to enter.  
Preserve, then, a mind innocent and pure, look-  
ing for every thing from God; thus will that  
beauty of soul remain for which thy bridegroom  
to-day adores thee. I am no bigot, no fanatic,  
I am thy aunt of seven-and-twenty. I love all  
rational amusement; but for this very reason I  
say to thee—be a dear, good Christian, and  
thou wilt as a mother, yes as a grandmother,  
be still beautiful."

Louise threw her arms about her neck, and  
wept in silence, and whispered, "I thank thee  
angel"—Christian Age.

### A Clerical Fish Story.

Four clergymen—a Baptist, Presbyterian,  
Methodist, and Roman Catholic—met, by  
agreement, to dine on fish. Soon as grace was  
said, the Catholic rose, armed with knife and  
fork, and taking about one third of the fish,  
comprehending the head, removed it to his plate  
exclaiming, as he sat down, with great satisfac-  
tion, "Papa est caput ecclesie."—"The Pope  
is the head of the church."

Immediately, the Methodist minister arose,  
and helping himself to about one third, embrac-  
ing the tail, seated himself, exclaiming, "Faint  
coronatus apicem."—"The end crowns the work."

The Presbyterian now thought it was time  
for him to move; and taking the remainder of  
the fish to his plate, exclaimed, "In media est  
veritas."—"Truth lies between the two ex-  
tremes."

Our Baptist had nothing before him but an  
empty plate and the prospect of a slim dinner,  
and snatching up the bowl of drawn (mashed)  
butter, he dashed it over them all, exclaiming,  
"Ego baptizo vos."—"I baptize you all!"

—A correspondent of the New York  
Commercial Advertiser writing from Belfast  
Ireland, says:

"During the last six years and a half \$2,000  
persons have left the Roman Church in this  
country and become members in Protestant  
Churches, while more than eighty thousand  
have become unsettled in their religious opinions."

### Turning point in the life of a great Man.

It was a bright, clear morning, when two  
young men were strolling together in the neigh-  
borhood of Bridge Creek, in the State of Vir-  
ginia.

The younger of the two was scarcely more  
than fifteen years of age, but his tall and manly  
frame, his expressive countenance, lofty brow,  
and almost puritan simplicity of aspect, indi-  
cated a character far in advance of his years—  
His companion, who appeared to have num-  
bered six or seven years more than himself,  
wore, with a certain easy grace, the uniform of  
an English major. It was easy to recognize in  
him one of those young noblemen of the eight-  
eenth century, fitted alike to shine in a saloon,  
or to win laurels upon the battle field.

The latter was, in fact, the representation of  
one of the noblest families of Great Britain—  
The former was the son of a small land prop-  
rietor in the State of Virginia, which was then,  
in common with the other States of the Union,  
under the dominion of the English crown.

"Why should you hesitate?" asked the elder  
of the two, addressing himself in an animated  
tone to his young companion; "your family is  
of English origin, as are all those which fill a  
superior station in our colonies."

"Yes, but for more than two centuries my  
ancestors have lived and died in this country,  
and we have become thorough Americans."

"While subjects of Great Britain, you must  
still be English. You surely cannot dream of  
throwing yourself into the hands of that foolish  
faction which dreams of an independence that  
must ever be impossible."

"Impossible! The future is long, and Amer-  
ica is great."

"But she can yet hardly be deemed civil-  
ized; range yourself on the side of civilization. You  
know well that the mother country opens wide  
her arms to welcome those among her coloni-  
sts who offer her their services. The sea is the  
element for you. Lord Rodney is my friend,  
and he will gladly do all he can to serve you;  
and before many years are over, you will revisit  
your native shores as an admiral. Come, now,  
you must go home and tell your mother that  
you have made your decision, and to-morrow  
you will embark with me for England."

"Farewell," replied the young colonist; "to-  
morrow I will meet you on board your ship,  
either to accompany you to England, or else  
to bid you adieu."

"You will accompany me, I am sure. Fare  
well till to-morrow."

The Englishman, with a firm step and disengaged  
air, took the path which led to the shore.

The American, with a thoughtful counte-  
nance, turned back towards the town. When  
he reached the modest and peaceful-looking  
dwelling in which he and his mother dwelt to-  
gether, he paused for a moment at the thresh-  
old; then, summoning all his courage, he turned  
the handle of the door and entered.

The young American lady, (for she was still  
young) was seated alone and clad in the deepest  
mourning. Her countenance was calm, but  
sad, a Bible lay open on the table before her,  
and by its side lay some scattered papers and a  
miniature portrait.

The young man recognized the portrait of  
his father; he stood still for a moment pale and  
silent, and then, throwing his arms around his  
mother's neck, while the tears started to his  
eyes, he exclaimed—"This is the anniversary of  
the day—"

"Yes, George, it was this day, five years ago,  
that your father died in my arms. When he  
felt himself approaching, he told me to call you  
to his bedside, and when he had blessed us  
both, he said to me—

"I leave you a child—make him a man."

"I have just been reading his instructions over  
again," continued she, "and the views he ex-  
pressed with regard to you, and I have been asking  
myself whether we have each fulfilled our  
duties as we would have wished."

"Oh, my mother, you, at all events, have ful-  
filled your duties nobly and devotedly. As to  
myself, I long to choose some career which may  
enable me to show myself worthy of such a  
father. If this were not an inopportune mo-  
ment, I would now consult you on the subject  
of my choice."

"There could not be a more fitting moment,  
my son, in which to discuss the matter. Sit  
down and let us talk it over. The spirit of  
your father, which I do not watch over you  
from above, will help to point out to us the  
path which you should tread here below."

George seated himself by his mother's side.  
They reviewed together the diverse professions  
which were open to the youth of the American  
continent, and after some hesitation, the young  
man expressed his desire to enter the English  
navy.

At these words his mother started and colored  
deeply; and, as if by an involuntary move-  
ment, covered her husband's portrait, which  
still lay on the table. She then rose from her  
seat, and said in a grave, but earnest tone—

"The English navy! Have you reflected  
well, George, upon this matter?"

"I have quite decided on it, my dear mother,  
if I can obtain your consent."

"It is not mine you need, it is that of your  
father, my son. Let us go together to his  
grave."

She then cast a hasty glance over the papers  
which lay upon the table, selected two among  
their number, which she placed in her bosom,  
and locked up the rest in a casket together with  
the portrait.

The widowed mother and her son then pro-  
ceeded together in silence to the grave; they  
there knelt side by side and prayed. The wid-  
ow was the first to rise; she drew the papers  
from her bosom, and handed one of the two to  
the young man, saying—

"Read this, George, and remember, it is your  
father who speaks."

The paper contained a series of reflections,  
full of grandeur and full of simplicity, on the  
origin, the history and the destinies of America.  
They closed with these words—

"America must become a New World in the  
full acceptance of the word; and, to affect this,  
she must detach herself from the Old World—  
Independent and a Republic. All her future  
destinies lie in these two words, which I com-  
mend to my son's meditations. It is from a  
new nation alone that a great republic can be  
formed."

These words seemed to quicken thoughts  
and feelings to life, which had hitherto lain  
dormant in the young man's breast.

"My father was right," he exclaimed with pa-  
triotic pride.

His mother smiled in the midst of her grief,  
and a faint glow tinged her pale cheek. She  
handed to her son the second letter she had  
brought; it contained these words—

"I have only one counsel to give my child  
with regard to his profession; let him choose  
one which is in accordance with his tastes and  
his talent. Let him follow it honorably and  
with a loyal heart; but let him beware of en-  
tering the service of England, that he may re-  
main free to combat one day against her power."

"Well, George," asked his mother, when he  
had finished perusing this letter, do you now  
wish to enter the English navy?"

"No, my mother," exclaimed the young man,  
laying his hand upon his father's tomb; "I  
vow by these sacred ashes, never to fight be-  
neath the flag of England."

The widow embraced her son, and charged  
him to preserve his father's letters to the latest  
day of his existence.

Next day, as the English nobleman was  
about to embark, his young friend joined him  
on the shore.

"Well, you are coming with me?" said the  
former, with that frank kindness for which he  
was distinguished.

"No—I remain here, replied the young  
American, 'but we shall one day meet again.'"

And they did meet again, in 1781, under the  
walls of Yorktown—the one in command of  
the whole English Army, the other at the head  
of the American Troops. They met at that  
critical moment, which wrested from Great  
Britain her overgrown trans-Atlantic colonies,  
and established on a firm basis the indepen-  
dence of the United States.

The elder of the two was Lord Cornwallis,  
the younger was George Washington.

Having renounced all thoughts of entering  
the English navy, Washington resumed those  
mathematical studies which had hitherto been  
his chief delight, and turned his attention more  
especially to farming and agriculture.

When hostilities commenced with the moth-  
er country, he quitted the plow for the sword,  
and was placed, at the age of nineteen, at the  
head of the Virginia Militia. He rose rapidly  
from step to step, until he was appointed  
general of the whole American Army, and be-  
came the leader of the celebrated eight years'  
war. His unalterable firmness and calm, good  
sense carried him through all the complicated  
difficulties he had to encounter from undisci-  
plined soldiers, and a nation still in the infancy  
of civilization.

On the 20th of January, 1783, the treaty of  
Versailles proclaimed, in the face of the whole  
world, the independence of the United States  
of America. Then was Washington received in  
triumph everywhere; and the victorious gen-  
eral, feeling that his warlike career was now ter-  
minated, bid farewell to his army, and laying  
down his sword, returned once more to culti-  
vate his favorite estate of Mount Vernon, on the  
river Potomac.

His mother, now advanced in the vale of years,  
stood awaiting her noble-hearted son when he  
returned to his home, and folded to her heart  
the liberator whom she had given to America,  
and whom America now restored to her, leader  
with glory and with honors.

George Washington again resumed the spade  
and the plow, and triumphed over nature in the  
wild and uncultivated plains of the New World,  
even as he had triumphed over the enemy in  
the field of battle.

He organized the great company of Cincin-  
natus, which brought a vast extent of land un-  
der cultivation, and multiplied the riches of the  
United States. Many of the officers and sol-  
diers who had served under him in former days  
enrolled themselves under his orders in this new  
campaign.

We need not dwell on his political life, which  
was marked by the same straightforward single-  
mindedness and good sense that distinguished  
every other step of his career. After having  
been, on two different occasions, unanimously  
elected President of the Republic, he, in 1797,  
refused the office and retired definitely into private  
life.

On the 5th of December, 1799, Washington  
then in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and  
still enjoying that full vigor both of body and  
mind which had been his portion through life  
was engaged in superintending some improve-  
ment which he was carrying on in a distant part  
of the grounds of Mount Vernon. A heavy  
shower of rain came on, and having remained  
for some time in his wet clothes, he complained  
in the evening of a slight sore throat. An in-  
flammation of the trachea rapidly ensued, and  
in nine days he was a dying man. His last  
thoughts were devoted to his country's wel-  
fare, and then calmly, as if he were only about  
to rest after a day of toil, he embraced his wife  
and bid farewell to those around him, and after  
having commended his soul to God, he quietly  
breathed his last.

The two letters which had been committed  
to him by his widowed mother, fifty years be-  
fore, as they stood together by his father's tomb  
were found after his death, folded carefully, like  
a talisman, nearest to his heart.

### The Properties of Charcoal.

J. Stenhouse, Esq., writes the following in the  
Journal of the Society of Arts, London. This  
article fully endorses the recommendation of our  
agricultural writers to use charcoal to prevent  
the escape of fertilizing gases of decomposing  
manures. The same may be effected by well-  
decomposed swamp muck, which is merely an  
impure form of charcoal, and is of much value  
for use in composts and otherwise.

The opinion here expressed, that charcoal  
which had been previously brought in contact  
with decomposing animal, tissues contained  
comparatively little ammonia, may be erroneous  
as ammonia firmly secreted in the pores  
of the charcoal, would be difficult to extract  
as ammonia, though it might be evolved by  
such treatment as would cause its nitrogen  
to assume the form of nitric acid. It is gener-  
ally believed that animal putrefaction yields to the  
absorptive powers of charcoal large in quantity,  
as ammonia, and the practical effect of its appli-  
cation to the soil fully establishes the theory.

"My attention was particularly drawn to the  
importance of charcoal as a disinfecting agent  
by my friend, Turnbull, Esq. of Glasgow, Scotland,  
the well-known extensive chemical manufacturer.  
Mr. Turnbull, about nine months ago, placed the  
bodies of two dogs in a wooden box on a layer  
of charcoal powder, a few inches in depth, and  
covered them over with a quantity of the same  
material. Though the box was quite open and  
kept in his laboratory, no effluvia was ever  
perceptible; and on examining the bodies of the  
animals at the end of six months, scarcely any  
remains remained of them except the bones. Mr.  
Turnbull sent me a portion of the charcoal pow-  
der which had been most closely in contact with  
the bodies of the dogs. I submitted it for ex-  
amination to one of my pupils, Mr. Turner, who  
found it contained comparatively little ammonia,  
not a trace of sulphuretted hydrogen, but very  
appreciable quantities of nitric, and sulphuric  
acids, with acid phosphate of lime.

"Mr. Turner, subsequently, about three months  
ago, buried two rats in about two inches of char-  
coal powder, and a few days afterwards the body  
of a full grown cat was similarly treated. Though  
the bodies of these animals are now in a highly  
putrid state, not the slightest odor is perceptible  
in the laboratory."

"From this short statement of facts, the utility  
of charcoal powder as a means of preventing  
noxious effluvia from a burying-ground, and from  
dead bodies in other situations, such as on board  
a ship is sufficiently evident. Covering a church-  
yard to the depth of from two to three inches  
with coarsely powdered charcoal, would prevent  
any putrid exhalations even finding their way  
into the atmosphere. Charcoal powder also  
favors the rapid decomposition of the dead bod-  
ies with which it is in contact, so that in the  
course of six or eight months, little is left ex-  
cept the bones."

In all the modern systems of chemistry, such  
for instance as the last edition of Turner's Ele-  
ments, charcoal is described as possessing anti-  
septic properties, while the very reverse is the  
fact. Common salt, nitre, corrosive sublimate  
arsenicous acid, alcohol, camphor, creosote, and  
most essential oils are certainly antiseptic sub-  
stances, and therefore retard the decay of animal  
and vegetable matters. Charcoal, on the contrary,  
as we have just seen, greatly facilitates the  
oxidation, and consequently the decomposition  
of any organic substance with which it is in  
contact. It is therefore, the very opposite of an  
antiseptic."



# Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, NOVEMBER, 18, 1854.

Reader, do you think such a paper as this should be sustained by a moral and progressive community? If so, you can, if you will, procure and send us one, two or three subscribers, with a dollar in advance for each. Will you?

Will some of those who do take it, please to read our terms. They will be found at the head of the first column of the third page.

## Gold, Railroads, Banks and Commerce.

If we believed that the Almighty Ruler of the Universe did really create such a being as is generally understood by the names, Devil, Satan and Beelzebub, and set him up in antagonism to himself, with power but little inferior to His own, we should not hesitate to be lieve that he directed the discovery of gold in California. The consequences resulting from that discovery, would seem to prove that it could have had no other origin.

Look at the hundreds of thousands who have been induced to leave their homes, their occupations and their friends, and go to the western side of the continent to accumulate wealth suddenly, and see how it has fared with them. We will not argue that it was wrong for California to be peopled; but we will say that the rush of adventurers to that region was productive of no good results, but of many bad ones. It occasioned many thousands of families, in the States, to be left without protection and without means of support. It parted thousands of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, who will never meet again in this life. It left vast quantities of land untilled, thousands and thousands of mechanics tools lying idle, and materially diminished the aggregate product of labor. It brought together, in that region of gold, a heterogeneous mass of people, from all parts of this country and from all quarters of the world, all differing in manners, customs, feelings, sentiments and natures, constituting a human medley that never can amalgamate. And they were, in most cases, the most reckless and ungovernable natures from every source. Highway robberies, burglaries, assassinations and Lynch law, were the natural and inevitable consequences of this assemblage of ferocious spirits from all points of the compass. In such a society, what but the pistol, the Bowie knife and the rifle, could be expected to settle disputes between individuals? What but gambling, drunkenness and debauchery, could be the prevailing diversions of such a community? What other result could be looked for than that four out of every five who went there with high hopes, should fall into dissolute habits and become vagabonds, instead of "making their piles" and coming home?—Such has been the result. A few—proportionally very few—have amassed wealth there, either by happening to strike a rich vein, or by possessing the shrewdness and means to get into some profitable business. Many of the others have become the lazzaroni, the thieves, the pick-pockets and the pests of society; and the balance are the beasts of burden for those who carry on the business and pocket the profits.

Who are the money makers there now?—Are they those who dig in the mines, as some of our well-wishers to laboring bone and muscle have hoped and prophesied? No, indeed—it is the capitalists that make the money. They furnish the necessities of life to the diggers, charge them cruelly for them, take their share in payment at a rate that will yield another profit, send it off and exchange it for more goods, sell drafts to diggers, and make ten per cent on them, and twenty more on the gold they receive for them. Does the reader say he knows of one, two or three diggers who have made themselves wealthy by digging?—Well, where are they now? Why, they have deserted the fraternity of diggers and gone over to the ranks of the capitalists, and are now shaving their quondam bretheren of the spade and wash-bowl, "to the red." Talk about capital changing hands and the laborer being the wealthy aristocrat! This is nonsense. These isolated cases are nothing more than conversions of laborers to capitalists; the former character being dropped in every instance when the latter is assumed.

What has been the effect upon all classes of the people in the old states, of the influx of California gold? All but the agriculturists have suffered from it. It has made the people, as a whole, vastly worse off in circumstances and less happy as communities and individuals. Instead of making money plenty and easily obtained, it has quadrupled the demand for it, by stimulating every kind of wild enterprise, and rendered it much more difficult to be obtained for the purpose of legitimate business, than it was before the foundation of SETTER'S mill was dug. As soon as the gold commenced flowing in, the railroad fever broke out in nearly all the states of the Union, and it has raged more and more violently, till it has reached the culminating point, and cases of fatality are beginning to spread alarm through the country. All the iron for these thousands of miles of worthless railroads, must come from Europe, and the gold which we receive from California must go there to pay for it.

Those who carry on the commerce of the country are as mad as the railroad builders. European importations have kept up with railroad building, and we bring away all kinds of European fabrics as fast as they can manufac-

ture them. We do have some breadstuffs and some provisions to spare, notwithstanding that the building of railroads brings a continuous stream of European laborers to eat it; but what we have to spare falls so far short of what we get from there, that it takes all the gold that comes from California to pay the balance. Every steamer that goes out, takes half a million, a million, and a million and a half; but no one brings any back. We can have no specie here, but we can have all kinds of manufactured fabrics. Every body must dress extravagantly and live on the grand scale; and the rest of mankind must strain every muscle and every means to imitate them. The lady who cannot have rosewood furniture trimmed with satin damask, thinks more of taking strychnine, than she does of contenting herself with such as her means will warrant.

Banks are a great invention, and bankers are wonderful men. Well might the little urchin blame his mother for not making cheese out of water, when she had no milk, if he knew how easy bankers made a million dollars of currency out of ten pounds of rags. New York has the credit of inventing the best system of banking that ever was known in the world; and some of the western states have followed her lead.—The great beauty of this banking system is, that the state furnishes all the circulating bills, and takes security in its own bills of credit, which the constitution of the United States forbids it to issue, for their redemption. The banker invests his capital in these bills of credit, which draw interest from the public treasury, and deposits them in security for circulating notes, which he loans on interest, but pays no interest to the holders of them. Thus, whilst the laws of the state will not allow an individual who is not a banker to receive more than seven per cent per annum for money loaned, and will deprive him of both principal and interest if he do take more, it allows bankers to take double interest, and to share all they can indirectly besides.

The banking law of this state does not allow bankers to issue any more notes of their own than they secure the payment of by stocks and mortgages; but each one of them can have a branch, under another name, in another state, where no such security is required, or in the neighboring province of Canada, and bring the notes of that bank here and circulate them to any amount. It is thus that the Wall street swindlers and other villans flood the state with red dog money from Indiana, Illinois, and other wild cat states, so that the bills of the banks of this state rarely show their faces. It is thus that a Buffalo banker is enabled to build a palace for himself, at a cost of fifty or sixty thousand dollars, and furnish it at an expense of half as much more, whilst those who hold joint stock bills which they have received for their labor, must go hungry to bed. We have in our mind's eye two highly respectable young females, who live in a house that did not cost more than five hundred dollars, and make vests as a means of relieving their father from the expense of clothing them. They received nine dollars of "joint stock" money, for this kind of labor, on Saturday, and the infamous swindling concern closed on Monday. Will the gentleman of the palace allow them to lose these nine dollars? The country is now full of these bogus banking establishments, and they are cracking and snapping in every direction. The people who hold their worthless notes, and who have deposited their money in them, look sad and groan; and the bankers are very sorry, but they can't help it, because they are only stockholders. It is the bank that has cheated the people; not the individuals that compose the company, nor the scoundrels of their number who manage its affairs.

All the worthless railroads which have been built, all the excesses of importations; all the recently devised extravaganzas in living; all the building of monstrous palaces for single families to lose themselves in; all the speculating in breadstuffs and provisions whereby the poor are compelled to pay double for food or do without it, and the immense flood of worthless currency which has been poured out like vials of wrath upon the country, all are the result of that greedy mania which has been stimulated by the California gold discovery; which is another advent of the same curse which, with the aid of popery, blasted the most powerful nation of the earth. But for the gold of South America, and the greed of her papish priesthood, Spain would not have been shorn of her power and glory, and prostrated as she now is. Reader, do you not recognize the same two demons laboring together to corrupt the minds, deprave the hearts and madden the brains of the American people? They succeeded in working the ruin of the then most powerful nation of Europe. Is it wisdom, or is it folly, to apprehend that what has been done once, may be done again? If the latter, we shall be content to be numbered among the foolish ones.

## Difference in the Capability of Spirits.

There seems to be great difference in the capabilities of spirits, even among those of the same degree of elevation. All physical nature presents these distinctions; and we see no good reason why similar traits should not characterize spiritual nature.

We are led to these reflections by witnessing a spiritual test in presence of Mr. CONKLIN. A gentleman who was enquiring, but who was exceedingly cautious lest what he did should be discovered by others who were sitting at the table, drew back and wrote words on some slips of paper, on his hat crown, the top of which he held in a vertical position, so as to render it impracticable for any one but himself to see what the words were. It appeared that his spirit friend found some difficulty in choosing the one which applied to him. Hereupon the medium called on a spirit friend of his own, asking him if he could read the words in those

pieces of paper which were crumpled up in the form of pills. The spirit responded in the affirmative, and the medium asked the enquirer to hold one of them up; which he did, not knowing which it was. The medium then called the alphabet, and the word was spelled by tipping the table at the call of the letters.—The enquirer opened the paper and found the spirit correct in his reading. Each of the others were held up in the same way, and all the words were correctly spelled. But for this, the enquirer would probably have gone away as skeptical as he came.

## "What good does it do?"

This question is asked by so many people who attempt to bring the utilitarian principle to bear against the truth of spiritual intercourse, that we will endeavour to answer it by recording such circumstances as are calculated to elucidate the subject. We find that spiritual intercourse tends to the promotion of the most important interests of the human race. As far as our experience has gone, we find all benefited, morally and spiritually, and none injured, by the investigations which are necessary to discover the truth. Whilst no man or woman is made worse by faith in spiritual intercourse, thousands and thousands are made better by it. The teachings of elevated spirits, are sublimely beautiful. Love to God and all his creatures, is the first duty inculcated by communicating spirits; and all the lessons they teach tend to the elevation of the standard of morals and the purification of the human mind.

On Sabbath evening last, we had a lecture from a spirit, through a speaking medium. The spirit was that of Dr. HEDGES, who was a practitioner in Chautauque county, and who has, for several years, been practising the healing art through JEREMIAH CARTER, of Laona, in that county. The Doctor sometimes gives moral lectures through his medium. Mr. C. was here on the occasion alluded to above, and was invited to attend a circle, which he did. The Doctor soon took possession of him, and gave us a very interesting lecture. Incidentally, illustrating some of his positions in relation to the evil consequences of immoral habits, he informed us that, during the last few years of his life, he was a confirmed inebriate. He said that, on being divested of the physical body, he found his desire for intoxicating drink not the least diminished, and the craving so intense, that the agony seemed to be intolerable. He thus suffered till he discovered that he could get relief by possessing the form of inebriates, and stimulating them to drink. This he practised when the craving was so great that he could not give his mind to anything else. By the aid which he received from elevated spirits, he was enabled to progress a little between those paroxysms; and after thus dragging out an existence of unspeakable horrors, through many tedious years, he at length overcame the propensity, subdued the hell within him, and is now progressing rapidly, and doing all the good in his power to his afflicted brethren in the flesh.

He cautioned us against harshly treating, condemning and scouring our brethren who are victims to the habit of intemperance, alleging that very many of them are led more deeply into the habit, and prevented from reforming, by the continual obsession and incitement of the spirits of inebriates, who seek and use them to ally their own torturing desire. Thus the practical inebriate has to contend against his own acquired propensity, the inciting influence of obsessing and possessing spirits of departed drunkards, the temptations held out by liquor dealers, and the seductive enticements of boon companions. Well might the spirit exhort us, as he did in language and manner most feeling and pathetic, to treat inebriates humanely, and endeavor to win them from the pernicious habit by kindly sympathy and the language of love.

Reader, do you believe this report from the spirit world, by one who is continually proving himself a good and truthful spirit, and who has gained the knowledge which he imparts to us by personal experience in both states of existence? If you do, you will allow that indulgence in this, or any other evil habit, leads to consequences most fearful. How frequently have you heard the hopeless inebriate exclaim, in the ravings of his despair: "O! that I could die!" Poor creatures! they little know the horrors that await them in the second state of existence. The absurdity of the doctrine of eternal damnation, has made them skeptical of future suffering of any kind, and even of a spiritual existence. Hence they invoke death, and frequently thrust themselves into the future state by violence, to get clear of the miseries of a drunkard's life. Never would one do this who should be convinced of the truth of what this good and true spirit teaches. Let it be remembered that he had a capable mind and was ardently desirous of reformation in this life; but the habit was too powerful for him. If such an one had to undergo many long years of intense agony before he overcame his propensity to that baneful indulgence, how must it fare with those who indulge without remorse, and never think of any thing but gratification? For such ones, centuries of misery may be in store.

It is not one habit alone that entails an evil propensity upon the enlarged spirit. As the spirit body progresses to maturity, to be ready to receive the spirit when it sheds the mundane shell, it must become imbued with the essence of the alcohol, the opium, the tobacco, the arsenic, or what ever deleterious drug continually enters into the food and drink from which the physical body derives the matter of which it is composed. Hence the continuation of the desire to indulge, after the decease of the earth form. How important it is, under these considerations, that men and women should not only abstain from improper indulgences themselves, but guard their children with an ever vigilant eye.

Our lecturer assured us that the spiritual movement is designed to reform the human family and bring about a condition of general happiness in the earth life; and he appeared to be perfectly confident of success. There are yet great impediments in the way; not the least of which are the skepticism of religious bigots, and the persecution of those whose craft, by which they make much gain, is endangered.—The general prevalence of those vicious habits of which we have been speaking, is another great impediment. The idolatrous worship of gold and silver, by the generally pervading spirit of avarice, is one of the greatest impediments.—This engrosses the whole affections and leads the souls captive, of thousands and millions in this our day and generation. And, tho' last, not least, the departed spirits of bad men and women, are continually prompting to evil practices, for the sake of participating in the sensual gratifications enjoyed by the incarnate actors.

After being assured that such things are taught by communicating spirits, what sane man or woman could repeat the inquiry: "What good does it do?"

## Consolation to the Philanthropist

There is consolation in the reflection that not one-third of the voters of the state of New York, have cast their suffrages for the present incumbent of the gubernatorial chair. We say not one-third of the voters: we probably might say not more than one-fourth. What each of the other three candidates will fall short of his number of votes, will, in all probability, not exceed the number of those who did not vote at all. We are writing on Wednesday morning. The run has been so close that nothing short of the official canvass will decide the question, who is elected. The returns come in slowly, and there is yet no safety in claiming a majority for either SEYMOUR or CLARK. We still incline to the opinion that the former will have a small plurality, although we wish it to turn out otherwise. Before we go to press, we shall probably know for a certainty who has been elected.

We say that the philanthropist will find consolation in the fact that not more than one-fourth of the voters of the Empire State have cast their suffrages for Mr. SEYMOUR. Not because he is not abundantly capable of discharging the duties of that high and important station. Few, indeed, are they who are more capable. But there are principles involved in the contest which render it far preferable that a man of inferior capabilities should be elected, rather than the people should seem to endorse those principles for which he has been put in nomination, and supported. Whether or not he was justifiable in vetoing the temperance law of the last session, would require a thorough investigation of the law and the constitution, to determine. It is plain, however, that he gave reasons for vetoing it which he must necessarily find in every prohibitory law that can be enacted, and set them down as constitutional objections that could not be waived. In this position he stands in antagonism to all those voters who cherish the hope that we shall have a law prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors, which produces nearly all the crime, the pauperism and the sufferings which the people have to endure. This is one of the great principles for which those opposed to Mr. SEYMOUR are contending.

Mr. SEYMOUR is the nominee and favorite of Archbishop HUGHES and all the papal priesthood, and, consequently, of all the Irish Catholic laity. Bishop HUGHES is a very shrewd man, and would not give the papal suffrage of the state to any one, in such a crisis as this, whom he had not the very strongest reasons to believe to be favorable to his project of legislating all catholic church property into the hands of the pope of Rome, and to his other project of converting the common schools of the state into engines of papal propaganda. It seems but fair, with this view of the case, and in the absence of any public announcement of different sentiments, on this subject, by Mr. SEYMOUR, either now or on any former occasion, to consider him as standing pledged to these projects of the papists. Here, again, is a principle which we consider a vital one to the future of the people of this state, and of the whole people of the nation.

Mr. SEYMOUR was put in nomination by a convention which not only refused to pass resolutions denunciatory of the gross executive and congressional outrage, which was practised upon the people of the free states, in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, but which, like the great serpent of southern climes, slavered it over and then "bolted" it whole. His acceptance of a nomination by a convention of assertors of the southern right to break through all restraints of law and honor, and propagate human slavery wherever the flag of liberty has a right to be unfurled, is an earnest that he will use his official influence to favor such propaganda. This is another great principle on which we have opposed his election, and another important reason why we ardently desire his defeat.

Now let us look at the bright side of the picture. We have heretofore enumerated the powerful influences which have been brought to bear in aid of his re-election. There is all the influence and much of the money of the many thousands who are engaged in the liquor traffic, and the besotted slaves whom they can control by the charm of the bottle; and, take these together their name is legion. Then there are all the Irish papists, and as many of that faith as are the willing slaves of the papal priesthood. How numerous they are, the reader may judge by looking around him, where their pagodas are rising on every hand.

To these influences, add that of the present administration of the general government, which is given to him on account of his accept-

ing the nomination from a convention which endorsed President PIERCE'S "administration measure," the purchased repeal of the Missouri compromise, or that part of it which, concentrated the Nebraska territory to perpetual freedom. See what powerful and everywhere present appliances that influence could bring to bear in his favor. After looking at all these influences, ask yourself, reader, if the philanthropist should not see consolation in the fact that not more than one-fourth of the voters of the state have cast their suffrages for that man. We say that there is not only consolation; but hope in it—not only hope, but assurance that those principles which have been brought to bear against this representative of their opposites, will prevail, and that shortly. What hope can the votaries of rum, popery or human slavery see in the election of this their representative, by so small a plurality of the popular vote of the state, as he is elected by, if elected at all?—None—absolutely, none. We regret that principle has been temporarily defeated; but we rejoice in the certain prospect of its ultimate success.

## Mr. Conklin, the Medium.

This gentleman has come to Buffalo, from New York, by urgent solicitation, and taken a room at 209 Main st, over SAOR'S Music Store. Among all those who have called on him, we have not yet heard of one who went away crying "humbug." Every one who gets any communications at all, is sure to get something that is convincing. We will describe one test which is very frequently used by spirits in his presence. The person who sits for communications, is requested to take four pieces of paper—any other number will do as well—then think of four persons of his acquaintance who have passed into the spirit world. Then write on those four pieces of paper the relationship in which the deceased persons stood to him or her—father, mother, brother, sister, &c.—Fold them up closely and crumple them up so that he cannot tell, himself, which is which. Throw them together, and the medium will point to each of them and ask the spirits to choose one of them. Some spirit present will choose one which relates to himself, by tipping the table three times when the right one is pointed to. Then the investigator takes four more pieces of paper and writes on them the first name of each of the four persons represented by their relationship to him on the first set of papers, and rolls and crumples them as before. Then the medium points to them, one at a time, and the spirit tips the table when he points to the one which has his name on it. Again four pieces of paper are taken, and the age of each person at death is written on them; or if the ages are not known, the places where they died are used. These four papers are rolled and crumpled, and thrown together. The medium again points, as before, and the same spirit indicates the one which relates to him. Then the enquirer opens the three papers thus selected, and finds that they correspond, each one relating to the same spirit.

To make it more plain: the enquirer writes on the first four slips of paper, Father, Mother, Sister, Brother. The spirit of the father, selects the paper which has the word father on it.—On the next four are written: John, Mary, Catherine, Joseph. The spirit selects that on which is written, John. On the third set are the ages of all, each on a separate piece, which are: 65, 60, 25, 30. The spirit selects the one on which 65 is written. Then the enquirer opens them and finds that the spirit of his father has selected: Father, John, 65. The true relationship, true name, and true age. Now let any arithmetician take his slate and tell how many combinations of three there are in twelve, and he can tell how many chances there are to guess wrong to the one chance of guessing right, if the truth in each instance is arrived at by guess.

Mr. CONKLIN was in our office on Tuesday afternoon, and while we were sitting in conversation, his hand was moved to write. He went to our desk, took his pencil, and his hand wrote: My friend, I am glad this medium has come to Buffalo, for I wish to converse with you. I cannot say what I wish to now, as the condition of the medium does not suit, but I will meet you at his room to-morrow. To this he subscribed the name of JOHN PATTERSON. We hesitated a moment, thinking if there were more than one of that name in the spirit world with whom we were acquainted. He perceived this, and instantly seized the medium's hand and again wrote: you will recognize me by the signature of HARDWARE. There was no further room for hesitation, and we agreed to meet him at the medium's room, on Wednesday evening. This we did not neglect; and he wrote the following communication with the medium's hand in two or three minutes:

MY DEAR FRIENDS—Men censured me and thought I was mean; yet it was not so. It is true that I loved money, and used every means in my power to obtain it; yet I never did a dishonest act to obtain it. I come to you, my dear friend, for the purpose of conversing. I have nothing particular to say, more than that I see that those spirits who converse frequently with mortals, advance faster than those who do not; and I want to do so. My object is simply to give in my testimony, and add to the already well supplied evidence of spiritual communication. At some other time I will converse farther.

JOHN PATTERSON.

We then proceeded to interrogate him, on some points. To the first question, he answered: My condition is happy; but I am not very elevated. Every one who knew JOHN in the flesh, is aware that he was intemperate, so that we shall do no violence to his fame by publishing what follows. We asked: Did you feel the same hankering for the effect of alcoholic

potations, after leaving the body, that you did before?

Ans. Yes, the same.

Did you seek to gratify the desire by contact with, or possessing men of intemperate habits? Ans. I did, and it produced the desired effect.

Does the propensity still continue?

Ans. It is wearing away. It is still strong when I am in the company of men in the flesh who drink intemperately. When I keep away from them it does not trouble me; and I progress. I wish to be with you, and hope you will think of me often, for then I can approach you without difficulty. I can appreciate you in my presence, when I am near you.

Have you seen the spirit of H. K. S. since his transition?

Ans. Yes, frequently.

Can he see you?

Ans. Not unless I show myself to him—

We can see all those whose conditions are inferior to ours; but we cannot see those in superior conditions, without their consent. One more question, with an affirmative answer, which we shall omit, closed the interview.

Let the reader understand that the first interview between us and this departed spirit, was but a few minutes after the medium first entered our office; he being totally ignorant of the fact that such a man as JOHN PATTERSON ever existed. It is well, perhaps, to state farther, that although there was a recognizing acquaintance between us and Mr. PATTERSON, who was a hardware merchant in this city, there was never any intimacy between us. His character was that of an avaricious man; but we do not believe that what the world denounces dishonestly, could rightfully be alleged against him.

FRIDAY MORNING.—Again we are going to press without any certainty of the result of the election. This morning, the probabilities hang on a balance between SEYMOUR and CLARK, rather inclining to the latter. So mote it be—but our faith is weak.

## Gambling in California.

Persons proposing to peregrinate to California, says an exchange, had better call on Madam Ida Pfeiffer, first. The lady has spent some months in that part of the world, and therefore deserves to be heard, when she avers that—

"Of all the countries I have ever visited—of all the vile immoral places I have ever seen or heard of in savage or civilized lands, the gambling saloons of California are the worst. I went there in company with friends—the doors were open—every thing invited entrance. Splendor in every form; temptation most subtle and powerful, combined to lure the soul and body to destruction—splendid curtains, carpets, exquisitely painted pictures whose subjects were so impure, that involuntarily placed my hands over my eyes—wines, liquors of all kinds free, and to be had for the asking, all combined to lure the poor mortal soul to sin and death. Yet all so voluptuously respectable, so perfectly in good taste, so refined in appearance, so beautiful to the eye, that its influence stole into the soul like the deadly poison of the opium tree. What wonder if, with awakened passions, and brain made insane by liquor, allured by lovely young women, who preside at the table and overlook the game, with gold around and on every side of him, the poor victim rushed to the gambling table for a new excitement and a new phase of stimulation?"

The famous Brigham Young, the Governor of Utah, and Grand High Priest of the Mormons, came near having an inglorious end put to his career, in August last. He went down into his well to recover a lost bucket, when the curbing tumbling in, the fall followed, and Brigham Young became for once, a subterranean saint. But the zeal of his followers would not permit any such finish to the life of their most faithful shepherd. Spades and shovels were brought into requisition; the harem of the Governor assembled in force to aid the saving efforts of the male members of the flock, and, in about two hours they had the gratification of pulling him out, like a forked radish, from his sub-soil bed. He preached that night from the text—"It is well with me."

At Lawrenceville, Ark., on the 14th ult., Aaron McMullen, 12 years of age, was killed by the bite of a rattlesnake. The head of the snake had been severed from its body and laid on a log. The little fellow had forgotten that it was there, and laid his arm in its mouth, which was instantly closed on it, and was only disengaged by pulling it off with his other hand, tearing a vein and an artery of his arm. He died in twenty-four hours.

A man in Albany, while in a fit of nightmare, dreamed that he was a horse and that his wife was a hostler going to rub him down. At this point in his dream he kicked his spouse out of bed. She applied to the magistrate the following morning for a decree of divorce.

An expedition, it is said, is to be organized during the ensuing winter, to wage a war of extermination against the Sioux Indians, and other hostile tribes, who have been engaged in the late outrages of the plains. This force is to be concentrated upon Jefferson barrens, early in the spring; so that active operations may commence as soon as the weather will permit. The force is expected to be composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery of the army, and some companies of mounted frontier men.

MISERY IN STORE FOR CALIFORNIA.—Five runs have recently come over from Ireland to establish a Convent of their order in California. "And Satan came also," God save the State of California!

The Cincinnati Times publishes a list of subscribers to a fund raised in that city to carry the late election. The Roman Catholic Bishop, Purcell, is down, for \$5,000.



TERMS:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, payable invariably in advance.  
Single copies, five cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For one square of sixteen lines, one insertion, \$1. For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

From the Sacred Circle.  
Seets in Spiritualism.

It has been often alleged by the opponents of Spiritualism, that it would split into sects and be torn by intestine quarrels. We propose to examine this question briefly, and also the question of good or evil tendency, of such discussion.

It is a mooted point among controversialists, whether or not the cause of Christianity has been injured by the many divisions of its adherents; whether or not even Mohammedanism has been detrimental to the progress of truth, and whether or not all the heterogeneous faiths of the civilized world have retarded the advent of the great millennium of universal brotherhood.

As a general rule, no large body of men can be made to agree fully on the minor points of a faith. There must be as many opinions, considered in all their details, as there are minds to entertain them. Upon axioms of exact science men may be made to accord fully—they being never matters of feeling, the reason is brought to bear upon their examination unbiased. It is quite otherwise with a question of faith in a special theology, in taste applied to art, or in opinion applied to politics. In these different minds must think differently, and feelings must vary. Every argument, every fact, must make a different impression upon each different organization; hence no one is accountable for that belief which is always a matter of necessity. Every man's taste will be the result of his education and experience, combined with his organization; and thus there must be infinite diversity among men. Still more likely is there to be difference in political opinions, since another important element enters into the question—the love or hate of man, combined with his taste, interest or benevolence.

In the questions of divisions, as applied to matters of taste and politics, few will assert that a bad effect is produced by them. We can, it is true, imagine so pure a taste that it would be best for all the world to agree in it, and yet even then something would be lost in diversity and contrast. We can also imagine, each one for himself, a kind of politics in which it would be well for all the world to agree. Whether or not this perfect accord would as easily develop the intellects of men, unfold new truths, rouse to action, stimulate enterprise, and aid universal progress, is a serious question. As it is, the controversies of politics, like the storms upon the ocean, prevent the great sea of mankind from stagnating. They have other uses. Opposing parties watch each other with jealousy and with fear. They are ready at any moment to proclaim upon the house-top a contemplated wrong of the community by their opponents, a mischievous policy, or a usurpation of power. As the ruler must always be better informed upon the immediate affairs of the state than the people, were there none to watch their actions and sound the alarm, they would take advantage of the circumstances to enslave the state or oppress the inhabitants. Certainly it is best that there should be schisms in politics and differences in matters of taste.

On the collateral subjects of sects in religion and their good or bad tendency, there will be less harmony of opinions. We assume, that there are races of men on the earth at this time who have not the mental capacity to understand a pure and high-toned religion—races who are so little removed from the brute creation, that *spirituality* could not be comprehended by them, except as embodied in the idea of a Fetish, and to whom even the idea of a God must be connected with a graven image, or it could not be entertained at all. The spiritual and pure religion appropriate to the most cultivated portion of mankind would be unsuited to them, and of necessity they must worship God, if they worship Him at all, under a different form of faith; for a primitive people require a primitive religion. The aborigines of North America, from their peculiar organization, evidently require a very simple faith. A complicated system of theology they could not comprehend, and it would be useless for them. Could the tribes of Esquimaux, Kamtschadales, Kanakas of South America, Fegoes, Bushmen of Australia, or the caudated nomads of Central Africa comprehend the ethics and the theology taught to their enlightened auditors by Mr. Chapin and Mr. Beecher? It may be doubted if any of our modern systems of religion could be instilled into the minds of those races, even if they were taken in infancy and carefully educated. As they are different from us in organization, so they require a different faith and a different mode of worship.

It may be alleged that truth is appropriate to all, but this could not be. That truth can not be appropriate to the mind, which can not be comprehended by it. Truths have a certain indeterminate or relative character. God alone is absolute in all qualities; all other things are relative. All the truths known to man are, strictly speaking, only approximations to the truth which is in God. That which would be a truth to a cultivated European, could not be such to a native of Borneo or Owyhee. Undoubtedly it will be the same in the next state of existence. The life of the savage will be as much apart from civilization there as here; and different races will be as much separated. The time may never come when the beings of God's

creation will agree upon the abstract truths.—Perhaps it is not desirable that they should do so. It may be seriously doubted if God in his infinite wisdom, has intended ever to unite the diverse races of men of this earth, and the races equally diverse of countless millions of earths in one brotherhood. It may, perhaps, be intended that ultimately every race shall in itself form a brotherhood, and be united in love.—That seems a reasonable hypothesis, but it can be nothing more. Mankind can never know these things, for they have no means of acquiring the information. Spirits can not tell them, for they do not know. Mysteries will be piled upon mysteries forever. Instead of the denizens of the universe of God united in one faith at some distant period in eternity, it is more probable that they will forever diverge, separating as widely from their starting-point as the rays of light flitting from the sun.

Perhaps it would be admissible to assert that there are many kinds of truth appropriate to the many kinds of organizations, and that there is, practically, no such thing as pure truth (except its embodiment in God), but that it is entirely a thing of degree. If all truths, and all kinds of truth, can not apply to the same mind, neither can the same religion. With regard to he sets among Christians in general, and especially among Spiritualists, the case is a little different. They are not of widely-differing races nor very diverse mental organization. They could receive truths of a near affinity, though not identical. Possibly within a few hundred years the worshippers of Mohammed may unite cordially with the disciples of the Roman Christian Church in Europe, and yet it is to be doubted. The sensual Mussulmans require a tangible sensuality in their future heaven; and a radical change must take place in their habits of life before a pure and spiritual religion would suit them.

With the Protestant associations in the great church of Christ, there are almost as bitter animosities as there are between Papists and Presbyterians. Assuredly the orthodox church of New England would as soon unite in harmony with Romanists as with Unitarians.—Perhaps it would be well if all those who take the New Testament for their guide of faith, would unite like a band of brothers; perhaps it would not. If all the Christian world were united under one organization, how long would it be before a schism would occur? If it remained united, how long would it be before corrupt men would seek and obtain power in it, and turn it into an engine of harm, as religion was turned in the time of the Crusades? Experience has found it safest for people to govern themselves. The larger the empire, the less possible does this become. That direct representation which a town would have, selecting its delegates from the body of the people, ceases to exist in a centralized government, where a small number of elected officers speak for many millions of people, and very rarely represent them truly. When men govern themselves, they are generally well-governed. They respect the authority, for they admit its legitimacy. When others, and unknown persons, govern them, they will forever be discontent. No man can easily adopt the will of another in place of his own.

To govern a church, it requires the same policy as to govern a state. The nearer the connection between the governing and the governed, the better is the harmony, provided the members are of those who think and feel like individuals. They may be a slavish herd, and follow the beak of a master, but they do not, in that case, constitute an association. It is a despotism.

The question will soon rise before the world, for the first time, upon the sets in Spiritualism. It will be questioned whether the inevitable divisions among its adherents will do good or harm. As it is destined to spread over the face of the globe and become a great religion, numbering its millions in every clime, and embracing diverse races of men, it is a moral impossibility that it can be united under one standard. The great truth of spirit-communication, in its protean shapes, will be the basis of all. But upon that broad platform will rise a thousand sects, or kinds of associations, differing in small matters, but agreeing in all things which are really important. These may be more harmonious, one with another, than are now the Christian sects of the world, and probably will, for their faith is more practical and more pure. As truth is developed, and men become enlightened, the sharp points of sectarianism will wear away, and eventually all will be harmony, whatever the difference of opinions.

In the abstract, it would seem to be very desirable that perfect harmony should at once be established among Spiritualists. But the case admits of a reasonable doubt. There are vast truths, and in infinite numbers, to be developed. A perfect calm and harmonious brotherhood among the believers, however conducive to immediate happiness, would not bring forth the great truths for which the world is waiting.—The Spiritualists would sleep, and the great ocean of truth would stagnate. But in the infinite number of discussions to arise out of little differences of opinion, thoughts of great beauty and truths of mighty import will spring.

It is not all who move upon the sea of life, that sound its depths in search of the pearls of truth. Almost all skim along the surface, some riding upon the crest of the waves, and others engulfed beneath it; many spreading sail to catch every favoring breeze of fortune, many lying supine upon the waters and floating toward eternity, and many wrecked and in despair, waiting for the last wave, which shall dash them upon the shore. Few ever cast their lines deep into the water; still fewer dive for the treasures which lie below. Many would not gather the pearls of knowledge and beauty if they were floating upon the surface, yet avoid

the myriads of millions there is a handful who are ever ready to plunge fearfully into the dark mysteries, and battle with the monster of the deep for the treasures which they guard. But the time passes on, the world rolls upon its axis, and at each turn presents a new phase to the view of the sun. The world, too, develops like a budding flower. Its fall bloom will come, and the fruit will follow in due season. The face of truth must change, even as the face of the earth changes. Where men are now sounding in mid ocean, and vainly striving to reach the bed, in the course of time it will rise above the waters, and stand out a fair continent in the light of the sun, and then a little child shall better see the sublime truths born of eternal progress, than do now the far seeking and untrusting philosophers. Certainly truth will prevail, and the sooner for the conflict of discussion. If, then, it shall be the destiny of Spiritualism to separate into sects, and not immediately unite in harmonious brotherhood, we may reflect that good will grow out of all that seems evil; and whether united or divided, its destiny is to bless and beautify the world.

By the late arrival from California  
The Wreck of the Yankee Blade.

The steam Tug Caroline, Lieut. Cuyler, U. S. N., commanding, arrived at San Francisco on the 21st of October, having on board the party who were sent to the wreck to make an attempt to recover the treasure lost in the Yankee Blade. The Alta California has the following report of their operations:—

On arriving at Point Aguila, on the upper point of which the wreck lies, they immediately undertook the search for the lost treasure. They found their submarine apparatus too imperfect to be of any avail, and it was found likewise utterly impossible to work at her with any security, on account of the heavy sea which rolled over the wreck continually. We learn from Captain Randall, that several attempts were made by the divers, but no traces of the money could be seen.

The wreck had drifted on shore, leaving the engines in about eleven fathoms of water. The rock on which the ship struck is about six feet under water, and is more like a sunken pile shooting up from the bottom. Capt. Randall, who describes this, says that if the ship had gone twenty feet on either side she would have steered clear of it, and thinks that it will be a matter of impossibility to recover the treasure.

The Caroline was unable to lie for any length of time near the wreck because of the heavy sea, though it never broke on the rock where the ill-fated steamer broke struck. Messrs. T. L. Horn and Frank Ball, who have just arrived by land from Santa Barbara, where they were landed from the wreck of the Yankee Blade, state that on the morning of Tuesday following the loss of the steamer, they found two bodies on the beach, which they inferred as well as they could with the implements at hand.—One was the body of a female apparently about 36 years of age, fair skin, brown hair medium height, and clothed in a green alpaca dress.

Mr. Horn cut a piece from the dress, and took from the finger of a deceased a much worn plain gold ring, with flat top, both of which can be seen by any person likely to recognize either, at the store of B. C. & T. L. Horn. The boy found was about four years old, fair skin, light hair and wore an elastic belt with brass clasp.

Before they left Santa Barbara, the body of a man apparently 40 years of age, came ashore badly cut about the head, and the pockets of his clothing rifled, and turned inside out, showing, as they thought, that he had been murdered, on board the steamer by some of the ruffian gang of those horrible work much has been said.

FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.  
The San Francisco Price Current reports that gold dust had not come in so freely during the week, the rains in the interior having very materially impeded operations. The deposits at the Mint for coinage (except from banker's hands) had been very small. It was feared that the river claims on which so much time and money had been expended, would pay but poorly this year, on account of the early rise in the waters. There was a good deal of snow on the highest points of the Sierra.

The Nevada Journal says:—  
Nearly all the flumes on the main Yuba have been carried off in consequence of the rise of the river by the late rains. The most of the fluming companies have not more than paid expenses this season. A few, however, have done remarkably well. The Empire Company, after getting into the bed of the stream took out from \$1,000 to \$4,000 a day. Mining operations have been almost wholly suspended, as it is not deemed advisable to put in other flumes. The rain commenced a month earlier than was anticipated, and miners were not prepared for it.

The Sacramento Union announces new and rich discoveries of auriferous earth in El Dorado county, and also about Alden Springs, adjacent to the line of that county. It also furnishes the following information from Feather river:—  
About ten days ago a miner named Meech found a solid lump of gold in Winter's Ravine, which weighs sixteen pounds. It was pure, and discovered but four feet below the surface.—The lucky finder still continues working his claim with the company.

On the ridges between Poor Man's and Hopkin's Creeks, the diggings are considered excellent. At Rich Bar, on the North Fork of the Feather there have been lately some rich strikes made, and the diggings generally on this stream have paid remarkably well. There, heavier rains have fallen on the Feather and its tributaries than on the branches of the American.—On the former stream many flumes have been swept and claims flooded.

The American valley and vicinity presents a lovely appearance at this time, and the verdure of spring may be seen to brighten the landscape. Vegetables and fruits are fast ripening, and flowers are in full bloom. The weather is deliciously cool.

It is stated that working men are needed about Richmond Hill. Laborers are paid from \$75 to \$100 per month and boarded. On Feather river, during the season, they have been paid \$100 per month.

The Diamond Springs advocate thus notices the operations in the vicinity of Cold Springs:—

Weber Creek has furnished a pretty good supply of water during the entire season, and the miners have universally obtained remunerative returns. We are unable to estimate the average, but the lowest figure, according to our estimation would be between seven and ten dollars.—The entire fall below Cold Springs bears the evidence of at one time being the bed of the Creek, and the whole of it, after stripping off the top dirt, will doubtless pay as well as what is now the Creek bed has paid. It is probable that work will be commenced on the flat after the Fall rains shall have furnished a more abundant supply of water. Many years will be required to work out these diggings; and in the meantime the village of Cold Springs is destined to be a point of no small importance.

Arrival of the Steamer Asia.  
The Asia left Liverpool at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 4th inst., and reached her dock shortly after 9 this morning. She brings 144 passengers.

On the 5th of Nov., at 2 o'clock, A. M., passed steamship Europa, 8 miles north of Tuscar. On the 13th, 7 P. M., passed Pacific.

The Attack on Balaklava.  
The following telegraphic despatch was received at the foreign office, from Lord Stratford de Radcliffe, just before the Asia's departure:—

Constantinople, Oct. 28.—Midnight.—The Captain of the English steam transport which lay at Balaklava on the eve of the 25th, confirms in a great part, the information brought this morning by a French ship. It appears that the Russians attacked the forts in the vicinity of Balaklava on the 25th, their numbers being about 30,000. The attack was unexpected. The Cossacks preceded the infantry. To resist them at first there were Ottoman and Scotch troops.

The Turks gave way and even left, and their guns, which seized by the Russians, were turned against them. The Scotch remained firm in their position. Other forces arrived, and the Russians were obliged to yield. The Russians remained nevertheless masters of two forts, from which they fired on the allies. Three regiments of English light cavalry exposed to the fire of the Russian batteries, suffered immensely.

The French took part in the affair with admirable bravery, and the next day their position was attacked by a body of 8,000 Russians, as well from the side of the town as from that of Balaklava. They repulsed the enemy with great slaughter. The loss of the Russians must have been very great.

It is affirmed that the fire of the batteries of the town had much slackened, and according to reports of the wounded officers, some of whom have arrived at Baykards, the belief continues that Sevastopol would soon be in the hands of the allies. Among the names of the killed and wounded there are none of the general officers. Stratford de Radcliffe, Lord Dunsinkell, was promoted to Captain and Lieutenant Colonel.

Up to the 25th of Oct., the siege and bombardment of Sevastopol was going on with regularity, and success, and the loss of life in the town was so great, that the air was said to be tainted by the number of unburied dead.

Admiral Nachinkoff had been killed by a shell.

The loss of the allies is comparatively small, and Lord Raglan was understood to be favorable to a prolonged bombardment in preference to an immediate assault.

The Weiner Stelling publishes the following: KICHENOFF, BESARABIA, Oct. 29.—On the 25th General Liprandi attacked the detached camp of the English, and took the four redoubts which protected their position. The assailants also took guns.

At the same time such a powerful attack was made, that it probably cost the English half their light cavalry. Lord Cardigan, who commanded, escaped with difficulty. Lord Dunsinkell was taken prisoner.

Greek accounts from Odessa confirm this, and say that the English cavalry lost 500 men.

It is certain that the Russians have received considerable reinforcement, and a still stronger corps was expected from Peretop.

At the recent attack upon the forts at the mouth of Sevastopol harbor, the vessels of the allies were much damaged.

The British were said to be within 200 yards of the Russian works, but the French works were not strong enough and had been much injured. A deserter stated that the Russian loss was very great.

The French division from the Riras had passed the Bosphorus as a reinforcement to the besieging army.

Official despatches make no mention of Liprandi's alleged victory. The affair is well understood to have taken place near Eupatoria, when the allies were on the look out for the Russian reinforcements.

English accounts say the British cavalry were attacked, but the French advanced to their assistance and the Russians retired.

It is said that two Russian men-of-war that had been careered over in the harbor to serve as batteries, had been sunk by the fire of the allies. Water was beginning to fail in Sevastopol. Lord Raglan's chief interpreter, a Greek, had been sent to Constantinople for trial as a Russian spy.

Menschikov reports officially the loss of the Russians at Alma, at 4,500, that Fort Constantine had been much damaged, and position No. 3 had 33 guns dismantled. Gortschakoff was apparently strengthening his position on the Danube.

Contradictory rumors were current of the progress of negotiation, and Austria will not certainly, unless compelled, come to an open rupture with Russia until she is confident of the support of Prussia and the Germanic powers.

There is talk of a note from Count Nesselrode stating that Russia is prepared for all contingencies, and will, under all circumstances, maintain her traditional policy in the East.

persely written editorial, on the friendly relations which should exist between the United States and France, but which it says are damaged by the indiscreet conduct of Mr. Soule, whom, acts, however the Constitutional Club are generally repudiated by the people of the United States.

A Paris correspondent of the London Times says: I am informed that the French government have in their possession positive evidence of the participation of Mr. Soule in some vast plan for revolutionizing nearly the whole of Europe, and it is even added that those plans occupied the attention of the diplomatic congress recently held at Ostend.

The U. S. Minister in Paris had an interview with M. Brouin del Haye, Minister of foreign affairs, on the subject of Mr. Soule's exclusion from France. Mr. del Haye assured him that there were good reasons for the conduct of the French authorities, and that they should be forthcoming when necessary.

In the meantime, Mr. Mason might refer to this government. Mr. M. is said to have had an interview with the Emperor on the following day, but it does not appear to have been satisfactory to Mr. Mason.

Spain—All quiet. Generals Bulio, Concha and Prim have been named deputies for Barcelona.

The Madrid *Glana Publica* says France like England, and in accord with her, is to send a strong squadron to Cuba, to protect it from any attack, if necessary, on the part of the United States.

Liverpool Markets.—Dennistown & Co. report a steady but not an active demand for cotton during the week. Holders have succeeded in obtaining an advance of 1-16 per lb on good ordinary and middling grades.

Breadstuffs.—The future course of trade depends entirely upon the extent of the supplies that may arrive, and the period of their coming in. Dennistown & Co., and most others, report the market dull in the early part of the week, but it closed with an improved demand, at a decline however, on the week of 1s on flour; 2d 3d on wheat, and 1s on corn.

Western Canal Flour 40s 4 1/2; Baltimore and Philadelphia 42s; Ohio 41s 4 1/2; no Canadian or sour in market. White wheat 12s 1/2 1/2; yellow and mixed 11s. Corn—white, mixed, yellow 6d 4 1/2.

Liverpool Provisions, &c.—Gardner & Co. report beef in good demand. Prices steady. Fat firm. Suitable qualities American scarce. Bacon in good demand. Stock decreasing. Lard, good dried, 56s 6d @ 54.

American stocks—market reported very dull during the week. Scarcely any business doing prices nominally the same.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Flour, extra, - - - - -	per bbl.	\$7.55/10.50
" do, good, West'n - - -	"	9.00/9.50
" do, prime, - - - - -	"	4.00/4.75
Buckwheat flour, per cwt - -	"	4.50
Indian meal, - - - - -	"	1.75
Pork, mess, - - - - -	"	12.50/13.50
" do, prime, - - - - -	"	11.00
Fish, white, - - - - -	"	8.25
" do, - - - - -	hlf	4.25
Salt, fine, - - - - -	"	1.56 1/4
" coarse, - - - - -	"	1.75
" trout, - - - - -	"	8.00
" do, - - - - -	hlf	4.25
Eggs, - - - - -	per doz.	18
Butter, - - - - -	per lb.	20
" do, - - - - -	"	13 1/2 @ 15
Honey, - - - - -	"	50 @ 100
Spices, or the application of Cast and Wrought Iron to Building Purposes, \$1. For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post-Office. T. S. HAWKS.		

Up to the 25th of Oct., the siege and bombardment of Sevastopol was going on with regularity, and success, and the loss of life in the town was so great, that the air was said to be tainted by the number of unburied dead.

Admiral Nachinkoff had been killed by a shell.

The loss of the allies is comparatively small, and Lord Raglan was understood to be favorable to a prolonged bombardment in preference to an immediate assault.

The Weiner Stelling publishes the following: KICHENOFF, BESARABIA, Oct. 29.—On the 25th General Liprandi attacked the detached camp of the English, and took the four redoubts which protected their position. The assailants also took guns.

At the same time such a powerful attack was made, that it probably cost the English half their light cavalry. Lord Cardigan, who commanded, escaped with difficulty. Lord Dunsinkell was taken prisoner.

Greek accounts from Odessa confirm this, and say that the English cavalry lost 500 men.

It is certain that the Russians have received considerable reinforcement, and a still stronger corps was expected from Peretop.

At the recent attack upon the forts at the mouth of Sevastopol harbor, the vessels of the allies were much damaged.

The British were said to be within 200 yards of the Russian works, but the French works were not strong enough and had been much injured. A deserter stated that the Russian loss was very great.

The French division from the Riras had passed the Bosphorus as a reinforcement to the besieging army.

Official despatches make no mention of Liprandi's alleged victory. The affair is well understood to have taken place near Eupatoria, when the allies were on the look out for the Russian reinforcements.

English accounts say the British cavalry were attacked, but the French advanced to their assistance and the Russians retired.

It is said that two Russian men-of-war that had been careered over in the harbor to serve as batteries, had been sunk by the fire of the allies. Water was beginning to fail in Sevastopol. Lord Raglan's chief interpreter, a Greek, had been sent to Constantinople for trial as a Russian spy.

Menschikov reports officially the loss of the Russians at Alma, at 4,500, that Fort Constantine had been much damaged, and position No. 3 had 33 guns dismantled. Gortschakoff was apparently strengthening his position on the Danube.

Contradictory rumors were current of the progress of negotiation, and Austria will not certainly, unless compelled, come to an open rupture with Russia until she is confident of the support of Prussia and the Germanic powers.

There is talk of a note from Count Nesselrode stating that Russia is prepared for all contingencies, and will, under all circumstances, maintain her traditional policy in the East.

O. G. STEELE & CO., BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, HAVE constantly on hand, a good assortment of MISCELLANEOUS, SCHOOL, and CLASSICAL BOOKS;

Counting-House Stationery: Comprising a good assortment of Cap, Letter, Commercial Note, and Atlantic Papers; Bill Papers, Long and Broad Fold; Copying and Old Papers; Maynard & Noyes' Ink; Arnold's Fluid and Copying Ink; Ready & Field's Fluid Ink; Harrison's Ink in bottles, size from half pint to one gallon; Carmine Ink, extra quality; Amel's Red Ink; Gold and Steel Pens, an excellent assortment; Faber's Pencils; Ink-stands, a large variety; Pen-racks; Letter Clips, large and small.

Drawing Materials of all kinds, and All Articles required by Railroad Contractors and Engineers; Field Books, Power Presses, Time Books, Weekly and Monthly; Profile and Cross-section Paper; Tracing Paper, &c. Copying Presses and Books; Memoranda and Pass Books, of every variety.

BLANK BOOKS, Of superior Paper and Binding, Paged neatly, after any pattern. Having a Bindery connected with our establishment, great care will be taken to have our work as good as can be made here or elsewhere.

PRINTING. Having recently added to our office one of the LATEST and most IMPROVED PRESSES, we are now enabled to execute every description of BOOK AND JOB PRINTING, with dispatch, and on the most reasonable terms. 114

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

JOURNEY to Central Africa, by Bayard Taylor, \$1.50. Capt. Canot, or Twenty years of an African Slave, by Brant Meyer, \$1.25. Sandwich Island Soles, \$1. The Ancient Egyptians, by Wilkinson, \$2. Sunny Memories, by Mrs. Stowe, \$2. Fashion and Famine, \$1. Lamplighter, \$1.

Epic of the Stars, \$0.75. The American Cottage Guide to Crochet, Fancy Knitting, and Needlework, by Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, \$0.75. The Hermit's Dell, from the Diary of a Pen-ciller, \$1.

Spiritualism, by Judge Edmonds, \$1.25. Fifty years in both hemispheres, \$1.25. The American Cottage Builder, a series of Designs, Plans, and Specifications, by John Bulfinch, \$1.75.

The Great Red Dragon, or Master Key to Popery, \$1.25. Off-hand Takings and Crayon Sketches, by Geo. W. Bungay, \$1.50. The Florida Sketches, by Alabama and Mississippi, a series of Sketches, by Jos. G. Baldwin, \$1.25. Voices from the Spirit Land, 75 cents.

The Rappers, or the Mysteries, Fallacies, and Absurdities of Spirit-Rapping, Table-Tipping, and Entrancement, \$1. The Travels in Turkey, \$1. Party Leaders; Sketches of Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, Randolph, by J. G. Baldwin, \$1. History of the Inquisition in Spain, \$1. The Roman Catholic Church, by Michael, \$1.25. The Virginia Comedian, or old days in the Old Dominion, \$1.

The Cabin Boy's Story, a semi-nautical Romance, founded on Fact, \$1. Spindlers, or the application of Cast and Wrought Iron to Building Purposes, \$1. For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post-Office. T. S. HAWKS.

JOHN H. COLEMAN, GENERAL DEALER IN PAINTS, OILS, Glass, Sash, &c., wholesale and retail. PATENT MEDICINE DEPOT.

No. 223 Main Street, corner of Swan, Buffalo. COLEMAN'S GALLERY—Looking Glass and Portrait Frame Manufactory, No. 7 East Swan street. 114

REMOVAL. COMPTON, GIBSON & CO., have removed their Lithographing and Engraving establishment from the Commercial Advertiser buildings to the new store erected by J. Sage & Sons, No. 309 Main street. 1-610

BUFFALO TYPE FOUNDRY. PRINTERS FURNISHING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 15 and 20 West Seneca st., Buffalo, N. Y. N. J. M. Prior, Proprietor. Having recently enlarged and improved his Foundry—now occupying two large four story buildings—and added many new styles to his assortment of

BOOK, JOB AND ORNAMENTAL Type, Borders, Rules, Scripts, &c., would respectfully call the attention of printers and publishers to his establishment. Enjoying ample facilities for executing orders of any magnitude, he hopes, by promptness, to merit a continuance of the favors heretofore bestowed upon him. Heaving it to be for the interest of printers in the West and Canada to make their purchases here at New York prices, thereby saving the expense and inconvenience of transportation. HOE & CO'S Celebrated Presses always on hand, or furnished at short notice, at manufacturer's prices. Buffalo, September, 1854. 114

Office of the United States Express Co. No. 15 Seneca St., CORNER OF PEARL & BUFFALO, JUNE, 1854. COMPETITION THE LIFE OF BUSINESS!

UNITED STATES EXPRESS, JOINT STOCK COMPANY—CAPITAL \$500,000, over New York and Erie Rail Road.

The most rapid, reliable and secure means of transit between New York and the other Atlantic cities and THE GREAT WEST.

This Company are prepared to do a general Express business between New York, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, St. Louis, Columbus and Cincinnati.

Two Expresses leave New York daily for the above named cities, in charge of special messengers, with Bank Notes, Drafts, and all kinds of merchandise.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES. 82 Broadway, New York, 15 Seneca street, corner of Pearl street, Buffalo.

PROPRIETORS AND DIRECTORS. D. N. RANNEY, E. P. WILLIAMS, J. McKAY, A. H. BARNEY, E. G. MERRICK. 114

REMOVAL. TAUNT & BALDWIN, NOTIFY their numerous customers and the public generally that they have moved into their NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, 213 Main Street, (UP STAIRS).

In the new brick



**Forgiveness**

BY JOHN CRIMMERY PRINCE.

Man hath two attendant angels,  
Wherever sitting at his side;  
With him where'er he wanders,  
Whenever at his feebled side:  
One to warn him when he walketh,  
And to bid him fly if any;  
One to leave him to his nature,  
And not to sin again his way.

Two recording spirits, residing  
In the life of man's immortal soul,  
Looking in his soul, and listening  
To the sayings of his tongue;  
Which, with pen of fire electric,  
Writes the good or evil wrought—  
Writes the truth that he doth utter,  
Purpose—action—word and thought.

One, the teacher and reprover,  
Marks each heaven-inspiring deed,  
Graves it with the lightning's ray,  
Seals it with the lightning's spell;  
For the good that man achieveth—  
Good beyond his angel's deed—  
Such rewards for eyes and ears,  
And cannot be blotted out.

One—dearer and slant watcher,  
Notes every crime and guilt,  
Writes it with a holy duty,  
Graves it with a but vain smile,  
If the evil deed cry not,  
O! forgive me! nor are he sleeping,  
For the stern spirit will write,  
And the greater spirit weep.

To the sinner, if repentance  
Cometh soon, with healing wings,  
Cometh soon a compassionate  
Angel, and a joyful angel sing:  
While the crying one persists  
To tell of his brother's crime,  
Music, fragments wait to him  
Till you yet unbroken show.

Mild and mighty is Forgiveness,  
Swiftly flows if freely sought,  
Till our hearts go forth to seek it,  
Till the setting of the sun  
Angels wait and long to hear us,  
Ask it, ere the time be past,  
For 'tis not of our own will,  
But true repentance cometh down

NUMBER IX.

MY DEAR SIR—I will proceed with the statement of reasons which prevent me from returning to the pale of your church. I have reached my fifth reason; your teaching for doctrines divine authority the commandments of men. I entered upon the illustration of the way in which you do this in my last, and without ending my illustrations ended my letter. Permit me to state a few more, for your candid consideration:

I have already told you my estimate of the doctrine. It is that by which your church traffics in the souls of men; and an amazingly profitable traffic it makes of it. It has placed your possession richer far exceeding in value the mines of Peru. And because of the *ratification* of this doctrine you seek in all possible ways to sustain it. With me the authority of your popes and councils is not worth a penny. I would rather have one text of Scripture bearing against the point than the teachings of as many popes as there are in the world. I would rather see you such as you could string between here and Jerusalem. Let us then look at the chief texts authorized to sustain a purgatory.

a sin which will not be forgiven in the world nor in the world to come, *therefore* this is a sin that will be forgiven in the world come!! Such is the logic of infallible Rome. Because a certain sin is not to be forgiven hereafter! And because 'this world' and 'the world to come' is inclusive of all time and place. Pöppery builds up a place which belongs not to this world nor the world to come, and calls it with fire, and calls it Purgatory! Like a homestead's coffin, it floats somewhere between heaven and hell. Into this world of fire drive the souls of men as they leave the body and let them out only on the reception of 'the suffrages of the faithful'—that is, their money. Now, sir, what do you say to all this?

But, you ask, are there not other texts cited by our writers to sustain Purgatory? Scriptural institution? O yes, but they are far from the point as the most vivid imagination well conceive. They are by the diabolical of the heavenly father from the point of those just quoted. Let any intelligent man read chapter xiv. of Challoner's 'Catholicism', and he will rise from it with a amazement that God could ever leave men to the influence so perverting Scripture; or that even the Church could permit them so absurdly to misappropriate me to quote an instance by way of illustration. We are taught in Matt. 19:

Now, sir, let me ask you a few questions.—Perhaps I have asked you too many already—but you will bear with a fellow-countryman anxious, not so much to embarrass you, as to bring out the truth. What has the blood of Christ, which cleanses from *all sin*, to do with the venial sins of those middling Christians who die, not good enough to go to heaven, nor bad enough to go to hell? What has the blood of Christ, his atonement, his finished work, to do on your plan, with the saving of the sinner?—If my child should die and go to purgatory, would a thousand dollars given to you at once, have the same effect as a hundred dollars a year for ten years? How can you tell when enough is given to get the soul out, or has your purse no bottom? As souls are spirits without bodies, how can you tell one soul from another as they issue from the gates of purgatory? In the prayer “Hail Mary,” we are made to utter at the conclusion, the following petition: “Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death;” why not solicit her to pray for us *after our death*, to get us out of purgatory? Is it because you are afraid the good woman would get us out before the priests had enough credit of the “aims and suffrages of the faithful?”

I entreat you, my dear sir, to review this doctrine of your church. *You*, surely, must see its absurdity. Neither in the word of God, nor in the common reason of man, is there the shadow of an argument to sustain it. Nor is there a class of men upon the face of the earth who deserve a purgatory from which "the alms and other suffrages of the faithful" would never release them, as do those who preach up a purgatory and its fearful torments, for the sake of a filthy lucre. But, as Father O'Leary said to Canning, "I am afraid many of them, will go farther and fare worse." My high respect for you renders me solicitous that you should not be of the number. I wish you not to be one of the dumb herd who hold the truth in unrighteousness, and believe a lie that they may not be damned.

Now, sir, if you and your church had the common sense to look for the true meaning of the two little words "is" and "this" in the above sentences of the Savior, it would have saved you a world of trouble. Look at our two similar passages: "The seven good kings were the angels and the seven good cars were the angels of the seven churches."—Rev. 1: 20. "The seven heads is the seven mountains."—Rev. 17: 9. The sense is plain here. It signifies those things. So the word "is" here means to signify. Now for the word "this." It obviously refers to the bread. I will have none of your nonsense about "the substance contained under the species." It is darkness to you because you are without knowledge. So the simple natural reasonable scriptural

But the thing is too outrageously absurd to dwell upon! Nothing equals it in absurdity in all paganism. If a man should mumble a few words over a stone, and tell you it was converted by these words into bread, what would you say to him? If, against all the evidence of your senses he should seriously assert that it was bread,—and if, in addition, he should seriously assert that unless you believed that stone to be bread you must be damned, would you not be for putting him in a strait jacket?

But I must bring this letter to a close.—These are but a few of the illustrations of the way and manner in which you teach for doctrines the commandments of men. And without at all exhausting the subject, I must here close my statement of the reasons which forbid me to return to the pale of your church. When I give up my Bible for the commandments of men, they must have learning, or genius, or wit, or something to recommend them. They must be, at least, good nonsense, which, you know, to an Irishman is quite interesting.

The best definition for religion ever given, is that which makes it to consist in loving God supremely and our neighbor as ourselves. I am sure that no man fit for the society of men, can seriously quarrel with religion thus avouched. If he does, it must be at the deliberate compromise of his own character, in confessing himself indifferent to every humane aspiration. Would any one feel disposed to resort to legal penalties against such a person? On the contrary, would not one feel the sincerest pity for him, and cheerfully do his best to soothe and placate him?

An insincere profession of a worldly temper, Pharisaic scrupulosity, superstitions regard for ceremonial observances, unreasonable dogmas, and what not, are sure to show themselves wherever a sectarian spirit exists, and it is a blessed infidelity which shall help us to correct such abuses. The more you strip religion of its purely ecclesiastical and dogmatic features, the more is the same thing, the more you identify her with the spirit of love, the more you identify love with the spirit of mutual and universal benevolence. You bring the men of all sects together, you bring her essential and eternal beauty into relief. When I am assured that my looks are not captivating as my neighbor's, and my manners not near so graceful as his, I might be, I then identify myself before glad with the harmless spirit within both looks and manners—a spirit which gives to looks and manners in any case, indeed, all their honest and permanent charm. So, when we count the ecclesiastic that he has paid too much deference to the mint, and so much to the interest of religion, he will be sure to find tribulation for his folly, to be sure, out of pure charity to the world, and all the more resolutely to the weightier interests of judgment and mercy which later interests of judgment

Here, then, we discover the remedy against idolatry, and perceive it to consist in the revival of pure and undefiled religion. We shall stop the mouth of the infidel, not by argument, but by exhibiting more and more of the spirit of true religion, and less and less of the spirit of Romanism, Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Methodism and Newchurchism. There is no deeper sight to every good man than a *mere* Romanist, or a *mere* Episcopalian, or a *mere* ecclesiastic of any name. One feels how hard it is to be for the poor humane soul that deliberately buries itself under that rubbishy veil again, to reach the upper air, and breathe the heavenly breath of charity. Every truly religious man in every sect feels alike on this point. A well-instructed person perceives that the ecclesiastical temper is totally out of place in this century, because our policy resolutely is now an ecclesiastical form, committing this an injustice, and that an injustice, to the people, and the purely private judgement of the people. Hence it is that man is invariably felt to look such a sorry figure among us, when he testifies loudly about the church; the arrogant Romanist, or Episcopacy or New-churchism, first of the brotherhood of those who, under whatever name, enslave the spirit of Christ; the spirit of perfect love, because of perfect humanity.

**Country Children.**

And among all the grateful gifts of summer, none I think, has been deeper and more various, than the sight of the enjoyment of children. I do pity children in the city. There is no place for them. The streets are full of bad boys, that they must not play with and the house of furniture that they must not touch. They are always in somebody's way, or making a noise out of a proper time—for the twenty-fifth hour of the day is the only time when people think children should be noisy. There is no grass for their feet, no trees for climbing, no orchard or nut-land free for their enterprize.

without its being reckoned against them. They scuffle along the road to make a dust in the world; they chase the hens, hunt sly snails, build fires on the rocks in the pastures, and fire the Chinese crackers, until they are surfeited with noise; they can run, halloo, stab their toes, lie down, climb, tumble down, with or without hurting themselves, just as much as they please. They may climb in and out of wagons, slap children, in the water-trough at the barn, throw apples from the sharpened end of a limber stick, pick up baskets full of brilliant, amber-colored beetles, and, in the midst of all this, in competition with the hired men, proud of being 'all most men.' Their hands, thank fortune are never clean, their faces are tanned, their hair tangled within five minutes after combing, and a button is always off somewhere. The day is

Keep your Letters out of Children's reach.

An awkward affair, according to *Knickerbocker*, befel a respectable lady of a sister not long ago. The lady, it appears, has a knowing little son, and had been in the habit of putting a great many letters which she carelessly read and placed safely away—

"The child had noticed the postman constantly leaving letters and moving off quickly, he thought it would be a very fine thing to come a postman. So he one day went to mamma's escritoire, and took out some twelve or thirty letter, tied them up and salted, leaving one at every house, and moving off quickly. The lady was rather surprised when her next neighbor brought her an open letter, she said somebody had left at the door; but what was her astonishment, while visiting hour arrived, from another, and another and another lady coming in, all bringing letters, until her parlor was completely crammed! You need not doubt the mirth and grew fast and furious, as each lady entered with the same tale, and the little postman he was sent beyond measure to find what a cap postman he was, but the best of the fun was that every lady asserted she had not unfolded or read one word."

for  
STEAMBOAT, COPPER, TIN AND SHEET  
IRON WORK, *and all other*  
with our usual promptness and upon terms  
of the most satisfactory. S. DUDLEY & SONS,  
117 Main street.

DAILY REPUBLIC  
JOB PRINTING  
BOOK BINDING  
AND STEREOTYPING ESTABLISHMENT,  
204 Washington st., Buffalo, N. Y.

WE ARE NOW PREPARING  
all Descriptions of PRINTING, such as HAND BILLS,  
Posters, Illuminated and Plain Steamboat Bills, Cards and  
Party Sheets. Circulars and all other

Rail Road Work.

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

THE RAILROAD BINDERY  
is connected with this establishment, which will furnish

**BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY**  
AND PAPER RULING ESTABLISHMENT.

**T**he 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  
paged 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.

Wm. A. Bird, Henry Roop, Stephen  
Wm. C. Richardson, George M. Michels, Wm. H. How-  
land, Richard L. C. Sibley, John J. Tanner, John  
P. Sprague, Stephen V. J. Wilkeson, No-  
taries Public.  
Trustees—George James Watson, E. A. Gardner,  
Gibson T. Wells, William B. Williams, Myron P. Har-  
rison, Bradford A. Winn, Field, James C. Nash-  
ton, Manchester, John R. Evans.

The objects of this Institution are to afford  
secure places where money may be deposited for  
keeping, drawing interest, and be drawn out  
at any time; and also to Loan Money in mod-  
erate sums, to our citizens upon Real Estate as  
a legal rate of interest.  
The Directors and Trustees are a suffi-  
cient guarantee of the character of the Institu-  
tion, and the safeguards imposed by its Charter  
and By-Laws afford the ample security to de-

**BOTANIC MEDICINE DISPENSARY.**

D<sup>R</sup>. R. WIGGINS, M. D., would respectfully notify the citizens of Buffalo and the public at large; that he has opened a wholesale and retail Dispensary, at the old site of the  
BOTANIC MEDICINE DEPOT,  
On the corner of Niagara and West, Eagle st. in the city of Buffalo, where he will constantly keep a full and choice assortment of BOTANICAL MEDICINES, composed of all the celebrated 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 all of exceptional purity. The Botanical Growths he will take care never to be out of the Old Compounds, such as  
**Composition No. 6, or Hot Drops,**  
Spiced Bitters, Mother's Relief, Stomachic Cathartic Pills, Liver Drops, Nephritic Drops, Honey Comb Balsam, a superior Remedy for Coughs and Colics, Rheumatic Liniment &c.  
**CHOLERA STRUP,**  
which was extensively used in 19 and 1850, w unfailing success, when taken in the incipient stage of the disease.  
The advantage and safety of procuring Medicines at such an establishment, and from a reliable source, is obvious to those who possess knowledge and practical experience, prudence contingency of vending poisonous matter, be obvious to every one. He hopes by using every endeavor to serve the public satisfactorily, to meet their designs, and to receive the good will of all who favor him with their custom.  
N. B. All orders from abroad promptly attended to.

to the convenience of emigrants or others who draw bills for £1. and upwards upon the Royal Bank of Ireland, National Bank of Scotland, and United Bank of London.

The Company's regular charge of special messengers are regularly dispatched SEMI-MONTHLY TO AND FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the Mail Steamship Line, via Panama; and also by the Nicaragua Steamship Lines, and to and from HURON LAKE LIVERPOOL, LONDON, HAVRE and BREMEN STEAMSHIP LINES, without any other change of ship and

The House in Paris is Agent for the New York and Havre Steamer Line, Messageries Maritimes and the Union Line of Havre Packets.

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

D. N. BARNEY, John Wm Livingston, James McKinney, New York; Wm G. Burgo, Buffalo; Edwin S. Morgan, Henry Wells, Aurora ; W. J. Pardee, San Francisco, Cal.; E. P. Williams, Buffalo.

J. M. McKAY, D. N. BARNEY, President.  
T. M. BAXES, Treasurer.

BY THE  
**Buffalo and Trenton Railway,**  
in connection with the several lines terminating  
in Buffalo, and the  
**MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAIL ROAD,**  
Chicago, St. Louis, and the Great West.  
On and after Monday, the 11th inst. Three  
trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), leav-  
ing Buffalo for New York and Trenton street, Buffalo, at  
10:30 A. M., 1:45 and 10:40 P. M.  
Morning Express leaves Detroit at 9 A. M.,  
Paris at 3 P. M., and arrives in Buffalo at 7:55 P. M.  
Evening Express leaves Detroit at 5:45 P. M.,  
Paris at 12:15 A. M., arrives at Buffalo at 4:15.  
Night Express leaves Detroit at 9:50 A. M., ar-  
rives 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.

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. It stops the premature loss of the hair by falling out; and we give the most positive assurance that it will be found on trial to possess all the requisites for which it recommends itself, and has already secured the highest commendation.

AN ARTICLE OF GREAT use for dressing the hair; it is rapidly taking the place of Hair Oils, Pomatums, etc.,

**Because of its Cheapness!**

DELICIOUS PERFUME AND WONDERFUL POWER IN PRESERVING AND MAINTAINING A PERMANENT GLOSS.

care, the hair will be preserved in its original healthful luxuriance; unchanged as to quality and color to the remotest period of life.

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

**25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.** Sold by all the bottle crock. Liberal terms to Agents and wholesale purchasers. *See a bottle first.*

A. B. MOORE, Druggist, 225 Main st., Buffalo, N. Y.

R. G. NOBLE, Westfield, Proprietors.

Manufactured by Druggists, **throughout the United States and Canada.** *See a bottle first.*

**MARBLE WORKS.**

**V. R. GREGORY & CO., DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE.**

**Monuments, Grave Stone, Table Tops, &c.**

Est. at west door to cor. of Clinton Building.