





STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, DECEMBER, 10, 1884.

## To Our Patrons.

Those of our Subscribers who paid but one quarter's subscription in advance, are entitled to one more paper after this. If they wish to continue, they will please send us a dollar between this and Christmas. In all cases in which we do not hear from such subscribers, we shall consider them as declining to continue their subscription, and erase their names from our list.

There are a few of our subscribers, in this city, who have not yet found it convenient to pay the first dollar. Can they not imagine how much we need it?

## Sound the Temperance Bugle.

Did the friends of Temperance consider that they had achieved a victory over the powers of alcohol, when Mr. CLARK was elected Governor of this State? We understand that the principal issue as between Mr. CLARK and Mr. SEYMOUR, was the question whether we shall have a restraining law in this State, or not. Mr. CLARK had been prominently and notoriously identified with the Temperance movement in this State. He reported the bill to the Senate, which was passed at the last session, and Mr. SEYMOUR vetoed it. Nothing, it strikes us, could more clearly place two candidates in antagonism to each other, on any subject, than these circumstances placed these two gentlemen on the "Main law" question. Every influence that could be brought to bear in favor of the re-election of Mr. SEYMOUR, was brought to bear. Everything that could be pulled in his favor, was pulled. Yet he was beaten by Mr. CLARK. The latter, a whig, and he had a very prominent whig to divide the whig strength with him. Mr. SEYMOUR, is of the democratic party, who hold the numerical predominance in the State; and although he had another democrat of celebrity to share the party suffrage with him, the share which Mr. S. received, was the lion's share—his democratic antagonist getting what may be termed, nothing, speaking comparatively. Under all these circumstances, what is the decision of the people on the liquor question? Is it not plain, that the popular voice is in favor of a restraining law? So we understand it, and so we think the legislature should understand it.

The next question to be asked, is, where are those armies who fought the Temperance battle in '53, which resulted in a victory, not only at the polls, but in both houses of the legislature. We ask, where they are, because we have, as yet, heard little or nothing of them since the election of Mr. CLARK. We hope they do not consider their work as finished, when a Governor is elected who favors the Temperance movement. What can a government do towards enacting a restraining law? It is his constitutional duty to recommend whatever he deems expedient for the benefit of the people of the State. This is all that he can do legitimately, till the law is brought to him for his sanction. We say it is all he can do, legitimately. He might, it is true, use his influence to induce legislative action, either for or against any proposed measure. But this we have already condemned as rank usurpation and corruption in President Pierce; and we scorn to recommend a course to the Governor of the State, which we condemn as corrupt in the national Executive. Hence, we look for nothing—desire nothing—in favor of a restraining law, from Governor CLARK, but the simple recommendation, as authorized by the Constitution. Is it asked what we do expect? We answer:

We expect the legislature to act in accordance with the will of the people, and we expect the Executive to sanction whatever they do, within the limits of the Constitution. We expect the people to make known their will by petition. We expect those who have heretofore been foremost and active in the cause of Temperance, to be foremost and active again; for it is written that they should not be weary of well doing, and that they shall not put their hands to the plow and look back. On the contrary, we expect the party enlisted under the banner, to do all in their power to prevent the enactment of a restraining law. We expect all the great liquor importers and dealers in the great emporium and all the little emporiums of the State, to be on the alert, using the greatest activity to prevent the overthrow of their great source of emolument. We expect their devoted victims to do their bidding with obsequious obedience, by putting their degraded names to remonstrances against any act of salvation by which they might be rescued from the perdition over which they are hanging—from the infamy and misery in which they are whelmed. We expect those public journalists who are fond of, and addicted to, the intoxicating cup themselves, and those who, above the approbation of their own consciences, prize the favors of the fraternity of rum dealers, to wag their prostituted pens against the enactment of any restraining law. We expect all such to argue strenuously, that such a law would be interfering with legitimate business, and, therefore, unconstitutional. We do not know what they would say to the allegation, that the present law, which forbids any one to sell intoxicating liquors without a license from some court or board of excise, is just as much interfering with that same legitimate business, as the Maine Law is; but we should expect them to make their escape behind some subterfuge or quibble, and not look the proposition square in the face.

## Spiritualism.

## Revisitations of an old Friend.

Those who, in times gone by, were wont to listen weekly to the outpourings of the gospel of truth, from the well-stored mind, and well-developed soul, of STEPHEN R. SMITH, and who will dare to embrace the now well established truth, that the spirits of our departed brethren and sisters can and do revisit the earth and hold communion with those with whom they were wont to converse whilst in the flesh, will be highly gratified to learn that he has promised to give a series of lectures during the present winter, through a medium in this city; an earnest of which, in three several lectures, is heretofore submitted. The first, the subject of which is "Death," was received through Miss Brooks, by raps, on Thursday evening, the 7th inst. The second, on "Thought," was similarly received on Friday evening following; and the third, which is desultory, was received in the same manner, through the same medium, on Sabbath afternoon last.

Thursday Evening, Dec. 7.

After the preliminaries, which we published in our last number, the spirit announced his presence, and rapped out the word

## "Death."

and then proceeded as follows:

There is nowhere in the records of time, a word, when uttered, that will send such an icy chill to the human mind as this strange word, DEATH. Can the human mind define it, or comprehend its meaning? There is no death, but constant change. I cannot find death anywhere, either on earth, or elsewhere. I behold changes, but no destruction—no loss of identity. Any principle in geology or chemistry, will pass through a thousand media, assuming various forms, not losing itself—not changing its individuality. One principle will pass through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, circulating forever without changing or losing itself; and so with the spirit of man. As it struggles up through the severest and hardest forms of existence, to its human form; from its most depraved nature, up to the highest; from the savage to the civilized and refined man; from a weak, timid and feeble intellect, up to a Newton, a Napoleon or a Washington—yet, to an immortal spirit. But forever, with more or less speed, up, it ascends, never losing, never retrograding or relapsing.

See the dying man. Is there a Christian who can suppose God has not established laws good enough, and potent enough, to take care of that man's soul, after bringing it thus far on its course? Christian friends look sad, as though the transition of that spirit was annihilation—not a journey—as though God had created an abyss where souls must wait in perdition, through countless ages of eternity. Oh, no, no—it may take many years to teach the wayward spirit to redeem the soul from error and wrong. It may take years or eternity to perfect the mind or soul. It may many times be remanded back to the clay; many times return to its past weary pilgrimages; but its progress can never be retarded. The work will be accomplished; the lesson learned at last.—As you behold the spirit taking its last separation from the form, never, O never, wish it back to its racked and ruined home. It never desires to return to earth for another probation.

Love, truth, goodness and mercy, go to form the mind. That mind constitutes a separate individuality—a distinct life in the spirit world; and each mind is accountable unto God. How weak is that obedience to the laws of nature, and the Creator of all things, when fettered by a submission to the theological opinions of men. The spirit, in its union with matter, may be incarnated in the lowest form of matter, and, in its various stages, rise to an angelic nature.

The analogy between the material and spiritual, is perfect in all particulars. Thus the rose, in ascending the scale of being, cannot form a bird. But the emanation, or germ of that flower, is transplanted in the spirit land, like the spirit of man, to become more perfect as it advances in progressive being.—Not a stone, flower, tree or shrub, animal or man, exists on earth, without its type in the world beyond. Not death, but only changes, only a transmigration from a lower to a higher state of existence. Nothing dies, but all that is or was, has or will have its like in a more beautiful land. Though the serpent's hiss is dreadful, yet its refined emanations ascend to heaven, and its image is there forever and ever to have its being. The wild beast of the depths of the forest, is spiritually born. Everything exists eternally. Death is written nowhere. It does not, and cannot exist. It is but a word. No Christian bigot, there is no annihilation. No spirit writhes in endless misery. No spirit, from God's immutable laws, suffers for having committed errors on earth, to whom he does not send kind and loving messengers to amend their ways, who, with godliness and holiness, direct their minds to knowledge and wisdom, which are only attainable by spiritual labor. Christ did not suffer for nought. His lessons will soon be learned, and glorified spirits shall teach men of the great study of nature, and the glorious mission for which they are sent.

Yours truly,

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Friday Evening, Dec. 8th.

Miss Brooks and her father were getting ready to go out to spend the evening, when spirits announced themselves by loud rapping. They sat down to enquire what they wished to communicate, and they responded: "You had better not go out this evening; Mr. SMITH is here and wishes to give a short lecture." Nothing loth, they postponed their evening's visit,

and the lecturer commenced by announcing as his subject the word

## "Thought,"

And thus he proceeded:

"How inconceivably noble—how infinitely glorious, the far reaching, the never ending thought! Like drops of water it mingles with its like, until a mind is formed; and, perhaps, these thoughts originated at the creation of earth; now resting upon this mind, then speeding millions of ages beyond, passing through different stages of refinement, until it reaches deity. Thought! how rapid its flight! It is an eternity in a word—a spirit in a moment—an ocean in the transparent drop—an intellect springing from the savage beast—a man—not at a word, but through elaborate ages of progression. As the small rivulet swells into boundless waters, so is thought in the infant simple; but, in a developed mind, it bursts forth carrying that mind far, away into the study of science and nature. Man is not the creator of thought; if he were, then he would be equal with God. Thought descends from deity through different spheres of development, and, through spiritual influence, is incarnated into the mortal mind. Thought is the spirit. It progresses more rapidly than the human mind can follow. It is creative of itself. No spirit is equal with God. He is the omniscient, omnipresent. Through his instrumentality all worlds are formed, and all things have their being. If man created material objects, then he would not be equal with a higher power; but if he possesses the power and faculty to create thought; the infinite and eternal—the good and pure, then he is a God of himself, and has the power to overthrow the natural laws of creation—of higher and holier work—of an omnipresent being. Can human thought reach the spirit world? can it look through the flesh and behold the sublimities of a future existence? No thought will carry the mortal mind to see another world in proximity with its development. Then it speeds onward to higher intellects, refining until it can carry that spirit still higher; then it flies on until it eventually returns to the great giver. We had the new born babe with feelings of delight. We rejoice at the purity of the young innocent, and as we gaze into its sweet countenance, can we suppose original evil rests within its little heart? No. Then why does it, at advanced years, manifest envy, hatred and anger? Because human beings sprang from animal life, and though that child may have been born of richly developed minds, yet it inherits from its parents the propensities of the animal. Animality is the source of all evil.—The spirit, after it leaves the form, throws away the animal development, embracing only the spiritual. This is why the immortal spirit can progress faster than the mortal. It possesses no desire to do wrong, but yearns to gain knowledge and wisdom of God and nature.—Then how essential that man should cultivate his spiritual development. This attains his true position in the spirit land. The more elevated this development in the mind, the truer and holier its destiny beyond the mortal. The lowest developed mind must struggle with its own power, for progression. It must first study the rudiments of spiritual wisdom; and what is lost on earth must be gained in heaven. It is a severe struggle for a low development to desire to progress. It longs for materiality; but spirit union and earthly union are vastly separated; it can no more claim the mortal form; and this is the worst hell the mind will ever be plunged into. There are sciences, there are laws, there are truths which man has never discovered; yet they are contained in the little pebble at the bottom of the brook. They are contained in the simple flower. They are embraced in the bosom of your soul; and as wave follows wave, and as they dash over rocks and sands, they contain these great elements, yet man beholds them not.

Go with me to your Southern States, where the groan of the poor slave rends the air—where the torturing lash drinks his life's blood—where anguish is working at the vital portions of frail human nature; and tell me, what is the slave and slave-holder's relation, or proximity to happiness in heaven. Though the poor slave's skin is black, the soul is white, and will, through succeeding ages of advancement, progress eternally. Though the slave-holder's exterior is white, his spirit will be enveloped in darkness at its spiritual birth; and when his out creations shall develop him up to that refinement where he shall realize that his slave is higher than himself, mounting the scale of spiritual being, as years roll away, what will be his amazement! Ah! he will, with sorrow, regret his error; and this is another hell. So might we bring forward different phases of material wrong, and define to man the meaning of hell. But let these true exemplifications—these realities, prove to him the only hell. But oh, man! let me appeal to your spiritual senses—your interior development, to strive to throw off your animal nature, and study the unchanging laws of the vitality, which pulsates mighty universes around you, and the celestial and infinite, exhaustless and unvarying elements which vibrate through all objects, whether infinite or finite. Strive to acquire knowledge from the great centre of God's pure and holy works; and like drops of water from the clouds, He will shower upon you the inexhaustible and holily—the everlasting and progressing—the infinitely harmonious thoughts from Heaven and Deity.

Spiritually yours,

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

SUNDAY, Dec. 10th.

The circle at Mr. BROOKS'S was to meet, by appointment, at two o'clock, P. M. I got there at ten minutes past two. We sat down, and a spirit commenced rapping as follows:—Mr. SMITH was here at two o'clock, and has gone to see Mr. LAUREN. I will go and call

him. He left word for me to do so when you are ready. (Signed,) L.—A.

She left, and in a few minutes the raps gave: I am here. STEPHEN R. SMITH.

He then commenced and proceeded as follows:

My FRIENDS:—The subjects I converse upon with you are, perhaps, to many, very simple, but to me, they are not. It is not my desire to address you upon subjects clothed with eloquence, deprived of philosophy. My language may be simple, but the ideas shall be truthful and elevated.

When I deliver any discourse, I give it to you as I understand and believe. Spirits sometimes disagree upon many scientific subjects, because their developments are dissimilar. Yet spiritual adaptation is none the less fertile.—I do not profess to be the most highly refined and developed spirit of spirits. My position here, however, is much higher than many. If I advance ideas to you in contradiction to what other spirits may advance, do not hesitate to publish them to the world. You may have no valid proof of either's truthfulness, save as your own faculties dictate. I shall only say to you that which I firmly believe to be facts. My next lecture will be upon TRUTH. My desire is to, gather together, the grains of sand that are left to float around your world untouched either by man or spirits; and when I have accomplished this, judge me by my works. I see the condition of spiritual intercourse, in your city, and perhaps those who have listened to my teachings while upon earth, will not shun me, if I now return to them with higher perceptions of divine knowledge. And though my voice will not be audible, I will spread my influence around, harmonizing undeveloped minds, and extinguishing from the heart every spark of discordant impulse, and prompting the everlasting germ within, where to shoot the many little branches which are being hourly developed.

Here the spirit said: Rest a little. He was absent some twenty minutes. When he returned, he resumed as follows:

Pardon me for being absent so long. I was unavoidably detained. I should advise all to meet at Mr. POOLS this evening, if the walking is not too wet. We shall meet you there.—Next Thursday evening, you will receive my lecture upon Truth. I shall be here at seven o'clock by the "time-piece" in this room, and wish to sit at that hour.

Mr. Wesley wishes to finish his lecture and have it published this week. If Sarah does not go to-night, she must copy it. You had better close now. STEPHEN R. SMITH.

## A Spiritual Rhapsody.

As a friend of ours sat down to the table, with Miss BROOKS, after returning from a western tour, in which he had been favored with no opportunity to hold converse with disembodied friends, he remarked that the raps operated as a cordial to his feelings. Thereupon a spirit rapped out the following:

"You may well be glad to hear these familiar sounds again, for they convey much that is good. Oh! how pure the stream that moves so swiftly onward, enlarging its volume until the multitude gathers together on its banks, and while it flows into a mighty ocean, the countless millions listen to its surging billows as it rushes wildly against the rocky precipices of time.

Antiquated heights tower high, covered with the frosts of ages. The volcano which has slumbered for thousands of years has burst from its prison cell, and louder than the cannon's roar, heaves forth its burning lava. See the mass of human beings flee from its fiery belchings as if earth had opened to swallow them within its bosom. Out in the vast ocean of iniquity is a coral rock, from which rises a lambent flame, and the scholar, the orator, the statesman, the inebriate, the sensualist and the ignorant, seek this lurid light to guide them safely over the turbid waters of human life. Ah! thou demon! why delude the soul of man, and with thy gifted earthly power bind his moral and intellectual endowments within thy chain of ignorance, and darken the germ of his mind by imbedding it beneath thy uncongenial soil! Why smother the innate principles of his soul and curse the inherent discrimination of good and evil, right and wrong, and try to bring beneath thy false brilliancy those heaven-born brilliants which occasionally glisten through and penetrate the darkness in which thou enshroudest their spirits!

Spirit of iniquity, look! yon ethereal dome which shelters thy rocky home from the light of heaven, is illumined with an immortal brightness. The canopy above you so gemmed with the stary hosts, is but mocking thy hopeful career. The very heavens above you, illumined by the light of nature, are portentous of thy downfall. A calmer and wiser power is swaying the mind of man, and truth shall raze thy strong hold and burst the chain of mortality. Light gleams from the heaven of love and truth. The odor of richer glories perfumes the lands of earth; every opening petal sends forth a fragrance to the drooping spirits of your dark planet.

Messengers from that distant land of immense wealth, come heavily laden with its riches; and ho! ye that long to fill the storehouse of your minds, grasp the diamond treasures, and, like the glittering crown on the monarch's brow, shall your spirits glow with an effulgent radiance. Rise! for the morning dawns. Go watch your flock on the hill-top, and when night comes on, call them gently to rest: make the downy pillow, which is wet with burning tears, softer by thy words of consolation, and, as, one by one, they stray to more beautiful lands, heaven shall sweep its mighty harp of angelic minstrelsy; and, in shining robes, shall

the immortal throng chant:

Welcome! welcome! to this fair land,  
By the pure immortal band.  
Welcome! welcome! by the seraphic throng:  
Joy is our anthem—love our glorious song.  
Good night.  
JOHN NEWLAND MAFITT.

For the Age of Progress.

## Woman's Position and Mission.

Man was created a free and independent being, capable of conceiving and carrying out every measure necessary to his subsistence and advancement in the sphere in which he was placed. The most beautiful idea in the arrangement of his organization, is the blending of instinct with the immortal mind. This plan, so beautifully conceived by our heavenly Father, of creating man and placing him at the head of animate nature, deserves our most profound reverence and gratitude; and whilst we are of the dependent sex; contemplate the wisdom displayed in this best and noblest workmanship of creative power, we should remember that to man, and not to us, is given the preeminence. The natural endowments of man should command our highest esteem. We cannot look upon him as he is without reverencing him; and when educational discipline exercises its mellowing influence upon the native ruggedness of his exterior, it is our nature, our destiny, our privilege, to respect and love him.

The most softening influence of woman's nature should be brought to bear upon man's life. Her true position is that of a companion, not to lead, but to solace, to cheer, to brighten, to respond to his inner being—his nobler self. The storms and conflicts which he has to encounter in making his way over and through the rugged path of life, render necessary her calm, dignified and sympathetic efforts to cheer him in his hours of gloom. Nor is this all her mission. She should call him back to the path of rectitude, when he strays; not by tartly chiding speech, or sharp invective, but in the language of forgiveness and in the spirit of that charity which covereth a multitude of sins.

How sublime the thought that woman, from her very nature, is capable of calling stern, proud man, from his erratic wanderings, back to his duty. But never will she assume her high prerogative until she comes forward and takes the position which nature assigned her. Woman's duties are varied and numerous.—Committed to her care are many important branches of knowledge. If she be a mother, nature and her position devolve upon her, especially, the early training of the tender minds of her offspring. The legal profession, and the halls of legislation, are not departments for her to labor in. But, retired within the sphere of her own home, she can, socially, companionably and philanthropically, accomplish the true design of her being. A departure from this, her natural sphere and element, must necessarily produce derangement and discord in the social fabric, and make shipwreck of human happiness. M. M. T.

## New Publications.

JUST ISSUED FROM THE PRESS OF PRINCEY & CO., BUFFALO.—SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES, AND POEMS FOR THEIR MOTHERS.—By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

This is one of the best nursery books of the age. Whilst it is calculated to captivate the embryo intellect, and rivet its attention by its amusing anecdotes, it breathes nothing but the purest sentiments of morality and piety, such as are known to characterize the mind of the amiable authoress. One such a book in a family of children, is worth more than a cart-load of those "rods" which Solomon recommends.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. PATRICK & BRITTON, 300 BROADWAY, N. YORK, who have it for sale.—The Bible: Is it a Guide to Heaven?—By GEORGE B. SMITH.

The author is a bold reasoner, and has gone pretty thoroughly into an investigation of the claims of the collection of books denominated the Old Testament, as the word of God. He will, as a matter of course, be branded as an infidel, and sent to the hell of the orthodox for his intellectual rebellion. But that "Lake of fire and brimstone," is so fast losing its caloric in this age of intellectual progress, that it will soon be shorn of its terrors, except for such ones as those whom popery can hold in its thrall; and they will struggle out of the grasp of religious tyranny and ignorance before the lapse of many more years.

Persons wishing Mr. CARTER, the Clairvoyant Physician, to call at their residences, may leave their address at the office of this paper, (204 Washington st., second floor); if more convenient than to call at his room at 53 Tupper st.

Mr. CONKLIN, the Test Medium, having returned thus far from his western tour, is now occupying his Room over Sager's Music Store—209 Main st. He will probably remain during the ensuing week. His hours are, from 10 to 12 A. M., from 2 to 4 P. M., and from 7 to 9 in the evening.

Our thanks to Hon. S. G. HAYES, for the President's Message in pamphlet.

The Collins line of steamers will leave New York hereafter, on Wednesdays, instead of Saturdays, commencing with the Pacific, which will leave on the 27th.

The Panama Railroad will probably be completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific the present month, when travelers will only require one six hours for transfer from steamer to steamer.

A Rev. Dr. NORTON is now in New York for treatment as a deaf mute, who formerly could preach in twenty-five languages, and has traveled much in Europe, Asia, and Africa. In the latter continent, he lost his hearing and his voice.



# The Age of Progress.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
At No. 204 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## TERMS:

Two Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance.  
Single copies five cents.  
Those who advertise for one square of sixteen lines, one insertion \$1. For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

## Wonders at Koons' Spirit Room.

The gentleman who communicates the following account of extraordinary manifestations, at Koons' Spirit Room, in Athens county, Ohio, is too well known to all our city readers to require a word from us as to his truthfulness or his intellectual capacity. To our distant readers, it may not be deemed unnecessary to say, that Mr. SIMMONS DUDLEY is the head of the well-known firm of "S. Dudley & Sons," in this city; that high-toned moral sentiments and the most scrupulous regard to veracity, are his prominent characteristics; and that his is not of the order of intellect which can be easily deceived, deluded or stifled.—Korron.

BUFFALO, Dec. 15th, 1854.

FRIENDS KNOWN:—Having been invited to Koons' Spirit Room which I have long had in contemplation, and arrived safely at home, I now proceed to redeem my promise to you, which was to give you a faithful account of what I there witnessed with my eyes, ears and touch. I am aware that my abilities are not adequate to the task of doing justice to the subject, nor do I think justice can be done to it by any one. I shall therefore content myself with telling you a plain tale of truth, embracing only the more prominent facts; all the truth requiring too much language for me to write for you to publish.

Our company consisted of four persons. All but myself were from the city of New York. They were Mr. CONKLIN, the celebrated test medium, and two ladies who refuse to have their names published. We left Buffalo by railroad, on Monday morning, Nov. 27th, and arrived at Koons' Spirit Room on the following Wednesday at noon. The incidents of a railroad journey would be of no interest to your readers; and you so recently gave a description of the way, and of the Spirit Room, and its environs, in the account which you copied from the *Cleveland Universe*, that a repetition of it would be superfluous. It may not be amiss to observe that, from Columbus, Ohio, to the Spirit Room, is seventy-two miles of very unpleasant stage road.

Prior to our arrival at the Spirit Room, there had been arrangements made for a public meeting, for that evening. At the appointed time—7 o'clock—there was quite a crowd, composed, principally of near-dwelling citizens, some of whom were believers and some skeptics, the latter being in the majority. We being strangers, were, by the politeness of Mr. Koons, provided with comfortable seats, in an eligible position. It was a very inhospitable party; but the spirits did all they promised to do. After we were all seated, Mr. Koons gave a short but very appropriate lecture, at the conclusion of which the spirits announced their presence by a tremendous blow on the bass drum. It sounded, almost like the discharge of a cannon. Then commenced what seemed to be the charging, by the spirits, of the electrical apparatus, which was described in the communication which you copied from the *Cleveland Universe*. In this charging, the large table on which the apparatus stood, shook like a tree in a gale of wind. A reviville was then beaten by the spirits, on the tenor and bass drums. In this room, by direction of the spirits, Mr. Koons had a variety of musical instruments, some hanging up and others lying on the tables. Upon the table which we were seated, were two violins. Mr. K. took up one of them and drew the bow on it. Immediately the spirits accompanied him on the other violin and on other instruments.—Mr. K. then asked the spirits for a vocal accompaniment, which they immediately gave; and I think, if anything can give an idea of heaven on earth, it must be such music as was made by that angelic band. At the same time there was a most extraordinary exhibition of spiritual pyrotechnics, seeming to consist of flying insects made of fire, which, in their motions, kept time with the music. The form of these was like human hands. The next exhibition was a spirit hand, as perfect as any hand of flesh and bones, moving about among us, and dropping pieces of sand-paper near us, which were covered with phosphorus. The object of this seemed to be to us to pick them up, so that the hand might come to us and take them from us. This was repeatedly done. I picked up one of those pieces, and the hand came and took it from me; and in doing so it seemed to linger in contact with my hand, that I might feel and examine it. The feeling of it differed in nothing from a human hand, save its coldness. After some conversation with the spirits which was conducted on their part by speaking with the human voice, through a trumpet, they bade us good night, and thus ended the general entertainment.

About two hours after our dismissal, went Mr. Koons, the medium, and myself, went into the spirit room, alone, to see if we could learn what the proceedings would be the next evening. The medium put the trumpet on the table, and immediately the spirits took it up, elevated it about the height of a man's head, and gave us "good evening" through it; to which we responded. I then commenced a conversation with them, asking them if the spirits of my father, wife, and other relatives, were present. They said they were, and that it was my wife who put the tambourine into my lap two or three times during the previous sitting. I told them that we had come a long distance

to meet them, and that we wanted a private interview with them. They replied that they knew how far we had come. I said, we are desirous to witness those wonderful manifestations which we have heard so much of from other persons. The leading spirit replied that, if all things were favorable, we should be gratified. I asked him what he meant by things being favorable? He said he meant a harmonious circle, and not such an one as we had previously that evening. After some further conversation, he dismissed us with "good night."

The next evening at the time appointed by the leading spirit, Mr. Koons, his wife and son, our company of four, and two other gentlemen, nine in all, repaired to the spirit room. Mr. Koons, Mr. CONKLIN, and myself were seated at one side of a square table, and the other members of the circle were seated otherwise about the table and the room. All being seated and quiet, the single and startling concussion was sounded on the bass drum, as a signal that the spirits were ready to commence the performance of the evening. Now again commenced the convulsive trembling and rattling of the large table and the apparatus on it, as before described. The reviville was again beaten on the drums. Mr. Koons took up his violin and drew the bow, as before, when the spirits again joined him in concert. Mr. K. asked them if they would play on a large harmonica which lay on another table. They immediately took it out of its case and played on it in a masterly manner. They were then asked for a vocal accompaniment, which they gave in such harmonious strains that I thought, if it was the devil, he was fit to lead a choir of angels.

At an interval in the music, I requested Mr. Koons to ask the spirits if they would not permit a comrade writing for us. Without hesitation or delay, they supplied themselves with the paper and pencils which we had taken in and laid on one of the tables. Here let me observe that the paper which we took with us was printing paper, unruled and unlined, and unlike any other paper that was there, or in that part of the country. And I will also mention that I also put on the table one of FLEMING'S Buffalo pencils. They placed the paper on which they were about to write, on the table, in front of Mr. Koons, Mr. CONKLIN and myself. I being between the other two, it lay immediately before me. Now what appeared to be a human hand, holding a pencil, was plainly visible over the paper, and immediately commenced writing with a rapidity that no mortal hand can equal or come near to. The paper, the hand and pencil were much of the time so near us that we could all three have placed our hands upon them at the same time. Mr. CONKLIN was upon them close inspection, that he got his head immediately over the hand and the pencil. Thereupon the hand made a sudden move upward, and hit his nose with the pencil, which gave him such a start that his head flew up as if the pencil had been sharpened at the upper end. When any one expressed a wish to see the hand more plainly, as some did, it would cease writing and open its fingers, showing its perfect construction and the flexibility of its joints. One of the ladies, who was not as near as we were, expressed a wish that she had been more eligibly seated. Immediately the hand and paper moved to the corner of the table nearest to her, wrote there a few lines, and then returned to its former position. When it had written both sides of the sheet, full, it handed the pencil to me, which proved to be the same Buffalo pencil which I had placed on the table. The spirit-hand then folded the paper and placed it in my hand. I took it, and was subsequently instructed what to do with it. On receiving the paper I observed that it was the same printing paper which is described above.

I mentioned that I had heard of spirits shaking hands with visitors. As soon as I had this spoken, the hand was presented to each one in the room, all of whom received it and shook it, save one, who was too timid to suffer his hand to be clasped by the cold hand of a spirit. After a few words of oral conversation, they dismissed us with their usual "good night."

In the course of the day, the spirit of my wife, who has been in the spirit-world about one year, requested me to meet her in the spirit room in the evening, after the close of the circle, with no one present but the medium, that she might converse with me through the trumpet. I went with the medium, according to the appointment, and we were saluted by the presiding spirit with a hearty "good evening." The spirit of my wife tried to converse through the trumpet, but did not succeed. Thereupon the presiding spirit apologized for her failure, and proffered to speak for her, which he did, giving her language, and we conversed for some ten or fifteen minutes. I cannot express the gratification which this interview gave me; nor is it necessary that I should attempt it.

At this interview, I received instructions from the presiding spirit, to bring the communication which the spirit hand had committed to my keeping, to Buffalo, and have it published in "The Age of Progress." In obedience to this instruction, the communication follows:

## To the Friends from Buffalo and New York:

"We are glad to meet you here, and we hope your visit has not been induced by a desire to gratify an idle curiosity in yourselves, as is the case with many to whom we have bestowed our visits and presence in this room. We have labored, now, some considerable time in this place, to produce something more tangible and philosophical than the manifestations of the M. D.'s and D. D.'s of the world, for the elevation of mankind. Our labor in this place is to show the infidel and skeptic, that there is a brighter state of existence beyond the shadow and valley of the grave, than what is realized

here upon this earth's circumscribed sphere. Mortals of this earth have for many ages been groping their way through doubts, fears and dependencies, with regard to the future; yet in all their researches and earnest desires to know the truth of their future states of existence, together with the varied manifestations made by departed spirits to earth, they are still short-coming in appreciating the truth and philosophy of this matter; and our labor in this place is designed to bring about and establish that scientific knowledge which is most and best calculated to elevate man's condition. For when the proper knowledge of Man's own constitutional nature is once established, so as to enable him to know himself, the tyranny of superstitious fears, can no longer enslave the mind. Yes, friends, just as soon as the interior perceptions of man become excited to action, by the impressive reflections of higher objects than those pertaining to this world, the icy chains of cruel slavery will at once be broken, never again to slaver upon the individual rights and privileges of the general mass. Yes, friends, if it not for the debt of love we owe our friends of earth, we would not labor in this great cause of reform and redemption of man; and how much longer we may be enabled to conduct our manifestations to this purpose and end, in this place, is a matter unsettled with us, as it depends upon the patience and perseverance of our mediums in this circle, which depends much upon the encouragement offered by those who participate in the avails of the light and knowledge which is shedding forth through their instrumentality. We wish to congratulate our *several* Conspirators for their fervent zeal, for yielding their personal interest to the cause of our mission; and as long as the oppressions are not too rigid and hostile, we desire to say to him, and to our servant Koons and son, be of good cheer, and persevere in the cause, and the pearly rewards of your labor and forbearance, will be augmented in the courts of your destined abodes; and so with all who cast their mites into the treasury of light and knowledge.

"Dictated by the presiding hand of this room."

In addition to the above communication, the presiding spirit gave me an oral message to the editor of *The Age of Progress*, informing me that he was well acquainted with him.

In conclusion, I will state that any one who is anxious to see the original manuscript which was written by the spirit-hand, can be gratified by calling on me.

STEPHEN DUDLEY.

"Adding to the three Galens, in Buffalo, who held the knees of Mrs. Fish and her sister, to prevent those joints from giving intelligence from disembodied spirits."

"We are kindly permitted to make the enclosed extract from a letter received by a lady in this city, from her brother, who is of the allied forces now investing the Crimea:

SCUTARIA, Turkey, Oct. 20, 1854.

DEAR SISTER,—I have just received your letter, via England, and am happy to hear that you are quite well, as it finds me at present.

"We sailed from Portsmouth the 24th of February last, and in due time arrived at Malta, where we stopped for one month; thence to Gallipoli, at which place we stopped another month; thence to Varna, where we lay four months; but were obliged to shift our quarters almost daily, on account of the cholera being so bad.

From this place we went to the Crimea, where, in the course of a few hours after landing, we were attacked by the Cossacks, but we did not lose any men until the next day, when, to our surprise, we were attacked by a large body of Russians, and great was the loss of life on both sides, but most on the side of the Russians—nearly two to one. I was wounded in the shoulder, but, thank God, I am quite well again. We are losing a great many men every day, from cholera and other diseases—more than we lose upon the field.

I cannot give you more particulars at present, but in my next, if God spurs my life, I will write more fully, and I trust, a more interesting letter. Till then, adieu.

Your affectionate brother,

CHAS. HOWELL.

No. 3473, 2nd Rifle Brigade.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—The steamship *Crescent City* arrived here this morning, with dates from Havana to the 8th inst. No political news of interest. Her British Majesty's brig *Leopold* arrived at Havana on the 7th, and her commander reports that when he was at Jamaica he received a letter from the British Consul at Carthagena, dated Oct. 10, stating that the U. S. sloop-of-war *Albatross* was at that place, all well.

The steamship *Falcon* arrived at Havana on the 7th from Aspinwall, and would sail again on the 9th.

The grading of the new railroad had been commenced between Sabanilla and Merrato in the eastern government.

Troops were in movement in different parts of the island, but matters were apparently all quiet.

Don Ignacio Gonzalez de Olaveria, the newly-appointed regent of the Audiencia Veracruz, had arrived from Spain, and was duly sworn into office.

Munoz was at the head of the police. Planters were complaining, and it is feared that the crop of sugar might prove deficient.

The ship *Minerva*, of Bremen, has been seized at Baltimore for bringing to port twenty-four more passengers than is allowed by the act of Congress. The *Minerva* was built at Bremen 18 months since at a cost of \$50,000, and has made but one voyage, and is in every respect one of the finest ships in the port of Baltimore. It appears that the boarding officers have admitted that the ship was in most excellent order and condition on arrival, and the only charge was the excess of passengers as above stated.

## Arrival of the Pacific.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—The steamer *Pacific* arrived at about 11 o'clock this morning. She left Liverpool on Tuesday, 30th ult. The *Arabia* arrived out on the 26th. The *Pacific* brings 134 passengers. The *Niagara* sailed from Liverpool on the 25th, with the 54th regiment of the British. A few of the 50th, and of artillery, for the Crimea.

Next news will probably come by the *Sarah Sands* of 5th for Portland. Since the battle of 5th of November no incident of importance has occurred. The Russians were there the attacking force. Both sides claim the victory.

The report of another battle on the 13th is discredited. The necessity of reinforcements to preserve the very existence of the allies, has caused at least 30,000 additional men to be now in position before Sebastopol.

Russian reinforcements are also augmenting and another great battle or series of battles must be fought before the fate of Sebastopol is decided. The British are ready to meet the attacking force. Both sides claim the victory.

England and France, taking a higher tone than hitherto, have notified the German government that unless they withdraw their troops from the four points as a basis of negotiation; that they intend to hold the Crimea, and in their own time will dictate terms of peace.

News from other parts of Europe is desultory. The Emperor of Austria has received a copy of the order conveyed by Capt. Nolan to Lord Leu and the Earl of Cardigan; the misunderstanding of which caused the brilliant, but disastrous charge of the light cavalry.

Lord Leu has written to the Emperor to advance rapidly to the front, follow the enemy and try to prevent their carrying the guns. Troop of horse artillery may accompany. French cavalry is in the line. Immediate reinforcements are demanded from Menschikoff, respecting the order said to have been issued by him to give no quarter.

A Russian major, who gave orders to his men to kill the wounded, has been taken prisoner and hanged.

The London Times of the 25th, published the following brief announcement from Constantinople to London by courier, dated from Vienna by telegraph. The despatch is dated Constantinople, 16th. On the 13th, the Russians attacked the French lines, but were repulsed. The loss was great on both sides.

The Russians have been reinforced. There is doubt as to the reality of this battle. It was probably an affair of the outposts. Nothing had occurred to the 15th.

Menschikoff, informs the Emperor that the dispatch from the British, dated Sebastopol, 13th, says: "The operations of the siege are proceeding; the health and spirits of the troops admirable."

At a meeting of the creditors of James McHenry, a bankrupt, the committee reported that creditors might expect 1-5 on the pound. Still, hopes were entertained of 2 or 3.

Bad debts in the United States are said to have created a deficiency of \$30,785.

The candidates for Congress were fired in celebration of the victory of Inkerman.

Seventeen first class English ships were at Toulon, embarking troops and stores for the Crimea.

All the French ships recently returned from the Baltic, are under orders for the Mediterranean.

M. Ivanoff, ex-Secretary of the Russian Embassy, has been ordered to quit France, as well as all other Russians in the empire.

The Rochester Democrat publishes a letter from Kansas, in which it is stated that "the day previous to the election, the road was lined with covered wagons, filled with persons who passed our city on the California road. They went on five miles, to another district, at a place where the polls were held, called Delia. Those unprincipled persons were from Missouri, where they resided. Ballots were deposited by them for Mr. WITTENBERG, the pro-slavery candidate for Congress. The voters were polled by the aid of a large number of men, who were not voters. The returns will be contested. The fears expressed by you and other papers that an arrangement had been effected to deluge the country with people from the other side of the Missouri line, appear to have been perfectly correct."

A LARCE BOOK BINDERY is connected with the Establishment, which will furnish at short notice all the latest and most fashionable styles of Binding and Binding. Our facilities are complete in every department, and we are prepared to do work in a good style and as promptly as any establishment in the city.

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

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

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

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

CYRUS P. LEE, Secy. and Treas. Buffalo, N. Y., August 23, 1854. 1-lm

## Further by the Pacific.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 20.—Thirty-two English troops were lost on the 14th.

At Prince and Sea 35,000, founded with all on board. Three mail steamers have been stranded. The *Sanspareil* was driven on shore, on fire. The *Britannia* has five feet water in her hold. The *Agamemnon* was stranded, but not damaged. The *Sanspareil*'s machinery was much damaged. The *Retribution* was saved by throwing her guns overboard. The *Terrible* has also escaped. The *Henry IV.* and *Plato* are safe.

GOZAS, Nov. 22.—Three ships of the line and 18 transports were greatly damaged on the 14th.

BERLIN, Tuesday.—The Russian answer to the Prussian note expresses the willingness of the Emperor to treat on the following terms:

1st. A common guarantee by the five powers of the rights of the Christian subjects of the Porte without distinction as to confession.

2d. A Protectorate of the Principality, to be exercised by the five powers on the treaties now existing between the Sultan and the Porte.

3d. A revision of the treaty of 1841.

4th. The free navigation of the Danube.

At a suitable moment France and England will say how they will treat.

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ENGLAND.—Parliament is summoned to assemble on the 12th instead of the 14th.

Opinion runs are prevalent of a £10,000,000 loan, to be raised by the sale of the Pacific station, and leaves England on the 9th of December for New York, to communicate with the British Minister at Washington, previous to passing overland to the Pacific.

At a meeting of the creditors of James McHenry, a bankrupt, the committee reported that creditors might expect 1-5 on the pound. Still, hopes were entertained of 2 or 3.

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In the U. S. District Court, at Philadelphia, yesterday, J. W. BOLAN was convicted on eleven bills for fraudulently obtaining warrants. On reading of the verdict, the prisoner fell in a fit and raved like a madman, but was finally restored. A motion was made for a new trial.

A Texas exchange says that the earth is so kind in that State, that "just tickle her with a hoe, and she will laugh with a harvest."

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN. JERIMAH CAITLER, of Lyons, Chautauque County, well known to many of our citizens as an excellent Clairvoyant Physician, has made arrangements to spend a portion of each week in the city of Buffalo, during the coming winter, and has taken rooms at 53 TRIPPER st., between Delaware and Franklin, where he will be found, on Tuesday the 25th inst., ready to attend to all calls that are afflicted. 31f

COMPTON, GIBSON & CO., 209 MAIN STREET, having made extensive arrangements to execute every description of

Lithographing and Engraving, by extending their rooms, employing the best artists and printers, and extensive machinery. This method of informing their friends and the public, that they are prepared to do all work such as maps, steamboat and hotel cards, portraits, show cards, &c., in any style, as good and cheap as done in eastern cities. Particular attention paid to Bank and Railroad work, Diplomas, Notes, Drafts, Bill Heads, &c., &c.

Also, Wedding, Visiting and Business Cards engraved and printed in the very best style. A large assortment of wedding stationery, card envelopes, &c., &c., on hand.

Office and Rooms, 209 Main street, in Sage & Sons new building, Buffalo. 11f

S. DUDLEY & SONS, 51 MAIN STREET.

THE Subscribers have taken a general assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., many articles of which are expressly designed for STEAMBOATS, HOTELS and PRIVATE FAMILIES. We invite the attention of those purchasing.

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

We also have on hand an extra quality of LEATHER HOSE, of our own manufacture; also, FIRE ENGINES, FORCE PUMPS, &c. We are, likewise, the sole agents in this city of H. R. WORTHINGTON'S Renowned

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

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

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



MY DEAR SIR,—The letters which I have had the honor of addressing to you, I must now bring to a close. I have stated to you, with frankness and sincerity, my reasons for leaving the church in which I was born, baptized and confirmed; and which, on the most mature deliberation, yet prevent me from returning to it. I can assure you, on the word of an Irishman, and what is far more, on the word of a Christian, that I have had no end in view but the exposure of error, and the development of the truth. Thirty years have almost run their course since I left your church; and although not utterly unknown to the men of our age, nor unsolicited, these letters form my first appearance on paper. Unless some unexpected ripple is excited on the current of my feelings, they will, probably, form my last.

Now, dear sir, what think you of these reasons? Are they, or are they not, sufficient to excuse, to forbid my return to your church? Had I an ear sufficiently acute to hear the decision of your conscience, I believe in my soul that it pronounces them sufficient. Yes, I believe, that were it not for your sad doctrine of infallibility, which stereotypes and perpetuates every absurdity, you, and multitudes like you, men of sense and education, would rise and cast a fresh and ardent light upon the darkness and ignorance which have, in the progress of ages, collected around your church, and send its smoke heavenward like the smoke of a furnace. But, sir, I am not ignorant of the slow progress of truth against bigotry—the great difficulty of exchanging bad opinions and customs, hallowed by usage, for better ones. Nor have I read history so inattentively as not to learn, from the great difficulty of converting high ecclesiastics to the knowledge of the truth. The mitre has shielded many a head from the weapons of sense and logic; and under the surplice many a conscience has gone to rest, that without it, would have contended to the death for the faith once delivered to the saints. I must not forget that it was the high priest who occupied Moses' seat that put our Lord to death; nor can I forget that those claiming to be the successors of Peter, and the vicars of Christ, have been the greatest persecutors of the saints. They have shed Christian blood enough for pope and cardinal to swim in. Would to God that you could see things as I see them; your influence would be strong in freeing our fellow-countrymen from that bondage of the soul which most degrades them. But despairing of this, I turn from you to the victims of your system. Roman Catholics, and especially Irish Roman Catholics, to you I now turn. From your bishop, whom, with you, I respect as a man, though I oppose his religious principles, I appeal to you. With you is the power to bring to a perpetual end that system of ghostly tyranny the most oppressive that man has ever felt. Subjects and sceptres depart together; the face of the Mass will soon end where there are none to witness it;—and popes, bishops, and priests will soon seek an honest calling when there are none to be edited by their jurgery, when "the alms and the suffrages of the faithful" cease to flow.

Will you give an honest personal to these letters, and candidly weigh the reasons and the arguments which they contain? That I was born in Ireland, is my pride. My sympathies are all with Ireland in its civil, social, and moral degradation. The blood of my kindred, shed to defend it against English oppression, mingles with its soil. Your present feelings as to your church, I have had, and in all their force. I can entirely appreciate them. I have cordially hated Protestantism and Protestants; and I have seen the time when I regarded the man as my personal enemy who would utter a word against my religion. But those were the days of my youth, and of my ignorance. When I became a man, I put away childish things. And my reasons for so doing are spread out before you in these letters; and all I ask of you is, kindly and candidly to consider them, and then to act accordingly. If they are not sufficiently cogent to cause you, as they have caused me, to leave the Church of Rome, then you will have my entire consent to be oppressed, fleeced, and ridden by your priests, as long as you live.

Yet permit me to entreat you to give to the subject of these letters the attention which it demands. I know that many of you are sinners; but this is no test of truth. I know many of you to be devout; but so are Mahometans and pagans. I know that many of you are prepared to make any sacrifice which religion demands. But we may give all our goods to feed the poor, and our bodies to be burned, and yet be strangers to the only true religion. My heart is deeply affected in view of your state. A noble people, you are shut out from the joys to which God invites you. You are hoodwinked and manacled by a system of the grossest fraud and delusion; you are denied the common birthright of a citizen of the world—seeing with your own eyes and hearing with your own ears. You are robbed of the only volume that can guide you—and are forbidden to enter the way of life, save through the gate which is guarded by your priests. O! suffer the entreaties of one who suffered as you now do under the galling chains of papal tyranny. Break the fetters which priests have forged, and in which they have bound you. You are now in a land where you may laugh at the excommunications and anathemas of popes, prelates and priests. God has given you his word; let no man flit it from you. God has given you a mind, to think for yourselves; let no man usurp the power of thinking for you. God invites you to himself, to receive at his own hand pardon and forgiveness. O! submit not to do and pray for these, and on

your knees, to a priest. Go to the Bible for your religion. Receive nothing as religious truth, which is not there taught; and your moral, social and moral regeneration is commenced.

But you meet this appeal with the objection, that I am a deserter from your church; and that I am not, therefore, to be heard. If your priests take any notice at all of these letters, I know well the changes they will ring upon this idea. But was not Peter a deserter from the Jewish church; and must he not be heard on that account? Must a man who renounces error never be heard by those who continue in it? And what think you of the persecution by your church of those who renounce its authority? To say the least of it, it is bad company. The Jews put Christ to death for deserting the faith of Moses. The Mahometans put to death any man of their number who rejects the Koran for Christ. The Hindus expel from their society all who reject their religion for ours. And popery has shed, in rivers, the blood of those who could not but reject its follies and absurdities. In this happy land, the bull of a pope is as harmless as a lamb—and the thunders of the Vatican have no lightning that injures. Priests may prejudice you against these letters, but they are the interested party—their craft is in danger. And all I ask of you is, to give my reasons the candid consideration which you owe to yourself, and which their importance requires.

To give you may ask, What! do you wish me to give up my religion? Is not mine the oldest religion? Here, I well know, is the invincible argument with many of you; but has it any weight? Are the oldest things always the best? If so, then the Jews were right in resisting Christianity; and the pagans are right in clinging to their false systems—and you do wrong in ever exchanging an old garment or an old house for a new one. But is popery the oldest religion? O, no; Christianity is older. Popery and Mahometanism arose at the same time, and centuries after the establishment of Christianity. They are alike corruptions of the religion of Jesus, though the prophet has apostatized farther than the pope. They both appeal to the senses, and are both idolatrous. If the pope has his holy water, the prophet has his holy well. If the one has his holy bones, and coats, and relics, the other has his holy pieces of tapestry from the temple of Mecca. They have alike their pilgrimages—their senseless repetition of prayers—their Lenten penances, and their external symbols which alike adorn the church and the mosque. And if the papist can object to Christianity, saying, Is not mine the oldest religion? then can the Mahometan do the same.

But yours is not the oldest religion. I could here give you the time, did the limits of a letter permit, when the distinguishing doctrines of your church were introduced. The celibacy of the clergy came into the church in the Fourth Century; purgatory appeared in the Seventh, and was affirmed in the Twelfth; auricular confessions, and the worship of the Host, in the Thirteenth; and so on to the end of the chapter. And instead of wishing you to give up the oldest religion, we wish you only to give up popery for Christianity—to give up the new, and to return to the old. All that I have done myself, and all that I desire you to do, is to lay aside every thing that pope, bishops and priests have added to the religion of Jesus, and to embrace that religion just as it is taught in the Bible.

Convinced that you have been deceived by those to whom you have been looking for guidance—that priests have sought your money more than your salvation—that instead of bread they have given you stones, and for eggs, serpents—that they have sought to brutalize, instead of enlightening you—to enslave instead of elevating you to the liberty with which Christ makes his people free; do any of you inquire as to the course best for you to pursue? If you will take the advice of one that has gone before you in the way, it is cheerfully given. Think not of giving up all religion because of the deceptions of popery. This was one of my mistakes. Take the Bible for your guide—that will not deceive you. It teaches you that you are a sinner; this you should believe and feel. It teaches you that Christ died for sinners; and that his blood cleanses from all sin; and that to escape the wrath and curse of God due to you for sin, the great and the only prerequisites are repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Give up your misal for the Bible—confess your sins not to your priests but to God—look for pardon and meekness for heaven, not to priestly absolutions, and eating wafers, and extreme unctions, but to the righteousness of Jesus Christ, received by faith; and in spite of popes, prelates, and priests, live, eternal life, is yours.

Wishing and praying for you all, that deliverance from popish thralldom in which I rejoice, and that gospel hope of future blessedness which is my stay and comfort in this vale of tears.

With great respect, yours,

KIRWAN.

#### Cardinal Wiseman on Longfellow.

Cardinal Wiseman recently delivered a lecture in London on the "Home Education of the Poor," in the course of which he spoke as follows of our poet Longfellow: "There is no greater lack," said the Cardinal, "in English literature than that of a poet of the people—one of those who shall be to the laboring classes of England what Goethe is to the peasant of Germany." He was a true philosopher who said, "Let me make the songs for a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other to this standard, and he has already gained such a hold on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Our hemisphere can

not claim the honor of having brought him forth—but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And, whether we are charmed by the imagery, or soothed by the melodious versification, or elevated by the high moral teaching of his pure muse, or follow with sympathizing hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow.—*Tribune.*

#### A New American Republic.

The expedition of Colonel Kinney and his command to the Mosquito Territory for the establishment of a new Central American Republic is an event of no small mark. It will tell upon history. There is not a shadow of a doubt that the expedition will be made, and a colony formed; and there is strong reason to believe that its entire plan will be successfully consummated. The scheme, it is known, has been for a long while in contemplation. Many years since, a grant was made by the King of the Mosquitoes to Samuel Shepherd and two associates for a peculiar consideration, amounting to about thirty thousand pounds, and it is under a transfer of the title which, we understand Mr. Webster pronounced to be perfectly valid, that the present company, consisting of some thirty gentlemen, among whom are Senator Cooper of Pennsylvania and William Cost Johnson of Maryland, are acting. Colonel Kinney goes out as the agent and representative of this company. He is well known as the leader of the Texan Rangers in the Texan struggle, and is noted for his resolution and energy. The members of the expedition will number about a thousand, and each will receive, on landing, a certain allotment of land from the company's possessions. The enterprise is in no sense filibustering. It involves as we understand it, no invasion of foreign territory or occupation of other people's soil. It is favored not only by the Mosquito authorities, but by those of all the Central American Republics, and has the countenance of both the American and the English government. The design is to found a new independent republic on the Mosquito coast; then to take measures for a convention from the republics of Nicaragua, Honduras, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Veragua and New Grenada, in order to adopt a Federal Constitution and establish a government analogous to that of the North American Union. It is stated that the most enlightened men in these various countries are decidedly in favor of the undertaking, and have confidence in its practicability. The lesson of Texan prosperity, and the very marked impulse given to the improvement of Central America by the influx of an American population, consequent upon the opening of the various routes across the Isthmus, have completely broken down the old prejudice against the American character and influence, and have implanted a positive respect and confidence. It is calculated, and we think reasonably enough, that the American colony or republic will speedily acquire a moral force which will put new life and energy into every State of the Federation; and that a security and stability and a symmetry will be given to the whole civil and judicial system of the country, which will not only have the happiest effects upon Central America itself, but will afford every South American Republic an example from which they may derive immense advantage. It will also have the valuable effect of removing a most troublesome subject of variance between the United States and Great Britain. The Mosquito dispute would be at once wiped out of existence. It does not at all enter into the plan to annex any part of the Territory to the United States, or to form any more intimate political connection with it than with any other nation. The moral bond which will unite the two Federations would be enough in itself to satisfy the largest desires of either.

The lands ceded to this company comprise about thirty millions of acres. The entire Federal Union would extend over an area of nearly five hundred thousand square miles, an area more than ten times as large as New York. It is a region, as all the world knows, of remarkable conformation. High mountain ranges, isolated volcanic peaks, elevated table lands, deep valleys, broad fertile plains and extensive alluviums are here grouped together, relieved by large and beautiful lakes and majestic rivers, the whole teeming with animal and vegetable life, and possessing every variety of climate, from torrid heats to the cool and bracing temperature of an eternal spring. The country is very rich in mines, and has abundant agricultural resources. With ports on the Atlantic and the Pacific opening to Europe and Africa on the one hand, and to Asia and Polynesia and Australia upon the other, no country can be more favorably situated for commerce. The people generally, though made up of a variety of races, are well disposed and peaceful, and are in great measure free from political passions and social crimes. It is very true that the different governments have been subject to disorders and revolutions from the date of independence from Spanish rule, but there has been a decided and most palpable progress, and the lessons which hard experience has brought has not been in vain. An energetic, enlightened, law-respecting, order-loving American republic, placed in their midst, and working out before their very eyes the tremendous power which is inherent in genuine American principles, must in the very nature of things, give an impulse to the whole region, such as no other agency could accomplish. The managers of the present expedition are sanguine of success. Perhaps too sanguine. We think it certain that they will meet with difficulties which will require eminent sagacity and prudence to overcome. It is fixed that the policy

of the colony shall be a peaceful one; but it is often hard to preserve such a policy in dealing with an inferior race, when force so often promises to be more expeditious and effectual than reasoning or bargaining. Yet it is certain that no such union of the different republics as that proposed, can be effected by coercion or intimidation. The bond of union must consist in confidence, and confidence can only come from friendly action. The first law of the colony should be the strict observance of that justice which finds its sanction in the breast of all men everywhere, whatever be their political or social condition. The colony will find its chief element of success in its moral force; if it lose that, its history will be a continual struggle. The character of those who are engaged in the enterprise, as well as the personal interests at stake, inspire us with a trust that the colony will acquire itself worthy of its high responsibilities, and present to the world another proof that there is in the blood of the countrymen of Washington which can not only perpetuate its own life, but can freshen, quicken, and revitalize even the duldest foreign life it touches.

#### Major Andre.

We take the following biographical sketch of Major Andre, the spy of the Revolution, from the London "Political Magazine" for March, 1781.

An authentic account of that greatly lamented officer, Major John Andre, late Adjutant General of the British Army in America.

Mr. Andre, the Major's father, was a native of Geneva, and a very considerable merchant in the Levant trade; he died in April, 1769, at his country house at Clapton; when in business he lived in Throgmorton street. Young Andre was educated at Hackney, under Mr. Newcombe, after which he was sent, for some years, to Geneva, in order to complete his education. On his return, being designed for the commercial line, he attended his father's counting house. The idea of bringing him up to trade was not dropped at his father's death, for towards the latter part of 1769, he was still in the counting house, a situation which he did not greatly relish, as appears from one of his letters dated the 1st of November in that same year, in which he says, "An impertinent consequence whippers in my ear, that I am not of the right stuff for a merchant." He first entered the army in January 1771.

In the beginning of 1772 he went over to Germany, and visited most of the Courts in that part of Europe, and returned to England the end of 1773. In 1774 he embarked for America to join his regiment, the 7th, or Royal English Fusiliers, in which he was a Lieutenant. He landed at Philadelphia in September, and from thence went to Boston to see the campment under General Gage, who had but lately arrived there from England, and who was at the same time Commander in Chief of the forces in America, and Governor of the Massachusetts Bay. From Boston he went over land into Canada to join his regiment. In 1775 he was taken prisoner in St. John's by the rebels under General Montgomery, and sent a prisoner to Carlisle, a town in the interior part of Pennsylvania. Soon after General Howe took possession of New York, Lieutenant Andre was exchanged, and in January 1777 was appointed a Captain in the 26th regiment. The occasion of his being first taken notice of by General Howe was this: on his arrival at New York from the rebel country, he wrote a letter to General Howe so exceedingly able and intelligent, that he immediately acquired that General's patronage, who took an early opportunity to provide for him, for at that time it so happened, there was no vacancy he could offer Capt. Andre. Soon after, however, in the beginning of the summer 1777, Major General Grey luckily coming out without an Aid de Camp, the Commander in Chief begged to recommend to him a young officer of great abilities, whom for some time he had wished to provide for. General Grey, who was strongly attached to the Commander in Chief, and indeed had come out at his special request, instantly appointed Capt. Andre his Aid de Camp. In this station the Captain was present in all the principal engagements in the Jerseys and Pennsylvania during the campaigns of 1777 and 1778. Being so nearly allied to Head Quarters, he could not fail of being one of the Knights of the famous Mischianza, accordingly he was the third Knight of the Blended Rose, and his brother Lieutenant Andre was his squire. Soon after the march from Philadelphia through the Jerseys to New York, General Grey took his leave of America. The return of General Howe and General Grey instead of prejudicing Capt. Andre's interest, as at first might naturally enough have been conjectured, only served to widen his path of preferment. His conspicuous merit and amiable manners made such impression, that even amidst the jarring of parties and the conflict of interests, he stood equally well with both sides. No other proof need be given than this, as soon as the Generals Howe and Grey were gone, Sir Henry Clinton, who succeeded to the command in chief, appointed him one of his Aid de Camps. He soon became the chief person about the General. His affability, his candor, and his politeness, gained him universal esteem. The following interchange of Commissions will show, that some pains were taken at New York to keep him in that country in a manner suitable to his own wishes. In 1779, the 26th regiment in which he was Captain was ordered home, and the 44th regiment in which his brother William Lewis Andre was a Captain, was ordered for Canada, therefore to supersede all necessity of application for leave to remain in America whilst his regiment was at home, the following arrangement was made; as a Captain of the

54th wanted to sell, and as that regiment was to remain under the immediate orders of Gen. Clinton, Major Andre, now a Provincial Major, had that company; his brother had the Major's company in the 26th, choosing rather to come home than go to Canada; and the Captain who was going out of the army, had Captain William Andre's company in the 44th, which he sold to Sir Thomas Wallace. In 1780, his Majesty, through the intervention of Sir Henry Clinton, promoted Major Andre to the rank of Major on the establishment, and at the same time gave him the important and distinguished appointment of Adjutant General of the British army in America. Just after this great promotion, the fatal accident happened, which closed his existence, and which has left to his country an everlasting subject for admiration and regret.

The Major at the time of his death was 31 years of age. He was well made, rather slender, about five feet nine inches high, and remarkably active; his complexion was dark, his countenance good, and somewhat serious. He excelled in many elegant accomplishments, such as drawing, painting and dancing; and possessed the modern languages, particularly French, Italian and German, to an uncommon degree of perfection.

(In the same paper we find a monody, written by a Miss SEWARD, a patriotic lady of London, which we append, to show that all poetesses are not true prophetesses, and that English prayers for evil befall Washington, were of no avail.)

MISS SEWARD'S MONODY.

Remorseless Washington! the day shall come  
Of deep repentance for this barbarous doom,  
When injured Andre's memory shall inspire  
A kindling army with resistless fire;  
Each falchion sharpen  
Then, when each hope of thine shall set in night,  
When dubious dread, and unavailing flight  
Impel your host, thy guilt-unpainted soul  
Shall wish untouch'd the sacred life!  
And when thy heart appal'd and vanquish'd  
Shall vainly ask the mercy they denied,  
With horror shalt thou meet the fate they gave  
Nor pity gild the darkness of thy grave!  
For infancy with livid hand shall shed  
Eternal mildew on thy ruthless head!

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#### ROSE COMPOUND.

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