

THE AGE OF PROGRESS

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

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1854.

VOLUME I.—NO. 14.

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Buffalo, September, 1854. 11f

Miscellany.

The Difference between a Hero and a Bully

FROM THE FRENCH.

On the evening a short time after the battle of Fontenoy, (1754,) a group of the king's body-guard was congregated near the Latona basin, at Versailles, listening to two of their number discussing a subject which at that period was rarely a matter of controversy in military circles.

"Refuse a duel after a public affront!" exclaimed the tallest of the speakers, whose bronzed features were rendered almost ferocious by the thick red moustache; "it is a stain that all the waters of the deluge would not wash away."

"I repeat, Monsieur de Malatour," replied the other in a calm, polite tone, "that there is more true courage in refusing than in accepting a duel. What is more common than to yield to passion, envy or vengeance; and what more rare than to resist them? Therefore it is a virtue when exhibited at the price of public opinion; for what costs nothing is esteemed as worth nothing."

"A marvel! Monsieur d'Argente, I would advise, if ever the king gives you the command of a company, to have engraven on the sabres of the soldiers the commandment—'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

"And wherefore not? His majesty would have better servants, and the country fewer plunderers, if we had in our regiment more soldiers and fewer bullies. Take, as an example, him with whom you seem so much incensed; has he not nobly avenged what you call an affront by taking, with his own hands, an enemy's colors, while your knaves most likely formed a prudent reserve behind the baggage?"

"Towards themselves have their moments of courage."

"And the brave also their moments of fear." "The expression is not that of a gentleman."

"It is that of Monsieur de Turenne, whose family equaled either of ours, and who avowed that he was not exempt from such moments."

Everybody has heard of his conduct towards a braggadocio, who boasted in his presence that he had never known fear. He suddenly passed a lighted candle under the speaker's nose, who instantly drew back his head, to the great amusement of the by-standers, who laughed heartily at this singular mode of testing the other's assertion."

"None but a marshal of France had dared to act such pleasantly. To our subject, sir, I maintain that your friend is a coward, and you—"

"And I—"

repeated d'Argente, his eyes flashing and his lips firmly compressed.

"Holla, gentlemen!" exclaimed a third party, who owing to the warmth of the argument, had joined the group unperceived. "This is my affair; said he to Monsieur d'Argente, holding his arm; then turning to his adversary, added: 'Monsieur de Malatour, I am at your orders.'"

"In that case, after you, if necessary," said d'Argente, with his usual calmness.

"By my honor, you charm me, gentlemen! Let us go."

"One moment," replied the new-comer, who, young as he was, wore the cross of St. Louis.

"No remarks. Gentlemen, hasten."

"Too great haste in such cases, evinces less a contempt for death than an anxiety to get rid of his phantom."

"I listen, sir."

"Monsieur d'Argente just now stated that the bravest have their moments of fear. Without taking as serious his anecdote of Monsieur de Turenne, I shall add, that with the exception of the difference that exists between muscles and nerves, the courage of the duelist is more an affair of habit than of principle; for it is the natural state of man to love peace, if not for the sake of others, at least for himself. Do you wish me to prove it?"

"Enough, sir; we are not here to listen to a sermon."

"Yet a moment. Here is my proposition: We are all assembled this evening previous to our leave of absence; I invite you, then, as also these gentlemen present, to a bear-hunt, on my estate, or rather amongst the precipices of Clat, in the Eastern Pyrenees. You are very expert, Monsieur de Malatour—you can snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces, and you have no equal at the small sword. Well, I shall place you before a bear, and if you succeed—I do not say in lodging a ball in his head, but merely in firing upon him—I shall submit immediately after, to meet you face to face with any weapons you choose to name, since it is only at that price I am to gain your good opinion."

"Are you playing at comedy, sir?"

"Quite the contrary. And I even repeat, that this extreme haste shows more the courage of the nerves, than the true courage arising from principle."

"What guaranty have I, should I accept

your proposition, that you will not again endeavor to evade me?"

"My word, sir; which I take all my comrades to witness, and place under the safeguard of their honor."

There ran through his auditory such a buzz of approbation that De Malatour, though with a bad grace, was obliged to accede to the arrangement. It was then agreed that on the 1st of September all present should assemble at the Chateau du Clat.

Whilst the young lord of the manor is making the necessary preparations for their reception, we shall explain the accusation of which he was the object, yet which had not branded him with any mark of disgrace among a class of men so punctilious on the point of honor.

The young Baron de Villette, in entering amongst the gentlemen who formed the household guard of the king of France, carried with him principles which remained uncorrupted amidst all the frivolities of one of the most licentious courts in Europe. Such, however, is the charm of virtue, even in the midst of vice, that his exemplary conduct had not only gained him the esteem of his officers, and friendship of his companions, but had attracted the attention of the king himself. One alone among his comrades, Monsieur de Malatour, took umbrage at this general favor, and, on the occasion of some trifling expression or gesture, publicly insulted him. Villette refused to challenge him, as being contrary to his principles, but determined that his seeming cowardice, in not fighting a well-known duelist, should be redeemed by some action of *clat* during the campaign just commenced. That moment had arrived; and for his noble conduct in taking the English colors at the battle of Fontenoy he received the cross of St. Louis from the king's own hand on the field, the eulogium of Marshal Saxe, and a redoubled enmity on the part of De Malatour.

The first care of the young baron, on arriving at his estate, was to call his major-domo, an old faithful servant.

"I have business with thee, my master," said he, cordially shaking him by the hand.

"Speak, monseigneur," replied the parer, who was deeply attached to his young lord; "you know the old hunter is yours to his last drop of blood."

"I never doubted it, my old friend. Did you receive my letter from Paris?"

"Yes, sir; and those gentlemen, your comrades, will have some work before them."

"Are there bears already on the heights, then?" asked Villette, extending his hand in the direction of one of the lofty peaks, whose summit, covered with snow, glittered in the morning sun.

"Five in all—a complete *menage*—father, mother and children; besides an old bachelor, whom the Spaniards had driven to this side."

"In less than a week we shall go in pursuit of them. Do you know, parer, some of my comrades are rather rough sportmen; there is one of them who is able to snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces."

"Easier, perhaps, than to snuff a bear at four," replied the old man, laughing.

"That is what I said also. But as I should wish to judge for myself of his prowess, you must place us together at the same post—at the bridge of Maure, for instance."

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hunting knives, had scarcely appeared, when by a sign from the parer, the whole troop moved silently forward. The dogs themselves seemed to understand the importance of this movement, and nothing was heard but the confused tramp of feet, blending with the noise of the distant torrent, or, at intervals, the cry of some belated night bird, flying heavily homeward in the doubtful glimmer of the yet unopened day.

As the party reached the crest of the mountain which immediately overhung the chateau, the first rays of the sun breaking from the east glanced on the summit of the Pyrenees, and suddenly illuminating the landscape, discovered beneath them a deep valley, covered with majestic pine trees, which murmured in the fresh breeze of the morning.

Opposite to them the foaming waters of a cascade fell some hundreds of feet through a cleft which divided the mountain from the summit to the base. By one of those caprices of nature which testify the primitive convulsions of our globe, the chasm was surmounted by a natural bridge—the piles of granite on each side being joined by one immense flat rock, almost seeming to verify the fable of the Titans; for it appeared impossible that these enormous blocks of stone could have ever been raised to such an elevation by human agency.

Sinister fancies were attached to the place, and the mountaineers recounted with terror that no hunter, with the exception of the parer, had ever been posted at the bridge of Maure, without becoming the prey of either the bears or the precipice. But the parer was too good a Christian to partake of this ridiculous prejudice; he attributed the fatality to its real cause—the dizziness arising from the sight of the bears and the precipice combined, by destroying the hunter's presence of mind, made his aim unsteady, and his death the inevitable consequence. He could not, however, altogether divest himself of fears for his young master, who obstinately persevered in his intention of occupying the bridge with his antagonist.

After placing the baron's companions at posts which he considered the most advantageous, the parer rejoined his men, and disposing them so as to encompass the valley facing the cascade, commanded the utmost silence to be preserved until they should bear the first bark of his dog. At that signal the mastiffs were to be unleashed, the instruments sounded, and all to move slowly forward, contracting the circle as they approached the cascade. These arrangements being made, the parer and his dog, followed by the mandrin alone, disappeared in the depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had remained unbroken, when suddenly a furious barking commenced, accompanied by low growling. Each prepared his arms, the instruments sounded, and the mastiffs being let loose, precipitated themselves pell-mell in the direction of the struggle. Their furious barking was soon confounded with the cries of the hunters and the din of the instruments, mingled with the formidable growling of the bears, making altogether a hideous concert, which, rolling along the sides of the valley, was repeated by the distant echoes. At this moment the young baron regarded his companion, whose countenance, though pale, remained calm and scornful.

"Attention, sir," said he in a low voice.

"The bears are not far from us; let your aim be true, or else—"

"Keep your counsel for yourself, sir!"

"Attention!" repeated Villette, without seeming to notice the surly response—"he approaches."

Those who were placed in front of the cascade, seeing the animals directing their course to the bridge, cried from all parts, "Look out, look out, Villette!" But the breaking of branches, followed by the rolling of loosened stones down the precipice, had already given warning of the animal's near approach. Malatour became deadly pale; he, however, held his carbine firmly, in the attitude of a resolute hunter.

A bear at length appeared with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, at times turning as if he vainly would struggle with his pursuers; but when he saw the bridge, his only way of escape, occupied, he uttered a fearful growl, and raising himself on his hind legs, was rushing on our two hunters, when a ball struck him in the forehead and he fell dead at their feet.

Malatour convulsively grasped his gun—he had become completely powerless. Suddenly new cries, louder and more pressing, were heard.

"Fire! fire! he is now on you!" cried the parer, who appeared unexpectedly, pale and agitated, his gun to his shoulder, but afraid to fire, lest he should hit his master.

The latter, perceiving his agitation, turned round; it was indeed time. On the other side of the bridge a bear, much larger than the first, was in the act of making the final rush. Springing backward, he seized the carbine of his petri-fied companion, and lodged its contents in the animal's breast, ere he could reach them. He rolled in the death struggle, to where they stood. All this was the work of an instant.

The knees of the hardy old parer shook with emotion at the escape of his young master; as for Malatour, his livid paleness, and the convulsive shuddering of his limbs, testified the state of his mind.

"Take your arms," said the young baron, quickly replacing in his hands the carbine; "there are our comrades—they must not see you unarmed; and, parer, not a word of all this."

"Look!" said he to his companions, as they gathered around, pointing to the monstrous beasts—"one to each. Now Monsieur de Malatour, I wait your orders, and am ready to give the satisfaction you require."

The latter made no reply, but reached out his hand, which Villette cordially shook.

That evening a banquet was given to celebrate the double victory. Towards the end of the feast a toast to "the vanquishers" was proposed and immediately accepted.

Monsieur d'Argente, glass in hand, rose to pledge it, when Malatour, also rising, held his arm, exclaiming: "To the sole vanquisher of the day—to our noble host! It was he alone who killed the two bears; and if, through his generosity, I have allowed the illusion to last so long, it was simply for this reason: The affront which I gave him was a public one, the reparation ought to be public likewise. I now declare that Monsieur de Villette is the bravest of the brave, and that I shall maintain it towards all and against all."

"This time, at least, I shall not take up your gauntlet," said Monsieur d'Argente.

"There's a brave young man!" cried the parer, whom his master had admitted to his table, and who endeavored to conceal a furtive tear. "Nothing could better prove to me, sir, that, with a little experience, you will be as calm in the presence of bears as you are, I am sure, in the face of an enemy."

Governor Reeder's Head Demanded.
[From the Evening Post.]

We understand that the President has been summoned by the pro-slavery interest of Congress to bring Governor Reeder's head at once to the block, or take the consequences, which are an immediate abandonment of his administration by all the nullification wing of the democracy of both houses. Governor Reeder's offence is found in the following extract from a letter addressed by him to the officers of a public meeting held in Leavenworth City, to urge upon the Governor "the necessity of an immediate election of members of the legislature."

"The meeting was not of the 'citizens of Kansas,' as your proceedings will show if you will produce them. It was a meeting composed mainly of citizens of Missouri and a few of the citizens of Kansas. Your own body whom I am now addressing, contains ten undoubted residents of Missouri, one of whom is your chairman, who resides with his family in the town of Liberty, Missouri, as he has done for years, and whose only attempt at a residence in Kansas consists of a card mailed to a tree, upon ground long since occupied by one settler, who have built and lived upon the claim. The president of your meeting was Mr. John Dougherty, a resident and large landholder in Clay county, Mo., as he has stated to me since the meeting, and will not hesitate to state again, as he is a high-minded and honorable man, above all concealment or disguise. The gentlemen principally composing your meeting came from across the river, thronging the road from the ferry to the town, on horseback and in wagons, in numbers variously estimated by different persons at from two hundred to three hundred; and after the meeting was over they returned to their homes in the state of Missouri. These are facts as notorious here as any public occurrence can be, and every man who had eyes to see and ears to hear is cognizant of them."

The Governor, then goes on to say that he would tolerate no such outside interference in Kansas affairs, and declares that he will "perform the duties of the office of Governor with fidelity—denounce and resist interference in friend or foe, without regard to the locality, the party, the faction or the 'ism' from which it comes."

Thus it appears that the public meeting in Leavenworth City, which demanded of the Governor an immediate election of the members of the legislature, was composed of the same class who have recently elected a delegate from Kansas to Congress—that is to say, of persons in the slaveholding interest, residing in the state of Missouri. The demand they make is a part of the great fraud planned and set on foot by Senator Atchinson, who, it is publicly understood at St. Louis, remained in Missouri for the purpose after the assembling of Congress, and who has now gone back to Washington infamous for the rest of his life.

Governor Reeder, it is well understood by all who know him, would not have ventured upon the course he is taking, if he were not assured of the approbation of the Executive. He is a man of pliant character, and it was one of the qualifications which recommended him to the administration, that he would not scruple to conform to the instructions he might receive. We are obliged, therefore, to infer that Mr. Pierce has proceeded quite as far as he means to go for the present, in co-operating with the conspirators who seek to convert Kansas into a

slave territory and ultimately bring it into the Union as a slave state. In the downward course which he has been persuaded to take, he is at length startled at the gulf which his friends of the pro-slavery party are opening under his feet, and into which they seek to thrust him.

It is not at all surprising, that these men should now let him know that they expect him to recall Governor Reeder, and bestow the office upon somebody who will be managed by themselves, and made to act as they choose. The Missouri prints of the Atchinson faction have already teemed with the most ferocious attacks upon Governor Reeder for his refusal to order an immediate election for the territorial legislature. Atchinson is now in Washington, full of indignation against Reeder, for declining to become a party to his plot. In the Capitol his associates—the *meas*, as it is called, to which he belongs—consist of Butler of South Carolina, the two Senators from Virginia, and one or two more, all men of the extreme southern party, ready for the most desperate measure which promises a chance of maintaining the political ascendancy of the slave states. It is next to impossible, that they should not have remonstrated with the President on the conduct of his newly appointed Governor, by which a serious obstacle has been thrown in the way of the Atchinson scheme of making Kansas a slave territory through the votes of men who live in the state of Missouri.

If Governor Reeder had not lent himself to Atchinson's scheme, their object would have been effected by this time. Just before the late election of a delegate for Kansas, Mr. Atchinson, in an address to his constituents, said: "When you reside within one day's journey of the territory, and when your peace, your quiet and your prosperity depend upon your action, you can, without an exertion, send five hundred of your young men, who will vote in favor of your institutions." He remained at Missouri instead of going to Washington at the opening of Congress, and saw his dishonest counsel followed. The young men were sent out to Missouri, voted for the pro-slavery candidate, elected him, and came back. The same success would have attended an election of members of the Kansas legislature. A majority of members friendly to the introduction of slavery would have been returned, and the very first act passed would have been an ordinance legalizing property in human beings.

The fraud would then have been consummated, and the curse of slavery would have been fixed upon Kansas for generations to come; but what would have been the effect upon public opinion? The exasperation which has been awakened by the passage of the Nebraska bill, intense as it is, would have been heightened into a feeling still more formidable to the objects of it. The infamy, which is now principally borne by Atchinson and his instruments, would have been transferred entire to the administration. Atchinson and his knaveries would have been forgotten amid the denunciations levelled against delinquents of more mark and consequence.

Greatly as the administration has erred, we rejoice that there are lengths to which it will not go. In any resistance which it may make to the desperate wickedness by which it is attempted to smuggle slavery into Kansas, against the will of those who inhabit the territory, it is sure of a strong support, not only we trust, at the North, but from all honest men in all parts of the Union, whose minds are not perverted by the pro-slavery fanaticism. Those who require the dismissal of Governor Reeder, for attempting to give the real inhabitants of his territory an opportunity to frame their institutions according to their own judgment of what is right and fit, may make war upon the administration when they find that they can manage it no longer; but in a cause like this, ten men will hasten to its defence for one who ventures to attack it.

A recent article in the *Courier and Enquirer* gave the information that the silver coins most prized by the jewellers for melting, are those bearing the stamp of the United States Mint prior to the late revision of the standard, and that, for this purpose, the quarters and half dollars of the old standard contained a premium of 4 per cent, and that French five-franc pieces and Spanish milled dollars are the only other coins regarded with equal favor by the melters. While the present demand, from abroad as well as at home, continues for United States' coinage, foreign silver coins will remain in circulation, although it is understood that the mint at Philadelphia is prepared to coin any amount of small silver coins.

THE GREATEST GRAIN FORT IN THE WORLD.—We copied an article yesterday from the *Chicago Democrat*, which claimed for that city pre-eminence as "the greatest grain port in the world."

But on glancing again at the statistics of the receipts at various ports in this country and in Europe, we discover a very significant omission, which we make haste to supply. Buffalo, "the Queen City of the Lakes," is missing. The reason why may perhaps be inferred from the fact that its imports of grain alone, during the year, reach the enormous figure of twenty-two millions of bushels! Chicago does not pretend to more than fourteen millions. The westernmost city it will be seen has now to grow considerably before overtopping Buffalo as a grain depot. Will the *Democrat* make the amendment?—*Albany Argus.*

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, DECEMBER, 30, 1884.

The Dedicatory Address.

To the Address which we publish this week, a few words of prefatory history may not be unnecessary.

On Sabbath evening, 17th inst., our little circle at Mr. Brooks' in session, some remarks were made about getting some one to deliver an address on the occasion of dedicating our hall. No one present suggesting any name as a lecturer for the occasion, Mr. B. observed that we could get a lecture from the spirits, if we could not get a lecturer; and he thought there would be no difficulty in getting some one to read it. He then called upon the spirits, asking them if they would not furnish us a lecture for the next Sabbath. They immediately responded, by raps, that they would take ten minutes to hold a consultation, and let us know the result. At the end of the ten minutes, the raps commenced again, and gave us the following as the result of their deliberations: We have concluded to give you an address for the dedication of your hall. It will cover four or five sheets of paper, such as we used to call foolscap. It will purport to come from Benjamin Franklin; but we shall all help. We will commit him with the authorship, because he furnishes us batteries. They appointed the time when they would commence it; but when the time arrived, I went and found that they had it two-thirds done, they having occupied the medium—Miss Brooks—seven hours at one sitting, and five hours at another, with no one present but her father. The whole lecture was received through the raps, letter by letter. Sometimes, when the conditions are favorable, she gets the words in this way as fast as an expert penman can write them down. Getting the first letter or syllable, impression gives her the balance. She speaks the word and they sanction it with an affirmative sign, or reject it with a negative. The latter seldom happens. Those who are acquainted with her scholastic acquirements, will not suspect her of producing the lectures which we receive through her.

When the address was completed, I asked for the names of all the spirits who contributed it, and received, in response, the following:

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
BEN JOHNSON,
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
STEPHEN R. SMITH,
EDGAR C. DAYTON,
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

For our next issue, we shall have a lecture on THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, by the spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH. Also a lecture, by the spirit of EDGAR C. DAYTON, on PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL ANATOMY. They will both be highly interesting. There is a band of elevated spirits who have engaged to furnish us lectures as long as we can furnish them proper media, when the conditions will permit. As the medium—Miss Brooks—through whom they are now giving these lectures, becomes more developed, their lectures will become more clear, and present fewer of those passages which seem to be somewhat obscure in their meaning. These, they tell us, are owing to difficulties which they have to encounter, in passing their ideas through the machinery—if we may so term it—of communication.

We have not yet received Professor BRITTON's definite notice of the time when his lectures will be given in Buffalo. As soon as we do receive it, we will make it known through some of the daily papers, as well as our own.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS writes us from Troy, N. Y., that he is working his way hitherward; and we may expect him here about the first of February.

The Spiritual Conference Meeting, at Temperance Hall, commences at 2-1/2 o'clock, P. M., till further notice.

The Great Conflict of Nations.

The Royal Mail Steamship America, Capt. LAM, which arrived at Halifax on Saturday last, brought ten days later dates from Europe, but nothing of extraordinary interest from the Crimea. The siege is kept up with the utmost rigor of civilized warfare; but nothing of recent date had taken place beyond sorties by the Russians and repulses by the Allies. The ranks, which are continually thinned on both sides by conflicts and disease, are as continually filled up by the arrival of new levies; and the preparations for determined conquest on the part of the Allies, and desperate resistance on the part of Russia, render all prospects of accommodation hopeless.

The most important news by this arrival, is that a treaty has been concluded between the western powers and Austria, by which the latter has agreed to declare war against Russia within a month. To this decision Austria has been driven by the force of circumstances—Kossuth and the Hungarians are lying low and waiting for a favorable opportunity to raise the standard of rebellion and involve Austria in another struggle to preserve her national existence. She has dallied with the western powers as long as they would stand it. The time had arrived when they would have a definite answer; and they were ready, if she would not join them against Nicholas, to make her take the other alternative, when they would send a fleet and an army to her frontiers which would turn all Hungary loose upon her. There can be no doubt that Francis Joseph inclined to Nicholas with all the heart he has, and all the gratitude that such a soul can feel. But Eng-

land and France are so situated that they can make him feel their vengeance at very short notice, whilst Russia can only get at him by land. The naval forces of Russia cannot stir an inch toward Austria from any direction. The Adriatic is open to the fleets of the Allies, and they can kindle the flame of rebellion on the Austrian frontiers, at short notice.

How much such an unwilling ally as Austria, will be worth to the confederated powers, will be more conveniently estimated when she comes to take an active part. We have not yet believed that Austria would take up arms against Russia, in favor of Turkey and her allies; nor do we believe that she will ever prove a trustworthy associate of the western powers, in the great struggle which has just commenced. If Austria can see an opportunity to strike, with effect, for Russia, it is our opinion that she will hold herself ready to do so, at any time during the conflict. Had it not been for Kossuth and the Hungarians, she would have taken position with Nicholas long ere this. Fear for the result to herself, is all that keeps her in the bigging position which she now occupies.

Whilst on this subject, it is opportune to refer to a movement which has been made by some worthy citizens of New York and other localities in this country. It is an appeal to President Pierce, by way of memorial, to prof-fer the mediation of this government to the belligerent nations. The argument used is that the effusion of human blood is likely to be great; that there is no other nation occupying a position so independent of the belligerent powers; no one, the genius of whose institutions is so happily adapted to a state of universal peace; no one outside of the family of nations involved in the conflict, so worthy of being listened to respectfully.

All this is very plausible; and if there appeared to be any prospect that we should be successful in bringing about a settlement of the great quarrel, it would seem to be a pity to withhold the proposed tender; but what prospect is there of such a result? and what would be the consequence if we should make the tender of friendly intervention and it should be refused? These, it strikes us, are questions of some importance. When four or five bulldogs, or as many run-infringed bipeds, get into a general fight, there is great danger in attempting to separate them, until they have sufficiently torn, worried and mauled each other to materially reduce their bumps of combativeness. As soon as their exertions and the exchange thrusts which they receive, exhaust their powers and take the backram out of their ferociousness, they become less dangerous, and are even glad to be pulled apart. Those belligerent powers have but just entered the ring and exchanged snaps, scratches and knocks enough to excite them to the highest point of furor. To approach them now with a proposition of mediation, would, in our opinion, subject us to the humiliation of emphyse, if not indignant rejection from all parties.

The consequences of an indignant repulse, we cannot pretend to predict. That it would be humiliating in the eyes of the world, we know; and that we should feel resentment, we may know. If one party should, out of policy, accept, and the other refuse, how natural would it be for us to feel friendship for the one and enmity to the other. And how natural would it be for the rejecting party to suspect us of entertaining hostile feelings toward them. Then, again, if we should meet with a favorable reception, in the capacity of mediator, from both parties, should we not be bound to see that the stipulations entered into by them should be carried out in good faith? And if one or the other should neglect to do what the terms of the convention would require them to do, should we not be bound to unite our power with the other party to compel compliance on the part of the defaulter? It strikes us very forcibly that such a proffer would not be heading the fatherly advice which WASHINGTON left us in his farewell address. And it further strikes us, that we had better, at least, wait till they shall have worried themselves sufficiently to make such a proposition more acceptable than it would be if made now, when both parties feel their power and are sanguine of success.

A Trio of Luminaries.

There used to be an adage, before refined sentiment became as general as it now is—none too general now—which may be rendered: "Between two stools, the person seeking a seat will find the ground." We are reminded of this homely adage by the fact, that between our three luminaries—the Common Council, the Gas Company and the Moon—we too frequently find total darkness. We propose to speak of the fact and its consequence, the causes, and the remedy.

The fact we shall not be called on to prove, by any one whose business or pleasure render evening walking necessary. During the last moon, we had storms almost continually. As soon as the almanac represents the moon as presenting a luminous crescent, we are not allowed any street lights, let the evening be as dark as it may. To give an example: We had about two and a half miles to walk in the evening, after six o'clock, in the stormy week of the last moon. The whole heavens were so obscured by dense vapor, that the beams of a dozen full moons could not have penetrated it. All the light there was, proceeded from the snow, which was falling thick and fast, but which was not allowed to lie still, as a very frolicsome wind was cutting up all manner of fantastic capers with it. The track, which had been made during the day, was drifted full—Banks were piled up all along the side-walks. The moon being unsolved by the foot of man or beast, it seemed to present an even surface; and the laboring pedestrian would find himself tumbling headlong into a drift, middle deep, at every rod of progress. At one point, where a high bank had been excavated the day previous, we met with three females, piled up so, that the under and middle ones were in danger of suffocation. The top one being very heavy herself, independently of the load of provisions which she was bearing from the grocery store just beyond, we had much ado to pull her off of those who had well nigh done struggling beneath her. The one which constituted the lowest stratum, was so far spent that it was with some difficulty she was assisted to the next grocery. We proceeded, after rendering what assistance we could, breasting the storm and buffeting the waves of snow, till we accomplished the journey; but it was the most wearisome one we ever made, in so short a distance. We have heard of legs and arms being broken in these toilsome and dangerous feats of pedestrianism which many citizens are compelled to perform in these rayless evenings. And all this is for want of the light which should be afforded by the Gas Company. Never do citizens need street lights as much as they do in those stormy nights, when the almanac moon is as much of a blank as it was the day before it was created.

The fault lies—where? The Gas Company affirm that they faithfully and punctually fulfill their part of the contract with the city fathers; and so, perhaps, they do, bating the quarter-turn of the little what-ye-call-it, by means of which the quantity of gas which each burner is allowed to consume, is regulated. If the company do cheat the city at all, which, considering the moral purity which usually characterizes all incorporated companies, is hardly a supposable case—it is by directions to the lamp-lighters to let on only a sufficient stream of gas, to each burner, to "make darkness visible." Or, it may be that they have a saving grace appended to the turning valve, so that no discretion in the "turn of the wrist" is left the man with the lamp and ladder. At all events, our streets, when the lamps are in full glow, present more the appearance of country roads in August, lighted by fire-flies, than that of properly lighted city avenues.

Now, let not the Gas Company turn up their indignant noses at us, on account of these remarks. It may well be the case, and doubtless is, that the first named of the three luminaries, have so cheapened and bargained them down, that they are compelled to watch the moon by the almanac, and to set the gauges so that no night-walker shall boast of having two shadows at the same time. If this be the case, we pray the good people of Buffalo to express to their city representatives, first, their approbation of the course they pursue, so far as it relates to economy in expenditures; but, second, their disapprobation of their course, so far as it relates to that spirit of parsimoniousness which defeats the design of an important public accommodation. Say to the Common Council: "Let us have light," if not for two shillings, for two-and-sixpence. Pay no attention to the moon, she is too much of a lunatic to be depended upon especially when valued in dense clouds of intervening vapor. Advise the Council to contract for light as soon as Sol goes to his couch behind the western hills and blows out the twilight, and for jets of flame which will spread wider and extend farther. Ask them to use greater economy in some other departments of the city government, and be a little more liberal in this. They will not hesitate to act properly when they hear the voices of their constituency.

Preaching.

Everybody preaches. Some preach well; some ill. Some preach truth; some falsehood. Some preach in one way and some in another. Some preach two ways at once, confirming, in each mode, what is affirmed in the other. Others, again, preach one way with their vocal organs, and the opposite way with their acts; thus contradicting, by their lives, the moral and religious theories which they present orally for the acceptance of others.

Every father preaches to his children. The father who tells his son that he should abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages, preaches well and truthfully; but he who thus preaches with his lips, and then puts the intoxicating cup to the same lips, contradicts himself, proves to his son that he is insincere, hypocritical and unworthy of credit, respect or filial affection. The very young son thinks his father the wisest man in the world. Whatever he says and does is law to that little mind, especially when it does not inhibit the gratification of some propensity of its animal nature. Thus, if the father is habitually ill-tempered and morose at home, using harsh language with elevated voice, to all the members of his family, who, in any way, fail to meet his capricious humor, the observing boy thinks this is the privilege of authority, and will practice the same, as nearly as he can copy the manner, upon the first child he comes in contact with, who is physically his inferior. Thus the father preaches continually to his children, in all his words and actions. And thus his precepts take effect, whether they be good or evil.

The mother preaches continually to all her children, as long as they remain in the nursery; and to her daughters as long as they remain under the parental roof. With her lips she tells them they must not lie; but with the same lips she frequently lies herself in their presence, and to them. When she tells them they must not lie, she preaches well and truthfully; but when she tells her neighbor, in their presence, that she is exceedingly gratified with the favor of her company at tea, and then, in her absence, tells them that she would nearly as have seen the devil come to her house as to see her neighbor, she preaches adversely and hypocritically, and is training them up to the practice of insincerity, hypocrisy and lying.

The merchant who buys and sells goods, preaches well when he tells those from whom he purchases that it is wrong for them to charge him more than a fair price and living profit, and that it is sinful for them to scant the measure or the weight. But he preaches contradictorily when he teaches his clerks to tell his customers that the goods they are buying cost him more than he is offering them for, and shows them how to stretch the selenge of the cloth over the yardstick, and how to take back an inch of every yard, by a peculiar roll of the thumb. So does the grocer preach well when he inculcates upon the farmer the duty of making good measure when he sells him grain, fruit, &c. But he contradicts it when he keeps a pound weight in one side of his scales, to conceal the fact that the side which he weighs teas, coffee and spices in, is a quarter of a pound too heavy; and when he knocks in the bottom of the half-bushel and peck measures which he sells by. The clerks, in all these instances, who are made the echoes of these preachers' voices, are receiving inculcations which are morally pernicious. On the contrary, those who practise honest dealing in every department of business, are preachers of truth; and their precepts will sink deep into the hearts of those who take them for patterns, and produce impressions which can never be eradicated—fruits whose flavor will improve eternally.

Clergymen preach with their lips, in set speeches, from two to three times every sabbath day, and with their hands, conversation and deportment, all the week. They frequently come down upon their hearers in a flood of impassioned eloquence, on the infinite goodness of God. This is preaching the truth; and if they should dwell upon the subject forever, and increase continually in eloquence, they would still fall infinitely short of doing it justice. But, with the same lips which they preach the infinite goodness of the Great Parent of all Spirits, they preach that He, of his own mere motion—there being none to prompt him—made man and implanted in him a sinful nature; or caused another being, whom he created for the purpose, to breathe the spirit of evil into his soul. That, having ordained and made sure human disobedience to His will, and transgression of His laws, He prepared a place of punishment for man's immortal soul, where it must dwell eternally in the most agonizing torment that infinite malignity could devise, or omnipotent power inflict. This is false preaching. It grossly slanders a heavenly Father, in whose every act infinite wisdom and love are manifested, and in whose daily providence His human children are all furnished with whatever is necessary for the comforts of the body and the growth of the soul, if they will only consent to accept it. It is a calumny which has caused millions and millions of human souls to deny the existence of a God, or to live and die hating Him for doing that which none but the most malignantly demonic spirit could think of doing. It is a slander which has been the parent of all the atheism that ever existed in Christendom. It is a libel, which has made more maniacs than all other causes that ever conspired to overthrow the citadel of human reason.

There are preachers in churches who insist that men and women justly incur damnation, who doubt that the Spirits of Moses and Elias were seen in company with Jesus, and heard conversing with him, by Peter, James and John, at the time of the transfiguration, on the mountain. All these preachers know about this occurrence, they find in a book, which was written about eighteen hundred years ago, by some Jews. There is not any corroborating testimony; and the occurrence is one which, according to human conception, is out of the order of nature. Yet those pulpit preachers insist that every one shall believe it, or be damned. Now, we shall not be damned for want of the required faith. We believe the account to be true. Why do we believe it? Because men now living, in whose veracity we have unbounded confidence, positively assert that they have frequently seen and conversed with the spirits of departed men and women, and because our own vision has been similarly opened. Now the same preachers who would send us to the region of eternal flames for doubting the wonderful things recorded in that old book, affirm that all who pretend that they have witnessed similar phenomena, in the present age, are liars and cheats, or fools and maniacs; and, had they the power, they would "persecute them from city to city, and cause them to be put to death." No word that they can utter seems emphatic enough to express the bitterness of their feelings toward those whose minds have been forcibly convinced that the spirits of the departed do now visit the earth and hold communion with their friends in the flesh.

Now, if such ones will not, at this day, come forward and investigate this subject dispassionately, but will stand back uttering anathemas against those who do investigate and become convinced, what would they have done had they lived in the days of Jesus and his disciples? Would they not have united their voices with those who cried: "Away with him! Crucify him!" and release unto us Barabbas, the malefactor? They certainly would. Cannot these preachers behold themselves in the mirror which the gospel history holds up to them?

A Territorial seal for Kansas, designed by Gov. Reeder, has been engraved by Robert Lovett of Philadelphia. The device is a shield with two supporters, surmounted, by a scroll motto; the lower compartment containing figures of a buffalo and hunter, and the upper one various implements of agriculture. The right supporter is the goddess Ceres with her sheaf, the left supporter being a pioneer with a snook fork, while between them lie a fallen tree and an axe. The motto is: *Populi vocem Natu*—born of the popular will.

By request of Mr. CONKLIN, we copy the following article from the local column of the *Daily Republic*, which was written by the reporter of that paper, who was sent to the house of Dr. THOMAS M. FOOTE, where Mr. C. had consented to meet the calculator of the *Commercial Advertiser*, to give him an opportunity to make good his charge, that he, Mr. C., was guilty of the practice of fraud and deception, by moving the table himself, by which, spiritual communications were said to be received. This reporter was requested by Mr. WILSON, the editor of the *Republic*, to report the facts as they occurred, without note or comment.

It was expected that the recalcitrant who had once shamefully calumniated Mr. C., in the *Commercial Advertiser*, would do the same again when he made his report. This expectation was realized in two columns of villainous misrepresentation, falsehood and abusive slang. We are truly sorry that the *Commercial Advertiser*, under the new administration, is suffered to retrograde with such celerity, towards the ultra point of moral recklessness. It is our opinion that the present proprietors will have cause to regret the start they have made in the business of journalism. We do not wish to call on the gentlemen, by name, who were present at the meeting. It is their duty to disavow the false statements made in the columns of the *Commercial*. We shall see whether they will do it or not.

THE CHALLENGE.—We attended, by invitation, on Saturday afternoon, the meeting at Dr. T. M. FOOTE's residence, at which place, Mr. CONKLIN, the celebrated medium, was to prove to the unbelieving editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and a committee, that table moving was no humbug, and could be accomplished by other than human agency. There were present in the room, Dr. FOOTE, ALBERT H. TRACY, SAMUEL WILKINSON, of the *Democracy*, Dr. SCOTT, Mr. LUTHER, of the *Commercial*, ex-President FILLMORE, and one of the editors of this paper. A large kitchen-table, five feet long and three feet wide, was brought up from below, and the medium, Mr. CONKLIN, seated himself at the table and placed his hands upon it. Dr. SCOTT and Mr. FOOTE placed each a hand on the corners opposite the medium. After sitting silently for some moments, a spasmodic action was visible in the right hand of the medium—a sort of nervous twitching, upon which his hand grasped a pencil and wrote upon a sheet of paper "Hands off!" Messrs. SCOTT and FOOTE removing their hands, Mr. CONKLIN sat some fifteen minutes, at the conclusion of which the table moved up under his hand three times, and his hand again being nervously excited, apparently, wrote upon the paper: "If some one of a stronger physical organization (meaning, as Mr. CONKLIN translated it, stronger than the medium—who is a man weighing about 120 pounds, of a slight and feeble build)—will do as we have done, we will do more." Explained thus: That if any man of more strength than Mr. CONKLIN would or could move the table, by placing his hands upon it, in the manner of the medium, some thing more wonderful would be manifested by the spirits. Mr. C. then arose, and all the gentlemen present endeavored to make the table move. None of them could do it, though Dr. FOOTE declared, as did others, that they "thought such an effect could be produced by a nice balancing of the muscles, and long practice. They said they did not yet believe that there was any spiritual agency in the affair, and that unless some more impressive action was performed, they should still consider the whole thing as an imposition. Mr. CONKLIN utterly refused to give any other proofs of spiritualism, resting his claim of success in having accomplished what no one else in the room could perform. After a little heated conversation, Mr. CONKLIN left. A little heated conversation, Mr. CONKLIN left. A little heated conversation, Mr. CONKLIN left. A little heated conversation, Mr. CONKLIN left.

After his leave-taking, some conversation ensued, and the committee on the part of the *Commercial* declared that it was a ridiculous humbug. Messrs. FOOT, SCOTT, however, considering the moving of the table, as before related, as a fair test. And so the matter rests.—*Republic*.

The following, which we take from the *New York Post*, should furnish a significant hint to those capitalists who are putting up expensive edifices in this city, calculating on the continuation of the inflated state of things which has run up the prices of every thing that men consume, or that is used in the arts. It is plain to every observing mind, that Buffalo emulates—not to say apes—New York; in every thing that is wild and extravagant; but does not seem so much inclined to follow her lead in returning to the path of rectitude and the law of prudence from which she deviates:

Signs of the Times.

We are informed by one who has had the curiosity to count them, that there are one hundred and sixty-one "To Let" bills posted on buildings in Broadway alone, and that there have not been so many unrented stores in that street at any time since the great crisis of 1836-7, as at the present. This is the natural result of the exorbitant rents that have prevailed in that great thoroughfare. Only a year ago, and the common price of a first floor, 20 by 80, in a good location, was \$4500 per annum; of a whole building, 25 by 80 or 100 feet, ten to twelve thousand dollars; and we know of one instance in which the owner of a fine edifice, situated on a great way from Canal street, refused to fix a definite price for the store, (20 by 45 feet), because he had been offered so much more than he had designed asking—an applicant proposing to pay \$50,000, and to deposit \$20,000 worth of good stock as collateral security for the payment of the rent—and he didn't know where the existing boom would stop. That store has never yet been occupied; has a "To Lease" notice on it at the present moment, and may be had, doubtless for half the amount so repeatedly offered and spurned.

There was literal truth as well as wit in the observation of a friend, who on being told that the rent of a new store he was examining would be \$60,000, looked down into its deep sub-cellar, and expressed the belief that they were running the thing into the ground.

The Future Life.

BY WILLIAM EULEN, BRANT.
How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied Spirits of the dead;
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?
For I shall feel the sting of useless pain;
If there I meet your gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice of love, nor read again
In thy serene eyes the tender thought.
Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer—
And midst that never utter it in heaven?

In melodies faintly by heaven's life-breathing
wind—
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Will thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past
And meekly with his harsher nature bore;
And deeper grew, and tenderer the last—
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And loved all, and rendered good for all.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll.
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell—
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wearst the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name—
The same fair thought of love and gentle care,
Teller in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same.

Shall thou not teach me, in that calmer home;
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
Thy fit companion in that land is this?

THOMAS CAMPBELL ON THE AMERICAN FLAG.

United States, your banner bears
Two emblems; one of Fame,
Alas! the other that it wears,
Proclaims your nation's shame.

Your high renown in glorious type,
Is blazoned by your stars;
But what the meaning of the stripes?
They mean your negroes' scars.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE, BY GEORGE LUNT, OF MANASSAS, VIRGINIA.

England, whence comes each glowing line
That tints your flag of meteoric light;
The streaming red, the deeper blue,
Crossed with the moonbeams' pearly white?

The blood and bruise—the blue and red—
Let Asia's groaning millions speak;
The white—it tells the color shed
From starving Erin's pallid cheek.

COMETS.

Where do comets go to, and what keeps them going systematically when they leave the realms of our sun's dominion? The planets of our solar system move round the sun in ellipses not far removed from circles. Halley's comet moves in an ellipse which is four times as long as it is broad, according to cosmic calculation, and while its perihelion is 57 millions of miles from the sun, its aphelion is 3,550 millions of miles from that luminary. This is nothing but approximate calculation. The visible part of a comet's movement in her orbit is so small that the true figure of her orbital track can not be given with accuracy, and hence her remotest point, i. e. aphelion, may be much greater than is assigned to it. It is conjectured that some comets never return, on the assumption that they move in parabolic or hyperbolic curves. Analogous reasoning leaves but little room for an assumption, if it is an inevitable law that a parabola or hyperbola can not be mathematically or astronomically bent into an orbital figure. However, for the present consideration, it is enough to know that some comets move in elliptical tracks more or less elongated, and that the sun—our sun—is in one of the foci. The question with us is what constitutes its remote foci? There must evidently be something there to regulate its wandering track when so far removed from the known realms of our solar system. Does it not, travel around a star—another sun—of some other solar system in its remotest foci? May not comets be the connecting links which bind and balance the myriads of solar systems into one harmonious cosmogony. Although the nearest visible stars are by computation more remote from the sun than Halley makes the aphelion of his comet, there may be stars invisible to us which are near enough and of sufficient magnitude to be suns of systems as great as ours, and be the regulators or center of the comets of short periods, such as Halley's. The assumption of a class of comets falling into our solar sphere, and there to sweep in parabolic curves round the sun, and then to pass out into illimitable space never to return, is too accidental an hypothesis to follow up the rationale of certain laws which govern the planets of our system. Great astronomers have given comets very bad characters. Comets have been charged with terrible assaults upon our little earth ball. Professor Nichol says to the comet of Lexell, "What, then, is your destiny to tell us? To what new page of that infinite book are you an index? We missed, indeed, only very narrowly, an opportunity of information which have been not the most convenient; for the earth escaped being involved in the huge tail of our visitor merely by being fourteen days behind it." According to Professor Nichol's opinion, this comet has swept off on its parabolic lever never to return, playing in its course such heavenly pranks as twisting round stars, and doubling, as he said it did, perihelion circuit round the sun. Now does it not accord better with natural science and astronomical harmony to give to comets two centers? Will some of your astronomical readers make inquiry into that assumption? The moon is obedient to the earth. The earth and moon from a system which is obedient to the sun. The sun with his primary and secondary attendants from a system which seems to be obedient to a great system. May not comets form the bands which link systems together?—*Scientific American*.

JOHN WISE.

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Dedication Lecture.

Friends of this organization. Wisdom, harmony and truth, unfold beautifying and affectionate sentiments in the human mind, and thrill innumerable souls of a divine land, with joyous sensations, when digesting these abstruse principles which are seen in the immeasurable organization of nature, and those unchangeable laws which govern a material and celestial existence.

These laws vary in teachings and lofty tendencies; but their comprehensions are beautifying to a searching mind, and clearly elucidate the realities which they contain, of a profound consciousness of a divine mind, and the noblest aspirations of an immortal progression. Lovers of harmony and affection, of wisdom and mercy, have assembled themselves together, bearing in their bosoms the enrapturing words, *Truth, truth forever.* Friends of this society, we bid you hail! we bid you hope! and may this address sink deep into the most interior chambers of the mind and heart, that it may shadow forth spiritual principles which illuminate boundless firmaments, where, from the central soul, roll in majestic waves, the divine emanations of the inexhaustible goodness of God—that it reflect into your spirits that power of concentration which will direct your attention from sensual and material objects to the superlative sublimation of all qualities of goodness centered in God, the celestial and eternally harmonious, and receive deep infusions of the angelic grandeur and ineffable perfection in the great and boundless universe of God. There is a beautiful link in that everlasting chain which connects the finite with the infinite. And spirits gone from you respond sympathetically to the troubled heart. Like a devoted mother, they would bestow a joyful word to the suffering, impart vitality to the feeble pulse, and point them to joys where, in infinite bosoms, flow the sweet and tranquil light, exhilarating and refreshing to the human heart.

The mother places the form of her dead child into the cold and unsympathizing grave. Her heart wrung with grief until it bleeds from every pore, she goes into the world mourning and wailing the loss of one so dear. No human power can send the enlivening ray of sympathy to drown her sorrow. No human words alleviate her sufferings. She goes to the Bible for consolation, and turns away with a dejected look. She raises her thoughts upward to the divine Ruler of the universe in thought and prayer. A calm steals over her troubled spirit; the fount of grief is sealed; and that mother resolves to live henceforth for the happiness of others. But, as years multiply, her mind wanders to the spirit land, awakening sad thoughts in her soul; for she yearns to know her child is happy. O Mother! yonder is a land where brightest flowers grow—where majestic streams flow through the celestial universe—where birds of brightest hue carol their sweet notes. There is the home of the everlasting soul; there, in inexpressible exaltation and glory of angels, roams the spirit of your child.

The germ of its little innocent mind is unfolding and pointing its pinions upward to reach the depths of interior joys that float above its head, as the stars shine above yours. Then dry your tears—there is a world where you shall meet your child in all the effulgent beauty of an immortal seraph.

There are the dying father and mother. A lone and beautiful child hangs its head droopingly over their forms, to catch the last utterance of those cold and clammy lips. The change takes place, and the spirits of those parents wing their flight to their positions in a future world. The innocent child is left alone in its material home. The rich shun its pleading voice. The proud scorn its shivering form; and wither to go the little wanderer knows not. But as years pass by, perhaps in yonder house of pollution, that once harmless child sleeps in the atmosphere of infancy, rained forever in the sight of the world, when but a kind word, and a home in its youth, would have saved it from crime and degradation. But they are there—those bright spirits from celestial lands, mingle their thoughts with the feelings of the deserted child, softly whispering: learn of heaven—awake from your dream of wrong, for in heaven you shall meet fond friends, with all the love that fills an angel's bosom.

Friends see the crimes which rest upon the face of the Earth. Does man realize that a supremacy of the animal nature rules, and the inner self is clogged in the prison of materiality? O strike for purity and truth. There *is*, in the human mind, immortal streams of awe and love, and the soul sometimes realizes its relation to the development of eternal harmonies. O unmask thy heart to the interior promptings of nature, for there exists, imperceptibly to the outer sense of man, developments of harmonious wisdom, in the universal relation and sympathetic chain connecting all things. The elements of the stupendous volume of nature are unfolding sublime principles, in the effulgent firmament of truth. There are pure principles and heavenly precepts to be derived from the human spirit—not from modern theories, for these have too many biblical and clerical embellishments; nor from ancient teachings; but from the natural refinement of the human mind. Let the human mind cast off the shackles of prejudice and bigotry, commence a calm

and truthful investigation of the great teachings of nature—of every leaf, flower and tree—of every drop of water—of worlds in the heavens above, and he will discover immutable principles in every element of nature. From science, know, every material form has its type in heaven. And from an interior consciousness, receive knowledge of a future home, and your position beyond the mortal. If beliefs now predominating on earth, must control the human mind, a thousand years must roll back on itself, and burst the prison cell which now holds human spirits in the darkest dungeons of error, and prove the true character of Christ and the origin of the bible; for the bible does not prove now that there is ought hereafter. Throw away nature and every object animated by natural life—let the bible be your only standard of knowledge—and what proof would you have of a God or Spirit's existence? You would shudder as you traced its pages; for it reads: *There is a heaven and a hell; but God plunges no man into an eternal torment.* He claims not perfection in you, and asks not revenge because you have violated his laws. But as you live on earth, so shall you enter the spirit world, progressing forever and ever.

In the days of Christ, but few investigated his faith, because they sought the approbation of a thoughtless world. They dare not embrace the truths of his philosophy, but scoffed at him and abused him. Yet how sweetly he smiled when suffering for their gratification, and how the words of deep tenderness flowed from his soul, as his form was nailed to the cross and thorns invested his head.

Noble natures sacrificed happiness in Jesus' crucifixion, and exchanged divine forms of religious worship for metaphysical subtleties, clothed with intellect, but cold and utterly destitute of the warm love that springs from the natural spirit of man.

In the modern age of moral and intellectual civilization, there are minds more uncouth and religiously barbarous than the wretched pagans—the poor ignorant heathen who bows down and worships stones and artificial idols on foreign shores. These minds come forward philosophizing that Spiritualists are unpopular, and the activity of their brain tends to produce a bewilderment of mind. Or, in other words, the whole region of spirituality is disorganized, and they are spiritually insane; but upon material subjects, they still retain their powers of reason and judgment.

Friends of harmony and love, go on. Far away from the earth, where spirits in rapture dwell, will be thy home. Where spirits live and progress, joined by the chain of celestial sympathy; where the glorious fount of everlasting joy flows from the shoreless ocean of divine bliss; where the pure and holy move in sublimity, unfolding and expanding the germ of the spirit, beneath the joyousness of life's inner repose; where thought struggles to penetrate the wisdom and glories of heaven. Stand not aside and say, within thy heart, I am fearful of the devil. Why contemplate a satanic being? Does it harmonize with your spiritual being? Does it give you freedom as you follow time in its flight, to behold the angel of wisdom, as it descends from the center of the everlasting universe of God? Does it infuse into your spirit the all-inspiring and absorbing elements of love, which pulsate throughout all existences, as you drink from the unbounded waters of nature and search for the inexhaustible truth and sublime principles of spiritual beauty and magnificence?

Behold your universe outspread before you in gorgeous beauty. The messengers of thought and affection are thronging the divine fields of expansion, and the unfolding of the human mind. Behold the orb of night in sublime grandeur, making its ascension into the heavens, performing its work with harmonious nature. Behold the wide expanded heavens gemmed by the starry hosts and the glistening dew drop descending from yonder bright clouds, and all nature seems harmoniously drawn together, by the eternal and infinite, the great operative power of divine principles. O my friendly associates of this society, onward forever. There are no limits to the universe of the spiritual existence. The infinitude which rolls in stupendous volumes through eternity is unbounded.

It is a beautiful sight to behold the multitudinous combinations of talent of the material self, with the adaptation of spiritual being—Wisdom is an ornamental and substantial pillar of support for the mind to rest upon, when surrounded by the irrelevant and superfluous dogmas of modern origin. Many minds are now entombed in the cold sepulchre of false traditions. Bigoted minds cannot inwardly behold the omnipotence of divine being, for their external self chains them to antiquated structures of knowledge, and the spirit is bound by materiality to submit to dark and superstitious doctrines gathered from the history of ancient men and ages.

How foolish the theological affirmations, made by men, of the spirit world and of Omnipotent power. What history is that affirms that earth was made in six days, and Adam was the first man placed upon it? What history is it that affirms that Eve was made of Adam's rib, and that here was the commencement and origin of the human race? The bible, you say. So it does; but has not science proved that earth has passed through numbers of changes and different processes of formation, before this period, and is still undergoing developments as time passes away? There is every wise mind will acknowledge, no harmony between truth, derived from nature, and many affirmed facts of the bible. They stand wide asunder, each conveying a different arrangement of the formation of innumerable worlds, formed and continually springing up, or being now in process of formation. The affirmations of the bible cannot create principles which will harmonize

science and theology with the natural unfolding of refinement, in the human mind. If this be true, then the bible must have been written by man, as books are written at the present age. The human mind having been derived from the animal as philosophy proves, has been developed to its present refinement by the different processes of development through which it has passed, since intellect first began to show itself. If this is proved, then it also proves that a portion of the bible is a fictitious history.

The mind is the most beautiful workmanship of God. It is a magnet which attracts the finer and more sublimated electricity of nature, and possesses the eternalized and infinite matter of the universe of God. It progresses, changing from this sphere of development to the next higher. It works its way up through the infinite wisdom of those eternal principles which give force and vitality to its power of spiritual attainment. It opens its unfoldings of knowledge to the recollection of higher and holier truths. The immortal mind stands not back fearing to search for hidden treasures, but pushes fearlessly and cheerfully forward, to the attainment of those truths and wisdoms that lie buried in the glorious spheres of eternal worlds. Its faculties mind and are harmoniously attracted to the purities and joys of a more developed condition. O friends of this meeting, the immortal mind is a happy one; its home glorious; the spirit is free and is now prepared to teach you of truths from our sphere of wisdom and holiness. Then come courageously forward. Hesitate for no man. Push ahead through the spheres of terrestrialism. Study God and nature; and when your mind becomes too refined for its material form, it shall inhabit another one surpassingly beautiful in the sight of immortal minds, never more to change.

O, welcome the spirits of the departed. It is their joy to lift the veil of erring minds and point them to the glories of a nobler existence, and to the ineffable glory which pervades the universe beyond. We come to tell you of the unutterable sublimity, in the celestial harmony of an endless and progressive future. We are ever ascending the scale of spiritual refinement; opening to human wisdoms the revelations of a heaven and its truths. We come to tell you that discord and wrong cannot germinate here. Truth cannot be extinguished; it is the ruling principle of spiritual life. We drink from that universal fount of infinite depth, whose waters are crystalized, and in which are imbedded those unfolding treasures of affection and pure inspiration that mingle with the music of spheres. And spirits tune their voices in sweetest cadence, their bosoms vibrating with joy, as they send forth their songs of thanksgiving and love, to the Father of all. We come to chase away the falling tear and create hopeful thoughts in the lonely heart. We come to paint the joys of heaven to the erring and wayward. We come to bid the widow to hope and mourn not, for him who, in glory, watches at her side, as she traverses over earthly soil, her spirit sighing for companionship. We come to the orphan to teach it that it has a kind and protecting parent in the beautiful land of its divine abode. We come to bid the imberbe, whose soul is poisoned in a material desire, to recline his spirit on the bosom of infinite happiness, found alone in the study of God and nature. We come to impart affection and mercy into the mother's lonely heart, that in the silent hour of affliction, she may cease her loneliness; for that same little spirit which often made her heart glad, comes from angelic spheres and hovers around her, its little soul filled with affection and kindness. We come to speak kindly to him who bends over the inanimate form of one in whom all his being seemed centered, as he weeps over the freshly opened grave, while the genius of grief is working at his heart. O, mourners! when you weep over the tomb, arouse thee, for you are but mingling your tears with ashes. The spirit is gone from the scenes of sorrow and contention, to bask in the sunlight of a brighter world. Though the change from earthly joys to celestial glories, is a dark passage, yet 'tis passed when you consent that form to the bosom of the tomb. The once beautiful form is mingling with its congenial dust. Those bright features are gone from that lovely face; that voice is hushed in silence; but while the form is decaying, its type is found transplanted upon the shores of immortal beauty, there to bud and send forth its many branches into the land of rich effusions, and grows on, until it enlarges itself, occupying a position of wisdom and sublimity, in the spheres of a celestial and infinite world. We know it is hard to be severed from friends so dear. We know it is hard to see that form wrapped in a marble slumber and returning to its dust. But, O, woe mourn them as dead? 'Tis but the change of an outward existence, to the interior unfoldings of wisdom and purity of the infinite mind. O, regret and implore their loss no longer; but while you live, throw off the covering which clouds your spiritual being, and gaze into the eternal world; there, in brightness, their spirits stand upon the margin of the crystal waters of immortal bliss; and all heaven bespeaks its harmonious workings for the ultimate perfection of divine principles, and the infinite glory of God.

Spirits are not gone, but hover over you more fondly than when on earth. When you eat, they are there. When hope lights up your countenance, they are there. When suffering, they are there. When you mingle with the gross scenes of earth, they are there. When you are called to change from earth to heaven, they are there, striking their harps of sweetest melody, in celestial strains, as a dedication for the spirits reception into its eternal home.

The social relation of man is contaminated by the false allurements of worldly desires and foolish pride. There are different societies, each having its followers. There is too much arrogance and aristocratic formality existing in our class—too much false pride and independence of character in another, to have the two harmonize, and their feelings blend together as they search for material or spiritual knowledge. Perfection is not attainable in human life; nor is perfect harmony and purity of feeling demanded of mortal spirits. Men cannot achieve that which tends to imprison their spiritual self in the grasp of evil or iniquity. But, my friends, this much is asked of you: You have engaged yourselves in that great cause of wisdom and harmony, which from immutable principles, have originated in the great positive Mind—the Creator of all things. You have solicited the kind advices coming from immortal spirits. They are earnestly striving to meet your hopeful expectations. They are ever trying to penetrate still deeper into those laws which will overthrow the false reasonings of many brilliant minds, and draw you nearer together by the ties of infinite love and eternal harmony. There are principles emanating from pure and holy minds; and every searching soul will yearn to know why those principles are given them, and will strive to learn of those truths which are hourly placed before their interior perceptions, by minds in higher and holier spheres of wisdom and knowledge.

Those within hearing of this address, will not say that they have not earnestly and cheerfully engaged in the investigation of spiritual intercourse. Then this is our requirement: That as you develop and unfold the germ of your spiritual being, beneath the light of divine truths and eternal beauties, you will observe the infinite commandments: *Be kind to thy neighbor, love one another.* O, forget those petty jealousies and unkind thoughts that often spring up in the human heart. O, bury all unbecoming feelings towards your earthly associates deep within your bosom, and let that eternal germ of infinite life which is struggling to develop and refine itself in the spheres of material progression, have beautifying thoughts to advance its interior and eternal development. Let the principles of wisdom, unity and harmony attract you together for the promotion of this solemn and contemplative subject. Let the study of God and his works be your object of contemplation and discussion. But few years may pass before your Spirits will be summoned hence to the great receptacle and immeasurable universe for all souls. Your names will be registered upon the scroll of immortality. Your eternal destiny will be revealed as you traverse up through the spheres of development, found in the great vortex of an unvarying progressive future.

Time is rolling into the oblivion of departed ages. Time is coming from the great and bounded center of eternity. Spirits of humanity are daily seeking the universe of God. The passage from materiality to spiritual life, is continually filled with souls who are yearning to leave their prisoned home. The divine essence of the Supreme Being fills your universe, and pulsates every object animated by material life. O, contemplate this glorious and sacred work, and forget your youthful beliefs. From immutable laws of nature, let your mind search deep into the shoreless and unbounded—the infinite and immeasurable ocean of creation and eternity. There are pearls in the immortal realms of infinitude, which shine in the diadem of nature, and are imbedded in the great vortex of all that is everlasting and holy, glorious and unending. As wave follows wave upon the mighty deep, so shall the human mind commence its noblest researches to find its overlying brightness, and the index of its innumerable stages of development, where spiritual principles are embodied, in the inconceivable spheres of the limitless world, where the divine goodness and existence of God flows through immeasurable cupines of infinite spaces, unfolding glories and truths, which swell in harmony and love, as progression rolls up from the deep and impenetrable future.

Communication from the Spirit of a Savage.

On Thursday evening, the 14th inst., after Mr. SMITH had postponed the latter part of his lecture to the next evening, he observed: "Wait ten minutes—there is another spirit here who wishes to communicate." We waited the ten minutes, at the expiration of which, very emphatic raps commenced, and the following communication and well-known signature, were given with extraordinary rapidity:

"The calmest of peace dwells in your nation. The red man is banished from your forests. No more does he chase the wild deer over rocky precipices, over plains and hills, climbing rugged rocks, jumping over the streams like some wild antelope, his voice rending the air with shouts of freedom. No more shall he make his couch with the decayed leaves. No more shall he make the broken branch a pillow for his head. No more shall he lie down at night with his tomahawk at his side. No more shall he make pyramids of the white man's scalp; for the white man has gained the victory. The noble forests where the red man loved to sport, have been shorn of their glory, and what was then the glory of wild nature, now furnishes material for different architectures, formed by artificial workmanship. Do your lofty church spires; your gorgeous mansions, look to you as grand as those old woods which have existed for ages, where the red man in his natural devotion to the Great Spirit uttered words of thanks beneath the shade of those noble trees, and his voice rang with echo following echo, until all nature seemed to respond? Does the man in yonder magnificent palace, whose mind is artificially sustained, compare with the natural spirit of the red man, when your pilgrim fathers and mothers first touched American soil?"

Is man as noble and free at this day, as in bygone years? Does his spiritual nature turn to the Great Spirit in oblation for the beneficence he has showered upon him? Does he contemplate, when he beholds the creeping reptile at his feet, that God gave it life, and nature procures its sustenance? No, he eagerly grasps the cold stone and bricks that form until life is extinct; little supposing that poor reptile will forever dwell with him in heaven. Does man, when he beholds the wayward and erring, smile upon him and bid him welcome to his heart? No, he too grasps the cold stone of formality and injustice, and aims it at their souls, sinking them still farther into a depraved condition. But let man bend the bow—let him aim one more arrow—then let him seek for another when that has gone, and his quiver shall be lodged in the great tree of knowledge, and nature proclaim its victory.

TRIBUTE.

For the Age of Progress.

Come Let us Reason!

Ours God—infinite in all his attributes. This proposition is admitted as true, by most divines of the day. Infinite qualities of mind preclude the idea that he who possesses and exercises them, can be mistaken or thwarted with regard to men or results. Let us see how this view accords with the supposition that man, by the assistance of his ally, the devil, has converted our world, originally pure and holy, into a revolted colony, and therefore, in opposition to God and his laws. Originally pure—this is the admission. If true, which I am not disposed to deny, then the assertion is that now the purity is lost—in rules and the foe triumphs. Let us inquire—Did Deity, in the formation of earth and its lord, man, intend to keep it and him as his own? Or did he intend to surrender both to the control of another? If his design was to keep the kingdom to himself, and if the devil has taken possession, then is God mistaken, he is thwarted in his purpose. If he intended to give it to another, and in the transfer did not preserve the rights of the subjects, then he is unjust. If he did not transfer it, "but kept it as in the hollow of his hand," developed it in wisdom and truth as fast as the subjects could appreciate his assistance and laws, then may we safely conclude "He doeth all things well," and is not unrighteous or incapable to govern. This last supposition is in accordance with reason, intuition and the teachings of the spirits. In all candor, with such a God, in such a kingdom, what place is found for that theological monstrosity, a devil? If he exists, God must have created him, for there can be but one Infinite. If he is the character given him, then has infinite love created an exceedingly great and dangerous evil; which proposition is very problematical and absurd. Let us follow this thought a little. This evil one has taken to himself great power; has well nigh obliterated the good in the soul; given to his emissaries all this fair and beautiful world. Yes, has taken possession of the children of God, and is daily sending them far off in the spirit world, to his prison house, as his own inalienable subjects—eternally his subjects! Thus has the Infinite Father been robbed of his sons and daughters, by that foe which he has created and sent among them! Can any one who thinks for himself, fail to see the futility of such an accusation against "our Father"? Does not even finite nature revolt at such a view of the manifestations of Infinite power and love combined? Simply because the "preachers say so," shall we believe them? "Ye blind guides," well may be applied to you the saying of the immaculate One: "Ye fools and blind, ye pervert the ways of the Lord through your traditions." We may safely predict, as that holy One brought to naught the wisdom of the Chief Priests, Scribes and Pharisees, so shall the "modern manifestations" take away the refuge of lies, in which your strength lieth. Then may you too behold the King in his beauty; and, with us, acknowledge that God is competent to that which he undertakes.

T. M. E.

A CENTENARIAN ATTENDING CHURCH AND RECITING A POEM.

The one-hundredth birthday of Mrs. Anna Hammond Pope, of Spencer, Massachusetts, was celebrated at her residence in that town on Saturday, the 16th inst. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, she attended church on Sunday last, and after service repeated a long poem—suggested by the reading of the Scriptures—which she committed to memory some fifty years ago. Her husband, Rev. Joseph Pope, died in 1826, after having preached in Spencer over fifty years.—[Worcester (Mass.) Transcript, Dec. 22.]

A New York letter-writer says that one of the latest manifestations of the hard times is the reduction of the salaries of the actors at most of the city theatres. The literary and the National have cut down the pay of their companies fifteen per cent.—a proceeding which excites to their feelings among the profession at large. At the National the result of the movement has been the disbanding of the company, and the installation of a circus. At the Bowery Theatre the same result has been achieved, all their own way, though some of the dramatic company are retained. Salaries also have been razed at the Metropolitan—a necessity of the times. Mr. ARNOLD is playing there, for the past fortnight, to "a beggarly account of empty boxes." The other houses are but little more than paying expenses.

A NEWSPAPER.—It was Bishop Horner's opinion, that there is no better moralist than a newspaper. He says "the follies, vices, and countless miseries of multitudes displayed in a newspaper, are so many beacons continually burning to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy and anger than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy, than the mournful relation of a young man, the victim of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy, than the auction of estates, houses and furniture? Only take a newspaper and consider it well—pay for it—and it will instruct thee!"

The New York Tribune learns that Mr. Collins, the owner of the Collins steamships, has sold the three remaining ships of his line, and that they are to pass into British hands. Our information from Washington of the unfavorable prospect of the continuance of the extra allowance to this line, gives some probability to the story. It is understood that the ships will continue to run between New York and Liverpool.

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" half,	4.25
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" trout,	8.00
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Eggs, per doz.	30
Butter, per lb.	20
Honey,	12 1/2 @ 15
Chickens,	8 @ 10 1/2
Blackberries, dried,	10
Plums,	12 1/2
Cherries,	12 1/2 @ 15
Current,	40 @ 50
Corn, per bush,	65
Flax seed,	1.00 @ 1.25
Clover,	8.00
Timothy,	2.75 @ 3.00
Oats,	65
Apples, dried,	1.13
" green,	37 1/2 @ 50
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51 Main street.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my last letter I stated to you that I was born of Roman Catholic parents—that I was baptized and confirmed in your communion—and that for many years I have been in connection with a Protestant church. I stated that, whatever was my occasional mental misgivings, I remained a true son of the church until I had nearly attained the years of manhood; and that, then, on a full and examination of the subject as I could give it, I came to the conclusion that I could not remain a Roman Catholic. Permit me in the present letter to state to you the cause of my early misgivings as to your being a true church, and as to its holding the true faith.

You know very well the common belief among the Irish peasantry that Papal priests can work miracles. Whatever may be the teaching of the priests themselves upon the point, such is the belief of the people, a belief strongly encouraged by the conduct of their spiritual leaders. Hence in diseases, the people resort, not so much to the physician, as to the priest—they depend less upon the power of medicine than upon that of priestly charms. Although the son of intelligent parents, and educated from my youth for the mercantile profession, the miraculous power of the priest is yet associated with my earliest recollections of him. And, as you know full well, the belief that this power is possessed by their priests, is one of the leading causes why the Papal Irish bow with such entire and unmanly submission to them.

In my youth there were two things which greatly shook my faith in the possession of this power. There resided not far from my parental residence a priest, whose fame as a miracle-worker was known all over the country in which he resided. The road to his house (called in that country a bridle road) went by our door. I frequently saw, in the morning, individuals riding by, with a keg resting before them on the saddle, or a jug hanging by the horse's side. I often asked who they were, and where they were going? I was told that they were going to Father C's to get some of their sick cured. I asked what was in the keg, or jug? I was told that it was Irish whiskey to pay the priest for his cures. I asked why they went so early in the morning? I was answered that unless they went early they would not find him sober.

In one of the interior towns of Ireland where I resided, the bishop of the diocese met his priests, or a part of them, once a year. This meeting was always held in the house where I resided, and over the stove in which I was then a clerk. Among the priests that always met the Bishop was a Father B., whose fame as a miracle-worker was extensive. He had also a reputation for learning and eloquence; and because of his connection with an old and wealthy family, exerted a wide social influence. He always staid with us when he came to town. About ten o'clock one night, after one of those meetings of bishop and priests, I went out to shut up the store windows; and hearing a singular noise in the gutter, I went forward, and assisted a man out of the mire. I soon recognized it to be Father B., the miracle worker. Running in, I announced with some excitement to the lady of the house that Father B. was drunk in the street. I received for my pains a stunning slap on the side of the face, with this admonition, "never say again that a priest is drunk." I staggered under the blow,—assisted in cleaning off his Reverence. I gave him his brandy next morning. And young as I was, my faith in miracle-working priests was effectually shaken. Although fearing to draw the conclusion, I felt it, that God would not bestow miraculous power upon those who lived a life, not of occasional, but of habitual intemperance. And I would ask you, sir, whether all this pretension to miraculous power by your priests is not a gross imposition upon the people for the double purpose of keeping them in awe, and getting their money? Let the Bishop be silent, and the man of sense speak, and I have no fear as to the answer.

The doctrine of Purgatory, you know, sir, is one of the peculiar and most cherished doctrines of your church. Indeed I do not know how your church could get along without it. My object now is not to reason with you about it, nor to controvert it; but to state to you a few facts in reference to it that made, in early life, a strong impression on my mind. You know that in Ireland, the custom of the priest is, at a certain point in the service of the mass, to turn his back to the altar, and his face to the people, and to read a long list of the names of the deceased persons whose souls are in purgatory, and to offer up a prayer for their deliverance from it. This is done, or used to be done, in the chapels on every Sabbath. To obtain the name of a deceased relative on that magic list, the priest must be paid so much a year, varying, I believe, with the ability of the friends to pay. If the yearly payment is not made when due, the name of the person is erased from the list. A circumstance arising out of this custom of your church, occurring in my boyhood, is distinctly before me. A respectable man in our parish died in mid-life, leaving a widow and a large family of children to mourn his loss. True to her religious principles, and to her generous instincts, the widow had her husband's name placed on that list, and heard, with pious gratitude, his name read over from Sabbath to Sabbath, with a prayer offered for the deliverance of his soul from purgatory. After the lapse of two or three years, on a certain Sabbath, the name of her husband was omitted from the list. The fact filled her with mingled joy and fear; joy, thinking that her husband had escaped from purgatory; and fear, lest she had done something to offend the priest. On timid inquiry, she learned that his soul was yet in purgatory, but that she had forgotten to send in

the yearly tax at the time it was due. The tax was promptly paid, and the name was restored on the next Sabbath. With this fact, sir, I am perfectly conversant; for that widow was my own mother, who sought the release of the soul of my father from purgatory. Can you wonder, sir, that this incident made a deep impression upon my youthful mind, or that it shook my faith in your whole system? And, as far as memory serves me, Father M. was an amiable man, and above the ordinary level of the men of his calling.

Another fact which early impressed me in reference to purgatory was this. Your church makes a distinction between mortal and venial sinners. The former go to hell for ever—the latter go to purgatory, "whence they are taken by the prayers and alms offered for them, and principally by the holy sacrifice of the mass." Now I always saw that the most mortal sinners, that every body would say went to hell, could always have masses said for them as if they went to purgatory; provided their friends could pay; and that less mortal sinners, that people would say went to purgatory, were sent to hell, if their friends could not pay for masses for them. And their souls were kept in purgatory for a long while when their friends paid promptly every year; but their souls were soon prayed out of purgatory; but not pay long for them. Facts like these, sir, very early impressed my mind, and shook my faith in the religion of my parents and priests. And when, in maturer years, I could more fully consider them, they led me to reject religion as a fable cunningly devised by priests.

Again; to pray to angels and saints is a doctrine of your church. I am quite familiar with your explanations of it; with the distinctions which your writers make to free it from idolatry. It is precisely the distinction which the heathen make to get rid of the same charge. Perhaps these letters are concluded I may return to this subject; I have only to do now with some of my early impressions in reference to it. In our parish chapel there were a great many pictures of saints. Whose pictures they were I do not remember. But on Sabbath morning, an hour before mass, I have often seen the poor people, and even some more wealthy and refined, going on their knees from the one picture to the other, and counting their beads, and bowing before them with external acts of the most profound and sincere worship. Although, then, I thought differently, I have not now a doubt but it was idolatry. But the idea that struck me was this: here are some praying to Peter, or Paul, or John; the same pictures are hung up in ten thousand chapels all over the world, and in all these chapels priests are praying to them. Can these good saints hear but in one place, or can they hear all? If they can hear all, then they are omnipresent,—if omnipresent, they are gods. Thus we have as many gods as saints. But if they hear but in one place, then nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the ten thousand are praying to an absent saint! This one thought, reverend sir, very early in life impressed my mind, and was not the least powerful among the causes which led me, eventually, to reject the authority of your church. More of these causes in my next.

With great respect, yours,

KIRWAN.

From the Sunday Dispatch.

Astounding Predictions.

REVELATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.
WILLIAMSBURG, Dec. 4, 1854.

DEAR SIR—In the New York Daily Times of the 2d inst., there appeared a few disjointed extracts from some prophetic disclosures purporting to have come from the spirit of Napoleon the First. It was never intended by the "Association of Spiritualists," at whose rooms these prophecies were received, that they should have been made public. One member, however, at whose suggestion the spirit of Napoleon was invoked, and who indulged a faith that the predictions were to be depended upon, gave the Times a copy of the communications received at the first and second sittings of the circle, from which that paper selected the extracts referred to. Since then another circle has been held and further prophecies made.

As secretary of the "Association" above named, and also as having been the "medium" through whom these disclosures were made, I feel it my duty, since the matter has been pressed before the public, to give all the facts together, so that a clearer and more just opinion may be formed of their worth and truthfulness than can be elicited from the brief quotations of the Times. It has frequently been asserted by Spiritualists—after the occurrence of some great event has been made known to the world—that the fact had been predicted weeks before by the Spirits. To these assertions the public very naturally reply, by asking why the prediction is not made known before the actual event is ascertained through the usual channels? It is for the purpose of answering such queries that I now submit to the world a series of manifestations which a few months will verify or falsify. As for the predictions, I neither adopt them, nor can I say I have much faith in their fulfillment. I spoke as I was impressed to speak. After falling from my lips they are no longer my property. If, however, these declarations are untruthful, one of three things will be proved—either that I am an unreliable medium; or that a dishonest Spirit impressed me; or that my own mind is under the influence of some mysterious power of which I have no conscious knowledge. In either case I shall hold to the opinion that the world will still revolve on its axis, as usual.

These disclosures were made at three sittings or circles. At the first, held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 22d, I was impressed, to sit in the middle of the circle and to submit to the members—about twenty-five being present—

that if they would concentrate their minds upon any particular spirit and invite his presence, their desires would be complied with. Many Spirits were mentioned, until at the suggestion of Mr. Azor Hoyt, the Spirit of Napoleon was unanimously agreed on.

I seated myself as impressed to do, and endeavored to compose my mind to that state of calm passivity so desirable on such occasions. I was now—very unexpectedly to me—impressed to speak on the subjects of Peace and Love, by a Spirit assuming to be George Whitefield. The soft and pleasing influence of these themes served to bring me to the proper state of quietude, for as soon as this Spirit left me, I arose suddenly to my feet, thrust my right hand in my bosom, threw my left hand behind me, and commenced walking the room in that thoughtful abstracted manner so frequently observed in Napoleonic pictures. Mr. Hoyt then asked: Is this the Spirit of Napoleon, will he tell us what were his motives when on earth—whether it was ambition or love of the people that prompted him in all his great enterprises? To which I was impressed to reply as follows:

"From my earliest youth I was a child of destiny. I felt a divinity within me, pushing me on to deeds beyond my own belief of my capability and power of action. If men could have read my heart, and could have known the promptings under which it moved, they would have called me superstitious. I consulted my oracles with as much devotion as ever Caesar did. The world acknowledges my inspiration, but does not know when the inspiration ceased. Napoleon the General, Napoleon the Consul, and Napoleon the Emperor, in the early part of his career, was a quite different personage from the Napoleon of later years.

"While I followed my inspirations, I was successful. When I moved of myself, I was beaten with my own weapons. I can see it now, but could not see it then. I knew my inspiration in my youth. My first impression when a boy was, that I was not in my own keeping. Solutions of difficult themes were instinctively impressed upon my mind. I leaped to conclusions without any effort of my own. When I first observed this phenomenon I heard an internal voice saying: 'Do as you are prompted.' I followed these impressions whenever opportunity permitted. My only motive was to obey. I early felt that no mortal force could affect my life. On many occasions I unnecessarily exposed my person in scenes of imminent peril, but I recognized no danger and felt no fear.

"In all my great battles in which I was successful, there was no effort of my own. There seemed to be stamped upon my brain a complete map and plan of the battle before it occurred, and when it was fought, it was found to correspond.

"Napoleon won every battle that was fought for him, but lost every one that he fought himself.

(Here a member questioned Napoleon again as to his motives being personal or for the good of mankind.) "You speak of motives! I had no motive but to follow the impulse that moved me. 'Tis true that I hoped good would result. I felt like the faithful courier who at the will of his master leaps on and never stops until the rein be pulled. I leaped forth as the spirit prompted me. But when I grew impatient, grasped the bit between my teeth and essayed to guide myself, I lost the race. I tell you again that Napoleon had no motive but to follow the impressions that strove within him. He was successful so long as he was true to his impressions, but when he became selfish and moved alone, he began to lose the game. When the man forgot his mission, he ceased to be the medium and became the man again. It was not Napoleon who made himself emperor, but the spirit placed him there. But having gained that seat, I might have kept it securely. The combined efforts of my enemies could not have driven me from it if I had staid at home. After having become emperor, I never should have fought a battle save from behind the walls of Paris.

"I confess now that the greatest and best deeds of my life were not my own. You can not know the struggles that the heart feels that has misused the gifts of God. I was like a man who, not satisfied with having done the best he could, strives to do better, and undoes all he before accomplished.

"I sought divorce from Josephine without inspiration. When I threw off the scholar and became the teacher, I lost all I had before gained.

"You may attribute my success to the Spirit that prompted me. My defeats attribute to Napoleon. When my star first began to rise, there was danger of my becoming extravagant and infatuated by the destiny which governed my every action. There was need of a soothing and correcting influence to curb the passions of my wild nature. It was then that inspiration first introduced me to Josephine. France could not have produced a woman better suited to my wants. Had I possessed the wisdom of Solomon it would have taken me to her door. Her extraordinary power over my unruly nature fitted her for my emporium.

"What am I now! I am not rewarded for what I have done for its quantity, but for its quality—not for how much I have done, but for how well I have done it. The lowliest peasant in my dominions may rise above me if he doeth the little he has to do well. * * * I could make you a prophecy if I could find organs through which to make it. * * * You shall see great things in Europe ere long. Europe to-day hangs upon a hair. Oh! I could now ride upon the storm and direct the lightning. (In answer to a question if he approved the course of his nephew Louis Napoleon, he replied with great warmth:) "He is no nep-

ew of mine! He has carried France back half a century, and what displeases me most, he has carried her back on my shoulders. There was need of an emperor in my day. There is no need of an emperor to-day. I can say no more now.

On Wednesday evening, 29th ult., another circle was held at the rooms of the Association. After sitting about five minutes, a Spirit purporting to be my father, spoke as follows: "My son, let your mind be entirely passive. When you feel an impression, give utterance to it without question—leave that for after consideration. If you fail you lose nothing, if you are successful you gain much, and at no cost to yourself. Feel that you are isolated and alone within the sanctuary of your own chamber. Breathe forth every thought that is impressed upon your mind."

(Napoleon then influenced me to speak the following:) "The map of Europe lies before me. Premature conclusions have somewhat tended to frustrate the designs of wise and acute minds who are moulding the destinies of Europe to their proper proportions. All appears dark, with the exception of the centre, where a light, faint and not yet well defined, is described by the watchmen on the walls; and though the world at large may not see cause for hope in the faint glimmer, yet sage minds rejoice because it comes from where it should come—from the centre and not from the outskirts.

"Ere three months have passed, dating from this hour, the assassination of a crowned head will astonish and bewilder the magnates of Europe, and overturn an empire. In another quarter, a traitor to his king, but a loyal man to his God and to his fellows, will turn his sword against his master and raise the banner of the people. This will occur some time after the first event spoken of. No more to-night."

On Friday evening we held a private meeting at the rooms of the Association, seven or eight persons being present. As at the previous circle, the Spirit of my father first took possession of me and said:

"Whatever doubts may linger in the minds of those present, let them be removed, if possible; for doubt has an evil influence. Bid faith rise in your hearts. Faith is like the opening flower, whose outspread leaves invite the morning dew to its embrace; while doubt goes with folded arms and admits no one to the privacy of his chamber."

After a few minutes of entire silence, I was made to rise and pace the floor, *a la Napoleon*, for a short time. I was then impressed to say:

"Napoleon is here. A third of a century has not sufficed to release me from the captivity of St. Helena. When confined to that lone rock, my heart was with France, and with France my heart still beats. The Spirit Emperor seeks the welfare of his people even more earnestly than did the Emperor of Earth. The power of Napoleon the Spirit is far greater than was the power of Napoleon the Man. Napoleon the Man sailed with the tide; Napoleon the Spirit can control the tide. Napoleon the Spirit can a thousand times out-general Napoleon the Man, but Napoleon the Spirit finds it harder to impress his people than did Napoleon the Man. This is the great obstruction to be surmounted. I know that I have the hearts of my people; but they do not know where to find me; they do not know that I still live. Let me but assure them of this great truth, and I am again at the head of my army. My heroes of Italy, of Egypt, of Ansterlitz, are with me now. Ney, the man of five hundred battles, is with me. Murat is with me—Bernadotte, Canino, Lucien, are with me. They are now, as when on earth, looking to Napoleon. My marshals, like myself, still love France, and liberty more. They, like myself, now perceive the errors of our former policy, and, like myself, wish to repair our former errors. Having put off the earth-form, we have also put off earthly tastes and desires. We now perceive with spirit-eyes and love with spirit-hearts. We now feel the truth of that great precept embodied in your declaration of human rights, that—all men are created equal."

(Allusion was here made to the prophecies of the previous evening, and the Spirit was asked if they would really be fulfilled. To which was answered:)

"We will come to that directly. What I am now saying is principally intended to bring the medium to the proper state to make a further communication of great moment. His mind is unfortunately too active, and by making these general remarks I hope to succeed in calming it to that state of evenness which is necessary for my purpose. * * *

"When I was in Egypt, I remember having dreamed that I was playing the part of an Atlas, and that I carried one of the Pyramids on my back. After my return to France I mentioned this to Josephine, observing that, of all my dreams, this was the most improbable; for though I might command armies, and overturn kingdoms, and break thrones in pieces, I could not, with all my soldiers at my back, lift that monument from its base. To which Josephine replied: 'But now, if you directed your force to the removing one stone at a time, would not time and perseverance remove it from its foundation? I had never thought of that before—of moving it piecemeal. My ambition was with one gigantic effort to lift it from its bed. And so I became Emperor by moving one stone at a time. And thus will we now move Europe—one stone at a time—impressing one, guiding another, and whispering to still another mind, until the whole Continent is in motion."

"The top stone is already in motion—yes, the earth around the very base is loosened every day. Nicholas is the top stone of the European Pyramid. For thirty years he has lain quietly in his bed. We have just succeeded in moving him.

As the Trustees have assumed personal responsibility for the purpose of giving perfect safety and stability to what they believe will be an institution of benefit, they hope that it will be fully sustained by their fellow citizens. N. B.—Further particulars may be obtained of the undersigned at the office of the Bank, or of any of the Trustees.

"There is trouble brewing between Nicholas and Menschikoff. Nicholas will soon see that there is more than one mind in Russia. I'll tell you more of this some other time. Only remember my words, 'There is trouble brewing between Nicholas and his general'."

"The people of Europe are wondering now—when they have done wondering, they will think; and they will think but a little while when they will begin to act. Then will the Spirits strike!"

"Nicholas is stubborn and haughty. Francis is petulant and arrogant. Louis is dyspeptic and fantastic. Victoria is placid and self-satisfied."

"NAPOLÉON."

At a private circle held on Sunday evening, 3d inst., the following singular verification of the truthfulness of the above predictions was given through the tipplings of a table—one letter at a time. Mr. Donos of Williamsburg, was the medium. The Spirit communicating purported to be William Young, a Moravian minister, who left the form thirty years ago:

"My friends! Tell your folks that there is no fear but that the predictions will be fulfilled. There is a band of men who have sworn to release their land from willing slavery. Oh! my friends tell your Association that they must not be frightened at the shadow of a witless laugh. Fools laugh when they cannot reason. What will the world think when they tell the knell for the death of the tyrant? What will they think when they hear of the trouble between Nicholas and Menschikoff. They will then look upon spirit-prophecy with respect. What will they say when they see the Russian general turn his army against the Emperor, and raise the banner of liberty? This will surely happen between the first of next month and the last of the month following. What will the world think when they hear Sebastopol is taken—by the friends of universal freedom? The Russian general with his officers will turn republican, and go help the Hungarians. I have good reason to know that this will happen from true and reliable information that I can depend upon. Under the laws of God we can tell a truthful spirit when we see him. You may depend upon these predictions. I would not for worlds deceive you. J. F. COLES.

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