

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

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

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

VOLUME I.—NO. 19.

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BOOK, JOB AND ORNAMENTAL

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Buffalo, September, 1854. 11f

Poetry.

The Seer.

THE future once was fair to me—
A golden dream, by fancy brought,
To set the harp's spirit free.
When care had clouded every thought.

Twas sweet, 'ere then delusive all,
To mould at will each coming scene,
And fill the shadowy interval—
Not with what *is*, but with what *might* have been.

Now my prophetic eye surveys
The drear realities to come—
Oft as I speak, the we-fraught days
Gleam on me, and my lips are dumb.

I've sat unknown, 'mid festal throng,
And seen the gayest reveller there,
While charming forth some merry song,
The bard's oblivious mantle wear.

I've seen the youthful warrior leave
His native home, when hand grasp'd hand—
And those who joy'd where soon to grieve—
Lol in his breast the spectral brand!

I've seen the bark put out to sea,
And heard, commingling with the cheer,
Which made *farewell* a sound of glee,
Faint shriekings from a watery bier.

Oh! horror! art thou passing too—
Thou who alone of all I knew
Shunn'd not my presence—yes, the hue
Of death on thy cheek like snow!

Pencil—I forget—my brother seer
Has link'd my parting hour with thine—
A thro' of pain—a start of fear—
Then, dearest, then art ever mine.

Miscellany.

The Crooked Stick.

"And took the crooked stick at last?"
—Even so."

I HAVE rarely known any one, of either sex, who deliberated upon the matrimonial question until their hair silvered, and their eye dimmed, and then became numbered among the "newly wed," who did not, according to the story, "take the crooked stick at last." All, doubtless, will remember the tale, how the maiden was sent into a green and beautiful lane, garnished on either side by tall and well-formed trees, and directed to choose out, and carry off, the most straight and seemly branch she could find. She might, if she pleased, wander on to the end, but her choice must be made there, if not made *before*—the power of retracing her steps, *without* the stick, being forbidden. Straight and fair to look upon were the charming boughs of the lofty trees—fit scions of such noble ancestry! and each would feel honoured by her preference; but the silly maid went on, and on, and on, and thought within herself, that at the termination of her journey she could find as perfect a stick as any of those which she courted her acceptance. By and by, the aspect of things changed; and the branches she now encountered were cramped and scragged—disfigured with blurs and unevenly warped. And when she arrived at the termination of her journey, behold! one miserable, blighted wand, the most deformed she had ever beheld, was all that remained within her reach. Bitter was the punishment of her indecision and caprice. She was obliged to take the crooked stick, and return with her hateful choice, amid the taunts and sneers of the straight tall trees, who, according to the fashion of the old fairy times, were endowed not only with feeling and reason, but with speech.

Many, I fear me, are the crooked sticks which "the ancient days," by strange infatuation, compel themselves to adopt. And many might be gravely and properly said upon this subject, for the edification of young and old; but the following will be better than grave discussion, and more to the taste of those who value scenes from real life:

"Lady Frances Hazlitt, Charles! Surely the most fastidious might pronounce her handsome!"
My dear fellow, you must permit me to correct your taste. Observe, I pray you, the short chin, and that unfortunate nose; it is absolutely *retrograde*."

"It may be a little opposed to the line of beauty—calculated to overset it, perhaps; but did you ever see such a glorious brow?"
"Mountains!"
"Such expressive eyes!"
"Volcanoes!"
"Pah!—Such grace!"
"Harry," replied the young nobleman, smiling according to the most approved Chesterfield principle, removing his eyeglass, and looking at his friend with much composure, "you had better, I think, marry Lady Frances yourself."

"You are a strange being, my good lord," replied his friend, after a pause. "I would wager a good round sum, that notwithstanding your rank, fortune, and personal advantages, you will die, or at all events, not marry until you are a veritable old bachelor. I pray thee, tell me, do you require?—A Venus?—A Diana?—A Juno?—A—"

"Simply, a woman, my dear fellow; not

indeed one of those beings arrayed in drapery, whom you see moving along our streets, with Chinese feathers, smoke-dried skins, and limbs that might rival those of a Hercules; nor yet one of your be-arded, spider-wasted primitives, who lip and amble—assume a delicacy which they never felt, and grace which they never possessed. My ideas of woman's perfection—of the perfection, in fact, which I desire, and—I may say—(Lord Charles Villiers was certainly a very handsome and a very fashionable man, and yet his modesty, I suppose, made him hesitate in pronouncing the latter word)—"I may—I think—say—*deserve*," gaining courage as he proceeded, "are not as extravagant as those required by your favourite Henri Quatre. He insisted on *seven* perfections. I should feel blessed, if the lady of my love were possessed of six."

"Moderate and modest," observed his friend, laughing. "I pray you, tell me what they are?"

"Noble birth, beauty, prudence, wit, gentleness, and fidelity." Sir Harry Beaulieu drew forth his tablets, and on the corner of the curiously-wrought memorials, engraved the qualities Lord Charles had enumerated, not with fragile lead, but with the sharp point of his pen-knife. "Shall I add," he inquired, "that these requisites are indispensable?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied his lordship. "Adieu, then, Charles—Lady Frances's carriage is returning, and as you declare fairly off, I truly tell you that I will try to make an impression on her gentle heart; you certainly were first in the field, but as you are insensible to such merit, I cannot think you either deserve to win or wear it. Adieu *au revoir*!" and with a deeper and more prolonged salute than the present courtesies of life are supposed to require, the two young fashionables separated—

one lounging listlessly towards the then narrow and old-fashioned gate which led from Hyde Park into Piccadilly, trolling snatches of the last cavatina, which the singing of a Mara or a Billington had rendered fashionable; and the other proceeding, with the firm and animated step that tells plainly of a fixed purpose, to meet the respectable family carriage, graced by the really charming Frances, only daughter of the Earl of Heapsdown.

To look forward for a period of five-and-twenty years blanches many a fair cheek, and excites the glow of hope and enthusiasm in those of vigorous and determined character; while the beauty trembles for her empire—the statesman for his place—the monarch even for his throne—those who have nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, regard the future as an undefinable something pregnant with light and life; to such, diamond-like are the sands that sparkle in the hour-glass of time, while the withered hand which holds the mystic vessel, is unheeded or unseen. So be it—so, doubtless, it is best. One of the choicest blessings bestowed by the Creator on the creature, is a hopeful spirit!

Five-and-twenty summers had passed over the brow of Lord Charles Villiers since Sir Harry Beaulieu noted on his tablet the six indispensable qualities the young nobleman would require in his wife. The lord still remained unmarried, and an admired man, seeking to find some lady worthy his affections. It is too true that some of the young creatures, just come out, on whose cheek the blush of innocence and modesty still glowed, and whose untutored eyes peered most earnestly of what passed in the sacred citadel, called heart—such creatures, I say, did discover, to the annoyance of their speculating mothers, and sensible—(Heaven bless the world!)—sensible chaperons, that Lord Charles's once beautiful hair was now indebted to "the Tynian dyo," for its gloss and hue; and that, moreover, a most ingenious scalp mixed its artificial ringlets with his once exquisite curls, that the bells (whom a few years had rendered staid mamma, and even grand—) could not finish the horrid word; used to call, in playful poetry, Cupid's bow-string! Then his figure had grown rotund; he sat long after dinner, prided himself upon securing a cook fully equal to Ude—(I write it with all possible respect)—equal to Eustache Ude in his best days; desecrated upon the superiority of pheasant dressed en galatine, to that served in aspic jelly; and gained immortal honor at a committee of taste, by a adding most piquant and delightful ingredient to Mr. Dolby's "Sauce a l'Aurore." These gastronomic propensities are sure symptoms of increasing years and changing constitution; but there were other characteristics of "old boyishness" about Lord Charles, which noted him as a delightful gentleman "of a certain age."

A rich silk handkerchief was always carefully folded, and placed within the bosom of his exquisitely made Stultz, ready to wrap round his throat when he quitted the delightful crush-room of the delightful Opera, to ascend his carriage; then an occasional twinge reminded him of the existence of gout—a most unpleasant reminiscence in the galopade, which he

was hardly—I had almost said *fool*—hardly—enough to attempt. Had he not been so perfectly well-bred, he would have been considered touchy and testy; the excellent discipline of the old school fortunately preserved him from those bachelor-like crimes, at all events in ladies' society; and whatever spleen he had, he wisely only vented on those who could not return it; namely, his poor relations, his servants, and occasionally, but not often, (for he was a member of the society for preventing cruelty to animals,) on his dogs and horses. However, his figure was as erect, if not as graceful, as ever; and many a fair lady sighed at the bare idea of his enduring to the end in single misery.

Sir Harry Beaulieu never visited London except during the sitting of Parliament; and it was universally allowed that he discharged his duties as M. P. for his native county with zeal and independence. Wonderful to say, he neither rattled nor sneaked; and yet Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, treated him with deference and respect. He had long been the husband of her, who, when our sketch was commenced, was known as Lady Frances Hazlitt; and it would be rare to behold a more charming assembly of handsome and happy faces than their fire-side circle presented at the celebration of merry Christmas. The younger portion of this family were noisily and busily occupied at a game of forfeits, while those who considered themselves the elders of the juvenile set, sat gravely discussing matters of domestic or public interest with their parents, when a thundering peal at the portal announced the arrival of some beauteous visitor. I am not about to introduce a hero of romance at such an unseemly hour—only our old acquaintance Lord Charles, who claimed the hospitality of his friend as protection against an impending snow-storm. When the family had retired for the night, a bottle of royal Burgundy was placed on the table as the sleeping-cup of the host and his guest; old times were reverted to; and Sir Harry fancied that there was more design than accident in the visit which he had been honored. This feeling was confirmed by Lord Charles drawing his chair, in a confidential manner, towards his friend, and observing that "he was a lucky and a happy fellow to be blessed with so lovely a family, and so amiable and domestic a companion." Sir Harry smiled, and only replied that he was happy; and he hoped his friend would not quietly sink into the grave without selecting some partner, whose smiles would gild the evening of his days, &c. &c. A fine sentimental speech it was, but ill-timed; for the gallant bachelor suffered it to proceed little further than "evening," when he exclaimed—"Faith, Sir Harry, you must have strange ideas. Evening! I consider myself in the prime and vigour of existence; and I have serious ideas of changing my condition—it is pleasant to settle before one falls into the sere and withered leaf. And although, as I said before, I feel myself in the very vigour of life, yet it is time to determine. You are considerably my senior."

"Only a few months, my dear friend;—my birthday in May, yours in the January of the next year."

"Indeed! Well, to tell you the truth, (it is however a profound secret, and I rely on your friendship,) I am really a married man!—There I knew I should surprise you. I shall surprise every body."

"Most sincerely do I wish you joy, my dear lord, and doubt not your choice is fixed upon one who will secure you happiness. I am sure Lady Frances will be delighted at an introduction—Your pardon one moment, while I relate a most extraordinary coincidence. Do you remember my noting down the six perfections which you required the lady of your choice to possess?—perhaps you recollect it some five-and-six—But no matter—well, the tablets upon which I wrote, this morning—only this very morning, I was looking over a box of papers, and, behold! there they were,—and do you know, (how very odd, was it not?) I put them in my waistcoat pocket," continued the worthy baronet, at the same moment drawing them forth, "intending to show them to my eldest son,—for there's a great deal—My dear lord, what is the matter? you look ill!" To confess the truth, Lord Charles appeared marvelously annoyed—he fidgeted on his chair—the colour heightened on his cheek, and he finally thrust the poker into the fire with terrific violence. "Never mind the tablets, my good friend," said he at last; "men change their tastes and opinions as they advance in life—I was a mere boy then, you know, full of romance."

"Your pardon, my lord, less of romance than most young men," replied the persevering and tactless baronet, who was, moreover, gifted with a provokingly good memory, "decidedly less of romance than most young men—and not much a boy either. Here are the precious mementos. First on the list stands 'noble birth'; right, right, my dear lord, nothing like it—that (entre nous) is Lady Frances's week

point, I confess; she really carries it too far, for she will have it—that not even a royal alliance could purify a citizen." Lord Charles Villiers looked particularly dignified as he interrupted his zealous friend. "It is rather unfortunate," he observed gravely, "that I should have chosen you as my confidant on this occasion; the fact is, that, knowing how devilish proud all my connexions are, and my Mary—what a sweet name Mary is!—you remember Byron's beautiful lines.

"I have a passion for the name of Mary!"
—my Mary's father was only a merchant—a citizen—a very worthy—a most excellent man—not exactly one of us—but a highly respectable person, I assure you; his name is Scroggins."

"Powers of fashion!" mentally ejaculated the baronet, "will it—can it be believed—the courted, the exquisite Lord Charles Villiers—the glass of fashion, and the mould of form—the star, the idol of ton and taste—married—positively married to Molly Scroggins of Banhillrow!"

"I am anxious, I do confess, that Lady Frances should receive Lady Charles Villiers here," persevered his lordship, after a very long pause; "and I can answer for it, that the native and untutored manners of my unsophisticated bride would gain hourly upon her affections."

"Of course—of course, we shall be most happy to receive her ladyship," stammered forth the baronet; "and doubtless her beauty"—glancing at the tablets—

"Pardon me, Sir Harry," interrupted the nobleman; "you must not expect what in our world is denominated Beauty—she is all animation—

Happy nature, wild and simple!"
rosy and laughing, but not a beauty, believe me."

Again the astounded baronet pondered. "What a subject for Almack's!—the rosy, (doubtless signifying red-faced) laughing (meaning romping) daughter of some city butlerman, thrust into the peerage by the folly of a man who might have plucked the fairest, noblest flower in the land!"

"At all events," he said, when his powers of articulation returned, "your lady is endowed with both *prudence* and *wit*, and nothing so likely to create a sensation in the *beau monde* as such a combination."

"Oh, yes—prudence I daresay she will have, much cannot be expected from a girl of seventeen; and as to wit, between you and me, it is a deuced dangerous and troublesome weapon, when wielded by a woman."

"A flirt and a fool, I suspect," again fancied Sir Harry, "in addition to her other qualifications."

"GENTLENESS and FIDELITY," he ejaculated, fixing his eyes on the unfortunate tablets, while Lord Charles, evidently determined no longer to endure the baronet's untimely reference to the detestable memorials, snatched them (it is perfectly astonishing what rude acts polite persons will sometimes perform) from the hand of his friend, and flung them into the fire.

"Heavens! and earth, sir! what do you mean by such conduct?" said Sir Harry, at the same time snatching them from the flames. "These ivory slates are dear to me as existence. I must say, that I consider such conduct very ungenerous, ungentlemanly," &c. &c. One angry word produced another; and much was said which it would ill behoove to repeat. The next morning, even before the dawn of day, Lord Charles Villiers had quitted Beaulieu Hall, without bidding a single farewell either to his lady or his master—

"There!" exclaimed the baronet, placing the fashionable "Post" in Lady Frances's hand at the breakfast-table one morning, about three months after the above scene had taken place; "I knew how it would be; a pretty fool that noble friend of mine, Lord Charles Villiers, has made of himself. I never knew one of these absurdly particular men who did not take the crooked stick at last. By Jove, sir, (to his son,) 'you shall marry before you are five-and-twenty, or you shall be disinherited! The youthful mind is ever pliable; and the early wed grow into each other's habits, feelings, and affections. An old bachelor is sure either to make a fool of himself, or be made a fool of. You see his lordship's wife has publicly shown that she certainly did not possess the last of her requisites—FIDELITY—by eloping with her footman. I will journey up to town on purpose to invite Lord Charles here, and make up matters; he will be glad to escape from the *desagremens* of exposure just now, as he is doubtless under a *Lion*, of for the benefit—as Sir Peter Teazle has it—of all Old Bachelors."

"The BRITISH QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.—The baron of beef, which from time immemorial has formed the principal Christmas dish of the sovereigns of England, was this year supplied by Mr. Minton of Piccadilly Street, Windsor, butcher to her Majesty. It was cut from the carcass of a fine highland ox, fed by his Royal Highness, Prince Albert, at the

Model Farm, in the Home Park. The baron weighed precisely 60 stone or 840 lbs., and judges pronounced the meat to be of very superior quality. The baron was put down before an enormous fire on Saturday afternoon, and for fourteen hours was watched and basted by relays of assistants, under the superintendence of the head roasting cook. After the baron is taken up and allowed sufficient time to set and cool, comes the operation of paring and trimming, which materially improves its outward appearance. Placed on a dish as large as an ordinarily sized table, it is then decorated. The royal cipher is traced round the edges of the dish; the holly and mistletoe apparently sprout from the outside fat of the meat; the baron is then duly placed on the side-board of the dining-room in Windsor Castle, where her Majesty, the Queen and the royal circle partake of their Christmas banquet.

Hypocrisy.

The character of this too generally prevailing evil, is so well delineated by the N. Y. *Evening Mirror*, that we borrow the picture to present it to our readers:

Hypocrisy is one of the most common and contemptible of sins. In religion, is an attempt to deceive God; in love, to cheat the most sacred affections of the heart; in friendship, in social intercourse, and in trade, it is an effort to humbug and to swindle. A frank-hearted sinner is a thousand times more respectable than your smooth tongued, long-faced, "circumspect" moralist, whose very appearance is a living lie. A public professor of godliness—a man who claims to be an especial favorite of his Creator, and on intimate terms with the Ruler of the Universe, whose influence is potent in the Court of Heaven, is of all others, the most to be suspected of insincerity. Wrapping his pharisaical cloak around him, and "thanking God that he is not as other men are," he looks upon all who cannot say amen to his creed, as sinners, outcasts, and outsiders; while flattering himself that he is "one of the elect," whose eternal salvation is guaranteed by the Church; and complacently iterating the edict that the rest of mankind are inconsequently "going to be damned." This is plain talk, and the words will grate harshly on "ears polite"; but it is true, nevertheless.

There already rises before the reader's eye some conspicuous type of the saintly class of hypocrites we are denouncing; and if the Parsons dared to preach as plainly as did Jesus of Nazareth, the startling cry that rang through Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago—"Woe unto you, HYPOCRITES!"—would ring out from every pulpit. But this is a text the preachers cannot preach from, inasmuch as they are not followers of the meek and lowly man who lived in poverty and died in disgrace—whose bosom friends were chosen from among poor fishermen and peasants; whose entire raiment did not cost a dollar; who hadn't a house for a shelter, nor a pillow for his head; and who, if he should re-appear in our midst to-day, would not be admitted to a seat in one of our fashionable churches. And yet, He was the friend of publicans and sinners; who gladdened their simple wedding feasts with wine; who wept with the afflicted sisters over a brother's grave; and who would not even listen to the accusers of the unhappy woman, much less condemn her. O! the shammiest of all shams is this melo-dramatic mockery, played off by a pompous, pampered Priesthood, in the name of the poor peasant of Bethlehem. There is more "vital Christianity" in a "plate of cold victuals," given to the famishing poor, than in all the litanies of nations, or in all the church's prayers.

MEASURES OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.—The Newburyport Herald, in the course of an article on Weights and Measures, remarks that no two nations have the same—though the same name to designate them may be used in many countries. Take the mile measure for instance:—In England and the United States, a mile means 1,760 yards; while in Germany it is 10,120 yards, or nearly six English miles; in France, 2,025 yards. The Scotch mile is 1,984 yards, and the Irish 3,038 yards. The Spanish mile is 2,472 yards, and the Swedish mile 11,700 yards. These are computed in English yards; but the yard itself, of three feet in length, has divers significations in different places. The English yard is 36 inches; the French, 39.13 inches; the Geneva yard, 57.60; the Austrian, 37.33; the Spanish yard, 33.00; the Prussian, 36.57; the Russian, 39.51. For measures of capacity, the dissimilarity is yet wider, and more perplexing. The British have two sorts of bushels, the Imperial and the Winchester, of different capacity. The Winchester bushel is the United States standard; but the State of New York has another of different capacity, and other States have varying standards of their own. These are incommensurable with the measures of any other nation.

Birds are the poor man's music.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBERO, Editor.

BUFFALO, FEBRUARY, 3, 1885.

The Lecture.

We attended the opening lecture of Mr. A. J. Davis, last evening; and, although we were prepared by the fame of the lecturer, to expect much, we were still amazed at the vast scope and profundity of his philosophical knowledge. It seemed as if the great book of nature lay open before him, and that there was nothing in its infinite pages that he could not readily read and explain. Besides the great attractiveness of the matter of Mr. D.'s lectures, his manner is most agreeable and pleasing. Those who did not attend last night, had better not lose another lecture; for they will all be equally entertaining.

The Prohibitory Liquor Law.

We have read this law, but do not like it. It is too clumsy. There is too much of it. There is too much machinery about it. It is too plethoric of verbiage. There are too many sections, and they are too long. It is, however, better than none, and we hope it will be allowed to pass and become a law. It is evident that we cannot get a law on that subject, through our legislature, sufficiently simple to be comprehensible at a glance, as it should be. Let us have this, then, and try how it will work. It will not die under the veto guillotine. Let us see what the courts will do with it. Those in the legislature who are opposed to it are, as they feel in duty bound, trying to nurse it to death by amendments; but we think it will survive their efforts.

Some of the opposition, in the legislature, are crying, "enforce the laws we have, and they will prove a sufficient protection." What does the present excuse law amount to? It says that no person shall sell intoxicating drinks to poor women's husbands, to poor children's fathers, or to any person who is inclined to such intemperate habits as bring misery upon families and shame and grief to relatives and friends, unless they have a mind to pay a bonus of from five to twenty dollars into the public treasury, for the privilege of doing so. If they will do this, they may sell all the intoxicating liquors they can induce drunkards to buy. They may, for the consideration of these little bonuses, contrive all manner of means to lure young boys into their drinking bells. They may build up beautiful bars, ornament them in the most gaudy manner, displaying the maddening liquid in beautifully carved decanters, mix the drug with sugars and aromatic spices, fruits of rich flavor, and everything which will render it pleasant to the taste of the young palate which has not yet been sufficiently practiced to it to overcome the natural repugnance manifested by the writhing of the tyro's countenance. They may have alluring games in some little back room, and no notice will be taken of it. They may even attach a brothel to it, if they will take care that the public peace be not disturbed, and the authorities will not trouble them. All these things they may do, if they will but pay the little bonus into the treasury. But if they refuse to do this, the indignant heads of the community will cry havoc and let slip the dogs of the law upon them.

This is the character of the present excuse laws. They do not look to the consequences of intemperance. They do not take into consideration the moral degradation of the people. They regard not the ineffable suffering and misery of families reduced to want by the drunkenness which fills the purse of the liquor dealer. They are not enacted with reference to the effect of liquor upon the aggregate mind of community, nor its depressing influence upon the public standard of morals. They hold not in view the retardation of intellectual progress, nor the dwarfing of thousands and millions of human souls by the worse than brutalizing influence. They were not framed with an eye to the expense of courts and jails, jails and penitentiaries, which run under necessity, not to the extreme poverty, the quarrels and fights, the robberies, the arson, and the murders that intemperance causes. They were not enacted because drunkenness was the paramount curse of the nation, and the great evil genius of the whole world. No—the enactments of these statutes had nothing in view but a pitiful, a contemptible item of revenue, and the gratification of those who wished to hold a monopoly of the soul-destroying traffic.

Providing that the laws, as they are, could be carried out to the letter, what would be the prospect of a better state of things? Why, this would be it: The respectable grog retailers would get a great deal more custom, and there would be a great many more of them. There would be much more revenue from grog shops, and much more buying cheap liquor by the quart, half gallon and gallon. The little bells would be measured put down, and the big ones would be multiplied. It is like cutting off the twigs to kill the Uprae tree, instead of cutting it down or plucking it up by the roots. Fashionable grog shops have broken thousands of mothers' and wives' hearts, peopled many mad houses and penitentiaries, robbed communities of many of their brightest jewels, and furnished many a victim for the halter. It would be well to carry the present laws into effect; but they are comparatively no protection against the ravages of intemperance. Their worthlessness for every consideration but the augmentation of the revenue, and this being deemed by good men as resulting the reward of iniquity or the wages of legislative prostitution, are the principal reasons why they have been allowed to become dead letters on the statute book. The Prohibitory law having higher and holier objects in view, will enlist in its favor the energies of all good men. Hence its enforcement will be certain.

Progress of Moral Sentiments.

It is frequently remarked by those who are passing into the sore leaf of life, that the world of mankind are getting worse and worse continually; and those of them who have faith in the Jewish history of the destruction of nearly the whole animal kingdom, in the days of Noah, who was but the ninth in descent from Adam, on account of the sinfulness of the human race, look forward to another sweeping destruction, on account of what they conceive to be the increasing depravity of human nature. We conceive this to be an error incident to the changes of sentiment and feeling which come over the mind as it passes from youth to maturity, and thence to old age.

The child is taught moral lessons by its parents and tutors; and these teachers put on morality and gravity in the pupils' presence, to secure respect and deference. The volatile disposition of childhood withers under close restraint, and pants for freedom. The same restraint which fetters the young limbs and spirit, preventing them from sailing forth and leaping and gambolling, like the youth of all other races of animated nature, also says to the child: You shall not lie, you shall not use profane or obscene language, you shall not strike your brother or sister, you shall not steal from others that which is theirs, you shall not drink with the drunken, nor violate any of the conventional rules of decorum. So desirable and so sweet is the liberty of wildly running, gambolling, tumbling and frolicking in the open world, which is denied by the same lawgivers who forbid immorality and impose moral duties, that the young mind views all forbidden things in the same category; and when it bursts the bonds of restraint, it will not stop short of tasting the whole catalogue of forbidden fruit.

There is nothing more natural than the life of the child, to evade the penalty of disobedience. The inviting fruit tempts to the first petty theft. The swagger of the young black-guard who uses profane and obscene language, is captivating, because it is the practical enjoyment of enlarged liberty of speech; and the emulating spirit of him who has been incarcerated and submitted to the cramping discipline of both body and mind, snatches at it because he fancies it an act of moral bravery to violate as many of the edicts of his oppressors as possible. How can he discover any moral difference between the violation of the law which forbids him to go forth and let his limbs and sinews rejoice in juvenile disportment, and the violation of that which forbids him to take God's name in vain? The truant with whom he comes in contact, and whom he emulates, violates all those laws; and so, in the defiant nature of a spirit broken loose from intolerable restraints, does he. Thus vice is rendered rather lovely than odious, by a bad education; and such minds do not see the enormity of sinful practices, till they have had liberty to satisfy, and proved by experience that virtue is real freedom and true loveliness. The vices which were captivating in early youth—excepting those vicious habits which work themselves into the physical and moral nature—become less and less alluring as the person ripens with age; and progress develops their true characteristics, and they become loathsome and disgusting. This is the time when the man exults in the bitterness of his feelings and the fulness of his convictions, that the world of mankind is growing worse continually. He sees the vices with a progressed vision. They have now no allurements for him. The virtues have become lovely in his eyes because his mind has lost much of its grossness. That which is most lovely seems most scarce; and that which is most offensive, seems most rare, though it be actually much less abundant than it was when it was attractive.

We think we have good reason to believe that here in America, the amount of vice is depreciating continually, if we take into account the continual increase of population. It is true that moral progress is essentially retarded, when we view the subject nationally, by the influx of foreigners. They come principally from countries where the heavy hand of oppression lies upon the toiling millions, and where the common mind is left in the crudeness of nature, without education or any other moral culture than such as is calculated to render it submissive to lordly and priestly rule. This, be it understood, is speaking generally. That there is here and there an individual exception, is well known to every reader. Could we be free from this influx of population from those countries where the common mind is not only uncultivated, but distorted by nullifying religious teachings, our moral progress, as a nation, would be greatly more accelerated. To prove this, we have but to examine the statistics of crime throughout the country, which will show that three-fourths of the punishments inflicted for robberies and murders, fall upon immigrants from Roman Catholic countries.

There are two great barriers in the way of moral progress in this country. To the removal of these retarding obstructions, it is the duty of every philanthropist, to apply his energies. The first is the prevalence of intemperance. The second is the passion for accumulating wealth, which so generally and so thoroughly imbues the American mind. One incontrovertible evidence that the country, even under all the unfavorable circumstances, is now, and has long been progressing morally, is the fact that laws which, a generation back, could not have been enforced at all, are now enforced without any difficulty, even though they are unconstitutional, odious and inhuman. For instance, see the Fugitive Slave Law. In several of the states of the Union, the liquor traffic has been abolished by law; and, contrary to the predictions of those who opposed the enactments suppressing it, all violations are promptly punished, and the law is vindicated. Soon, according

to present appearances, we shall have a similar law enacted in this state. Those who have uniformly opposed the enactment of any restraining law, have held out the idea that no such law would be tolerated by the people of this state. And it has been confidently asserted that, in the city of New York, human slaughter would be the certain consequence of any attempt to carry such a law into execution. A few short months will probably bring this to a test. But no test is necessary to prove that the law, when passed, will be promptly enforced, even in New York city. Is not Mayor Wood now enforcing the excise law as it exists, in a manner which no Chief Magistrate has ever dared to attempt before? There is a force of moral bravery in that city which is ready for the encounter; and such an one as the miserable malcontents who threaten opposition would sink away from as the barking cur would from the approach of a lion.

A new Era has dawned in the moral world. A better time is coming. Moral progress is on the march. Mind is becoming liberated from the thralldom of ignorance, superstition and religious despotism. Education is spreading a flood of light over the country. The strongholds of vice are about to be stormed. Rum must soon yield up the sceptre which it has so long wielded; and Avarice may look out for itself, for the citadel where it sits entrenched will soon be attacked by the moral forces of the country, and it will have to surrender in its turn. The people have long enough suffered themselves to be made slaves of to feed the passion of avarice in a few breasts. Labor has long enough gone hungry to bed whilst those who have reaped its fruits have been living on the fat of the land, wallowing in affluence, and despising the source whence all the means of their indulgence were derived. The time draws near, not when these shall be made slaves in their turn, but when slavery, such as now exists in all communities, shall give way for a general equality of condition, and monopolies and nabobism shall be known no more. We think we see the sure signs of such a state of things in the proximate future, and we hail the dawning prospect with delight.

Speculation.

There is little doubt that the exceeding and oppressive high prices of breadstuffs, with fall harvests both here and throughout Europe, is caused in a much greater degree by speculation than it is by the eastern war. If the war does not cause any arable lands to lie unimproved—and nobody argues that it does—no more bread is needed now than there was before the war existed. It is speculation, then, both here and in Europe, that keeps breadstuffs up to the suffering point.

We never wish to see government meddle with the prices of merchandise of any kind; but something will have to be done, ere long, to prevent the poor and laboring classes from being starved by speculating monopolists. What it will be we cannot foretell; but there is one thing which will strike at the vitals of the speculating sharpers, who now gamble as freely in the staff of life as they do in fancy stocks. This is the repeal of all laws enforcing the payment of debts. So far as non-property holding citizens are concerned, there is now no such thing as legal enforcement of payment. Still debts of honor are as promptly paid as they were when men were imprisoned for their poverty. Indeed we believe there are less losses among the business community now than there was then. The coercive system favors nobody but the speculator and the capitalist; and the sooner that all laws enforcing the collection of debts are abolished, the sooner there will be an end of speculation and deep shaving, which conspire to raise the price of every thing that enters into family consumption, and to grind the face of the poor beyond endurance.

We have already expressed our readiness to see the usury laws abolished, because they tend rather to enhance than to mitigate oppression, and not because we would be willing to see capital favored at the expense of labor. And we are not now soon all laws compelling the payment of debts are swept away, with all the machinery of bonds and mortgages, foreclosures, judgments, executions and sheriffs and constables sales. Let honor be the law in all the transactions between man and man, and we shall soon have better times and less speculation and shaving. To this point public sentiment is tending, and to this, sooner or later, we shall come.

Work and Wages.

Mr. F. L. Constock, of Staten Island, has rendered the public a service by collecting and collating from eighty-eight different sources in nearly every State of the Union statistics of the existing demand for Labor, with the current rates of Wages and the treatment of Laborers in the several localities.

We do not publish Mr. Olmstead's tabular statement of the rates of wages reported to him from the several localities, for we know these (however true in intent), are eminently calculated to mislead those for whose benefit they are intended. For instance:

Cass Co., Mich., reports wages in summer at \$14 per day, or \$25 per month, or \$230 for the whole year. Keokuk (Iowa) reports wages \$240 per year.

New Haven, Ct., (\$180 per year; Middlesex, do., \$180 per year, (with board), and so on. Now it is undoubtedly true that certain able-bodied and effective farm-laborers have been hired at these rates; but the ragged and uncouth Irishman or Dutchman who, wholly unversed in Yankee husbandry, goes thither expecting to secure such wages, will certainly encounter a disappointment. We tell such a counter is the sober truth, and which it is important that they should know; that men just lauded from Europe, and but moderately skill-

led in Agriculture, cannot secure \$200 per year, nor anything like that sum. One in a hundred may do so, but the other ninety-nine can only find prompt and good places at wages varying from \$80 to \$160 per annum, according to their good fortune and capacity respectively. We tell them that, if they are wise, they will not seek for the highest wages at first but inquire rather for the best employers—those who will not wish to drive them fourteen or fifteen hours per day, and feed them on brush fence, but who will subside them generously, and teach them the art of farming as practised by the best husbandmen among us. The newly landed Irishman or German, who was only a day-laborer in his own country, and who can secure such a place as we have indicated, with good board and lodging, kind treatment, and \$100 per year in cash, will do very well—better than to get \$150 per year, be over-driven, and treated like cattle. He who gives \$200 a year and Christian treatment to such average farm-laborers as are freshly landed from Europe, gives more than they can earn, unless they work harder than men ought to upon their first removal here from the equable climates of Western Europe, and exposure to our fervid heats and sudden changes. We consider \$120 as much as an average single man just come over can earn, and having a fair chance for improvement, be treated as he should be. If he keeps his eyes open while on his feet, he will be better worth \$150 the second year than \$120 the first. The third year, we advise him to buy a piece of land—no matter if but forty acres—take a wife, and commence farming for himself. Assuming that he will have learned how by this time, he can earn more for himself than he can for anybody else.

Mr. Olmstead's table gives us an account of the wages of Women, but we know that they range from \$1 up to \$2 per week, according to experience and capacity. The Irish or German girls who can get \$1 per week in a worthy, respectable Christian farmer's family, may better take it at once, than take her chance of getting more in the City. Wages for household service here average about \$6 per month—which is little enough; but we think they do not average more than \$5 for green hands in the country. No matter go inland, if you can be sure of the worth and kindness of the family in which you are to live. The artificial barriers of Caste are all but unknown in our farmers' families, and, while it is absurd to suppose that Ignorance will anywhere stand on a par with Intelligence, yet the "help" in a farmer's household, if truthful, faithful and self-respecting, will assuredly soon come to be esteemed according to her moral worth, without regard to the accidental position. Yet thousands persist in sticking to the City, because they here see more parades, more soldiers, feathers, and more foolery of all kinds, than will greet them in the quiet, sober country. It is a sad mistake they thus make, and many of them, who have had no work this winter, will live to repeat it with tears of blood.

We believe there is room in our City, after Charity has done its best (or worst) for a great company, with a capital of at least \$1,000,000, to be ably directed and intelligently devoted to the outright purchase of Unemployed Labor and its transportation to sections where it is most wanted. For instance—Five hundred emigrants land here from a ship of whom four hundred are ticketed for various locations throughout the country, or welcomed here by friends, while the residue have little means and no immediate prospects of work. Here let the company step in, and say, "If you be no better, we will hire every robust man and woman at \$80 per year for the former and \$50 for the latter, taking our chance of contracting your services to others at a profit which will pay us for your living until we find them and refund the cost of your passage to the 'place where you are wanted.' Let such a company be organized by good men, wisely officered, and have one year to learn the ropes, and we believe there would thereafter be no surplus Labor in our City, (however it might be with regard to surplus Idleness,) and that the demoralizing and pernicious Soup dispensation, which was inevitable this winter, may thereafter be forborne, and Alms-giving confined as it should be to the bereaved, the invalid, and the disabled, who will set this machine in motion?"

W. Y. Tribune.

Piedmont.

We learn, says a N. Y. Paper, that the accession of Piedmont to the Western Alliance, did not take place without an internal struggle, in the Cabinet at Turin. Mr. La Bormida, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, opposed it to the utmost, and finally resigned, yielding to the pressure of the other Ministers, backed by the King himself. La Bormida belongs to that fraction of the Moderate Liberal party, which is unrelenting in its hatred towards Austria. Count de Cavour, the chief promoter of this accession, and now the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is a man of wealth, and has the reputation of an able financier. He is rather a progressive doctrinaire, and a supporter of the French influence in Piedmont. In the ominous years of 1848-49, he was not wholly trusted by the more advanced parties. This accession is considered by the French journals as a triumph of French diplomacy. Its real gist is, however, directed against the Mazzinians and other partisans of the independence of Italy, rather than against Russia. As a mark of sympathy with Austria and absolutism, the Czar has ceased all diplomatic intercourse with Piedmont, since the year 1849, and has not even recognized the present King and Constitutional Government. He now receives a lesson more for preposterously meddling with Italian affairs, as the supporter of the Hapsburgs.

Ma. Editor:

Your paper is a formative one, and is doing good service in individualizing and elevating man. But it seems to me as if your article in last week's number advocating a repeal of the usury laws will have the effect to enslave man. I know that your sympathies are with the people, and that you are using all of your energies to spread before them true knowledge and true religion. The almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of doing this is the selfish principle in man. This principle belongs to the animal in man, and should die with the animal if it can not be overcome before its death. The object of true religion is to overcome that animal principle. The Christian is one who believes in and lives up to the doctrine promulgated by the greatest of all reformers, "Love ye one another." If mankind would observe this, they would not only be true Christians, but all statutory restraining laws would become obsolete.

It is the exercise of the selfish principle in man which causes the evil and suffering about us. One of the great objects of civil law is to restrain or keep in check this principle of animalism. This law should always seek to promote the welfare and general happiness of a majority of the society governed. The law is sought to be founded upon the love principle. This is the opposite of the selfish one, and it is yet imperfectly understood. Therefore this law is constantly changing, as a spiritual world says progressing. In changing these laws we must be careful not to promote the growth of the selfish principle in man which is always struggling for supremacy. Thousands of years have passed since the principle of "love" endeavored to permeate the rules of conduct which control man in his intercourse with his fellow man, and with his Creator. It has effected much, but it is far, very far, from operating on mankind to the full and perfect extent that it does on every other portion of creation.

Is not the selfish principle the predominant rule of conduct among men? Has it not been the unflinching opponent of all reformers who preach "religion," or the doctrine of "love ye one another"? Do not our laws directly foster it? Are not our places of administering these laws polluted with its presence?

Justice, vainly imagined blind and pure, sits in our court houses, selfishly collecting money, as pay or atonement for her violated law. The scales of justice are mostly used in weighing breaches of contract, wrongs and crimes against good. As it falls glittering from these scales, it is gradually becoming a substitute for the plighted bond of ring and wreath. It heals the wounded honor of the husband whose wife, lured by it, has yielded her virtue. It is too often a balm of gilead to the outraged feelings of the parent exacted under the color of "loss of service" of a beloved daughter. Alas! Gold is one of the chief medicines in administering to the diseased human body and soul and property. It is a creation of the law, and certainly the law should not disavow its offspring. So long as society remains in its present state of selfishness, the law must continue its business of manufacturing and dealing in money. But the law should regulate its use and keep it from becoming a dangerous weapon in the hands of selfishness. It should regulate its use in accordance with the principle of "Love ye one another." It should regulate it, that the few may not control the labor of the many. It should be regulated so as to effect the happiness of the majority of the people. Aye, it should be prevented from being loaned at any rate per cent, and thus somewhat shorn of its power of being the "root of all evil."

The main argument used in your article, for repealing the usury laws has lately been forcibly answered by an able writer. He says:

"The proposition is to confer upon money all the privileges as to terms that belong to merchandise. A owns horses, and houses, and money. By law he can let his horse and his houses for the highest terms he can obtain. Why should he not have the same power to get, as much as he can for his money?"

"The substance of the answer which I should give to this merely popular and plausible proposition is this: If this argument which proceeds from the creditor side of the house, could be so modified as to place money on a level, in all respects, with merchandise, or other property, no rational man would object to the change. The free-traders do not propose equality of function and power. They do not mean to equalize the powers of money and merchandise. The creditor says, 'I ought to have the privilege of using my money as I see fit, and to obtain the most I can for its use.' Very well. But if money is to have all the privileges of merchandise, then merchandise should have all the privileges of money. If they are put on a level as to the use of the creditor they should be put on a level as to the use of the debtor."

"But will the creditor consent that, land, or a bale of goods shall be made a tender in payment of his debt? Why not? If one is as much an article of trade as the other, they should be treated alike in all respects. It was not the design of the law so to treat them. The same law which gives to the creditor the power of refusing everything but gold and silver in payment of his debt, ought to fix the rate at which gold and silver may be used by the creditor, who is not only entitled to refuse everything but gold and silver, but to be the judge of its value, or, in other words, to demand what he pleases by way of interest. To be consistent, the law that confers greater privileges upon money than upon merchandise should also impose upon it greater restraints. If the free-traders, therefore, propose to destroy this pre-eminence of money so far as its use by the creditor, they should destroy it so far as regards its use by the debtor. But what they do propose is to extend the privileges of the creditor in fixing the value of his money, but not to extend the privileges of the debtor in the use of his merchandise. If money is to be treated as merchandise by the creditor, merchandise should be treated as money by the debtor."

"But to treat money as merchandise, to give to the creditor the power of asking what he pleases for its use, is a desecration of its original and sole design. It was created by government as a test of value, as a medium of exchange."

For the Age of Progress.

change. It stands as a bound tree in the forest. Neither adjoining owner has a right to use it for any other purpose. It derives all its value from government, and government alone ought to fix its value."

Conscription.

Gen. Webb, who is the prominent American ally of the Allied armies, has published a long article on the Russian military system, calculated to inspire horror of the conscription and of Russia. Most true it is that war, pure and simply, is always unpopular with the masses of Europe, and armies can only be recruited by force, and the Russian conscription, therefore is hideous. It differs only, however, from the French in the length of the service required of the miserable conscript; the Russian soldier has to serve ten years, and then enjoys a furlough, which enables him to undertake any personal occupation, he being required at the same time to report himself for four weeks in the year for military drills; but he is liable, in case of war of necessity, to reenter the army to finish twenty years, the full time of service, after which he is free. In France, however, the conscript serves seven years; but he is equally with the Russian conscript, torn away from his wailing and weeping friends. We cannot, therefore, get up any indignation against Russia on account of her conscript system, which we do not feel toward that of France as well.

Just Published.—It will be seen by the advertisement of T. S. HAWKS, that Messrs. EDMUNDS & DEXTER have issued their second volume on Spiritualism. It is, as a matter of course, filled with matter of thrilling interest, and will command a ready sale. We shall speak more of it when we know more.

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Eggs	" "	per doz. 20 @ 25
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Cheese	" "	8@10c.
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Cherries	" "	6 1/2
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Flax seed	" "	1.00 @ 1.25
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T. mothy	" "	2.75 @ 3.00
Oats	" "	40 @ 42
Apples, dried	" "	15
" green	" "	50 @ 75
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Dressed Chickens per lb	" "	9c
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J. EDIMAH CARTER, of Laona, Chautauque Co., N. Y., well known to many of our citizens as an excellent Clairvoyant Physician, has made arrangements to spend a portion of each week in the city of Buffalo, during the coming winter, and has taken rooms at 53 Tupper St., between Delaware and Irving, where he will be found on Thursday the 23d inst., ready to attend to all calls of the afflicted. Sif

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- 2nd " The Necessity of a New Dispensation.
- 3rd " Nature's Laws Applied to Spiritualism.
- 4th " Ancient and Modern Spiritualism Contrasted and Reconciled.
- 5th " The Church of the Future.

How are We to Believe?

This question is frequently asked by, by men of good sound sense, who seem, by some unaccountable freak of imagination, to conceive it to be our duty, not only to tell them of the facts which we witness, but to bring similar facts under their personal observation, whether they are willing or not. You expect us, say they, to believe your statements, without any evidence presented to our senses. Show us the facts of which you speak; and when we see them, hear them and feel them, we shall have the same evidence that you have. Then, if we do not believe, you will have just cause to complain of us.

Now, all this would be very reasonable if their faith were to enure to our benefit and not to theirs. We might as well say to the man who tells us where there are bread and meat to be had: Bring it to us—cut it into mouthfuls and put it into our mouth, a piece at a time; and if you cannot conveniently wag our jaws for us, we will condescend to perform the mastication and deglutition for you. If you will not do this, how can you expect us to eat, or even to believe in the existence of the bread and meat you tell us of?

To such persons, we say, in all kindness, every good thing that we enjoy in this life, costs us some labor or pains-taking to acquire it. If a knowledge of the truth of our relations to the spirit-world, and to the Great Governor of the Universe, be deemed essential to our happiness in this life, and to our preparation for the change to which we are hastening with such rapid celerity, should it be deemed a matter of such indifference that we should sit inactive and wait for some one to come and bring us the evidence? Is it not worth getting up and stirring about for? Look at the complicated snarl into which the prevailing religious doctrines and dogmas are tangled. Look what a monster our Heavenly Father is represented to be, by nineteen-twentieths of those who pretend to preach and practise the religion taught by Jesus Christ. Look through Christendom and see the oppression of God's children which is practised in the name of the Christian religion. See how one people enslaves another people. See how one individual compels another to labor for his emolument, whilst he half starves himself. See what injustice and cruelty is practised continually by man against man, and both claiming to be brethren of the same church. See what animosities are reciprocally cherished by sects, each claiming to derive its faith from the same original source, and each adducing testimony from the same code of laws—the Bible. Think how many ages these bitter strifes have endured, and reflect that, instead of getting any nearer together, they get farther and farther apart, the opening chasm which separates them getting wider and wider. After taking a full survey of all these circumstances, and beholding the thick and still thickening cloud of darkness which overspreads the religious world, ask yourselves if it was not full time that the world of mankind should have instruction from the great Fountain of Light, from which we are separated by the partition wall of mortality, and which is kept from our view by the thick veil of ignorance and error which enshrouds us.

The light which our Heavenly Father saw we so much needed, has dawned upon the world. It rays grow brighter and brighter. They are ascending higher and higher. Their flickerings already reach the zenith, and soon they will illumine the whole canopy. Let those who choose to shut their eyes stubbornly, remain in darkness if they insist on it; but let them remember that they believe or disbelieve for themselves and at their own expense. We who are laboring in this cause, labor for them as well as for ourselves. We would fain carry the truth home to the conviction of every soul, if we could do so; but whilst we labor to convince them of the truth, and labor without fee or reward, save the consciousness of performing a service acceptable to God and beneficial to His children, they repulse us, not only with coldness and haughty demeanor, but with sneers, sarcasms and bitter revilings. Still they cry, bring us the evidence that what you say is true, or we will not believe. Even this we would do, and willingly, if it were practicable; but as there is no miracle wrought in any of the manifestations of spirits; as all that is done, is performed in accordance with natural laws, there are governing conditions and circumstances which must be favorable to enable them to succeed in their attempts to gratify us with manifestations or communications. The writer of this was a member of a "little circle" who met weekly, and sat by the hour, for six months, before the least evidence was obtained

of spiritual presence, with the exception of what was presented to his vision. This was when spiritual manifestations, as now witnessed so generally, were in their incipency. Now no circle would have to use a fourth part of the diligence that was used by that little circle, without success. It is that same little circle, with some difference in the organization, in which we now receive the physical manifestations and the philosophical lectures which we publish in this paper. This success is the result of long and patient waiting and labor. We have been so harmonized by sitting together, and by the labors of our spirit friends, that they can do, in that circle, more than it is practicable for them to do in any other that has yet been organized in this city, but not more than may be done in any circle of honest and elevated minds, who will take equal pains to adapt themselves to the requirements of their spirit friends. All the evidence of the truth of spiritualism, that can be required by a rational mind, is obtainable to any half dozen persons who will give their attention to the subject, and fashion their lives in consonance with spirit teaching.

We should be pleased if we could either carry these manifestations to the hearts of all the inhabitants of this city who would wish to witness them without any effort or self-discipline on their part, or if we could admit them all into that one little circle, and the manifestations would still go on.

These, however, are impracticabilities, and we can only point out the practicable way for every one to be convinced. When such a circle as ours becomes harmonized, and the conditions otherwise are all favorable, the spirits can perform astonishing things. At the same time, if we admit one person who has not been harmonized with us, little or nothing can be done. It was no longer ago than last Sabbath evening that a total stranger to the family, and to all the circle but the writer, came unbidden, and volunteered to take a seat at the table, saying that he was a medium. We were to have received a lecture from one of our regular spirit lecturers, that evening. He came according to appointment; but, finding an intruder, he left, and we got nothing. It was the more strange that this man should think of thus intruding upon the privacy of a circle, of which he was not a member, that he professed to be a medium, and should have known the probable consequence.

No man nor woman need to be without positive evidence of the verity of spiritual manifestations and communications. Every one has some congenial friends with whom to associate and form a circle. Many families form circles within themselves; but it is generally better to have members from different families. The more the circle endeavor to compose themselves and to patiently await the harmonizing process, the sooner will they succeed in obtaining the desired evidence of spiritual presence. And the higher the plane of moral elevation to which the circle have attained, the more elevated will be the spirits attracted around them, and the more reliable will be the messages received from them.

There is an A B C to every science and to the acquirement of every species of knowledge. It is frequently being remarked by cavilling objectors: I do not believe that God Almighty comes to earth to tip tables, rap on furniture, and make pianos dance. Neither do we believe so. But we do believe, and we know, that the spirits of men and women who once inhabited bodies on this earth, do come for those very purposes, and succeed in accomplishing what they aim at. As they cannot remove mountains nor do any other astounding feats, when they first make the attempt, they do what they can do. They produce those ticking sounds on tables, chairs and floors, tip tables, move chairs, ring bells, &c. Thereby they convince those in whose presence they do those little things, that they do really exist, and are present with them. This is the grand object of their visitations. And if rapping out a message to a surviving friend, which will recall forgotten circumstances to memory, succeed in convincing that friend, why is it not as well, if the spirit came riding in a chariot of fire, and was announced by the thunders of heaven?

We received the following communication some weeks since, and inasmuch as the writer violated two of the laws which regulate newspaper correspondence, especially at the incipency of the relation of correspondent and publisher, we took occasion to remark on those infractions, and used more severity than we should have done had we known that the writer was a female. Our design, however, was to give a general lesson; but it unfortunately happened that the stump around which we whipped a number of offenders, was one whom gallantry would have counselled us to spare, had we known that we were inflicting stripes upon a delicately sensitive mind. She explained all to our satisfaction; and we beg her to accept this as an apology for our severity. In her future communications, if she should think of favoring us with more, we hope she will write as plainly as possible. The hand is so clearly and dashing that we took it to be some penman who gave us too much credit for skill in deciphering fashionable chirography. It was this which made us feel certain that the author was of the masculine gender.

MR. ENRON,

If Spiritualism is to be really advanced before the world, notwithstanding the vast weight of public prejudice yet to be encountered and vanquished, must it not be through the efforts and agency of those who firmly uphold and profess themselves to be believers in the extraordinary revelations thus far manifested to our race?

The attention of scientific and philosophic

minds, has been repeatedly solicited on the part of those who receive facts as they are evidenced and seen undeniable in their truth.

Now, in this age of free discussion, when the press offers its mighty arm to disseminate, without restraint, the results of thought and the discoveries of the age, why should men of influence and research, who profess to believe in the truth of spiritualism, in private, they warmly defend? It is to men of this stamp, and only to such, the public will at last attend. Alas! the subject is too far already degraded from its high and holy purpose, at the hands of charlatans and impostors.

The creed of the spiritualist is in some points in direct antagonism to biblical revelations, and revolutionizes many of our long cherished religious opinions. So what we want now are calm and able exponents of all that spiritualism really teaches. No matter how bold an attack is made in the cause of Truth. If undertaken, not in presumptuous arrogance, but in christian humility, men will pause and think; and many, now who are tossed about on the ocean of speculative doubt, would be glad to find this anchor to their faith—namely, encouragement and peace in believing, from the fact that competent and wise men are doing their best in producing their own experience and investigation to prove the truth, and in advancing the cause and progress of spiritualism.

S. M. E.

Our worthy correspondent, "C" takes the position of a true philanthropist, as we know he is. His argument, however, does not touch the gist of our objections to the present usury laws. We do not desire the repeal of the usury laws to give money more power, and capitalists a broader field of enterprise and sharper shaving tools. We cannot believe that our friend read our reasoning on that subject with his usual clear perception. We have found, by long observation, that the usury laws create and sustain a greatly more oppressive system of usury than that which they were designed to abolish. The practice of usury, by consent of all parties, rises above the laws, and favors the deep shuffling adventurer, who takes care to cut deep enough to indemnify himself for all losses sustained on account of the usury laws. We should probably attend to the question which he makes, when we have more room and leisure.

Is Modern Spiritualism a Necessity as well as an Experience?

The Spiritualism of the sacred writings must have been overwhelming to the minds of those who received its full truth. In no way can we account for the vast sway it held over the minds of men, but in the belief of the immediate presence of the great pervading Spirit of the universe. Science had not demonstrated that the thunder was an explosion of electrical essences, on the contrary many believed it the utterance of the voice of God. The earth we inhabit was deemed to be a moveable body, spread out to infinity in one vast unending plain. All the sublime poetry of the Bible is drawn from such sources of belief. Its bold imagery everywhere recognizes the immediate presence and agency of the Infinite one.

The heathen philosophers recognized the immortality of the soul, yet they never seem to have entered into the examination of any presiding power, any great, creative essence that permeated all other sources of vitality, therefore, their belief was a mere experience and not a necessity. The advance of scientific knowledge and the enlarged views of the operation of the laws of God make the Spiritual tendencies and developments of our time a necessity. We are assured that the phenomena of Nature are the result of causes different from what we have dwelt upon. God does not step aside to produce the thunder; he did not lay with his own hands the supposed immovable foundations of the earth. He produces these outwardly developed causes by the operation of his will. The law of Nature is the will of God.

Our Spiritualism, is the growth of interior life, the approximation of the soul to God, and is not only an experience, but a necessity. He makes it a necessity by his revelations, just as he made the Hebrew faith a necessity, and strengthened credulity by his supposed immediate agency in the phenomena of Nature, which could not be explained or interpreted upon any other hypothesis. Intelligence must be acted upon by intelligence; soul must commune in union with soul, and as every thing goes back to its original soul, so they must blend in the after life, and be united above. If this union in Heaven is certain, it is equally certain that there may be an anterior communication. That the Creator may wish to evidence his decrees in anticipation. The highest form of devotion moreover, is an assimilation towards these unities, for they beget a reliance upon his protection and care, when every protection subsides.

What is prayer for our departed soul, but a communication of this Nature? If the soul be sentient in the future world, and we have a full reliance upon it, our inward aspiration may be a constant yearning for this realization, and it is finally answered by some affinities or other. We know not how far other souls may go beyond this in their experience, and therefore cannot question the truth of higher and more exalted revelations.

This is a stumbling block to many; they get no communication, and consequently their belief is enfeebled. I might as well doubt the revelations of Scripture upon such pretences. They were not made to me, and I might deny their authenticity upon and under the same pretext.—*Christian Spiritualist.*

Go early to the lecture.

Influx of European Convicts and Paupers.

We make the following extract from a speech in Congress, recently delivered by Hon. AUGUSTUS R. SOLLERS, of Maryland, in answer to Messrs. KETT and BARRY, on the subject of Americanism:—

Again, another alarming fact connected with foreign immigration is the immense influx of convicts and paupers among us. In the early history of immigration, those who sought an asylum among us, were, for the most part, hardy and industrious mechanics, artisans, and laborers, who, groaning under the weight of exactions and oppressions of various kinds, came over to better their fortunes under the genial influence of our liberal laws. But, now, the character of the immigrants is totally changed. Instead of men of high character for honesty and integrity, the refuse of jails and prisons annually pour their thousands upon our shores, in one fetid stream of corruption and villany.

Nay, sir, it has become, with foreign governments, a part of their domestic policy to send them to us, as at once the cheapest and most efficient means of getting rid of their criminals. From an article taken from a respectable journal, containing an official circular of a commissary of a department in Belgium, to the proper authorities having in charge the subject of immigration to this country:

No. 1898.] LIEGE (Belgium), March 14, 1854. Emigrants for the United States.—Transportation.

GENTLEMEN: The transports for emigrants from the United States will take their departure from Antwerp. A large number of vessels are prepared already to leave at various periods of this month. A certain number of liberated prisoners from Vilvorde, and from several poorhouses, (depot de mendicants) are on the point of departing.

The price of the passage, all expenses included is 150 francs, which sum should be paid in advance at the bureau of the Governor of the Province.

I beg you to let me know as soon as possible if your district has any passengers to be forwarded to the United States.

Each individual should be sent to the jail (maison d'arrest) of Antwerp, and have in his possession simply a certificate on the following model:

The Burgomaster of the district of—, Province of Liege (Belgium) certifies that— (give the age, place of birth, parentage) is unmarried.

The departure will take place during the year every fortnight.

The Commissary of the Arrondissement—, The Mayor of—, The Burgomaster and Council of—.

Again, sir, instead of the industrious and thrifty immigrants, who formerly came to this country, thousands of paupers are annually sent over by foreign governments, in accordance with the same rule of policy. I find in a table furnished by the Census Bureau, that there were in 1850, 134,000 paupers who received support, and of these 68,000 were foreigners, and but 66,000 natives; and further, to show the character of foreign immigrants, I find in the same table that there were in the same year 1850, 27,000 convicts for criminal offences in our criminal courts, and of this number 14,000 were foreigners, and but 13,000 natives, and this you will observe in a native population of at that time of twenty-one millions, while the foreign population only amounted to something less than three millions.

But again, sir, it is charged against the American party, that what they propose to do is but reviving the alien and sedition laws, and Mr. Jefferson was elected President of the United States upon the bitter opposition which these laws met with in this country, and that he showed his hostility to any attempt made to persecute foreigners, by proposing, in his first message, to Congress to repeal them, and limit the time within which they could exercise the right of citizenship to five years instead of nine. Sir, we all know that Mr. Jefferson, anterior to that time, had declared in the strongest language, his bitter hostility to the influx of foreigners into this country. In his notes on Virginia, he says, in substance: "The (the foreigners) will bring with them the principles of the governments they have imbibed in early youth; or, if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness, passing, as is usual, from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty. Their principles, with their language, they will transmit to our children. In proportion to their number, they will share with us in the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its direction, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass. I may appeal to experience, during the present contest, for a verification of those conjectures; but if they are not certain in event, are they not positive as they are probable? Is it not certain to war with patience for the attainment of population desired or expected? May not our government be more homogeneous, more peaceable, more durable?"

On another occasion, he penned this memorable paragraph: "I hope we may find some means in future of shielding ourselves from foreign influence—political, commercial, or in whatever form it may be attempted. I wish there were an ocean of fire between this and the Old World." Does any man imagine that in so short a time Mr. Jefferson could have changed his views upon so important a subject? No, sir, Mr. Jefferson had been elected by a combination of nearly every foreigner in the country with Democratic party, and out of gratitude to them he lessened the term of their probation.

I appeal to my friend, Mr. Bayne, the last, of "patres conscripti," and who knows, I do verily believe, more of the history of the government than all other men now living; if I have not stated the case correctly. And, since I am speaking of the opinions of distinguished men, permit me, sir, to refer to the opinion of General Washington; and I ask those who now abuse the American party for its hostility to foreigners to listen to the following: "George Washington, in a letter addressed to Governor Morris, dated White Plains, July 24, 1778, said: "Baron Steuben, I now find, is also wanting to quit his inspectorship for a command in the line. This will be productive of much discontent. In a word, though I think the Baron an excellent officer, I do most devoutly wish we had not a single foreigner among us, except the Marquis de Lafayette, who acts upon very different principles from those which govern the rest."

"In another letter, dated Philadelphia, November 17, 1794, and addressed to the elder Adams, the Pater Patrie said: "My opinion with respect to immigration is, except of useful mechanics, and some particular descriptions of men and professions, there is no need of encouragement."

Again, a letter from the same hand, dated from his residence, January 20, 1790, in reply to a letter applying for office, has this passage: "It does not accord with the policy of this government to bestow offices, civil or military, upon foreigners, to the exclusion of our citizens."

And Mr. Madison, animated with the same spirit, thus said:

"Foreign influence is a Grecian horse to the republic—we cannot be too careful to exclude its entrance."

Mr. Webster, too, the great defender of the constitution, belabored with the agility of a statesman, and almost with the vision of a seer, the great evils that were about to fall upon the country, declared in that clear and concise style for which he was remarkable:

"That there is an imperative necessity for reforming the naturalization laws of the United States." And, sir, last, but not least, in many of the characteristics of a great man, (I pray you gentlemen democrats give ear,) I read you the opinion of General Andrew Jackson:

"It is time that we should become a little more Americanized, and instead of feeding the paupers and laborers of England, feed our own; or else, in a short time, by our present policy, we shall be paupers ourselves."

The Chief Engineer of Sebastopol.

The officers who direct the engineering work of the defence of Sebastopol is a Frenchman, General Desiré. At the period of the treaty of Tilsit, the Emperor Alexander begged as a favor, that his imperial brother would let a few young men of the polytechnic school enter the service of Russia. Napoleon selected four who had just issued from the school, each with a first-class number in science. Their names were Bazeire, Fabre, Potier, and Desiré. The first three died years ago, and the last is the general of that name who has had no great a share in the construction of the fortifications of Cronstadt. He is spoken of as an engineer officer of the greatest merit, and what is rather rare, he has a remarkable talent for poetry, united to profound mathematical knowledge. He is the author of several beautiful compositions; but his best work is said to be a translation into French verse of the fables of the Russian La Fontaine, Kriloff.

Manufacture of Rum.

Probably the only manufacture in the Northern States which is carried on profitably at the present time, is that of Rum; and this was never before so profitable as at the present time. The distilleries all through the country have orders for many weeks and months ahead at price which yield them a hundred per cent profit. This State of things has been occasioned by the prohibition of the distillation of grain in France and Belgium, which has caused large orders from those countries for Rum from the United States.

Every packet ship from New York for France and Germany, now carries out all the Rum which can be had in the market, as part of her cargo. The article sells at 47 to 48 cents a gallon, and the profit may easily be calculated when it is known that the molasses costs but little more than 20 cents a gallon, and 100 gallons of molasses will make 95 gallons of Rum. A large portion of the molasses in the United States has just been bought up on French account. At Portland, 3,000 hids. were purchased last week for shipment to France.

Woman's Rights in Turkey.

A remarkable scene was enacted by the women at the accession of Sultan Mustapha. His Vizier, Reayad Muhammad Pasha, who, toward the end of the preceding reign, had found himself unsettled in his post, and expected daily to be deposed by the intrigues of the Seraglio, neglected to provide the necessary supply of corn and rice for the yearly consumption of the city. The public granaries were almost empty, and less rice than usual had been imported. Bread, mixed up with oats, barley, millet, and sand, was dear and scarce; and rice was hardly to be bought at any price. The distress, the men bore their wants with patience and sullen discontent; but the women, impatient and daring, assembled in a considerable body, and armed with hammers, chisels, &c., attacked the magazines, where, as they asserted, rice was monopolized in great quantities. No opposition could stop them; and while the public officers were perplexed what course to take, they broke open locks, bars, and bolts, burst into the magazines, took with them such quantities as they could carry off, and went away unmolested. None of those female rioters were ever punished, as far as we knew, and if you spoke to a grave Turk about it, he answered, with a sneer: "It is only a meeting of desperate women." Their privileges and prerogatives are further recognized according to a recent writer as follows:—A man meeting a woman in the street turns his head from her, as if it were forbidden to look on her; they seem to detect an impudent woman, to shun and avoid her. Any one, therefore, among the Christians, who may have discussions or altercations with Turks if he has a woman of spirit, or a virago for his wife, sets her to revile and browbeat them, and by these means not unfrequently gains his point. The highest disgrace and shame would attend a Turk who should resist his hand against a woman; all he can venture to do, is to treat her with harsh and contemptuous words, or to march off. The sex lay such stress on this privilege, that they are frequently apt to indulge their passions to excess, to be most unreasonable in their claims, and violent and irregular in the pursuit of them. They will importune, tease, and insult a judge on the bench, or even the vizier at his divan; the officers of justice do not know how to resist their turbulence; and it is a general observation, that to get rid of them, they often let them gain their cause.

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Henry VIII's Favorite Painter.

Hans Holbein, born at Basle, in 1498, received as other famous in his art than those given to him by his father, a mediocre painter, originally from Augsburg, of whose talent there now remain no proofs. Gifted with the happiest disposition, he perfected himself merely by his own efforts, and saw his reputation slowly increase. After having produced several excellent paintings for amateurs, Holbein was employed in painting and in decorating public edifices, in which he displayed remarkable talent. He painted a village dance for the fish market at Basle, and decorated the walls of the cemetery of the same town with his famous "Dances of Death"—an ingenious allegory where he represented every condition of life—kings and shepherds; rich and poor; old and young. He executed at the same time, for the Town Hall, "The Passion of Jesus," in eight compartments.

Although Holbein painted with his left hand, no style was foreign to him; he cultivated with equal success, painting in fresco, in distemper, in oils, and even miniatures. He drew in pencil, and his pen-and-ink drawings show great facility. It is impossible to judge of his life and of his tastes by the style of his painting. How, indeed, could it be imagined that the artist who appears to have had the patience to count all the grey head of the famous Erasmus, and of the venerable Thomas More, was a prodigal, careless, joyous companion, and brave even to temerity? Erasmus, who had allied himself in close friendship with him during his residence at Basle, endeavored to bring him back to a more regular line of conduct, and forwarded to him a copy of his "Praise of Folly." The painter, enchanted with the descriptions of the various kinds of folly traced by the able pen of the Dutch doctor, undertook, in his turn, to represent them in the drawings which he sketched in that copy, and sent it back to his friend.

Some time afterwards, Erasmus persuaded him to go to England. Holbein determined upon this journey all the more willingly, that he had been anxious for a long time to visit his own country. On his arrival in London, with letters of recommendation to the Chancellor More, and with the portrait of Erasmus, his mutual friend, he was received by that minister with great distinction. King Henry VIII., a great amateur of painting, having been invited to a fête given by the Chancellor, had an opportunity of seeing several paintings by Holbein. He was so struck with the perfection of these works, and expressed so much admiration, that More requested him to accept them. A few days after the Chancellor presented the artist to the King, who appointed him his painter, and said to the minister—"I restore to you, with pleasure the presents which you have made me, since you present to me the artist."

Holbein executed for Henry VIII. several remarkable paintings. The King was so delighted with his talent, his character, and his conversation, that he took a great liking to him, and allowed him perfect freedom of speech. The following anecdote, inserted in the preface to the "Praise of Folly," attests the great protection which painting enjoyed at the Court of England. One day, when Holbein had shut himself up alone in his studio, to paint a picture on which he wished to bestow all his care and attention, one of the great nobles of the Court wished to force open the door, in order to see him using his brush. Holbein had, at first, recourse to politeness, to excuse himself from opening the door; but the nobleman persisted, and the painter persisted in refusing. At last, wearied by the importunity, he became angry and, opening the door, seized the nobleman by the shoulders and threw him from the top to the bottom of the stairs, which put him in a miserable plight. The artist, in order to avoid vengeance, leaped out of the window, and ran to implore the protection of the King, to whom he ingeniously related the adventure. The King promised him his pardon, on condition he should apologize to the courtier; and he had the kindness to retain him with him to give the offended person time to calm his fury. The nobleman, bruised by the fall, and with his face cut and bleeding, had himself carried into the presence of Henry VIII., and demanded justice. The King listened at first, and tried to induce him to pardon the painter; but, when he observed that his exhortations merely increased this man's animosity, he then addressed him:—"Sir, I forbid you as you value your life, to attempt that any painter; know that there exists between you two an immense difference; of seven persons I can easily make seven ears like you; but of seven ears I can never make a Holbein." The nobleman, terrified, threw himself at the feet of the monarch, and promised not only to put an end to his resentment, but also to become the protector of the artist.

The high favor enjoyed by Holbein at the Court of England survived that of his worthy successor—the unfortunate Sir Thomas More. He painted the portraits not only of the King, the Princess and Princesses, but also of all the great people of the kingdom; and spent, in foolish extravagance, and immense sums he had obtained from the generosity of his patrons. He died in London, of the plague, in 1554, greatly in debt.

Although Holbein was a very talented man, he neither studied the art with that vivacity of imagination which is admired in the Italian and artists, nor with that ardent faith which hides the place of genius in some of his fellow-countrymen. He never quitted the ungrateful and prosaic oil of reality. It was always with a mathematical exactness—a wonderful precision of imitating nature—that he was enabled to produce the expression and the character of his models. Though known as a portrait painter, Hans Holbein executed both

historical and sacred pictures with marked success. In the Dresden Gallery his representation of the *Virgin Mary as the Queen of Heaven*, is an impressive picture, and deserves all that Frederick Schlegel and other critics have said in its praise. At the feet of the Virgin kneel the family of the Burgomaster, Jacob Meyer, of Basle, for whom the picture was painted; and their homeliness of physiognomy contrasts finely with the pure and elevated beauty of the enthroned Madonna. An altarpiece in the Cathedral at Friburg, representing *The Birth of Christ and The Adoration of the Kings*, in which the portraits of the donors are also introduced, is another fine example of his genius. In consequence of the patronage he received in this country, his portraits are frequently to be met with. There are sixteen at Hampton Court, three at Windsor Castle, and others at Longford Castle and Arundel Castle, and the ancient residences of the English nobility.—*Painting and celebrated Painters by Lady Jervis.*

Does the Moon Rotate?

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE LADY OF THE MOON AND A PRACTICAL ASTRONOMER.

"Pray, sir," says the Lady of the Moon, "why have you been staring at me all the evening, through that long tube? You had better go home to your wife—poor lonely woman!"

"I can assure you, Madam," says the Astronomer, "beautiful as you are, it is not from gallantry. I have kept my eye on you professionally; pray don't be offended."

"I am offended, sir. Every time I show myself of a clear evening, there are so many quizzing glasses turned upon my face—it is too provoking! I should not care a straw about it if you could learn anything new about me or about my affairs; but I find you are more ignorant of my ways than some astronomers were a hundred years ago."

"You are beautiful," replied the Astronomer, in a very seductive tone, "and I fancy you know how beautiful you are! Your face is reflected back, and you see yourself from our ocean mirrors."

"You are getting saucy, sir."

"I am talking to a coquette. I have watched you in your librations—in your tossing your head back and forth. You love, Madam, to display your charms to us of the earth. Sometimes you nod to show us your beautiful forehead, and afterward you look up, that we may see the simple under your chin; then, turning slowly round, you reveal the tip of a pretty ear, and soon after you shake at us the clustering curls on the other bright cheek."

"Nonsense, sir!—If you had an astronomical acumen!"

The Astronomer, abruptly and in a pet: "Permit me to ask, Madam, if the great Newton had not a very great astronomical acumen?"

"What of that, sir, as far as you are concerned?"

The Astronomer, in a very emphatic manner: "I never had a thought which he did not think on. I never advanced a principle which he had not elaborated. (Raising his voice)—What do you mean, Madam? no astronomical acumen!"

The lady replied in a very calm and musical tone: "Pray, my dear sir, don't get angry. If I were your wife, it might be well to let off a little sharpness now and then; but it does not pay to get angry with one who don't care whether you are angry or not. I am, sir, a lone spinster, and lead rather a monotonous life of it; so I have come for a familiar chat. I intend to tell you of things worth knowing—things which will quite set you up."

"Excuse my abruptness, my dear Madam. I am very sensitive on the score of my astronomical reputation. I am now all ears, and I bowed very politely."

The lady continued, "Light from me, if it is mere moonshine, will make you a very small visible star in the astronomical galaxy. You spoke just now of what you very unpoetically called my 'librations'—just as if I rocked back and forth and up and down!"

"Yes, Madam, you do us astronomers know very well of that habit of yours."

"Astronomers, then, are much mistaken. I keep my face directly on one point; that one point is not on your planet, sir. The earth has no attraction for me!"

The Astronomer replied with assured deliberation, "Pardon me, madam; we know you librate. I see more of your face now, than I could see last evening."

The lady: "How apt some folks are to be mistaken! The point toward which I keep my face, is considerably distant from the earth; and the earth bobs about and around it so as to enable you to see at one time my forehead, then my neck, now this cheek (patting it with her hand), and then the other; but truly, my dear sir, I never turn up nor down; I neither look to the right nor to the left; (solemnly) there is a point from which I never take my eyes!"

The Astronomer, much perplexed: "Is it possible, Madam?"

The lady replied firmly and distinctly:—"What I have told you is true."

"On whom then do you look so constantly, and with such loving eyes?"

The lady, a little bashfully: "I have kept the secret so long."

"Oh! pray tell me!"

"I can't speak out plain," replied the lady, in a sweet whisper; "just wait till that cloud hides my blushes; I'll try to give a hint. Don't you remember reading the calculations of one Seth Ward—a famous mathematician, who computed the central points of circular planetary orbits? he almost found me out! Did you ever hear of Jeremiah Horrocks, the same man who detected Venus on the very lap of the Sun? He had a sharp eye for librations

among the stars; and he showed a point toward which I never cease to look,—a point from which whoever sees me never has doubts of my constancy, nor of the uniformity of all my goings and comings."

After a pause, the lady laughed right merrily, at which the Astronomer was much offended. "Excuse me," said the lady, "I could not help laughing when I thought how completely Horrocks exposed the secret of my inclinations, and none of your star-gazing gentry were the least wiser for it!"

"I must confess, Madam, that you are far from being very intelligible to me."

"I thought so," said the lady. "It is all the hint I can give now, and you must puzzle it out for yourself, sir. Come, I will talk on something you can understand. As I throw my light, the other evening, on the Smithsonian Institute (the building is said by some to look well by moonlight), I shone through the little windows into the lecture room; and I heard the lecturer (and a grave man he is, too) tell his audience that I turned on my axis once a month. He is mistaken, sir!"

"Excuse," replied the Astronomer, "my apparent rudeness in contradicting you; but certainly you are joking! Don't turn on your axis? You know you do! you turn on your heel once a month to take a peep at all the stars. I have caught you now!"

"I did not think," replied the lady, with a toss of her head, "that you were such a—what word shall I use—such a soft-shell. I have to go around the earth to light up the dark nights for you, and I am so used to it that it is no effort—none whatever, sir. How could I get round the earth without letting all the stars see my face? Do you ever wait, sir?"

"I confess, Madam, that I have waited, on certain occasions, in my younger days."

"Yes, sir, I know it. I looked—and that not very long ago—into a certain room one evening. Your partner was very handsome—a bright, lively, good girl, sir. You kept your eyes on her eyes—studying astronomy, it is to be supposed, sir—convincing yourself that attraction is actually increased by decrease of distance!"

The Astronomer could not help laughing. "Now answer me this question, sir. If, when you were whirling around your partner, you unfortunately turned on your axis, could you have kept all the time face to face with that pretty girl?"

"Positively a new idea, Madam!"

"Yes," continued the lady, "and new ideas are very troublesome at first. Pray tell me, sir, what would be the result if your earth should leave off turning on its axis, as it whirled around the sun?"

The Astronomer, much pleased: "I see, Madam. It is all plain. Strange I never thought of this before. The earth, in that case, would keep one face to the sun."

"A second Daniel come to judgment," exclaimed the lady. "Something could be made of you! Now listen to my confession; when I was very young I set my face on one point—the Horrox discovered point, sir—and I forgot to rotate. I was firmly caught."

"Do tell me all about the time when you were caught, and left off turning about, and became fixed for life!"

The lady replied with great dignity and perfect propriety: "Not to-night, sir; I must hang my lantern over other herds. Now put up your star-seeing apparatus and go home, for your wife is getting cross, and you may have a time of it. I dearly love to see the boys and girls frolicking together of a bright evening, but my poor heart has been sorely distressed when I have looked into the casement upon a lonely wife—her husband far away studying astronomy, making experiments on the theory of perturbing attractions. Good night, sir; I won't detain you a moment longer."

"Good night, Madam," replied the Astronomer.

The Astronomer hastened home. His face was so brightened up by the new idea, that his wife forgot to scold. After a while, the wife exclaimed: "What are you walking round the cradle for, my dear? sit down, or you'll wake up the baby."

"I'll sit down in a moment, love—I am working out an astronomical problem. Look here; I represent the Moon; I consider baby as the Earth; wife, you are my Sun."

"Poh, poh, you ought to consider the baby as your sun! How do you succeed? how do you come out?"

The Astronomer replied musingly, as if talking to himself: "It is so; who'd have thought it? it is stranger; I cannot go around that cradle and face baby all the time, if I rotate on my axis."

"Hush! I could have told you of that before! nobody but great astronomers ever believed that the moon turned round; don't we see the same side of her every evening?"

The Astronomer made no reply.

A Whimsical Hen.

Nothing seems so aimless and simple as a hen. She usually goes about in a vague and straggling manner, articulating to herself cacophonous remarks upon various topics. The greatest event in a hen's life is a compound, being made up of an egg and a candle; then only she shows enthusiasm, when she descends from the nest of duty and proclaims her achievement. If you chase her, she cackles; if you hit her with stones she screams through the air cackling all around till the impulse has run out, and then she subsides quickly into a silly, gadding hen.

Now and then an eccentric hen may be found, stepping quite beyond the limits of hen-propriety. One such had persisted in laying her daily egg in the house; she would steal noiselessly in at the open door, walk up

stairs and leave a plump egg upon the child-rendered sofa. The next day she would honor the sofa. On one occasion she selected my writing table, scratched my papers about and left her card, that I might not blame the children or servants for scratching my manuscripts.

Her determination was amusing. One Sabbath morning we drove her out of the second story window, then again from the front hall. In a few minutes she was heard behind the house and on looking out of the window, she was just disappearing into the bed room window from off the ground floor. Word was given, but before any one could reach the place, she had bolted out of the window with a victorious cackle, and her white warm egg lay upon the lounge. I proposed to open the parterre window, set the egg dish within her reach, and let her put them up herself, but those in authority would not permit such a deviation from propriety.—Such a breed of hens would never be popular with the boys; it would spoil that glorious sport of hunting hen's nests;—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The First Born and the Second.

The first born! Oh, other tiny feet may trip lightly at the hearth stone; other rosy faces may greet around the board, with tender love we soothe their childish pains and share their childish sports; "but Benjamin's not" is written in the secret chamber of many a bereaved mother's heart, where never more the echo of a childish voice may ring out such liquid music as death hath hushed.

Spring had garlanded the earth with flowers, and Autumn had withered them with his frosty breath. Many a summer's sun and many a winter's snow had rested on Daisy's grave, since the date of our last chapter.

At the window of a large hotel in one of those seaport towns the resort alike of the invalid and pleasure-seeker, sat Ruth; the fresh sea-breeze lifting her hair from temples thinner and paler than of yore, but stamped with a holier beauty. From the window might be seen the blue waves of the bay leaping to the bright sunlight, while many a vessel outward and inward bound, spread its sails, like some joyous white winged sea bird. But Ruth was not thinking of the sapphire sea, decked with its snowy sails, for in her lap lay a little half-worn shoe, with the impress of a tiny foot, upon which her tears were falling fast.

A little half-worn shoe! And yet no magician could conjure up such blissful visions; no artist could trace such vivid pictures, no harp of sweetest sound could so lift the air with music.

Eight years since the little Daisy withered! And yet to the mother's eye, she still blossomed fair as Paradise. The soft, golden hair still waved over the blue-veined temples; the sweet, earnest eyes still beamed with their loving light; the little fragile hand was still outstretched for maternal guidance, and in the wood and by the stream they still lingered. Still the little hymn was chanted at dawn, the little prayer lisped at dew fall; still that gentle breather mingled with happy mothers' starlit dreams.

A little bright-eyed creature crept to Ruth's side, and lifting a long, wavy golden ringlet from a box on the table near her, laid it beside her own brown curls.

"Daisy's in heaven," said little Katy, musingly. "Why do you 'very mama'—Don't you like to have God keep her for you?"

A tear was the only answer.

"I should like to die, and have you love my curls as you do Daisy's mother."

Ruth started and looked at the child; the rosy flesh had faded away from little Katy's cheek, a tear stole slowly from beneath her long lashes.

Taking her upon her lap, she secreted one tress of her brown hair, and laid it beside little Daisy's golden ringlet.

A bright glad smile lit up little Katy's face and she was just throwing her arms about her mother's neck, to express her thanks, when stopping suddenly, she drew from her dimpled foot one little shoe, and laid it, in her mother's palm.

"Mid smiles and tears Ruth complied with the mute request, and the little sister shoes lay with twin fraglets, lovingly side by side.

Blessed childhood! that pupil and yet the teacher, half infant, half sage, and whole angel; what a desert were earth without thee!—*Ruth Hall, by Fanny Fern.*

History of the Marseilles Hymn.

The Marseilles presents notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death, glorious as the one, funeral-like as the other, it assures the country while it makes the citizen turn pale.

There was then (at the time of the French revolution, 1793) a young officer of the artillery in the garrison of Strasbourg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Louis le Sauvage in the Jura, that country of revelry and energy, as mountainous countries always are. He charmed with his music and verses the slow dull garrison life. Much in request from his two-fold talent as musician and poet, he visited the house of Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot, on intimate terms. In the winter of 1792, there was a scarcity in Strasbourg. The house of Dietrich was poor and the table humble, but there was always a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. Once when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table, Dietrich looked with sadness and said to him—"Plenty is not seen at our feasts, but what matters it if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic feasts, and courage in our soldier's hearts. I have still a bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it," said he, to his daughter, "and we will drink to liberty and our country. Strasbourg is shortly to have a patriotic ceremony, and de Lisle must be inspired to introduce one of those hymns which convey to the souls of the people the enthu-

siasm which suggested it." They drank—de Lisle was a dreamer—his heart moved, his head heated.

He went staggering to his chamber, endeavoring by degrees to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart; and on his small cloverleaf now composing the air before the world, now the words before the air, combining them so intimately in his mind, that he never could tell which was first produced, the air or the words, so impossible did he find it to separate the music from the poetry, and the feeling from the impression. He sang everything—wrote nothing. Overcome by the divine inspiration, his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake till daylight. The song of the overnight returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down and gave it to Dietrich, who called together some musicians who were capable of executing de Lisle's composition. De Lisle sang. At the first verse all countenances turned pale, at the second, tears flowed, at the last, enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. The unfortunate Dietrich went a few months afterwards to the scaffold to the sound of the notes first produced at his own fire-side, and from the heart of his friend. The new song, some weeks after, was executed at Strasbourg. It flew from city to city. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and close of the sittings of its clubs. The Marseilles spread it all over France. Hence the home of Marseilles. De Lisle himself heard it and shuddered at its sound upon his ears, while escaping by some of the wild passes of the Alps, as a proscribed Royalist. "What do they call that hymn?" he inquired of his guide. "The Marseilles," answered the peasant. It was thus he learned the name of his own work. The arm was turned against the hand that forged it.—*LAMARTINE.*

EXTENT OF RUSSIA.—Russia is the greatest unbroken empire for extent that ever existed, occupying vast regions of Europe and Asia, and nearly one-sixth of the habitable globe. It is forty-one times the size of France, and one hundred and thirty-eight times that of England. Yet it was too small for the ambition of the Emperor Alexander, who is reported to have said: "I insist upon having the Baltic to skate upon, the Caspian for a bathing place, the Black Sea as a wash-hand basin, and the North Pacific Ocean as a fish-pond." He encroached on Tartary for a pasture, on Persia and Georgia for a vineyard, on Turkey as a garden, on Poland for a hunting-ground, and took a part of North America as a place of banishment for offenders.

I hold it to be a fact, says Pascal, that if all persons knew what they said of each other, there would not be four friends in the world. This is manifest from the disputes to which indiscreet reports from one to another give rise.

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