

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

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

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The Eventful Nights of August 20 and 21.
BY F. C. SWER.

I am about to undertake a task—here, in the silence of this room—to which I feel impelled by a combination of circumstances, such as I believe never surrounded mortal man before. I am hurried to its accomplishment—to the unburdening of my mind from certain strange intelligence, not only on account of an express order which I have received, the nature and particulars of which will more fully appear below, but because I feel that I can only relieve my mind from its insufferable weight by laying before the public the occurrences of the last two nights.

I am in a house on McAllister street, between Hyde and Larkin. The room in which I am seated contains little furniture, save a poor bed, a large pine table, one of smaller dimensions, and a chair. The paper I write on—this is the second night I have been here—I was compelled to bring with me, together with the pen, ink and candle. At every whisper of the breeze, as it sighs among the bushes outside, I shudder and look around me, where lies the body of a man whom I knew not until yesterday; yet to whom I feel bound by a spell such as I never experienced before. And yet I know that all is over and quiet now. The hush of silent death is in this room; and I can distinctly hear my own breathing and that of a little child—she tells me her name is Jane—who is sitting on a box at the foot of the bed, and who, although young, is just old enough to realize that she is stricken by an awful calamity, and yet knows whether the more to be amazed or grieved. At times she will come to my side, and the tears will rise into her eyes; but at a word from me she will check them, return to the dead body of her parent, and there gaze into the cold, still face, silently and with a mingled expression of awe and uncertainty. She, too, has been a witness of the events of the past forty-eight hours, and now that she is at last left alone she clings to me instinctively for protection—she knows not from what nor why. May God give me health and strength to support her and guide her in the uncertain ways of the dark future.

She has just stolen quietly to me, put her little arms about my neck and said—
"What are you writing, sir? Come with me. I am very lonesome. Come with me to father and make him talk."
I kissed her upon that white forehead, and said—
"Hush, child! Father will not speak to us any more to-night. You shall go with me to-morrow, and we'll take father with us."

I led her back to her seat, and turned quickly, for the tears were rushing to my eyes. But I must hasten to my recital.
I shall endeavor to state the plain facts as they occurred, as briefly and in as simple a style as possible. For I find that it is already half-past two in the morning, and I feel quite exhausted from the excitement I have passed through. I am aware that I shall subject myself to the taunts of the street, and be pointed at by the world as one of the "insane dapes of the spiritual rappers," in laying before the public that which I am about to—nothing but an imperative sense of duty (mistaken, it may be thought by some) urges me to submit myself to such an ordeal.

I will not (at least upon this occasion) go into the rationale of "Spiritualism." The public are already sufficiently acquainted with the modes in which the "manifestations" are given, to understand thoroughly all I shall have to say. I will not speak of the singular facts of "Odism," which have been established by Reich- enback and Liebig, with a clearness only less satisfactory than that with which the truths of electricity are proven. I will not state that no evidence of the odic fluid can be discovered in paralyzed limbs; I will not speak of the supposition, therefore, of the above named physicists, that as mind cannot act directly on matter, and as it is impossible by an effort of mind to move a paralyzed limb, the odic fluid may be the condition necessary to lie between the mind and the arm or foot (which are matter) to account for the mysterious effect of the will in moving our bodies. The relation of these facts and suppositions is not at all necessary to the clear understanding of my story.

Night before last (the nineteenth of August) after I had retired and extinguished my candle, I was surprised on laying my head upon my pillow at discovering a pale, bluish brush of light at the other side of the room, apparently hovering over a portion of a tea-poy, on which is a Parian statue of Venus, one or two da- gger-prototypes, a small pear cross, and several other little matters of ornament. I was struck by the suddenness with which the light ceased to waver as I directed my attention to it. I started up, but immediately came to the conclusion that the strange appearance resulted from a diseased retina. (My eyes have been affected for the past six months.) I looked away, supposing, of course, that if the appar-

ition could be traced to the cause mentioned, it would display itself wherever I gazed. This, however, I found not to be the case. And as I looked again towards the tea-poy, I thought I heard a series of faint tickings. Determined to have my curiosity satisfied, I now arose and advanced towards the apparition. The tickings here grew more active. I re-lighted the candle; there was, however, no unusual appearance about the stand. But I soon found that the sounds proceeded from a small pocket compass that was lying thereon. I opened it, and the needle was trembling and vibrating violently over N. Soon the north pole moved round to the south-west, and back again; and so on, three distinct times—each time pausing a moment at N., trembling violently, then sweeping round and reaching the S. W. point with a jerk. Thinking this a very singular circumstance, I hurriedly threw on some clothes, and sat down to watch it. After a pause, and while my eyes were directed intently upon the needle, it moved slowly round again, reaching the southwest point with a jerk—repeating this three times, and then stopping. It seemed to me to act almost with intelligence; and I involuntarily uttered, "What does this mean?" To my surprise—for I was a firm disbeliever in any thing like "Spiritualism"—the needle, as though in answer to my ejaculation, made a rapid circuit, entirely round the card, passed the north point, and resting for an instant at southwest, or rather over the fifty-first degree point, returned slowly and steadily to its place at north.

I now (half ashamed of myself) commenced a series of questions in a whisper. Yet, although the needle seemed to act intelligently, I could not discover what was the nature of the intelligence (if any) intended to be conveyed, and why, after each series of unsuccessful questions and answers, it swept with more and more vigor south, fifty-one degrees west. And at length I reluctantly retired.

Last evening, about ten o'clock, I received a note, written in pencil, which, I was told, had been left for me by a little girl. It was brief, and was exceedingly urgent in a request—namely, it was almost a command, that I should go out to the house of the writer—Mr. John F. Lane. It stated that I need fear nothing, but should start immediately upon its receipt, bringing with me paper, a pen and candles.

I learned that the little girl could not read, but by showing the superscription of the note, containing only my name, had at last succeeded in finding the locale of my apartment on Kearney street. But she had gone, and I could therefore learn nothing of the nature of the riddle from her.
I can not tell how, but by some strange intuition I associated unconsciously the note, with its singular request, its lack of any one by which I could discover why my presence was required in a desolate and lonely part of the city at the dead hour of night, with the singular occurrence of the compass the night before. The only bond of connection between them, it is true, was the unexplained mystery that hung around each. But the human mind often finds itself at conclusions without any known steps by which it could have arrived at them, whose subsequently ascertained correctness staggers reason, and leads to the belief that there are mental processes and strange sympathies and connections in nature whose character and depths are to be sought for in the Infinite God alone. At length, however, I became convinced that some villain was working upon my curiosity, to entrap me among the sand-hills and rob me; and I determined not to go, and to pay no heed to the affair at all. But I could not drive the subject from my mind, and at last I deliberately resolved, come what would, to go out to the spot designated and solve the mystery. For precautions sake, I relieved myself of my watch and purse, put my pistol in my pocket, and procured a lantern before sallied forth.

At the corner of Kearney and Sacramento streets I met two of my friends—Mr. H. and Doctor D. Mr. H. asked me where I was going in that Diogenes style. In response I related the circumstance of the note, and my determination to see the end of the affair. The two expressed their willingness to accompany me, and we proceeded together. It was now half-past eleven o'clock. We passed without molestation out to the corner of Sutter and Mason streets, and thence struck off in a diagonal direction over the sand-hills towards Yerba Buena Cemetery. Contrary to our expectations, our devoted walk to McAllister street was undisturbed, save by the occasional barking of a dog. When we reached the corner of what we found on inquiry at a neighboring house to be Hyde and McAllister streets, one of my friends called my attention to a noise that sounded like a faint groan. We approached in the direction whence it came, and found ourselves near a small house that stands on the north side of the road, just before you come to Larkin street. This was the house designated in the note. I rapped at the door, and

the little girl who answered the call immediately, said—
"Father wants you to come in."

Mr. Lane, who was lying on the bed, reached forth his hand in welcome; but was evidently surprised on seeing Mr. H. and the doctor following me into the room. After apologizing for not having chains enough for us, he called me to the bedside, and stated that he knew I must have been surprised at receiving his note; that he was too weak to write more; that she, becoming alarmed at her long absence from him, and at the lateness of the hour, had hastened back without obeying his instruction. He said it was very kind of me to take so much trouble, but that he was a dying man, and had information of importance to make me acquainted with.

"But my dear sir," said I, "something must be done for you. Fortunately, one of my friends is a physician; and I called Dr. L. to the bedside."

Mr. Lane was evidently in the very last stages of consumption. In fact, the Doctor told me in a whisper that it was to late; that nothing could be done, and that his end was very near.

He overheard us and said that he knew all; that nothing remained for him but to fulfill a duty to me and to the world. Before proceeding to the business before us, he told me briefly his previous circumstances—his early education, which was liberal—his poverty, and the fact that his little child—this patient, sweet little Jane, who, exhausted with watching, had laid her head in my lap and sunk at last into a slumber—would by his death be left alone in the world. He besought me with tears in his eyes to watch over her when he was gone, and see that she did not suffer. He did not care about her being poor. He expected she would have to work. He did not wish her to be a burden to me. But oh! he prayed that I would guide her footsteps away from sin and its influences; that I would instill into her a love of purity, and so guard her, that she would grow to womanhood an honor to herself and a blessing to those around her. I drew little Jane to me, kissed her, and satisfied the dying man by promising solemnly that I would do my utmost to comply with his last wish.

His mind was then apparently relieved from its only care, and he turned his attention to the business before us.

"My friend," said he, "I must premise my remarks by stating that I am a firm believer in the Great Doctrine of the present century; that we have at last reached that momentous period, when the spirits of the departed can, through the medium of a principle newly discovered, communicate their thoughts and wishes to mortals upon earth. I have been led to this belief by the surfeit of all processes—personal experience. When I am alone and find a table moving under my own passive hands—moving intelligently—moving in such a manner as to give me information of events which are happening in the distant East, and which I subsequently find to have occurred exactly as stated through this mysterious agency, may, more, when I feel a nameless sensation—half chill, half tremor—running through my whole body, apparently penetrating to the innermost recesses of my brain, and find my arm and hand moved over the paper beneath it by some influence which I can not convince myself is not foreign; when I find my hand writing strange garbled thoughts, such as I never conceived of before—such as at times it takes me days to thoroughly understand; when I close my eyes and so direct myself of attention, that I know nothing, except that my hand is moving, and when I find afterwards thoughts worthy of the angels penned, I can not but believe we are upon the threshold of one of the most eventful changes that ever occurred upon the surface of the earth. Geology has told us of mighty epochs in the far past history of the world—Look back, my friends. Remember that whole races of the animal and vegetable kingdom have been swept away—that whole periods of the world have moved into the still past, leaving their history legible to the mind of a subsequent period on the everlasting rocks and strata. Remember that whole continents have gone gradually down and been swallowed up in the depths of the ocean; that whole oceans have swayed in volumes around the earth—from pole to pole, from the Orient to the Occident. If we stand amazed, as we contemplate the mighty changes that rest entombed in the past, ever receding from us, is it unreasonable to suppose that other changes equally momentous are approaching the world from the future? O, deceive yourselves not; for mankind tread too deeply upon the verge of a tremendous epoch; that in which Finis can speak to Infinity—that in which the Greatest Seal shall be broken, and the secrets of hereafter whispered from strange intelligences to man! I know it—I know—know—"

Mr. Lane here sank back upon his pillow, exhausted.

I had stood rapt in wonder and admiration

as I listened to such sentences coming from a man apparently so humble in life. The shadow of death stretching up to meet him seemed almost to inspire him. The deliberate enunciation with which the remarks were uttered, coupled with the soul-felt earnestness with which he spoke, impressed us all, and for a moment we stood at the bedside, gazing in rapt attention at that pale face with its spiritual expression and its closed eyes. The eyelids seemed to me so thin, as to be powerless to conceal the large, jet black eyes within, which almost appeared to be displayed through them.

I know not how long our silence would have lasted, had not the Doctor called my attention to the fact, that the last struggle of mind had hastened the dying man towards his dissolution; and that if he had any important information to communicate, we must be brief.

I looked again, and the large black eyes were upon us; they seemed larger and blacker than any I had ever beheld before—and Mr. Lane continued—

"I wish this conversation recorded. At first, I regretted that you had brought your friends with you; but I am glad that you have done so, as one of them can be of service to us."

I then took the writing materials which I had brought, and after recording, as nearly as I could recollect, the remarks set down above, I delivered them to Mr. H., who moved the large table into the centre of the room, and proceeded to take the notes which now lie before me, without whose valuable assistance I should have great difficulty in preparing these remarks for the press.

Mr. Lane resumed—
"As I have told you, I am not only a believer in Spiritualism, but am a medium myself—"

Four days ago, I was informed by one of the spirits that he desired me to procure some gentleman, either connected with the press, or to whom the columns of some paper were open, to be with me during my last moments—that what should occur at our interview would be of importance. I knew none of the editors. I had heard, however, that you had devoted several months to the investigation of Spiritualism, and that you were previously aesthetically inclined. The fact that an atheist should have looked into this matter with any degree of assiduity convinced me that you were a candid man, open to conviction. Was I rightly informed with regard to your previous tenets, and your investigations?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"I am surprised, then, that you have not exercised your advantages by publishing some of the extraordinary proofs of the science. I suppose you have recovered from your atheism, and that you are somewhat of a believer in Spiritualism?"

I responded that, with regard to the former, I was still quite skeptical, and inclined to a belief in materialism; and as for the latter, that my earnest investigations had only led me to the conclusion that it was an unmitigated humbug so far as any spiritual agency was concerned.

Mr. Lane appeared astonished, and after a pause asked me if I had any objection to remaining with him, and awaiting the result. I told him that I certainly had none.

At his request the small table was now drawn quite near the head of the bed. Mr. Lane, who was lying upon his back, stretched forth his thin, white hand, and placed it, with the palm downward, upon the side nearest to him, then closed his eyes as though he were settling himself for death. I sat at the end toward the foot of the bed, and was in such a position that I could see his face distinctly. The Doctor and Jane were at the opposite side of the bed, and Mr. H. seated at the table in the centre of the room. After a pause the table tipped toward me, lifting Mr. Lane's hand. We all remained in silence, during which the dying man appeared to be putting mental questions; to which the table answered. At length he stated that the spirit desired to transmit a written communication. Paper and a pencil were procured. The sick man's hand was moved very gently, but the paper moved with it. I then secured the sheet with my hand, and the first communication was as follows, viz.:

"The Time is ripe. The great truth has entered into the circle of the world silently, and powerfully—as the still small voice. There is sublimity in its silence. And thus it appeals to man. We can not trumpet forth the truth. For voice is not to us as hearing is to you. We appeal to you through sublimity, and silence, and an unheard, though felt power. Behold, how the great change has manifested itself in every city, and town, and hamlet in America! This is one of the great voices of your great country. She announces the glad tidings—crying 'The gates of Death are open, the ladder of Jacob is reared, and angel voices are ascending—descending—from them to us—from them to us!' We are hovering above and around and among your republic of thought. It was the fitting field. Had the

seed dropped too early, or upon the unenlightened, it would not have fructified. Years were to roll. Years have rolled. The intellectual soil was at last prepared, and the sowers went joyfully forth. At first the great change broke slowly upon man. It was right. There must have been doubters. But the Truth is mighty and prevails. The Spiritualists are numbered by hundreds of thousands. And thus it is, that the seed has taken root sufficiently for permanence and ever-growth, spite of all calumny of skepticism and ridicule, it is right that you should be a tranced one step further. Attend. The meaning of Death is the mission of this interview. Then mayest thou indeed exclaim,

"Where is thy sting, and O Grave, where is thy victory?" Attend, while the passing spirit performs his privilege and his high duty."

Mr. Lane's hand then ceased moving. The whole was calculated to render us breathless. After a pause, I remarked, that the solemnity of this time would not, I freely confessed, permit me to doubt the honesty of the dying man. But I ventured to ask the spirit—if spirit it was—whether it would not give me some certain proof of the genuineness of the communication as a spiritual message.

Mr. Lane's hand immediately traced the following—

"Willingly. The whole shall be in itself a test. For true it is, that one of the first elements of access in this new movement is, that you believe. Mr. Lane shall hold a conversation with you, prior to, during, and after death, in which he will give you his experience of Death, and the facts and scenes, so to speak, to which he first awakes, after the heart has ceased to beat. Farewell."

I willingly dispelled doubt from my mind, and was for a time lost in thought at the solemn import of the spirit's message. The silence was only broken by the low sobbing of this dear little creature, exhausted, and pale and scantily clad, who, thank Heaven, has forgotten her affliction for a time in sweet slumber. Her dreamy eyes have seized upon my heart. Ah! what a shadow within them lies! Will she live to womanhood? Oh! will she always love and trust me, with all my faults? Well-a-day! At length as I gazed into the emaciated face upon the pillow before me, the lids lifted, the large black eyes turned upon me, and with a faint voice he said—

"I am sinking—sinking."

His eyes then turned upon Jane with a gaze of sadness, then rolled slowly round to me again. The look was enough. I leaned towards him, and assured him with a low voice that henceforth she should be my daughter. The little thing ran round to me and fell upon my breast sobbing violently.

"And now," said he faintly, and with pauses between his sentences, "I am ready to die—I feel it is good. It grows dim—dim—dim—I am losing earth—losing you all. I know that I live. It is a solemn passage, but what, I know not. Are you here? Touch me, touch me—that I may know that I live"

I pressed my hand gently upon his as it lay upon the table before me. It was cold.

"Are you—are you here? Can you not touch me?"

I stooped over him and whispered in his ear that his hand was in mine.

"In mine? In mine? There is no angel here. What was it whispered? I am in no one's keeping. I am passing—O," said he, making a faint effort to rise, "O! that I could stay!—Jane—Jane—that—that—this solemn Journey were but over."

Exhaustion had succeeded, and for a moment he ceased breathing. I quietly re-pressed his hand upon the table and resumed my seat.

"I seem hovering—I know not where. No one is around me—no one comes to lift me on through this solemn gloom. I hear nothing—solitary—solitary in this fearful way. This is indeed—the valley—of the shadow of Death. Where are they, my friends of the future? Is this Death? Is this the Future? Is the spirit theory then untrue?" at last he cried in despair. "And am I—an I to live thus—thus? Oh! the fearful Hell of an Eternal Existence alone! no sight—no hearing—no God—no Heaven (as I had been told), no light—Great God! no darkness!—all thought! My soul is consuming—consuming itself!—Can I live this forever? O! for annihilation, for anything but this solitude! Why can I not peer through this gloom? Horror, horror—where are these limbs of mine—? I feel not my body around me! Oh! lost at length—lost to the green earth—and to my Jane—lost to the sweet harmony of companionship!—The past gone—the Future a blank!—Great Eternity, am I a God? am I creative? Will a world spring at my thought?—Yes, I create—but it is thought alone—for that is of my own essence. I must be dead!—If you are here and I am not yet dead, tell Jane I will try and seek her, I know not how. Tell the world that in death the spirit is fearfully and forever alone! Tell the world that death is terrible—"

The nervous twitching about the under jaw

stopped; and from the very instant when he ceased to articulate, I was startled by finding the table slowly rising and leaning toward the bed. And as the jaw dropped and the strange shadow of death swept down like a curtain over his face, the table rose quickly and pressed firmly and steadily against the bedside, as though it were attracted toward the dead body by an immense power.

We were all now around him. The Doctor, who was on the side opposite to us, slowly laid Mr. Lane's right hand which he had been holding during the dying scene upon his breast, and we remained gazing awe-struck at this strange death. I believe that, for a moment, my heart actually ceased beating. There was an oppressive pause, which must have lasted five minutes. During all this time the table maintained its inclined position, and we still stood speechless almost breathless. At length we were awakened from our trance by finding the table quickly descending to the floor. It then commenced tipping on two of its legs with a gentle rocking motion. I know not why but I shuddered at the thought of breaking the death-like silence, so I took up the pencil and wrote—

"Will you finish what you were saying?"

Imagine our terror at seeing the dead arm and hand which had been lying on the table, strike into rigidity, as though it were a piece of mechanism pulled by wires—lift slowly from the table and move toward me. When it had reached within a few inches of me, like lightning it darted forth and down upon my hand in which I was still holding the pencil. Its fingers grasped suddenly and tightly around mine. The touch was as of an icicle. A nameless thrill and terror seized me. Mr. H. fell back, and slowly the locked hands before me moved across the paper. The dead hand was tracing the words that I could read them. They were upside down to itself. The following was the

Response—No not that Death is terrible. The silence and the solitude were the Dying—not Death! Tell them that it was a fearful silent passage to me and those before me. But that it shall be no so longer in *secula seculorum!* Silent and strange—yes. But fearful—no. It was terrible and has been terrible from its uncertainty. Every spirit hath known not when it feels that it has at length lost earth, but it was doomed to silence and solitude forever! The struggle to know what it is, the futile efforts to see—to hear—followed by the great all absorbing consciousness and conviction that it is simply an existence, are fearful! But let the living listen! Hereafter, let those that die be content to pause through the change; for the solitude lasts but a moment, when the dormant spirit gradually develops. Then, there was nothing around it; now, he knows himself and that into which he enters.

"Are you in the midst of spirits?" I asked aloud; and my voice seemed to resound un- naturally through the felt silence of the room.

Response—I had lost you for a time. I could see and hear nothing. I almost forgot the circumstances of my death. But then I was not dead. Slowly a sensation of lightness came over me, and I remembered all. I knew you all. I felt calm. I saw your motions as something apart from me; very much as you look down through clear water and watch the motions of the strange monsters of the deep—whose element is different from yours—whose actions are sometimes strange and unaccountable—with whom you have nothing in common.

Here was a pause again for about five minutes, during which the cold dead hand relaxed from around mine. At length I asked again, "Are you in the midst of spirits?"

The strange invisible wires were again pulled, for the blue fingers tightened around my own, and the locked hands traced the following

Response—I found myself gradually taking form—and moving through a long, grand, misty undulating arch-way, toward a harmony, as it were, of far-off music. All was indefinite. I felt the intense consciousness of my own existence. Nothing more. At length clearer, and clearer I understood the new Universe into which I was entering, and a part of which I formed. I was alone. I heard no voice—

But as I swept through the arch, I said as it were distinctly to myself, this strange word, 'Forms.' At length it changed to 'Forms—Motions.' After I had swept on still farther it changed to 'Forms—Motions—Harmony.'—And then after a pause, to 'Forms—Motions—Harmony—The Arch.' Why I repeated them I know not. Soon I was, as it were, uttering 'Forms—Motions—Harmony—The Arch—Connections.' At length the word 'Beauty' was added; and finally I found myself repeating over and over again—

"Forms—Motions—Harmony—The Arch—Connections—Beauty—Eternity—Eternity—Eternity." I knew not what it could mean. I know now. I will tell you more to-morrow night. I thought and those in the flesh think that all they conceive of is everything that exists, save God and the disembodied spirits—Hence they call it the Universe. I find my-

(Concluded on fourth page.)

Political.

The defeat of Governor Seymour.

This is the greatest victory which moral progress has ever gained over the most potent and deeply rooted vices of this country. It is a victory over the influences which sustain that most baneful of all vices, Intemperance. All the forces which the rum traffic could bring into the field were marshalled on the side of Mr. Seymour and his veto. Money, in the city of New York, flowed as freely as the alcoholic beverages did; and it made its mark to the tune of thirteen thousand plurality in that city alone.

It is a signal victory over popery. All the adherents of his holiness of Rome, who had a vote, cast it for Mr. Seymour, in obedience to the papal mandate which went forth in all the papers which sustain the Romish faith in this state. It was confidently calculated that these two powers united would be able to bear down all opposition, and that rum would flow freely and without restraint, whilst popery would get a permanent foothold of power, and deal a death blow to the educational system of the State. They were two potent and fearful enemies for temperance and patriotism to contend against; but it seems the battle does not always terminate in favor of the strong, nor the race in favor of the swift-footed.

It is a victory over the slave powers that wield the present administration of the General Government. It was determined by the national executive and his cabinet that the infamous Nebraska outrage should seem to be endorsed by the people of this state. For this the votes the influence and a portion of the salaries of all Postmasters, Collectors of Customs and their clerks, were authoritatively required for the man who was the nominee of the convention that swallowed the Nebraska Law. But with all this influence added to that of rum and popery, neither the veto nor the catholic church property bill nor President Pierce's piratical plunder of the free states, was sanctioned by the re-election of Mr. Seymour. Good heavens! can it be possible that rum, popery and slavery united, could not re-elect the veto candidate? If so, the veto could not have been as popular as its author was led to believe it would be. He certainly calculated on making himself a party by that act, which would run him into office again without any trouble, especially with the aid which he could manage to get from cross Jews and his adherents. It is our opinion, however, that the aid he received from the influence of the national administration, fell short of balancing what he lost by swallowing the Nebraska bill. The people of this state are not base enough to sanction an outrage of such an atrocious character, at the bidding of a national executive, with all the corrupting influence which he has to back him.

And it is not only the triple victory which we have represented it to be above, but, if a constitutional restraining law shall be enacted, it will prove to be a victory over that common parent of all vices, Intemperance, and, consequently, over poverty, destitution, pauperism, family miseries, street brawls, larcenies, robberies, embezzlements, burglary, arson and assassination. Take away alcoholic drinks and there will be no more of starving, ragged and unschooled children; there will be no more turning of mothers and children out of doors in the night, by a brutal husband and father; there will be no more of cutting wives throats, or beating them to death with the drunkards fist; for even a papist, who is certain of being pardoned by his priest for a fee, could not summon business and cruelty enough to commit such an act, without the aid of alcohol. There would be little more necessity for poor-houses, houses of correction, penitentiaries, jails, or courts of criminal jurisdiction; and that barbarous practice of legalized murder, which has come down to us from the dark ages, would soon become an obsolete idea.

And we hope it will lead to ultimate victory over the baneful influence of popery in this country, which holds so many human beings in the thrall of the same ignorance and superstition which stultifies the minds and enslaves the bodies of so many millions in the old world. As soon as the Romish priesthood in this country, and the papal hierarchy in Rome, are convinced that all their capability to enslave the human mind, and all their jesuitical cunning to devise and execute means of success, are inadequate to the attainment of a permanent foothold in this country, Romanism will fade out here, and its hateful visage will show itself no more in this country. Wherever it exists, it aims continually at uniting itself with the politics of the country, was against general education, and strives for supremacy. When there is no longer any hope of the consummation of its ultimate purpose, it will leave for some more favorable locality—some clime where ignorance and superstition can remain undisturbed by the effluence of mind or the spirit of progress. We have only to say to popery, thou shalt have nothing to do with the affairs of government, and we shall soon realize a diminution of its now huge proportions, and ere the lapse of two generations, see it pass away forever.

Finally, we esteem the result of the late election to be the commencement of a great achievement of right over wrong; of virtue over vice; of truth over falsehood; of mind over animal propensities and passions; and we think

we can see that, if the advantages thus gained are not thrown away by exulting and blinded rashness, it will eventuate in the banishment from this state of the three demonic spirits, Rum, Popery and human slavery.—Although the last one of the three is not here in person, it is never absent in spirit. Its proscribed advocates are continually raising their voices in its behalf, praying for its temporary admittance, and performing the office of blood-hounds in running down its escaping victims.—Friends of Temperance—enemies of Popery and Slavery—let wisdom and prudence govern your actions—ask nothing of your representatives or your executive but what the organic law of the state will justify—nothing but what the great majority of mind in the state will approve and carry out, and ultimate victory is sure. Look cautiously at every step, and be sure that the ground on which you are proceeding is firm enough to bear you up, and you will do good and not evil. Otherwise, other results.

The Wars in the East.

In the siege of Sevastopol, which has been carried on for many weeks, and which is still carried on with the utmost vigor, all the horrors of war have been endured by the besiegers.—So with the hundreds of millions in the Celestial Empire. The intestine strife waxer fiercer and hotter, as month succeeds month. The mania still rages and spreads, and the demon of strife still more cravingly thirsts and hungers for blood and carnage. The coming year promises to be one never to be forgotten by the nations of Europe. The winter will soon close in upon the belligerent parties and stop their operations by sea; nor is it probable that there will be much of hostile operations on land during the season of snows and ice. But it will be a recruiting season for each one who is bent on the destruction of the other, to get prepared to put forth every energy and effort in the campaign which is to commence at the opening of spring. Then Austria promises to take up arms against her old friend, the Czars. Then Prussia must remain no longer neutral, but take either the one side or the other. Her crowned head inclines to Nicholas, whilst her democracy holds his tyranny in detestation.—What she will do cannot safely be predicted; but she must be prepared to take the field for the next campaign, and must take it. The smaller German states will all have to fall in somewhere; and Sweden and Norway must take part in the drama. The siege of Sevastopol and the ship-fighting which had taken place there, have inflamed wounds on both parties, and thrown oil upon the smoldering fire which must produce a flame that nothing but rivers of blood can quench. Now there is no possibility of accommodation. Nothing but the strife of arms can now arbitrate the matter between the belligerent parties. The Russians have dealt some severe blows to the besiegers, which they must repay in kind before a thought of amicable settlement can be entertained; and Russia feels all the stronger and more secure for her dearly purchased advantage at Balaklava. Neither Nicholas nor the allies will propose terms of peace, or listen to any proposed by a neutral power. Nothing remains but a general melee, involving all the great powers of Europe, and probably most of the small ones.

And what have we to expect from the signs of the times? We have a national executive whose term of office extends to March 4th, 1857. He is exclusively in the hands, keeping and control of southern propagandists and fillibusters. This his whole course since his inauguration, and particularly during the last long session of congress, proves to a demonstration. The Island of Cuba, with its immense slave population, and its facilities for smuggling men, women and children kidnapped in Africa, and abducted therefrom, is a boon for which every propagandist sighs continually, and for which they would all gladly exchange the civil and religious liberty of the nation. And when we say this, we do not speak without due deliberation, nor do we intend to include more than we have named—the slavery propagandists.

A diplomatic farce has been in course of performance by our corps of foreign and domestic agents, ever since the fiery Soerz was sent to Madrid, the plot of which is negotiations for the purchase of Cuba; each actor, at home as well as abroad, knowing that Spain could not if she would, and would not if she could, sell her jewel of the Antilles. The seizure and confiscation of the Black Warrior for the deliberate breach of the revenue laws of Cuba—though the difficulty resulting therefrom was settled by the surrender of the vessel and cargo and the remission of the fine which had been imposed, by the home government—is made to present a necessity for negotiation, and to furnish a pretext for seizing upon the coveted island, when the withdrawal scene closes and the curtain rises for the fifth act.

The President will again ask Congress to place a war fund at his disposal, some time in the course of the next session. If his demand had been complied with at the last session, we should have had war with Spain, England and France, by this time, and we should have been allies of the autocrat of All the Russias. The administration, the propagandists and the fillibusters well know that England and France are bound to protect Spain against any and every power that may attempt to wrest Cuba from her possession; and they know that Spain is bound to hold such possession and never dispose of the island without their consent.—Hence a war waged with Spain for the conquest of Cuba, would necessarily include England and France. We will not attempt to justify those powers in entering into such a combination; but we emphatically deny that there is any just cause for going to war with Spain; and

we deprecate the conquest of Cuba, if it were practicable, as an act of national piracy, and one which would necessarily and inevitably result in the dismemberment of this Union.—Never will the free states allow Cuba to be annexed to her slaves, divided, as calculated, into three slave states, and admitted as members of the Union. Sooner would they suffer the slave states to secede and form a separate republic or empire, to stand or fall alone.

It is our opinion that if the executive and his southern supporters can bring about such a result, we shall be at war with those three European nations, before this time next year. And it is our further opinion that they will be enabled to bring it about. And if we should allow ourselves to go still farther, speculative, into the future, we should predict that, before the end of the ensuing decennary, human slavery will cease to exist in this country.

Wickedness of Know Nothingism.

We find a case of atrocious wickedness of Know Nothingism, going the rounds of those journals which are devoted to popery, going to show that not only popery, but criminal jurisprudence is to be annihilated by the obligation which the secret society of Know Nothings impose upon themselves. The Washington Union, that pink of moral purity and sublimation of patriotism, parades this case as evidence that no criminal can ever be brought to justice again, if Know Nothingism be not exterminated. All dressed out in purple and gold.

The case appears to be one in which a witness was called upon the stand, whom some B. E. BUTLER, who was a lawyer on the opposite side, suspected of belonging to a secret society, and which fact he seemed determined to wring from him by force of the law screw which he was wielding, although there did not appear to be the least shadow of relevancy in the questions asked by the examiner, to the case on trial. The examination was evidently conducted with a view of eliciting from the witness that which his obligation as a member of a secret society prohibited him from divulging, and not the facts of the case before the court. This the court could not avoid seeing—no one present could avoid seeing it. Therefore it was an exercise of inquisitorial power, unwarranted by the laws of the country, and characteristic of the spirit of jesuitism, by which it was prompted. Nothing that we read of in the inquisition, during the dark ages, physical torture and assassination excepted, exceeds the persecution which is boasted of in the report of this case. Nor can there be a shadow of doubt that the witness would have been placed upon the rack and his secret extorted by breaking his bones, if the inquisitor could have availed himself of such an institution. We know not who this B. F. BUTLER is. We hope it is only a namesake of the one who has been so highly honored by the people of this state.—That he has ever been radically puritanical, is notorious; but we had never suspected him of being jesuitical. It cannot be he. Some youngling of the bar has received and dishonored his name.

There may be a secret society under the cognomen of "Know Nothings." If such a society exist, we know it not. But, supposing there to be such a society in existence, and supposing the obligation which they impose on themselves to be such as those who have pretended to disclose it, represent it to be, wherein does it conflict with the administration of justice.—We have seen a pretended disclosure which represents that each applicant, for admittance to membership must swear—so help him God—that he will not disclose the secrets of the order, and that he will conform to all the regulations of the society, and do all duties imposed on him by its constitution and by-laws, provided that nothing therein contained shall conflict with the constitution of the state, or with the constitution of the United States, or compromise his integrity to the laws by which the community of which he is a member, is governed. What is there in this that can obstruct the administration of the criminal laws? Nothing, most assuredly.

The divulger also stated that the obligation binds them not to vote for papists in all official stations. Does this prevent the administration of justice? What B. F. BUTLER dare pretend that it does? This is the whole gist of the obligation, according to those who profess to have turned traitors. We see nothing in all this that can possibly conflict with the administration of justice; nothing that exceeds the reserved rights of individuals or associations; nothing that interferes in the least with the rights of outside persons; nothing that prying jesuitism has a legal or moral right to meddle with.

Look at the machinery of the fraternity of Jesuits and the whole Roman Catholic organization, of which jesuitism is the soul, and you will see a secret society, whose arcana are sealed with the most fearful oaths, and kept under the most solemn obligations and penalties that can be imposed upon human by human. And nothing short of the most revolting death that imagination can picture, would be the penalty of a single disclosure. These secrets are not accessible to the laity. They are kept sacred to the Hierarchy and priesthood, who have the charge of the souls and bodies of the laity, save or damn the one, and wield the other, according as the exigencies of the papal interests require.

The power of popery has been spreading and waxing stronger in this country by the unseen action of their secret machinery ever, since the adoption of the present form of our government. Its roots are sinking deeper and deeper; its branches are spreading farther and farther; its pernicious influence is felt more and more sensibly. It has crept into all political stations, the presidency excepted, and at that it continually aims. It now holds one of the depart-

ments of state. It is trying to elevate itself above all other religious sects in this state, by acts of legislation, and seeks by the same means to destroy that great bulwark of liberty, the system of general and free education which has been reared upon the ruins of avarice and ignorance. The best and most patriotic minds of the nation have observed its silent approach towards the acme of political power, and they have determined to meet it in its own field of action, and fight it in its own way, as WASINGTON desired to fight the Indians, when serving in the British army, under BRADDOCK.

If these patriots have instituted an organization, which excludes the membership or participation of jesuits, they have done well.—Great caution is necessary to keep that clan of sappers and miners from discovering and counteracting their plans of operation. We are willing to see secrecy opposed to secrecy; plot opposed to plot; and we despise the spirit which seeks to tear open the seal of privacy which patriotism places upon the plans with which it proposes to counteract the machinations of the most deadly foe to political and religious liberty that ever infested this land of freedom. Where is the general who does not preserve the secrets of his plan of operations, even from those whose bone and muscle, blood and life are to be sacrificed in carrying them out, if necessary? The plans of opposing powers are always kept secret from each other.—But these jesuits and their abettors must use the machinery of the civil law to break into the privacy of those who are seeking to protect the country from their machinations. The lawyer and the judge who aid them in this attempt to convert the judiciary into a Roman Inquisition, deserve the contempt and scorn of every man who has American blood in his veins.

Let him of the Washington Union, who dilates with such labored entomism on the beauties of Russian autocracy, take the part of jesuitism and condemn every effort which the spirit of American patriotism opposes to it; but let the conduct of that lawyer and that judge be condemned and rebuked by every true American.

It is Done.

Friday, 11 1/2 A. M. Another legalized murder has been committed in this city. WILLIAM DAREY, who was convicted of killing his wife, has just been strangled, in accordance with the bloody code which has come down to us from the dark ages, via the despotic and tyrannical governments of Europe. If DAREY murdered his wife, for which crime he has suffered death, he did it in the madness of passion, or under the baleful influence of alcohol. The community of which he was a member, have resolved themselves into a body of homicides, and killed him with cool deliberation. Which is the more shocking murder of the two? It is truly a horrible thing for a man to kill his wife.—But who knows what the incentives were?—Who can say that he was not goaded on by jealousy, that most veneful of all human passions, whether well or ill founded?—Who can accuse him of constructing that brutal organization which tends continually to conflict and delights in cruelty? O, how much more unfortunate was he who dealt the death blow, than she who received it! Where is the same man or woman that would not rather be ten thousand times the victim, than once the murderer?

It is right that those who commit such violence should be taken care of. They are maniacs in degree, and should not be trusted with the exercise of their volition. But to kill them is to be more guilty than they. We can restore liberty, if it subsequently appear that wrong have been done the accused. Life we cannot restore. The days of Moses were days in which the animal largely predominated over the moral and spiritual in the human organization.—His law: "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was then in accordance with the development of the age. Jesus Christ taught a more refined philosophy, which repudiated this cruel Mosaic canon. How long will the people of this state submit to being made the murderers of murderers, by a savage law which was exploded eighteen hundred years ago? We hope the legislature, at its next session, will adopt the doctrine of Christ, and like him repudiate the "blood for blood" statute.

The narration of the wonderful manifestations in California, which occupies the entire first and fourth pages of our issue, this week, necessarily excludes the variety of miscellany which we had prepared for the first side. We think however, that even those who believe it to be a fiction, will see a sublimity of beauty in the composition and sentiments for which ordinary miscellany is well exchanged. And to those who are aware of the effect which galvanism can be made to produce upon a human body, from which the spirit has taken its departure, and who can, only in part, appreciate the advantage which the enlarged and clairvoyant spirit possesses over the incarnate operator, in its application, the facts related present nothing miraculous or incredible.

We shall resume the republication of Henry's letters in our next. We now regret that we did not commence with the first number of the series; but, after having published the two remaining numbers, 11 and 13, we shall probably conclude to give those which we passed over in the commencement of the series. They are so able, so truthful and so gentlemanly in their manner, that we think our readers will be pleased to have them all.

The Provincetown cod-fishing vessels have all returned from the Grand Banks, mostly with good fares.

At Montreal, last Wednesday, they had 2900 sleighing. On the same day they had six inches of snow at Saratoga, New York.

Spiritualism.

Spiritual Manifestations.

In what we are now about to relate, and in all such relations which we shall hereafter give, we shall, for the sake of better convenience, use the first person singular, when speaking of oneself; the plural being required when speaking of all present.

On the evening of Thursday, the 24th inst., I attended a circle at the house of LESTER BROOKS. There were present, Mr. BROOKS; his daughter SARAH—medium; JEREMIAH CARTER, medium; WILLIAM LOWELL; HENRY R. TRIVANON, and myself; six in all. We took seats around a table, and the spirits soon commenced rapping, through which an interesting communication was received, to which was appended the signature of JOHN WESLEY. Previously to this, however, and as soon as the rapping commenced, I propounded the question which I published in the last number of this journal, asking the spirits if the wonderful account of spiritual manifestations in California, which I have published on the first side of this paper, was not an ingenious fiction, gotten up for the purpose of bringing odium upon the spiritual philosophy. I remarked that such had been my impression, and appealed to them to sanction it, confidently expecting that they would do so. A single emphatic rap was the response, which is well understood to be the spiritual adverb of negation. Happening, at that moment, to look across the table where Mr. CARTER was sitting, I perceived that he had gone into the interior state. The spirit which controlled him, being that of a well known physician—Dr. HENRIS, late of Chautauque County—immediately spoke through him, confirming the negative of the rapping spirits. "No," said he, "brother, it is no fiction—it is literally true; and although, it is astonishing to you, it was done in strict accordance with the laws of nature, as everything must be done in earth and heaven. There are no miracles wrought by spirits, nor even by God himself!" He then proceeded to explain, on philosophical principles, how the arm was wielded by an elevated spirit, and how, by the same law, the whole corpse was apparently reanimated and made to perform functions very similar to those performed by the living body, under the government of its own spirit.

When he got through with this very interesting exposition—the spirits all the time rapping affirmatives to his assertions—he proposed to give us the philosophy of spirit rapping, and did so in a manner perfectly satisfactory to all present. And most sincerely do we regret that we had no one who could take it down in short hand, as he gave utterance to it. As he progressed in the explanation, he demonstrated by experiments. He said he could so equalize the current of electricity which was circulating around the table as to render it impossible for the spirits to rap. They were then rapping very loudly, and he said, "I will place this medium's finger on a point in this table where it will produce the equalizing effect. He then moved a book which was lying on the table and placed the fore finger of the medium perpendicularly in the place where it lay. Instantly the rapping ceased. He raised the finger and the rapping went on as briskly as ever. He put it down again, and all was still as death. This, done, he arose, saying to the rapping spirit, "Now, brother, I will take a seat by the side of the other battery—Miss BROOKS—and let you talk." Then it was that the communication was given, of which I have spoken above.

At the close of this communication, the rapping spirit requested that the light should be removed from the room, which was done, leaving a space open under the door through which the light shone, so that, with the aid of the light without, which found its way through the window curtains, we were visible to each other.—We were all seated around the table, on which lay the paper containing the communication which we had just received, a singing book, a small dictionary, which Miss B. had been using, a quantity of blank paper, a pencil and some newspapers. The first of the physical operations performed by the spirits, was the removal of the table cover. My hands being on the table, I felt the cover slipping from under them. Directly it fell upon the floor, with all that lay on it. We then all withdrew a little from the table, none of us touching it; and immediately it commenced moving without human contact. It pushed Mr. CARTER away to the furthest corner of the room, where it turned upon its side, shutting him up in the pen which it made in the angle. The table cover was then thrown at one of the company, hitting his head and lodging on his shoulders.—From him it was taken and thrown at another in the same manner; and so it continued flying for many minutes. During this time we heard their tearing papers, and heard something snap as if the pencil was broken in two. The table was moved in all directions, sometimes lying on its face and sometimes on its side. Singing was called for frequently, and an accompaniment was played with the lid or cover which shuts the hole in the top of the stove. Not only the time was thus kept, but all the notes of the music were played as distinctly as it would have been practicable for the most skillful artist to have done it with such an instrument.

Mr. TRIVANON, who was a new member of the circle, having heard that the spirits, on a former occasion, had thrown a pitcher and tumbler of water on some ladies in the circle, observed that he wished they would repeat that operation. He said they might throw the water on him in welcome. After some more tearing of paper and moving the table, the raps told us to stand up. On obeying this command, we were told to change places by moving round to the right, which we did, and which brought

Mr. T. within some six feet of the pitcher and tumbler which stood upon the mantel, both partly full of water. In a minute after we took this position, the whole contents of the pitcher was thrown at Mr. T. This was a partial failure, for the most of the water missed him; he only receiving a little of it on his arm and the skirt of his coat. Singing was then called for, and on Mr. T.'s opening his mouth to sing, the contents of the tumbler was dashed into his mouth, strangling him so that he lost his breath for a second or two, and thoroughly saturating his collar, cravat and bosom.

I had forgotten to mention that, whilst the table cover was passing from the head of one to that of another, I said they had favored me so far, for there had been no missile directed at me. At the moment I finished the sentence, a fragment of the singing book, which had been torn in pieces, struck me smartly in the face. It fell to the floor, and I picked it up and pocketed it.

It was at this stage of the performance that we were directed by the raps to bring in the light, that we might see what had been done, and then to take it out again. We brought it in, and beheld the table lying in the middle of the floor, legs upwards, with its bed filled with the fragments of the books and papers that had been torn to pieces, and the floor literally strewn with them. We were directed to leave all as it was and the light was taken out.—Now commenced another series of operations. There was a small clock standing on the mantel shelf, which had been allowed to run down because it did not keep good time. It had not been wound up for many weeks. The original cost of it was twelve shillings. The performers now took this clock, tore the door to pieces and threw the pieces about the house, sometimes hitting the wall with them and sometimes the ceiling; took the hands and face off and threw them about in like manner; played ball with the pendulum and rod, and then set the remainder of the clock, in the case, upon the floor, and started it to running with great rapidity, which it kept up for an hour or more.

Whilst the movement of the clock was thus running, they called for singing, and played an accompaniment by running the clock so as to express every note. This running the clock and rattling the stove cover, continued to the close of the performance.

I did not mention that, when the water was thrown, the pitcher fell upon the stove and then upon the floor, producing a sound indicating that it broke into many pieces. We found it as whole as ever it was. As about half past eleven o'clock, they bid us good night, and we brought in the light. On close examination we found that they had written on a number of sheets of paper, which we knew had no mark on them before, as they were taken from the quire when they were brought in.

The name of JOHN WESLEY was appended to the communication which he had given, and which lay on the floor among the other papers. Under this signature, his name was re-written by the Spirits, also the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON. On another page of the same sheet was written: "We wish you to meet to-morrow night; happy, happy hearts." On another sheet was written: "Ask and it shall be given. We have given." Signed "Spirits." On another was written: "Friends, we wish you joy." The names of the two mediums: "Sarah, Jerry" were written on one of those sheets. In looking around the room, Mr. Brooks found a port monnaie or wallet. He took it up and enquired whose it was. All felt in their pockets, when Mr. TRIVANON exclaimed, "mine is gone." It had been abstracted from the pocket of his pantaloons, unperceived by him.

This closed the performance for that evening. The next evening we met again in the same room, with the addition of C. O. POOL and lady. With the exception of tearing books and clocks to pieces, nearly the same performances were repeated. The clock movement was set to going and played very good music in concert.—On one occasion, it played Yankee Doodle alone. There were numerous newspapers on the table, many of which they tore in pieces and threw about the room. Among them were The Age of Progress and the Spiritual Telegraph, which remained unharmed.

We, the undersigned, affirm that the above account is true in every particular, and hold ourselves ready to make affidavit, if necessary, each for himself and herself, that neither of us did, or aided to do, any of the things enumerated, and that we know that no persons, in the flesh, were in the room during the performance; the doors being closed all the time.

JEREMIAH CARTER, LESTER BROOKS, SARAH F. BROOKS, WILLIAM E. LOWELL, HENRY R. TRIVANON, STEPHEN ALBRO.

Although we despise literary larceny as much as we do theft of any other kind, we copied, last week, from the Spiritual Telegraph, an editorial article under the head-line: "Sectarianism tried and found wanting," without giving credit for it. The omission was owing to carelessness on the part of the compositor.

Our Spiritual friends will please be at this office at about half past six o'clock this (Saturday) evening, for the purpose of signing the constitution and electing officers. Let there be a general attendance.

The governor of Minnesota has appointed Thursday, the 21st of December, as a day of thanksgiving.

The printers of New Orleans are making arrangements for the proper commemoration of Franklin's birthday.

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum payable invariably in advance. Single copies, five cents.

RECEIVED NOVEMBER 20th, 1854. PARENTS: Before Mr. Conklin came to Buffalo, I was a strong disbeliever in spiritual rappings...

But since attending Mr. Conklin's circle, I am strongly impressed that there is something in this new philosophy, and that these rappings and writings are beyond the tricks of men.

That there is something in this Philosophy I am really convinced, and that it is the Spirits of our departed friends. I may as well believe as anything else. But uncertainty is among the worst of evils; and as your paper is open for discussion, on this Philosophy, can you or any of the believers in this new theory, give reasons for believing it is not the same spirits, or the evil one, who answers all those questions?

Yours Truly, S. Reply. Whom does our correspondent allude to by the terms: "The same Spirit," and "The evil one?" Does he mean "the devil?" If so, why mince the matter.

If there be such a being as the orthodox religionists have in view when they use the names, Devil, Satan, &c., he is certainly not too good to have his name spoken, and our friend should not hesitate. Supposing this to be his meaning, we will remark that spiritualists are too far advanced, to believe in such an existence.

They are aware that there are many undeveloped spirits, who have left their human bodies whilst their minds remained in moral and spiritual darkness; and they are aware that such spirits enter the second state of existence in the same condition, morally and spiritually, in which they left the first.

If they were prone to lying and other vices, when they were in the flesh, so they were ignorant but harmless, at the time of the transition, so they will be after the change. A man or a woman who is vicious and untruthful, will naturally attract vicious and untruthful spirits, when seeking for spiritual communications.

It is not unlikely that some spirits answer falsely because such was their nature when in the flesh, and they have not progressed sufficiently to free them from the propensity. Some answer erroneously from ignorance of the truth. Thousands of questions are asked of spirits, the true answers to which can only be known to Omniscience; and other thousands are asked which are too frivolous for elevated spirits to answer, and which are answered by undeveloped spirits, who find the desired answers in the minds of the enquirers.

Those who consult spirits for advice in relation to the management of their business affairs, should bear in mind that the same spirits did not, probably, act wisely in the management of their own affairs while on earth, and have not studied the business economy of this world since their removal. There are few men in the flesh who are not better judges of earthly concerns, than the most elevated of their spirit friends.

Let the man or the woman who wants instruction in earthly matters, apply to some spirit in the flesh, whose abilities, acquirements and pursuits qualify them to answer wisely. The judgment of such spirits is far more reliable than that of disembodied ones, generally. In relation to the being whom our friend seems to aim at by the phrase "The Evil One," it is too late for a rational man to entertain the absurd idea that God created a being opposite to himself in all his characteristics, gave him a power nearly equal to his own, and set him up in antagonism to himself.

List of Killed and Wounded. The following is the bank carriage of the single month of November. Whether the slain are all past resurrection or not, the Doctors have not yet determined.

- Suffolk Bank New York City. Knickerbocker Bank do. Eighth Avenue Bank do. Lewis County Bank New York State. Bank of Carthage do. Kentucky Trust Company, Kentucky. Newport Safety Fund do. Bank of Bonessville do. Northern Indiana Bank, Indiana. Bank of Connersville do. People's Bank do. Elkhardt County Bank do. Farmer's and Mechanic's Bk, Tenn. Mechanics Bank do. Commerce Bank do. Bank of Milford, Delaware. Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank, Kent County, Maryland. Bank of Washewah, Michigan. Erie and Kalamazoo R. R. Bk do. Bank of Halliwell, Maine. Brunswick Bank do. Ellsworth Bank do. Monsum River Bank do. Bank of Castleton, Vermont. South Royalton Bank do. Stark Bank, Bennington do. Atlanta Bank, Georgia. Bank of Millersville do. Manufacturer's and Mechanic's do. City Bank of Columbus, Ohio. Canal Bank of Cleveland, do. Bank of Circleville do. Mechanics and Traders Branch of the State Bank of Ohio, at Cincinnati do. Sandusky City Bank do. Farmers Bank, Chicago, Illinois. Union Bank do. City Bank do. Merchants and Mechanics Bank do. Merchants and Manufacturers do. De Page County Bank do. Exchange Bank, Buffalo do. Farmer's Joint Stock, Toronto. Phoenix Bank, Chicago. Bank of Napierville, Illinois. Cherokee Insurance Co. Bank, Georgia.

England's Happy Family.

England has had at least one happy family, a most thriving family, which by the prospect of progression it holds out, would be able to supply all Europe with kings and queens for centuries to come, were we so obtuse in intellect as to believe in such a long life to monarchy.

1. The Queen Alexandrina Victoria was born May 24, 1819. 2. Prince Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, was born August 26, 1819. The twain were married at the age of 21, on the 10th day of February, 1840. The issue has been:

3. Victoria Adelaide Mar Louise, born November 21, 1840. 4. Albert Edward, born November 9, 1841. 5. Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843. 6. Alfred Ernest Albert, born Aug. 6, 1844. 7. Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846. 8. Louise Caroline Albert, born March 13, 1848. 9. Arthur William Patrick Alberta, born May 1, 1850. 10. Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7, 1853.

Eight children—four sons and four daughters—in thirteen years, and all alive and well. We attach numerals to this list, in order to simplify the arrangement for the reader, as it would be a matter of difficulty to remember the names and titles of the various members of the family.

No. 1 has her private purse annually replenished by the introduction of £60,000 sterling or \$300,000. Besides this, she occupies five expensive, four or five different residences; being quite ubiquitous in character, and supposed to inhabit all four together. The names of these domiciles are, Buckingham palace, St. James' palace, Windsor castle, and the Royal Pavilion, Brighton. Her tradesmen's bills and household are exclusive of this private purse, and all three items being summed up for the year, are given in Thom's Official Directory as costing Great Britain a sum amounting to £372,500 sterling or \$1,850,000.

of his other numerous salaries, commands some half million of dollars. The Queen's mother, the Dutchess of Kent, annually receives \$32,000, with the residence of Frogmore Lodge, Windsor, from her daughter's subjects; and other members of the royal family, relations connected with it, as uncles, aunts, and cousins to the Queen, receive from the Exchequer of the British people, sums amounting in the gross to \$141,000 annually.

These facts in themselves are sufficient to stamp a law of monarchy with infamy. How people can exult and glorify such a state of things, is really, to us common-sense Americans, a matter calling into question the sanity of the English people. That men can be so crazy about slavery, and have so mean an idea of humanity, as to believe that one family is divine, sacred and unapproachable, and for this reason to be fed and worshipped at the expense of food and clothing to thousands and millions of others of better mould and mind, with more Godlike shape and sense, is a mystery which none but the English people themselves can solve; and I question whether they can.

As to the family itself, all we can say is, that if money can bring happiness—ifidleness, luxury, fashionable dress, indigestible food, and an acknowledgment of divine right to all these, can bring happiness, it ought to be (which we doubt if it is) a very happy family.

Cameron has been discovered to be an antidote for that terrible poison, strychnine. A man who had been thrown into convulsions by two doses of the poison, one-sixth of a grain each, administered for the rheumatism, was relieved by twenty grains of camphor taken in six grains of almond mixture. Dr. Suddock, in a letter to the London Lancet, claims to have made the discovery.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Flour, extra, per bbl. \$9.75 to \$10.00; Corn, per bush. 65; Wheat, per bush. 1.00 to 1.25; Pork, prime, 12.50 to 13.50; Butter, per lb. 20; Eggs, per doz. 30; Apples, dried, 1.10 to 1.25; Potatoes, 87.5 to 90.0; Onions, 75 to 80; Dressed Chickens per lb. 8 to 9; Turkeys, 7 to 8.

Advertisements.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN. JERIMAH CARTER, of Laona, Chautauque County, well known to many of our citizens as an excellent Clairvoyant Physician, has made arrangements to spend a portion of each week in the city of Buffalo, during the coming winter, and has taken rooms at 53 Tupper st., between Delaware and Franklin, where he will be found on Thursday the 23d inst. ready to attend to all calls of the afflicted. \$1f

BUFFALO MERCANTILE COLLEGE. CORNER MAIN AND SENECA STS. THIS INSTITUTION IS NOW OPEN FOR THE reception of Students. It designs to afford perfect and expeditious facilities for acquiring a mercantile education.

Office of the United States Express Co. No. 15 SENECA ST., CORNER OF PEARL ST. BUFFALO, N. Y. 1854.

COMPTON, GIBSON & CO., 209 MAIN STREET, having made extensive arrangements to execute every description of Lithographing and Engraving, by extending their rooms, employing the best artists and printers, and extensive machinery, take this method of informing their friends and the public, that they are prepared to do all work such as maps, steamboat and hotel cards, and all other cards, etc., in any style as good and cheap as done in eastern cities.

RAINY & RICHARDSON, COMMISSION MERCHANTS and dealers in SOAP AND CANDLE STOCK. Particular attention paid to the sale or purchase of FLOUR, GRAIN AND PRODUCE in general.

GLISAN, BUTLER & FRISBEE, FOREIGN & DOMESTIC PAPER DEALERS. 199 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

Wholesale Trade. Our facilities for shipping to WESTERN AND CANADA MERCHANTS, FROM OUR WAREHOUSE, On the Dock, enable us to do a superior charge. J. A. BALDWIN.

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

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

Printing. Having received office, one of LAWYER'S Celebrated POWER PRESSES, we are now enabled to execute every description of BOOK AND JOB PRINTING, with dispatch and on the most reasonable terms.

LATE PUBLICATIONS. JOURNEY to Central Africa, by Bayard Taylor, \$1.50. Capt. Capt. or Twenty years of an African Slave, by Bruce Meyer, \$1.25.

John H. Coleman, GENERAL DEALER IN PAINTS, OILS, Glass, Sash, etc., wholesale and retail. PATENT MEDICINE DEPOT, No. 223 Main Street, corner of Swan, Buffalo.

Removal. COMPTON, GIBSON & CO. have removed their Lithographing and Engraving establishment from the Commercial Advertiser building to the new store erected by J. Sage & Sons, No. 309 Main street. 1-5m

Buffalo Type Foundry. PRINTERS FURNISHING W. R. BARBER, No. 13 and 15 West Seneca at Buffalo, N. Y. N. LYMAN, Proprietor. Having recently enlarged and improved his Foundry—now occupying two large four story buildings—and added many new styles to his assortment.

Book, Job and Ornamental. Type, Borders, Rules, Scripts, etc., would respectfully call the attention of Printers and Publishers to his establishment. Enjoying ample facilities for executing orders of any magnitude, he hopes, by promptness to meet a continuance of the favor he has met, bestowed upon him, by leaving it to be for the interest of printers in the West and Canada to make their purchases here at New York prices, thereby saving the expense and inconvenience of transportation.

United States Express. A Joint Stock Company—CAPITAL \$500,000, now New York and Erie Rail Road. The most rapid, reliable and secure means of transit between New York and the other Atlantic cities and.

Botanic Medicine Dispensary. D. B. WIGGINS, M. D., would respectfully notify the citizens of Buffalo and the public at large, that he has opened a wholesale and retail BOTANIC MEDICINE DEPOT.

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

Large Retail Stock. Consisting of a general assortment of all articles in our line, and mostly of OUR OWN MANUFACTURE. We are also prepared to supply on the best terms.

Wholesale Trade. Our facilities for shipping to WESTERN AND CANADA MERCHANTS, FROM OUR WAREHOUSE, On the Dock, enable us to do a superior charge. J. A. BALDWIN.

LOT FOR SALE. The lot on the N. E. corner of Fourteenth and Vermont sts., is offered for sale at \$750 per foot. Dimensions 50 by 145 1/2 feet. If terms accepted at this office, \$100 down.

S. DUDLEY & SONS, 51 MAIN STREET. THE Subscribers have on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, etc., many articles of which are expressly designed for Steamboats, Houses and Family.

Leather Hose. Of our own manufacture; and of the best quality. Also, Fire Hose, of the best quality, and of the most durable material.

Daily Republic Job Printing. BOOK BINDING AND STEREOTYPING ESTABLISHMENT, 204 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Blank Book Manufacturing. THE Subscribers would respectfully announce that he is now prepared to do all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Book Binding.

Buffalo and Brantford Railway. In connection with the several Lines terminating in Buffalo and Brantford, the MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAIL ROAD, To Chicago, St. Louis, and the Great West.

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WELLS, FARGO & CO. HAVING ESTABLISHED AGENCIES in all the principal cities and towns of the United States and the Canada, and in all the Principal Cities of Europe, to buy and sell GOLD DUST, BULLION, GOLD & SILVER.

Express. Money, Bank Bills, Com. Merchandise, and all other descriptions of Express Freight, Packages and Parcels.

Letters of Credit. CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CREDIT, issued to Travelers, which are cashed throughout Europe at the best rates of Exchange, and the circular letters of credit and circular notes of the principal London Bankers cashed at the usual rates at the Paris office.

For the convenience of emigrants or others, we draw bills for £1 and upwards, upon the Royal Bank of Ireland, National Bank of Scotland, and Union Bank of London.

By the Mail Steamship Lines, via Panama, and also by the New York Steamship Line, and to and from EUROPE BY THE LIVERPOOL, HAVRE AND BREMEN STEAM SHIP LINES.

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