

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

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

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1855.

VOLUME I.—NO. 25.

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Poetry.

Thoughts in Heaven.

No sickness there,
No weary waiting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and ferred ray.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,
No vain petition for a sweet relief,
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song,
Its billows break and melt away in foam
Far from the mansions of the Spirit-king.

The storm's black wing
Is now spread about celestial skies,
Its wrailings blend not with the voice of Spring,
As some too tender dower fades and dies.

No night distills
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame,
No moon is needed there. The light which fills
That land of glory from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a painless sleep.

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know,
No scorching blast or fiercing descending shower
Scatter destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle-word
Startles the sacred host, with fear and dread;
The song of peace, creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel-ministrals tread.

Let us await:
If home like this await the weary soul,
Look up, though stricken one. Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

Miscellany.

The Lover's Leap.

In a part of France, not a hundred miles from the fine port of St. Malo, stands a town containing some eight thousand inhabitants. Anciently a fortified place of considerable strength, it is pitched on the pinnacles of a high hill, with its antique battlements, covered with time's livery, the green ivy and the yellow lichen still crowning over the peaceful valleys around, and crowning the rocky ridge which confines the river Rance. That valley of the Rance is as lovely as any in Europe; now spreading out for miles, it offers a wide basin for the river, which, extending in proportion, looks like a broad lake; now contracting to a narrow gorge, it confines the stream between gigantic rocks, that rise abruptly from its edge, and sombre woods that dip their very branches in its waters. But it is where the town which I have just mentioned first bursts upon the sight, that the scenery is peculiarly picturesque. Winding through a deep defile of rocks which cut off the neighbouring valley, and throw a dark shadow over the river, the stream suddenly turns a projecting point of its shores, and a landscape of unequalled beauty opens on the sight. Rich wooded valleys with soft green sloping sides, broken with crags, and diversified with hamlets, are seen diverging in every direction, with the Rance winding forward in the midst of them; while high in air, lordling it over all around, rises the stately rock on which the town is placed, with wall, and battlement, and tower, hanging over its extreme verge.

In front, and apparently immediately under the town, though in reality at about two miles distance from it, lies a high craggy piece of ground, which the water would completely encircle were it not for a narrow sort of isthmus, which joins it to its parent chain of hills. This is called the *Courbure*, from the turn which the river makes round it; and I notice it more particularly from being the exact scene of my story's catastrophe.

In the town which I have above described, lived, some time ago, a very pretty girl whom we shall designate by the name of Laure. Her mother was well to do in the world—that is to say, as things go in Brittany, where people can live splendidly for nothing at all, and do very well for half as much. However Madame could always have her *pot au feu* and her *potel a la broche*, kept two nice country lasses, one as cook and the other as fille-de-chamber, and had once a year the new fashion from Paris, to demonstrate her gentility. Laure's father, too, had left the young lady a little property of her own, amounting to about eighty pounds per annum; so that being both a fortune and a belle, all the youth of the place, according to the old Scotch song, were—

Woing at her,
Pu'ing at her,
Wanting her, but could nee get her!

However, there was something about Laure, which some called pride and others coldness, but which, in truth, was nothing more nor less than shyness, that served for some time as a

complete safeguard to her maiden heart. At length the angel who arranges all those sorts of things singled out a young man at Rennes called Charles—, and gave him a kick with his foot which sent him all the way from Rennes to the town in which Laure abode. It is but thirty miles, and angels can kick much farther if we may believe the Normans—(I cannot stop for it now; but, my dear reader, put me in mind by and bye to tell you that story of Saint Michael and the Devil, and you shall hear how the saint kicked him from hill to hill for forty leagues or more.)

However, Charles's aunt lived not far from Laure's mother, and many a time had she vaunted the graces of her nephew's person. According to her account, he was as tall and straight as a gas lamp-post, as rosy as a ribstone pippin; with eyes as brilliant as a red-hot poker, teeth as white as the inside of a tea-cup, and his hair curling like the leaves of a savory cabbage. In short, he was an Adonis, after her idea of things; and Laure, having heard all this, began to feel a sort of anxious palpitating sensation, when his coming was talked of, together with sundry other symptoms of wishing very much to fall in love.

At length his arrival was announced, and Madame—and Mademoiselle Laure were invited to a soiree at the house of Charles's aunt. Laure got ready in a very great hurry, resolving primo, to be frightened out of her wits at him; and secundo, not to speak a word to him. However, the time came, and when she got into the room she found Monsieur Charles quite as handsome as his aunt had represented; but, to her great surprise, she found him to be quite as timid as herself into the bargain. So Laure took courage upon the strength of his bashfulness, for though it might be very well for one, she plainly saw it would never do for two. The evening passed off gaily, and Laure, as she was determined from the first, went away over head and ears in love, and left the poor young man in quite as uncomfortable a condition.

I need not conduct the reader through all the turnings and windings of their passion. Suffice it to say, that both being very active and loving each other very hard, they had got so far in six weeks, that their friends judged it would be necessary to marry them. Upon this, Laure's mother and Charles's aunt met in form to discuss preliminaries. They began a few compliments, went on to arrange the money points, proceeding to differ upon some trivial points, grew a little warm upon the subject, turned up their noses at each other, quarrelled like Turks, and abused each other like pick-pockets. Charles's aunt called Laure's mother an old cat—or something equivalent; and Laure's mother vowed that Charles should never have her daughter, she'd be—Fie! what was I going to say!

The two young people were in despair. Laure received a maternal injunction never to speak to that vile young man again; together with a threat of being locked up if she was restive. However, the Sunday after Paques, Laure's mother was laid up with a bad cold; and from what cause does not appear, but Laure never felt so devout as on that particular day. She would not have stayed away from mass for all the world. So to church she went, when, to her surprise and astonishment, she beheld Charles standing in the little chapel of the left aisle. "Laure," said he, as soon as he saw her, "ma chere Laure, let us go out of the town by the back street, and take a walk in the fields." Laure felt a good deal too much agitated to say her prayers properly, and looking about the church, she perceived that, as she had come half an hour before the time, there was nobody there; so slipping her arm through that of her lover, she tripped nimbly along with him down the back street, under the Gothic arch and high towers of the old town gate, and in five minutes was walking with him in the fields unobserved.

Now, what a long, sad, pastoral dialogue could I produce between Laure and Charles as they walked along; but I will spare my reader that at least. The summary of the matter is, that they determined that they were very unhappy—the most miserable people in existence;—now that they were separated from each other, there was nothing left in life worth living for. So Laure began to cry, and Charles vowed he would drown himself. Laure thought it was a very good idea, and declared that she would drown herself too; for she had been reading all Saturday a German romance which taught such things; and she thought what a delightful tale it would make if she and Charles drowned themselves together, and how all the young ladies would cry when they read it, and what a pretty tomb they would have, with "Cuisse Charles et Laure, deux amans malheureux!" written upon it in large black letters; and in short, she arranged it all so comfortably in her own mind that she resolved she would not wait a minute.

As the Devil would have it, they had just arrived at that rocky point which I have before described, called the *Courbure*, when Charles

and Laure had worked each other up to the necessary pitch of excitement and despair. The water was before them, and the only question was who should jump in first; for the little landing place from which they were to leap would hold but one at a time. Charles declared that he would set the example—Laure vowed it should be no one but herself. Charles insisted, but Laure, being nearest the water, gaiced the contested point, and plunged over. At that moment the thought of what he was going to do came over Charles's mind with a sad qualm of conscience, and he paused for an instant on the brink. But what could he do? He could not stand by and see the girl he loved drown before his face, like an intruding rat or a supernumerary kitten. Forbid it, Heaven! forbid it, Love! So in he went too—not at all with the intention of drowning himself, but with that of bringing Laure out; and being a tolerable swimmer, he got hold of her in a minute.

By this time Laure had discovered that drowning was both cold and wet, and by no means so agreeable as she had anticipated; so that when Charles approached, she caught so firm a hold of him as to deprive him of the power of saving her. It is probable that under these circumstances her very decided efforts to demonstrate her change of opinion, might have effected her original intention and drowned them both, had not a boat come round the *Courbure* at that very moment. The boatmen soon extricated them from their danger, and carried them both home, exhausted and dripping, to the house of Laure's mother. At first the good lady was terrified out of her wits, and then furiously angry; but ended, however, by declaring that if ever they drowned themselves again, it should not be for love, and so she married them out of hand.

Theory of Artesian Wells.

The fact that, by boring into the earth, water can nearly always be obtained, is usually well understood. But the causes of this are not so generally known. The curiosity on this subject, generated by the Artesian well now being bored by Dr. Jans, induces us to endeavor at an explanation.

The surface of the earth is composed, as every observer can see for himself, of layers of rock intermixed with gravel and other materials, and covered at the top with soil. The layers, or strata, finally repose on what are called primitive rocks, such as granite and porphyry. In the convulsions to which the globe has been subjected, these strata have been frequently lifted out of their original positions, have been bent and contorted into various shapes, and have been left in this condition. Sometimes they are found at right angles to the earth, sometimes at an angle of forty-five degrees, and forming, as it were, a huge old fashioned pie dish.—Not unfrequently there are two strata, one under the other, in this pie dish shape, with gravel, old marine shells, or soil between; and often the space between the two layers of rock, thus situated, is hundreds, nay, thousands of feet.

Now, if we suppose a village, borough, or city, built on ground which is enclosed within the dish formed by the upper of two strata thus situated, it follows that it can have no springs except those fed by the rains falling within the dish, the rock being impervious to water, in such a case, if a well can be sunk through the first rock and into the ground or other soil between the two strata, the borer will have the advantage of the springs which are fed by the rains falling between the two strata come to the surface. Suppose, for example, that there are two pie dishes, one smaller than the other and set within it, white sand between. If water, which in this case represents the rain, is poured on the sand, where it appears between the edges of the two dishes; and then, if a hole is drilled through the upper dish and a quill inserted, it will rise through this quill to the level of the edges by a familiar law of hydrostatics. That is an Artesian. Consequently, when strata underlie a district, in a manner at all like what we have supposed, a borer for water will be sure to obtain if he descends deep enough.

It is curious to know that Artesian wells reach back to the remotest antiquity. We cannot tell, at this day, whether learned philosophers divided, by the aid of the science, that boring for water would be rewarded with the pure element, or whether the fact was accidentally found out; but as it is now ascertained that many of the wells in the Arabian desert are Artesian, and that they are older than human history, it is impossible to deny the vast age of the discovery. The Chinese, who have authentic chronicles, extending backwards higher than any other profane records, claim to have possessed Artesian wells for thousands of years. Aristotle was familiar with wells of this description, but supposed the waters were driven to the surface by the central heat of the globe. Artesian wells of great antiquity exist in various places in Europe, but the one of

oldest ascertained date is at *Littera*, in Artois—whence the name of Artesian, and is supposed to have been dug A. D. 1106. This well is situated in the middle of a vast plain, where nothing but a hill is to be seen, and therefore its waters can originate only in the way we have described; that is, they come from rains, falling at a great distance, and return to the surface, the strata acting as a siphon.

Rivers frequently disappear and re-appear in a manner somewhat similar. When a stream meets impervious rocks which prevents its flowing on the surface, it is forced underground, along the line of the strata which it follows till the strata heads upwards again, as it is so called. Quite a considerable river sinks out of sight, in this way, near Bellefonte in this State; and as an enormous spring bubbles up in the heart of the town, of about equal capacity, the probability is that this fountain is the stream re-appearing. In the mammoth cave, in Kentucky, miles away from the mouth, is a river three quarters of a mile long; it is probably a branch of the Green river, which suddenly disappears from the surface in that vicinity.—*Phil. Ledger.*

Gun Cotton.

Gun-cotton is from four to six times as powerful as gunpowder; it is quicker in its discharge, but is quick or slow according to the degree of compression; it makes little smoke, it does not foul the gun, it saves the delay of priming; it seldom misses fire in the worst weather; it may even be kept in water for seven years un injured; it heats a gun less than powder, and it will be safer in use, and eventually less dangerous to manufacture. An impression has gone abroad that gun-cotton explodes spontaneously, or by an ordinary blow, like chloride of nitrogen, or detonating powder. This is not correct; it is a chemical substance which will only explode by some means capable of producing a temperature of 350 degrees, which we may in practice call nearly double the acquired temperature of boiling water. I have never had an accident with it myself, although I have submitted it to the severest test, and I believe, that, wherever it has given rise to accidents, they will in all cases be attributable to its being used in such quantities, or in such a manner, that equivalent quantities of gunpowder would have produced the same result. Common cotton, or any vegetable fibre, immersed in strong nitric and sulphuric acid for ten minutes, and washed in water for half an hour, forms this invaluable ammunition; and a besieged city possessing a few tons of acid need never want supplies. This is a manufacture which the Russians at Sebastopol can carry on as long as they have access to the harbor, and that they are doing so there is every reason to believe, without the possibility of our being able to explode a single magazine.—*London Paper.*

The Rebellion in China.

By the way of San Francisco, we have late advices from Hong-Kong. The *Overland Register* of the latest date says:

As far as we can see, this affair is fast verging to a conclusion as a rebellion, and unless some extraordinary recession takes place, we may look for its total suppression ere long. The latest news is that the imperialists have retaken Han-kow, Hank-yang, and Woo-chang. It is pointed out to us by a friend that the *Pekin Gazette* in mentioning the capture of Han-kow, states that 'the people joined the troops and assisted them in cutting off the rebels,' which assertion has, it is said, not been made in any previous *Gazette*. This, if true, is a notable fact, and seems like stating that the people, having tried both parties, find, like the ass in the fable, that it matters not who is master, as they have to carry their paniers as usual; and therefore, if they have a choice of masters, they prefer to serve those under whom they were brought up, and whose burdens they exactly know the weight of.

Mental and Corporeal Suffering.

There is a very pretty Persian apologue on the difference between mental and corporeal suffering. A King and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be more severe, and to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up, and put food before it. He took another, shut it up with a tiger which was bound with a strong chain, so that the beast could spring near, but not seize the lamb, and also put food before him. In the morning he carried the king to see the effect of the experiment. The lamb with broken leg had eaten all the food placed before him—the other was found dead from fright.

The library of 1100 volumes, used by Napoleon at Elba, is still preserved on that island. Many of the works contain notes in the emperor's own hand.

Indian Life.

Nothing dashes so effectually one's romantic notions of Indian life as the details of it, seen in the tent or wigwam—the total absence of those minor properties which we cannot separate from any tolerable condition of existence. The Indian seems not to have a trace of the bump in order—everything within the poetical wigwam is awry or in confusion. It is smoky, in cool weather, at least; the ashes lie about the centre,—the earthen floor is cold or damp the papooses sprawl or squall about the ground—the dogs snarl and fight in the corners; utensils, blankets, weapons, lie anywhere and everywhere; certain (we had supposed civilized) vermin infest everything, carrying undisturbed sway, day and night, to the terror of civilized visitors. The Indian dogs are almost as numerous as the Indians themselves, and a more heinous, wolfish, rascally race of brutes you never saw. They are long, lank, scrawny, cowardly looking creatures, out of whom the hard romance of Indian life seems to have extinguished the last aspirations of even a dog's sentimentality. They appeared starving and chaffallen, and consciously mean for being found out of the bounds of civilization. And poor brutes they have had a hard enough fate of it; there are no superfluous amounts of fowl from the Indian tables for them, except occasionally after a successful hunt, and they are literally meagre and ravenous for food. Why is it that the lowest canine breeds, the most misshapen curs congregate so abundantly about the lowest conditions of human life? Did you ever know a drunken Irishman's home, whether in cellar or garret, to be without one? Our low suburban negro houses around most of the Northern cities, are often little more than kennels for them. And here in the far-off primeval woods, the same meagre, miserable-looking, dirty cur abounds and starves among the Indian wigwams. Our camp was alive with them; there was a sort of Indian beadle or sexton whose chief duty was to keep them off from the seats of the congregation in time of public service; at every interval in the sounds of worship, by night or by day, their wolfish concerts come on near ringing through the forests, and when a well-picked bone (for they get none other) happened to be thrown by an Indian to one of them, it turned a large section of the camp into a canine battle-ground, and set the woods resounding with howls.

Cleanliness is almost an unknown idea among Indians, except in the most thoroughly reclaimed Christian families. My friend F., who had known them for years, insisted in the outset upon our taking some hard provisions with us, affirming that it would not be possible to stomach their cookery if we should happen to do it. We had hardly walked around the camp once before the propriety of his suggestion became irrefragable, and the next morning, when the squaws, nearly every one of them with a papoose on her back, marched in the procession around the camp to take leave of us, we had full demonstrations of the Indians' notions of cleanliness. Among all the children, there might have been three or four whose faces seemed to have been washed and their heads combed within the last week, but others eyed us from the backs of their mothers with unostentatious aboriginal faces and heads. Some of the little heroes seemed literally painted with dirt; and as the march began, we were admonished by an experienced friend to shake hands with a stout glove and a well-extended arm.—*National Magazine.*

Griefs of Boyhood.

God have mercy on the boy who learns to grieve early! Condemn it as a sentiment, if you will; talk as you will of the fearlessness and strength of the boy's heart, yet there belongs to it many tenderly strung chords of affection, which give forth low and gentle music that consoles and ripens the ear for all the harmonies of life. The chords a little rude or unnatural tension will break and break forever. Watch your boy, then, if so be he will bear the strain, try his nature, if it be rude or delicate; and if delicate, in God's name, do not, as you value your peace and his, breed a harsh spirit in him, that shall take pride in subjugating and forgetting the finer affections.

GLOSSARY OF MILITARY TERMS.—Deploy: to open; to extend. Thus a column is said to deploy when the front spreads out on each side, as is commonly done in making an attack. Enfilade: To pierce, to scour, or rake with shot, in the direction of a line, or through the whole length of a line. Escalade: A furious attack made by troops on a fortified place, in which ladders are used to pass a ditch or mount a rampart. Redoubt: A general name for nearly every kind of work in the class of field fortifications; particularly, a parapet enclosing a square or polygonal area.

This is Mark's. Look out and see if it is not.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.
BUFFALO, MARCH 17, 1855.

A Talk with our Patrons and Readers.

DEAR FRIENDS.—This being the 25th number of our paper, and we having suspended its publication on the second week after its commencement, it is now six months since we commenced its publication. How we have conducted it, and how nearly we have fulfilled our agreement in the original prospectus, the reader knows as well as we can tell. As we are not overburdened with self-esteem, and are not much given to egotism, we have nothing to say in our own behalf save that we are actuated by none but the purest motives, and treat all subjects which receive our attention, with a sincerity which conceals no sentiment, fears no censure, courts no favor. For the rest, the reader must depend upon the decision of his own judgment, whether we have proved ourselves worthy of the continuance of his favor or not.

We have no flattering story to tell of great success and looming prospects. The same sincerity which prompts us to treat all subjects candidly which we discuss, admonishes us now to tell our patrons plainly and ingenuously, that the half-year through which we have carried the publication of *The Age of Progress*, has not been a very propitious season. We have had, not only the difficulties incident to all new enterprises of the kind, to contend with, but we have had to encounter active and determined opposition from various quarters. We were admonished by prudent friends that we were encountering too many prominent and powerful enemies at once; that we must inevitably be crushed unless we used more policy; that if we would attack but a single prominent vice and advocate but a single moral principle, we might enlist the other vices, with their influences, on our side, thus making the vices fight each other, and aid us in our championship of a single reformation. This, however, looked to us like a species of double dealing, for which we had neither sympathy nor capacity. Policy and principle have ever seemed to us to be antagonistic terms. We could never subscribe to the adage, "Honesty is the best policy." We could never, in either religion, morals or politics, perceive that honesty was policy or that policy was honesty. If we should attempt to gain the favor of the highway robber to avail ourselves of his aid to overcome the burglar, we must first approve his character, or he would turn his back upon us; and this would be rank hypocrisy, which, of itself, is a vice of little less magnitude than either robbery or burglary. All things considered, we were of opinion that no man who possessed a conscience, could unite himself with one prominent sin to overcome another, and that we must encounter all, and suffer the encounter of all, or we could not secure our own approbation, without which we could do no good.

We have encountered the propagators of a religious faith whose dogmas are calculated to stultify and enslave the human mind, to promote superstition and ignorance, to establish error and ignore truth, and to produce inhumanity, infidelity and misery. And we have incurred the displeasure, hatred and persecution of those who live by the propagation of those religious dogmas, and of all those who are in their leading strings. We have advocated the religious faith taught by communicating spirits; sustained as well as might, the affirmative of the proposition that spirits do communicate with mortals, the truth of which had been brought home to our conviction with a force so overwhelming that it was perfectly irresistible; and we have had to stand the shock of all the malignity which this course naturally excited in the breasts of those most deeply concerned in sustaining those dying dogmas, and the ill-will, slander, sarcasms and sneers of all those who hold to their skirts and echo their sentiments. Those who best know how numerous and influential this class of people are, and how powerfully good salaries and rank and prejudice can influence the actions of men who believe in a God of vengeance instead of a God of love, can best appreciate the difficulty which we have had to encounter in this direction.

Although we are tolerant to every religious faith, we have openly and continually denounced the ambitious aspirations of the Roman Catholic priesthood, in this country, not on account of the religious tenets which they teach, but on account of the tyranny exercised by them over the minds of their duped and enslaved laity, who are governed as with a rod of iron, and who hold themselves ever ready to violate their oaths of allegiance to this country, at the behest of the Pope of Rome, should he require them to take up arms against this country.—Here, again, we have had to encounter powerful and desperate opposition.

We have raised our voice against that fell destroyer of morals, happiness and life—the liquor traffic—and have thereby brought upon us the malignity and persecution of the whole ruffian phalanx.—We have cried aloud against human slavery, and received the execrations of the blind votaries of a slavery-sustaining national administration. We have painted the avaricious slaveholders, with hearts and souls squandered and insensible to the cries of misery and the appeals of humanity and sympathy; and from these we have received such punishment as they had it in their power to inflict.—We have unceasingly exposed its hideousness to the gaze of indignation and justice; and we have pondered to no purpose, winked at no moral delinquencies, relinquished no aberrations from the right line of conduct nor

dealt out denunciations or reproaches where the mandate of duty was not imperative.

Now the important questions which we have to propose for the consideration and decision of those whose principles and sentiments we have aimed to represent, are the following:—Have we discharged the duties incumbent on us faithfully? Has the course we have pursued been beneficial to the community? Is such a journal as ours has been, with all its imperfections, necessary to the most important interests of the community? Is the continuance of its publication worthy of the fostering efforts of moral, intelligent and cultivated minds? Will you, reader, as one of those minds, touch the burden we have to bear, with one of your fingers, and help push us up the hill of our laborious and persented enterprise? We intend to make this journal live through a series of years, if there be a practicability of doing so; and in order to secure success, we intend to appeal, personally, to those who can if they will, to lend us their aid. We think we shall succeed.

Arrival of the "AFRICA."

LATER FROM EUROPE.

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

HALIFAX, March 15.

The royal mail steamship *Africa*, Capt. Harrison, has arrived at this port en route for Boston. She left Liverpool on her regular day, 3d instant. Her arrival here is consequently four days later than those received by the Pacific.

The news is of the most startling character. The Emperor of Russia is dead. He expired suddenly at 10 o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 2d instant, and the event created the greatest excitement. No details have been received, but there is no doubt of the fact, as it was announced in the House of Lords on Friday night, by Lord Clarendon, and in the House of Commons by Lord Palmerston.

Surmises were afloat that he was assassinated but it is thought he died of apoplexy after an attack of influenza. His illness was known in England before the news of his death was received, and caused a slight rise in the funds.

The effect of his death of course had not transpired, when the *Africa* left Liverpool.

The Vienna conference was to open on the 5th inst., and peace expectations were daily growing stronger.

From the seat of war there is no news of the least importance.

Liverpool cotton market continued dull at about previous rates, although some descriptions were, if anything, a trifle lower. The business of the week amounts to 36,000 bales.

Breadstuffs generally were quiet, at the prices advised by the Pacific. Indian corn was quoted at 67c/10d lower.

Provisions were dull and unchanged. Lard had undergone a slight decline. Consols closed on the 2d inst., at 91.

If the above report prove true, which we now do not suspect to be false, we think the eastern war is near its termination. Whether Nicholas was assassinated or died of apoplexy, his death will throw the nation into confusion, and there will be no head which can fill the place of the one which has fallen. It is our opinion, however, that apoplexy had nothing to do with his removal from the busy scenes of life; and if this opinion prove correct, his assassination was occasioned by his inflexible determination to carry on the war, let the peace, the suffering, and the destruction of human life be what they might. We hope that England and France will not be emboldened by this circumstance, to be so much more exacting as to defeat the purpose of those who are anxious to make peace. We look for the news to exercise a salutary influence upon the bread and provision market.

For the Age of Progress.

The Child Angel.

—He is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone into that school
Where he no longer needs your poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

Day after day we think what he is doing
In those bright realms of air,
Year after year, his tender steps pursuing,
Behold him grown more fair!

The departure of a little child from this life may be not inappreciated. We have a young and delicate plant, which we have cherished with tender care, guarding it from chilling frosts and wooing for it the soft summer breeze. Fully it has opened its petals and thrown out the young leaves as if to reward our care. But the gardener sees better than we, that our fond hopes cannot be realized; it will be but a dwarfed and sickly plant, if suffered to remain beneath our cloudy sky. So he gently removes the ailing to a more congenial atmosphere, to fairer gardens, to never varying climes. We weep as our beautiful, frail flower fades from our sight. It is true we shall see it no more here, but the fragrance of its life breath, still lingers about us, and reaches us wherever we are. Not the excited remembrance of its perfume, but the living actual essence, pervades our hearts. And thus, although we may not see our lost child-angel, with the material sense of sight, yet we perceive its spiritual presence; and although the dew of death has called the flower from our eyes, yet we are encouraged to believe that it blooms perennial in the gardens of Heaven.

—Thus do we walk with him and keep unbroken
The bond, which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance tho' unspoken
May reach him where he lies.

S. M. E.

—HENRY MAY'S letter and money duly received. Thank you.

The Sunday Law.

William D. Stivers, proprietor of a book store and news depot, in Jersey City, was fined \$8 by the Recorder, on Monday, for selling Sunday papers on four different Sundays.—N. Y. Times.

Beautifully sandwiched between the two great States of New York and Pennsylvania, though falling lamentably short of representing a slice of rich and savory Westphalia ham, lies the little-intolerant, unprogressive fogg, New Jersey. Better men and women, more intelligent or more liberal minded people, than may be found in every section of that State, are not to be met with in any part of this republic.—These, however, are in such a helpless minority in the State, that her legislature almost constantly presents evidences of the most narrow-souled illiberality, intolerance, mean-spirited parsimony and chronic Dutch conservatism.—Having long been intimately acquainted with the non-progressive character of that antediluvian race of people, we are as well prepared to defend them from the aspersions which ill-natured paragraphist cast upon them, as we are to perceive and denounce their illiberality and mulishness. It is false that they have ever enacted a law forbidding the grist of wheat, sent to mill on horse-back, to be divided in the bag, and compelling the proprietor to put a stone in the mouth end of the bag, to balance the bushel of wheat in the other end. At least, for the last forty-five years, we know that no such statute has been enacted by the legislature of that State, the affirmative assertion notwithstanding. But the Lord knows they have done things which we have as much cause to be ashamed of.

Rum, as we happen to know, has long been so firmly entrenched in the State of New Jersey, that all the forces that the temperance cause could rally, have proved inadequate to dislodge it. There is a large and highly respectable temperance phalanx in that State; but the many hundreds of "apple-jack" distilleries, and other manufactories of cheap poison, together with the generally prevailing gusto for artificial stimulants, and the parsimony and blindness of tax-payers, who can see the in-flowing revenue from tavern licenses, but cannot see the out-pouring stream which goes to support the pauperism and criminal prosecutions occasioned by the traffic, continually counteract their efforts and paralyze their power. The untiring efforts of the good and wise of that State, in the cause of temperance, had well-nigh been crowned with success in their recent struggle in the foggy legislature of that State; but rum carried too many guns for them; but just one, and they were once more defeated. The Maine Law came within a single vote of becoming the law of New Jersey; but the want of that single vote lost the temperance party all their efforts for this year.

Now see what Herculean labors, in the most holy cause that philanthropists were ever engaged in, prove fruitless from year to year in that State, and then look on the other hand, and see how easy it is to procure legislation abridging the natural and inalienable rights of man, the full and free enjoyment and practise of which are entirely unharmed to any body and really beneficial to every body. It seems that it was no trouble for those worshippers of what is falsely esteemed "holy time," to procure an act of legislation, forbidding all men to publish a Sunday newspaper, though it should be devoted to moral culture, intellectual advancement, and the radical betterment of the human heart, as papers of that class generally are.

Thus the enlightened legislature of New Jersey virtually says to those whom it should represent: You may go, on Sunday morning, to any tavern or grog shop you choose to select, and there spend the day, drinking, quarrelling, swearing, fighting and indulging in every namable debauchery, and return home staggering drunk, to abuse your wife and children at night; but you shall neither publish a moral and literary newspaper on that day, nor have the privilege of staying at home and being edified by reading the moral lectures and literary productions which emanate from the best cultivated minds of your community.

This is what the legislature of New Jersey says to the people of that State. And in this act of proscription, they have not even the poor excuse of preventing holy time from being desecrated by labor, for, of all the papers published in this country, the one issued on Sunday occasions the least amount of sabbath-day labor. Every thing in the nature of labor is finished by Saturday evening, and nothing but the simple distribution is left for Sunday; and even the most of that is frequently done late on Saturday night.

Whence do these rigidly righteous legislators derive their authority for this kind of persecution? If they consult either John Calvin or Martin Luther, they will find the idea of holy time scouted as a religious absurdity. And if they consult Jesus Christ himself, they will find themselves denounced as hypocrites, as they are, for this kind of persecution, by him who claimed to be "Lord also of the Sabbath day."

—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of I. G. Arwood, healing medium, assuring them that Mr. Arwood is a gentleman in all respects, and that his success astonishes those who witness the cures wrought through his mediumship.

—The New York papers pretend to think that the money pressure is relaxing and that the business season is about to open with better prospects. We hope so.

—The snow banks issue more freely than any other banks in this city; but they suspend every night.

From the Sacred Circle.

The Difficulties of Spiritual Communications.

In newspapers conducted by persons who have not learned the fact that departed spirits can and do communicate with mortals, we frequently see offers of rewards to any one who will do the things alleged by spiritualists to be often done at their circles. The rewards vary from a hundred to five hundred dollars, and to those who know nothing of the matter, seem *bona fide* offers. The public wonder that the challenges are not accepted and the money won, if there be any truth in the stories told; but as no account is heard of the money being paid over, the great mass of unbelievers assume that the thousands of spiritual miracles recorded are either deceptions or mere fabrications. Doubtless there have been deceptions where credulous persons have been imposed upon, and doubtless there have been great exaggerations in some instances respecting the miracles wrought by spirit-agency; but no man of common intelligence can read the evidence in the case and doubt that a vast number of wonderful spiritual manifestations have been made. The difficulty is men who disbelieve will not read the accounts, listen to the narration, or be witnesses of the facts. They ridicule the subject (as infidels ridicule the worship of God), and will not put themselves in any possible position to be convinced.

About a year ago one of the notorious lecturers against spiritualism, after showing off raps, and by confederacy proving their correctness, offered five hundred dollars to any one who would cause to be produced the alleged spiritual raps upon a table which he should produce upon the stage. At his next lecture, parties appeared and publicly announced to the assembly their readiness to cause spiritual raps to be produced upon any table produced. The result was that they were grossly insulted for their pains, as any body might have foreseen they would be. Many similar offers have been made in the newspapers with equal sincerity, by which an equal cheap triumph has been achieved.

But there are people truly sincere in their search for truth, and who take a similar mode to find it. They advertise a reward to any one who will come to their office and move their table by spiritual means, or who will bring intelligence from distant places. To such persons our words are addressed, and we will endeavor to explain the difficulties under which spiritualists labor in their attempts to procure information of the kind alluded to.

Suppose it is desired to ascertain what is doing before Sebastopol, and that a thousand dollars can be earned by any one who will tell it. For this purpose, the seeker after this information will probably go to a rapping medium. If he goes to a public one, where there are many visitors, there will be it is well accepted a vast number of spirits present, and whom it will be very difficult for any particular spirit to give a communication upon any subject whatever, yet not so difficult, but that veritable communications are every day made by which the most obstinate skeptics are convinced. Yet, knowing these difficulties, the seeker will not trust to the public session, but rather go to a medium in private. Here, then, will be a better opportunity. But as mediums know their value, it will cost five dollars to have the time for an evening of the person in whose presence and through whose magnetic influence the raps can be produced. But as there is nothing so uncertain as a circle, he may not at once succeed. There may be no spirit present who knows the matter sought after; or if there be, there may be present other spirits who will prevent the communication; this almost any evil-disposed spirit can do. As raps are produced by taking detonations of magnetism from a table or some other thing which has been positively changed by the efflux of the nervous fluid from the medium, any spirit in a negative condition can produce an equilibrium by touching it, so that no raps could be obtained. Thus, on many occasions, the best mediums fail to get communications from spirits.

If the communication be made, and there be no identification of the spirit making it, the seeker will not trust it, and thus it will be of no use for publication. To identify the spirit is difficult, except by those who have had large experience. Any mischievous spirit, reading his mind, could cajole him and make him ridiculous by a false communication.

With a tipping medium there would be still less chance of a reliable answer to the queries. In not one case in a hundred would the spirit, ordinarily attendant on the medium, have any personal knowledge of the matter in question. The spirit could identify himself and tell any matters of his own knowledge, but would be unlikely to give any account of the siege of Sebastopol.

With a speaking medium there would be no difficulty, ordinarily, of identifying the spirit (because the medium can recognize those who are in the habit of influencing him), but there is a greater difficulty in the way. It requires a very deep trance to make the statement reliable, and when made, if they relate to matters respecting places, dates, names, and minute circumstances, there will always be a doubt, at least with the medium, how far his own mind may have got mixed up with them. Few are willing, under such circumstances, to trust the communication far enough to publish it.

With a seeing medium, if he be very impressive, a view of the events to be described can be obtained in a psychological vision. The medium must then describe what he sees, and put his interpretation upon it. It may be a true vision given by a true spirit, or it may not. To ascertain this it will be necessary to know what spirit gives the vision, and if this fact be satisfactorily ascertained, the description

of the vision correctly made by the medium, and no important matters omitted or misunderstood, then the communication will be reliable, and if the seeker be sufficiently courageous, he will publish the statement. But in ninety-nine times out of a hundred the communication even then would not be given to the public with the name of the seeker; but if so published, and at the end of thirty or forty days the statement should have been proved true, what then? Then the spiritualist papers will publish the fact, amid hundreds of other equally important facts, but the secular press will be silent as the grave on the subject. For all the purposes of convincing the public the seeker might as well have published a false statement as a true one.

Many years ago, when the United States Government was at war with Mexico, the question of animal magnetism was agitated in newspapers. Almost every editor had something to say about it, and it was a frequent remark, that if clairvoyance was not a humbug, some of the magnetic subjects (as mediums were then called) would be able to tell what our army was doing in Mexico; and so they did in many cases. In Newark the whole attack upon and capture of the city of Mexico, was described at the time it took place, and the account published. It was, if my memory serves me, in the Newark *Daily Advertiser*. The statement was extensively copied into other papers, and many an editor said, "If this proves true we will believe in clairvoyance." The statement was in due time confirmed in every particular, but did it convince the skeptics? Not at all. It was then called a clever guess. However, very few newspapers ever alluded to the statement after it was proved true, though, had their conductors been sincere inquirers after truth, they would have given the clairvoyant statement its due weight.

It will now very naturally be asked, how can we rely upon communications? We answer, that every diligent seeker after truth will not fail to find it if he shall persevere in the search. Individual statements may be mixed with error, either from the mind of the medium or from a false spirit, but in the multitude of communications there will be safety. He will soon learn to sift the chaff from the wheat, and all that is desirable to know of the world inhabited by spirits, of their conditions and pursuits, or of our duty in this life, will be obtained. Even the seeker after facts or matters of special information will obtain satisfaction if he will persevere. He will not be likely to get the statements on a wager, nor publish them to get a hundred dollars.

There are some among us, possessed of more than ordinary moral courage, who will sometimes take the bold risk of publishing spiritual communications, where the slightest deviation from the literal fact will insure ridicule against them, and where, if every thing were exactly true, they would gain nothing. But as generally there is much to lose and little to gain in making such public statements, there are few willing to incur the risk.

It should be remembered that spirits do not always feel willing to trouble themselves to obtain facts which will satisfy the doubts of skeptics. We can not tell why, for it seems that it must be useful to do so; and yet, as it was said, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be convinced though one rose from the dead." Spirits often express a doubt of the good result of their attempting to give facts, asserting that those who could be spiritualists will believe better from internal evidence than from any thing else. So we think. Our experience proves this to our satisfaction. We have seen skeptics at circles where many great spiritual miracles were performed, and seen them apparently convinced, and even express themselves so; but the effect is very often only temporary. In a short time this conviction, made against the will, will fade away, and the deeper and stronger feeling of doubt and hostility in their minds will return in full force, and they will be as much skeptics as ever. The spiritualist feeling is a religion, and in some minds there is not and can not be a religious feeling. All is of the earth earthy.

There are people who will not consider our argument conclusive, for it is difficult to explain, to one unaccustomed to spiritual communications, the difficulties that are encountered in getting them, or to explain how, nevertheless, they can be obtained and depended on as true. If those who so boastfully offer rewards for information of events, while transpiring at a distance, would themselves enter into the investigation, they would soon learn that the thing is possible—nay, of frequent occurrence—but they would not therefore attempt to set up a telegraph, where messages and information generally would be conveyed by spirits. They would see that reliable spirits—such as on earth would, from their position, education, and principles, have been considered good witnesses of any important fact—are not ambitious of being sent on errands to satisfy an idle curiosity in the mind of a skeptic, who, if satisfied, would merely require to be satisfied again.

Will our Legislature pass the Temperance Bill?

In order to answer this question like a true prophet, it is necessary to look at circumstances which indicate the probabilities of the case. The most prominent of these circumstances, is the fact that the members of both houses of the legislature, with the Lieutenant Governor at their head, were invited to dinner by the ten Governors of the Aims-house, accepted the invitation, went to the dinner, drank champagne till they were generally drunk, quarrelled and fought like black guards, and thoroughly disgraced the people who elected them as their representatives. This is what we learn

from the New York papers. Will they pass the Temperance Bill? Not unless they could be forced into their seats and made to act upon it whilst their heads are aching with the effects of their shameful debauch.

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263 MAIN STREET,
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N. B.—Received a Silver Medal for Superior Work, New York State Fair, 1848.

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TWO GOOD BOOKS.

THE POWERS & DUTIES OF WOMAN.—Two Lectures by Horace Mann. Price 37 1/2 cents.
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T. S. HAWKS.

"It cannot fall to call down the wrath of Almighty God upon the heads of its advocates."

Such denunciations as the above are continually hurled at Spiritualism, from the desk of the sacerdotal clergy.

It is entirely appropriate for those who believe in a God of wrath and vengeance, to remind their followers of those qualities of their deity, when they would enforce a prohibitory edict by an appeal to their fears.

Well, let us suppose that God is not the loving Father which spiritualism represents him to be, but the just and exacting, though vengeful King of heaven and earth which fashionable religionists will have him to be.

Spiritualists, believing their heaven Father to be loving, kind, merciful, just and good, love him with all their hearts for these qualities, and not because of some written statutes, purporting to be of his enactment, require them to love him, and annex the penalty of eternal damnation, in default of such love.

Spiritualists believe, and spiritualism teaches, that God's human children cannot serve him more efficiently or acceptably in any other way than in doing all the good they can to each other, and that the only way in which they can manifest their love to him, is in loving each other.

Spiritualism teaches that long-winded prayers, made up of sounding phrases, fall to the ground as fast as they are uttered; but that he who lifts the suppliant thought to heaven, whilst ready hands move in unison with the praying spirit, labors to achieve the craved blessing for themselves or their neighbor, will be graciously listened to and have every rational petition granted.

Spiritualism teaches that all its votaries should use their utmost endeavor to live harmoniously, not only with each other, but with all the rest of mankind. It teaches that the law of kindness and love should be made to supersede the law of force, and that the disapprobation of the virtuous and pure minded, should be the penalties inflicted upon evil-doers, instead of the stripes, the pecuniary mulct and the bars and bolts of prisons, which are now used in imitation of that retributive vengeance which is made a characteristic of God, in the text.

After having executed a number of pieces in this way, he gave us a representation of a great battle, in which the crashing sound of small arms and the booming thunder of artillery, were so admirably imitated, that no one present could mistake the object of the performer.

After the performance, the flute was called for, and an accompaniment was played to each piece, by drumming on the wires of the piano; and so true to every note was this kind of accompaniment, that it was more pleasing than the ordinary performance on the keys.

Some time during the performance, Mr. HAMMOND received the salutation of a folded sheet of paper thrown into his face. He picked it up and kept it till the intermission.

"Charles, I am glad to meet you here. Success to you to-morrow." (Signed) ALVAN SEWART.

This was written in large letters with the pencil which was laid upon the table for the purpose. We had previously discovered,

Spiritualism teaches that every truth which the Bible contains, is the word of God; that God is truth, and, hence, the truth wherever found, and whether written by Moses, Zarosher, Mahomet or Jo Smith, is the word of God. The name of the book in which the truth is written, or the particular hand that writes it, has nothing to do with establishing its character. A truth found in the Arabian tales, in Baron Munchausen, or in Gulliver's Travels, is as true and as much the word of God as if it were inscribed on the Sun or uttered by an arch-angel.

Spiritualism teaches that the human form is designed for the use of the human spirit, and that it is good for nothing else but to serve the spirit which occupies it as a tenement in which to be cultivated and cultivate itself during the initiatory stage of its existence; that its arms, hands, fingers, legs, muscles and all its functional members, are designed as implements for the spirit to use during its earth life, when it cannot wield the forces of nature as it can after its transition; that its eyes are windows for the spirit to look out through upon the great volume of nature, in which it has to learn its own character and destiny, and the relation which it holds to all its kindred creations; that all the physical senses are for the spirit's use, to enable it to cultivate its own attributes, and to take care of the tenement which it occupies, till it is ready to be removed to the next state of existence, and will exist no longer, when, in obedience to the laws of its existence, it will fall to decay and let its immortal tenant go forth and enter upon the second stage of its eternal life; and that according to the purity of its earth life, according to the progress which it makes in wisdom and spiritual development, according to the good which it does to others in the flesh, will be its degree of moral and spiritual elevation at the time of its transition.

Will this teaching and its acceptance bring down upon spiritualists the wrath of Almighty God? If it will, the contemners and slanderers of spiritualists are right in eschewing, but not in ridiculing, their faith. If not, they are in an error which will bring woe upon their souls, unless it is repented of.

Another Soiree with the Spirits. On Saturday evening last, I went with my worthy friend HAMMOND, to see Mr. and Miss BROOKS. There were a small party there for the purpose of being entertained by the spirits; and Mr. H. was pleased with an opportunity to witness some of those things of which he had read so much in The Age of Progress.

At about half-past seven o'clock we all took seats at the side of the room opposite to where the piano stood, with the exception of Miss B. who was required to stand at the end of the instrument, which was turned face to the wall. The light was then required to be removed into the adjoining room, and singing was called for. The first piece that was sung was accompanied by the invisible pianist, who, in all succeeding pieces, gave the key note on the instrument, and seemed to play as freely and easily as if he possessed fingers of bone and muscle.

After having executed a number of pieces in this way, he gave us a representation of a great battle, in which the crashing sound of small arms and the booming thunder of artillery, were so admirably imitated, that no one present could mistake the object of the performer.

After the performance, the flute was called for, and an accompaniment was played to each piece, by drumming on the wires of the piano; and so true to every note was this kind of accompaniment, that it was more pleasing than the ordinary performance on the keys.

Some time during the performance, Mr. HAMMOND received the salutation of a folded sheet of paper thrown into his face. He picked it up and kept it till the intermission.

"Charles, I am glad to meet you here. Success to you to-morrow." (Signed) ALVAN SEWART.

This was written in large letters with the pencil which was laid upon the table for the purpose. We had previously discovered,

through the rapping spirit, that it was the spirit of ALVAN SEWART that gave the communication, through Mr. HAMMOND's hand, under the head: "Reliable Spirits," which we published last week.

After the intermission, a number of pieces of music were called for, and besides the piano accompaniment, two hand bells, the one a large, and the other a small one, were elevated, or near, the ceiling, and rung in concert.

During the time that intervened between the finishing of one piece and the commencement of another, the two bells were kept suspended over our heads, and would strike in again when emphasis became necessary. The song, or ditty, "Scotland's a burning," was sung, and at the cry of fire, which constitutes the chorus, both bells were rung with astonishing force.

At several times during the evening's performance, the piano was made to dance most emphatically, rising and striking the floor with tremendous force. Sometimes the whole house was shaken so that the windows rattled as they would in a gale of wind. But what was most singular, they rattled in concert with the music.

Having been promised a communication from an absent daughter, I embraced every interval in the performance, to ask the rapping spirit for the fulfillment of the promise, as I expected it to come through the raps, as a former communication from her attending spirit had come. No notice was taken of my importunities; but, on the conclusion of the night's performance, I found a written communication, signed by the rapping spirit, saying:

"Sarah is well. Alfred will be here to-morrow evening, and tell you particulars." This epistle was addressed to me by name.

There was another incident which was highly amusing. Towards the close of the performance, Fred. gave us another intermission, telling us to bring in the light, put every thing back to its place, and then put out the lights and leave the doors open between the parlor which we occupied and the sitting-room.

In this sitting-room we had all left our over-coats, hats and caps. All was done as directed, and singing was called for. It was observed, however, that although the bells and other implements were moved about, the piano was not played. Miss B., who stood at one end of the instrument, called to her father and said: "They are taking out the name-board." He replied, that the piano would sound better with the board out, and they probably would give us more music. They did not play any more;—and she soon said: "They are putting the name-board in again." Then they will play no more, replied his father. Soon after this, Fred. bade us good night, through the raps, and we had the light brought in. Then it was that I found my communication; and there was another addressed to WILLIAM LOWELL, which I cannot recall to mind; but it was consolatory.—On what account we then did not know. It was soon discovered, however, that Mr. L. had lost his cap, which he had left on a bureau in the sitting-room, where all our hats and caps were left. All the family and all the company looked for the lost cap in every part of all the rooms. It struck me that the spirits had secreted it, and I suggested my suspicions to the company. When all were tired of looking for it, and Mr. L. was thinking about a substitute for his cap, the raps were heard where Miss Brooks was standing, and they spelled: "Take out the name-board and you will find your cap." The board was taken out, and, sure enough, there was Mr. L.'s cap, crowded away into the piano, on the wires.

Spiritual Conference. On Sabbath last, the Spiritualists of this city were favored with a visit from Rev. CHARLES HAMMOND, of Rochester. We announced him in our issue of Saturday last, which was all the notice that was given. It proved sufficient, however, for the hall was filled about as densely as the people could be stowed, forenoon, afternoon and evening.

The lecturer had no note of preparation, but "spoke as the spirit gave him utterance;" and we are sure that we never saw an audience listen with more riveted attention, nor do we desire to hear more rational doctrine or sounder reasoning than those three discourses were made of. The morning lecture was on the Trinity. How many thousand polemical duels and disquisitions this same word has been the subject of, since men first conceived the idea that there were but one, and that one is three, and since the palpable absurdity was made orthodox, that the same man could be his own father and his own son, and be himself at the same time, we can form no conception. But, although the word was the same which religionists have quarrelled and cut throats about for so many centuries, the subject was quite another and more rational thing. The Trinity which constituted the subject of the lecturer's first discourse, was composed of Power, Wisdom and Love. These three, being attributes and not substantive individuals, could be formed into a trinity without involving an absurdity; and the speaker made the subject so interesting and entertaining, that it was evident, from the absence of all restlessness, that the time passed entirely unheeded by the audience.

The afternoon lecture was so numerously attended that the capacity of the hall proved insufficient to accommodate all who came. The subject was: "Seek and ye shall find," which was appropriately addressed to all enquirers after the truth of spiritual intercourse with mortals, as well as to all those who have sought and found, but who have much more to find, and will never cease finding as long as they continue to seek; new truths and new beauties being continually developed to the perception of honest enquiring minds. The subject was

thoroughly and ably handled, and general satisfaction was manifested.

In the evening the hall was comfortably filled in every point, but not as densely crowded as it was in the afternoon. The evening discourse was not confined to any particular text, but embraced spiritualism in its length and breadth, and was highly entertaining and instructive.

Mr. Hammond, as is well known by those who are intimately acquainted with him, never attempts poetical flights of eloquence; but to those who can appreciate good common sense and sound reasoning, he is much more interesting than the utterers of flowery fustian. He furnishes the healthful substantialities of intellectual food, which never fail to satisfy the hungry mind.

Mr. H. did not speak under spiritual control; but there were persons present who could see a battery of spirits surrounding him, and one in the centre, above his head, who seemed to be imparting influence to his brain.

Although this may be made a subject of ridicule by skeptics who are superwise in their own estimation, we now have no doubt that all the most able orators that the world has ever known, have been similarly aided by patron spirits.

We congratulate our friends of the spiritual faith on the prospect of having lectures from Mr. H. as often as once in two or three weeks, for the whole ensuing season.

For the Age of Progress. "I do not find it in the Bible."

If there is a truth which shines forth upon the pages of the Bible, it is the ancient doctrine of angelic communion, and the ministry of angels. The intellectual nature of man seems to repel with dislike and prejudice the present revelations, on the ground that they are not sanctioned by the authority of holy scripture, and consequently, new. Let those who do not trace this comforting assurance back to the Bible, pardon us if we ask them to look into the inspired volume once more; and behold these promises which cheer like beacon lights, the mariner on life's troubled sea.

For looking back to the ancient Jews, we find communion with the departed, one of the leading tenets of their faith, and the belief commonly entertained. God talked with men in Abraham's time, and but a transparent veil then intervened between our world and the spiritual world. Not only angels appeared unto men, but we find also departed spirits rose again, as Moses and Elias at the "Transfiguration," and the saints that rose after the "crucifixion." This belief is wonderfully sustained by scripture, and should we believe that the sacred mission of angel guardians ended with the patriarchal days? Oh no! We have heard well authenticated instances in our own day, when those whom we call dead, have revisited the scenes of their former associations, and appeared in their spiritual forms, when no medium was present. Are we not then constrained to believe that the revelations of the present age are not entirely new? and that they are also in perfect harmony with Bible truth?

The cause of Spiritualism is undoubtedly much injured by the abuse of its holy purposes. There is much that is frivolous in many of the so called manifestations; much that is degrading to our conceptions of the condition of the blest, as frequently exhibited where persons meet from motives of curiosity or amusement, and the medium degrades his gift to the object of mere pecuniary gain.—It may often be observed that communications are proportionately elevated, or light, as controlling circumstances permit them.

Indeed this is of all subjects one that should be approached with reverence and caution. If we are unwilling to believe these evidences of truth, which appeal in silent, but not unheard voices, to our deepest perceptions, then must our ears have waxed dull that they cannot hear, and our eyes dim that they cannot see. For the comforting assurance of angelic sympathy, we are enabled to lay our dear ones in the grave, in the full faith that our love is not disturbed by death, but by rejecting these truths, we are deprived of all comfort in bereavement, and all the sublime and glorious promises which were given by God to enlighten the earthly pilgrim would only serve to plunge us deeper into the depths of an undefined and mysterious future. But we trust that it will not be long before all will recognize and intelligently believe the animating doctrine that God has really given his angels charge over us to keep us in all our ways.

S. M. E. From the Spiritual Telegraph. The opposition under the Table. The people who believe that the spirits of the dead are in the habit of getting into and under table legs—making mysterious noises and performing other like foolish and useless pranks—had a mass meeting at the Tabernacle last night.

In the above paragraph, from the N. Y. Express of Saturday, 17th ult., we have a characteristic illustration of popular ignorance and prejudice. What else can any man even hope to illustrate by such a foolish observation? The writer certainly can not expect to promote the truth or exemplify the grace of common charity by representing that the thousands who crowded the Tabernacle on the evening of the 16th ult., entertain a faith and philosophy which are to be summed up in his ridiculous statement. All persons who are well informed know that spiritualism, with its invisible powers, its immortal relations, and everlasting issues, does not consist in "believing that the spirits of the dead are in the habit of getting into and under table legs," etc. Not one of the speakers at the late mass meeting said a word to authorize such a preposterous assumption. Those

who oppose and ridicule the spirits—the writer in the Express and others of his class—are alone responsible for all such gross absurdities. No enlightened spiritualist believes that it was ever necessary for a spirit to get into or under the legs of a table in order to move the table itself, any more than an engineer is required to crawl into a steam boiler to put the locomotive in motion. Our breakfast, dinner, and tea-tables are moved every day, but no one (shall we except the writer in the Express?) is stupid enough to believe that the ghost of the cook gets into the legs! It matters not whether ponderable bodies be moved by visible or invisible causes; it is only necessary in either case for intelligence to direct the application of the potential agent.

The moving of the tables by the invisible powers is by no means "foolish and useless" if it has the effect to silence the Sadducean scribblers of the modern press—it has already stopped the mouths of many—who virtually deny their immortality, by insisting that death at once separates the soul from the scenes and objects of its love, and paralyzes all its active powers. Had the spirits confined their operations to the human mind and the living, nervous system, scientific observers and natural philosophers would have ascribed the phenomena to disease, deception, and delusion; but when the human faculties and affections are revealed, and the personal characteristics of our departed friends are represented with strict fidelity through objects destitute of life, feeling, and thought, the observer, if he be a man of sense, is at once arrested, and his material gods are made to tremble in their dusty temples.

Since the revival of letters, infidelity has been calling aloud for ocular demonstrations of the existence of a spiritual world, and the endless perpetuity of human existence; and now when the demonstration comes in precisely the form best calculated to produce conviction, where evidence and faith are most demanded, the scribes and pharisees dishonor the law by which they profess to be governed, by citing the testimony of "false witnesses," and by their own bitter mockeries. Yet many who come to mock, never fail to pray, and we trust that the spirits may even find the Express at last. In this respect our faith and hope are sustained by our knowledge of the fact that they have already found many distant wanderers in the wilderness of sensual darkness and material skepticism, and caused them to abandon the business of feeding swine, and to exchange their own worthless hanks for the living bread that the Father is giving to his children.

We have observed that the spirits do not necessarily enter the inanimate objects which they are accustomed to move. But suppose it were otherwise, and precisely as the Express assumes it to be, is there anything that should occasion disgust or ridicule in the idea that a departed human spirit may, for a specific purpose, enter into and pervade some form in the natural world? If there is, will some one of our modern scribes be kind enough to tell us what there is, either in the idea or the fact, that merits our contempt, or should excite "our special laughter?" The writer in the Express is not always without a pious seeming, or an apparent reverence for the Divine Nature. Indeed, such men often profess to recognize the presence and power of God himself in all the works of creation; they pretend to believe that Infinite Power and Wisdom are exercised in making crocodiles, serpents and worms, buzzards and beetles, gnats, fleas, mosquitoes, and that all the functions and processes of animal procreative life and decay are beautiful, dignified, and God-ordained. And so they are; at least in fact, and in the estimation of all wise and good men. If, then, in the Divine economy, and in the judgment of the truly philosophic observer, there is nothing "common or unclean" in these things, which will show us any thing, either in the facts, processes, or results of spiritual intercourse, that justifies the unmeasured contempt with which the whole subject has been so often treated by the press?

The columns of the Express, like those of the Tribune, do not always exhibit the same expansion and liberality of thought and feeling. Perhaps this is not to be expected, where the editorial contributions are from several different minds. We have seen some things in the Express which indicated a liberal spirit, but the brief passage quoted at the head of this article was probably written by the hand that recently disowned the claims of humanity by the following paragraph:

A KANE EXPEDITION.—We have had our Arctic Ocean fits, with "the rest of mankind," and are now over them. That business of Arctic Ocean hunting should now be done with. If Dr. Kane is well, he is well without us; if lost, it is too late to hunt him up.—Express, January 24.

It is to be feared that the man who can deliberately write thus, has outlived the finer sensibilities of the human heart, and he who has no concern for the preservation of the living, can scarcely respect the memory of the departed or desire to profit by their angelic ministry.

NAPOLÉON'S PROPHECY.—The death of NAPOLÉON has happened in accordance with NAPOLÉON'S prophecy, which we published in this paper, on the 30th December, providing that he was assassinated, which we think there is little doubt of.

We have a few copies of the edition which contains NAPOLÉON'S prophecy.

Love casts its own hue over all that it beholds. As a Claude Lorraine glow sheds one equal and beautifying tint over every landscape and every cloud, giving warmth to coldness and clothing barren scenes in beauty, so love gives a charm even to unamiable qualities in the eyes of an ardent lover.

From the highest position of human intelligence to the lowest development of intellectuality, the inquiry is heard over the vast plain of rudimentary knowledge: Is there a future world? Do I live hereafter? The world has long clung to the Bible for support. It has been cherished in the human breast, and, by its influence, minds have been left unexercised and unexpanded. The soul has been trammelled by the absurd dogmas presented in popular theology, and it has been restricted to theological denominations which bear no assimilation to the all expanding and divine truths seen in the organization of nature, and which ever flow like a pure, transparent stream, from the immortal world. Let those who still cling to the monuments of the past—who still base their faith of a Divine Being upon the Bible, and who, with unreasoning confidence, rely upon the scriptures for the evidence of our eternal existence, reason awhile with me.

What good is spiritual intercourse to the human mind? How many noble minds and scientific intellects believe that, when the body decays, the matter constituting both the physical and mental organization, will be and is absorbed by the elements of nature, and man loses his identity by becoming analyzed and returning to the original elements of human existence. What belief is more congenial to the inner man than this? What man is worthier of profound pity than the atheistical one? There are none. Then if the Bible is the true standard of knowledge and wisdom, why are there so many who disbelieve in the immortality of the soul. Though the Bible has been the ruling sentiment for ages, though it has restricted the free and noble faculties of man and has had its sway upon the world in by-gone days, yet minds have been developed superior to their age and they could not see within the Bible the laws of nature recorded, nor could they find evidence enough of a future world upon which to base their faith with reliable confidence. This is why you have your skeptics and Atheists. Spiritualism is designed to unfold the faculties of the human mind and prove that a life beyond the silent tomb is not merely a life of ecstatic joy and devout abstraction, but that it is also a life of progression and development—of large and noble sympathies, and of the development and sublimation of the inherent and innate principles and faculties of the soul. Spiritualism is a work of divine wisdom and intelligence. It is a work which excites the unceasing gratitude of the human mind.—Spiritualism has unfolded the perception of the skeptic and has proved to him that man never loses his identity but is moving onward and upward to the higher and holier unfoldings of immortal progression and infinite truth. It has been introduced to the world by the direction of Deity, and the stern command of the feeble will of man can never prevent its truthful and ennobling influence upon the free thinking mind.

Man is the finite embodiment of those divine and unending qualities which exist in the constitution of universal mind, and which continually unfold by progression. Man is supposed and believed to be an emanation of the Divine mind. If this were not so, then it would not be unreasonable to suppose that this spirit would be dissolved and be absorbed or swallowed up by the elements of the external world. But man possesses a germ of infinite wisdom and divine intelligence; and by the concentrated union of matter by the laws of attraction, the elements of the body and mind are drawn together in one perfect and harmonious organism. In the human mind, there is an indwelling attraction that controls the elements of its constitution, which no outward power can change or separate.

What good will Spiritualism do? The wisdom of the world is not spiritual. It is not fixed and founded upon the eternal and unchangeable truths of the interior world; but it is a wisdom which delights in oppression and tyranny, and in the evils, crimes and wars of nations. What shall stay the tide of corruption that rolls in dark billows over your land? What shall check the overwhelming floods of pollution and misery constantly pouring in upon you? Look within the bleeding heart which wrestles with its own untold anguish; gaze upon the poverty and crimes spread over your nation; witness the misery produced by oppression; hear the groans forced from human hearts, by the stern power of tyrants, and let conscience answer if a higher power is not demanded to break up this stronghold of tyranny and let Liberty be the right of every human soul. Is it not a happy thought to know that, in Heaven, the soul has an element of vitality which can never be destroyed? that there is a power and authority that can never be resisted? that there is a power which shall penetrate the holy sanctuary of the inmost heart, and shall reach far down to the foundations of wrong and fill the human soul with the aspiring thoughts of right, justice and liberty? Spiritualism shall destroy the miseries of the world, and the faint and weary heart shall be won back to the paths of purity, by the sweet tones and kind words of the departed. Spiritualism shall unfold the faculties of the human mind and implant within the human breast those laws and principles of sympathy and affection which govern the immortal mind. Spiritualism shall systematize the laws of interior culture, and reduce them to a practical form which will make plain and clear the true path of spiritual progression and social harmony.

Yours Truly, STEPHEN R. SMITH.

We expect to hear from DAYTON next week.

Professor

The Rose of Grenoble.

A ROMANCE OF YESTERDAY.

This is not a story, but a history. I will not therefore dress it in spangles, as an actress dresses her children. I tell it as I heard it at the camp of St. Manr. If it puts you to sleep, short as it is, blame a friend of mine who advised me not to write it. This friend is a tragic poet, and his advice, which I am careful never to follow, has much influence on me.

PART I.

Grenoble is an elegant and flourishing city. The girls there have their *Mabile* and *Guignolles* just outside the gates, and find numberless beaux among the second lieutenants of foot. Cesar Rivolet, at the epoch of the commencement of this history, June 1848, had but two chevrons on his arm. His uniform coat, however, fitted him as finely as possible, and a soft, silky moustache gave the young man a decidedly interesting air. One single sentence will show what brilliant expectations his regiment had formed of him.

"Corporal," said a soldier to him one day, "I shall be a sapper. Promise me that when you are a captain I shall be your attendant."

Cesar smiled with an air of affection, which showed that he expected to be a marshal of France.

Why was not ambition the only passion of the young man? Had this been the case, he would not have followed, one evening of 1848, a basket of violets which hung on the arm of a young girl who was on her way home from a gardener's in the suburbs. The street which Cesar passed down was almost deserted. The sun was setting, and a few women sat in front of their doors spinning silk and gossiping. The young girl with the basket walked on with downcast eyes. She did not know that her flowers had tempted Cesar Rivolet—she did not even know, oppressed with the burden of her violets and her reverie, that she was beautiful, and that Giovanni, the poet of the pencil, if he had seen her pass, might have asked himself if she were one of his creations.

Cesar kept his eyes fixed on the basket of violets. He drew nearer the young girl, until at length nothing but the basket separated them.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "your flowers are the most beautiful I ever saw."

"Monsieur, this evening, at the theatre, my mother, will sell you as many as you please at one sou a bouquet."

"One sou!" exclaimed Cesar, "that is indeed cheap, when we remember how pretty the hands that gathered them are. Here is one the perfume of which you have yourself inhaled. I prefer that, decidedly."

"I cannot sell them to you. My mother has expressly forbidden me to stop in the street, or to sell them to any one."

"To sell them? That's right enough. She did not, however, forbid you to give them away. Now, what is not forbidden is permitted. I will then, accept this, mademoiselle; and as I cannot pay you for them, I will give you in exchange all the love my heart contains."

Cesar took the bouquet from the hands of the young girl, who stood for a moment, silent and astonished. She then hurried on, under the influence of a terror she could not explain. She only remembered a single word of all that Cesar had said—that word was *love*, and it continued to ring in her ears. When she reached her mother's house, a poor hovel of one room, with grey walls outside, and white within, containing a bed, a cradle, three chairs, and a framed engraving above the fire-place, she had not recovered from her agitation.

"What is the matter, Rose?" said her mother. "You look strangely."

"I stumbled against a stone in the street, and came near falling."

Rose, Rose, why did you fib? "Take care of Lili," said the mother, kissing a red and white doll to which she applied that name. "When he goes to sleep, go on with your work. Perhaps to-day I may be more fortunate than I was yesterday. The audience will be large, and I shall probably sell more. Shut the door and window, and let no one else in. I will tap on the blind."

The mother kissed Rose, who was rocking Lili, and left.

The woman was the widow of a workman. Her husband had fallen from the tower of a church about a year before, (just three months before Lili's birth.) To support her children, whom she loved dearly, as a dying man loves life, she sold papers in the morning, fruits during the afternoon, and flowers at night. Rose never accompanied her, for some one had to stay with Lili.

This was a pretext. The mother was prudent, and uneasy on account of her daughter's beauty.

When she was alone, Rose shut the blinds, and took from beneath a heap of withered flowers a piece of broken glass. This was the accomplice of her innocent coquetries. Her mother's was much larger, and was fastened to the wall.

Rose approached the glass lamp, which shed its light as sparingly as the miser yields his gold, and looked at her face in the fragment of glass.

For the twentieth time she looked at the little dimple in her chin—its appearance gave her as much delight as the discovery of America did Columbus.

Suddenly, however, she looked anxiously around. She fancied that she heard a light tap on the window. She replaced the glass, opened the door, and looked into the street.

It was blue, and a kind of profile was visible far from the house. The profile seemed to be towards her; she became

alarmed, and shut the door.

"It is strange," said she, "There cannot be a sentinel here; besides, the man has no gun."

Sentinel or not, the soldier, though without his gun, kept watch over the house all night, or at least until the mother tapped at the blinds.

PART II.

"Yes, Rose," said a young man, a few days after whom we have already known. "I have kept my promise, and come to tell you that I love you."

"If you are serious, Monsieur, I will tell my mother."

"Precisely just what I wish; but by and bye. Love me first, Rose. Do you love me, Rose? Do you love me?"

The young girl looked down, and made no reply.

This was about a fortnight after Cesar Rivolet had taken a bunch of violets from Rose. Every day since then he had contrived to meet her on her way from the gardener's. He always sought to speak to her, but she tripped along without giving him an opportunity. Every evening, however, when her mother was away, Rose used to open the blinds to see if the sentinel was on his post.

He was always on duty. He showed her a bunch of violets, which he used to kiss, without, however, saying a word. Rose used to shut the blinds stealthily, but then she always took out the broken looking-glass immediately afterwards. On such occasions she was always pale, and a tear of remorse would steal into her eye. She would then sit down by Lili's cradle with a drooping brow, heaving breast, and relaxed limbs, for whole hours until the return of her mother.

One evening Rose heard the signal at the blind much earlier than usual. She, however, opened the door.

It was not her mother, but Cesar. "Do you love me, Rose?" asked he tenderly; and as he spoke he passed one of his arms around her waist.

Rose did not open her lips, so amazed was she; but her blushes and her trouble replied to the question.

PART III.

"Do you know the news, Rose?" said an old neighbor to the young girl on the next morning, which was June 25, 1848. "It seems that they're cutting each other's throats in Paris. You do not hear me. What I say is true, and the evidence is that the garrison of Grenoble is gone to the capital. I went last night."

"Gone!" said Rose, in a tone of misery. "Are you a fool, Rose? Are you afraid of a little bloodshed?"

"Gone!" repeated she; "gone! Oh, my God! Say to my mother that she has no daughter. Tell her to curse me. Adieu!"

The regiment to which Cesar belonged marched so rapidly, that in eight or nine days it was at St. Manr, in the camp which was then formed under the walls of Paris, near Vincennes.

One morning Cesar came out of his tent, swearing because he had been unable to sleep. He had had strange dreams. He thought, amid the thunder, that he heard a woman, in a tone of great agony, utter his name; and immediately after the report of a gun—discharged, probably by some sentinel—broke on his ear.

Cesar went to a wagon loaded with barrels. He had to issue the rations of wine, for he had been *fourrier* about twenty-four hours.

The soldiers were gathered around, attentively observing something.

"What is the matter men?" "See, sergeant."

Cesar saw the body of a young girl lying on the sand. He recognized Rose, and exclaimed— "This is strange!"

It will be remembered that after Dr. Sangrado had taken all the blood from his patients' veins, he was astonished to see them die.

"A man of our regiment killed her," said one of the soldiers. "It was about midnight, and she would not answer the sentinel's challenge. He fired, and you see what happened!"

"That was his order. Pardieu! but it took place during the storm."

Rose had begged her way, and followed the regiment without being able to overtake it. At last, almost dead with fatigue she reached St. Manr. It was in the midst of the tempest, and the noise of the rain, the wind, and the thunder had prevented her from hearing the challenge. She had been shot as she approached the sentinel to ask him the address of her lover.

Poor Rose!—poor Cesar!—poor mother!

KINDNESS.—Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds and precious stones, as you pass along the streets? It would make you feel happy for a month to come. Such happiness you can give to others. How, do you ask? By dropping sweet words, kind remarks and pleasant smiles, as you pass along. These are true pearls and precious stones which can never be lost; of which none can deprive you.—Speak to that orphan child; see the diamonds drop from her cheeks. Take the hand of that frigid boy; bright pearls flash in his eyes. Smile on the sad and dejected; a joy suffices his cheek more brilliant than the most precious stones. By the way side, amid the city's din, and at the fireside of the poor, drop words and smiles to cheer and bless. You will feel happier when resting on your pillow at the close of the day, than if you had picked a score of perishing diamonds. The latter fade and crumble in time; the former grow brighter with age, and produce happier reflections forever.

The Canada Beaver.

The following sketch of the habits and instincts of that remarkable animal, the Canada Beaver, is by T. C. Keefer, Esq.

"One can not fail to be struck with admiration and astonishment, on visiting the haunts of the beaver; nor can we wonder that the red men should place him at the head of animal creation, or make a Manitou of him, when Egypt, the mother of the arts, worshipped such stupid and disgusting deities. Whether you call it instinct, or whether it is to be called reason, one thing is certain, that if half of humanity were as intelligent, as provident, as laborious and harmless as the beaver, ours would be a very different world from what it is. The beaver is the original lumberman, and the first of hydraulic engineers. Simple and unostentatious, his food is the bark of trees, and his dwelling a mud cabin, the door of which is always open, but under water—conditions which secure retirement, and are favorable to cool contemplation. The single object of his existence being to secure bark enough for himself and family, one would suppose there would not be much difficulty in that; but as neither beaver nor any other animal, except man, is addicted to works of supererogation, we may be sure that the former, in all laborious arrangements, and those, too, which alter the face of nature to such an important degree, does no more than is absolutely necessary for him to do.

Cast in an inhospitable climate, nearly the whole of his labor is for the purpose of laying in his necessary winter supplies; and water is the only medium by which he can procure and preserve them. Too highly civilized for a nomadic life, he builds permanently, and does not quit his habitation until driven from it like other respectable emigrants, by stern necessity. We can not better illustrate the habits of this interesting animal, than by accompanying a beaver family on some fine evening in May, in search of a new home. The papa beaver, with his sons, sons-in-law, wife, daughters, and daughters-in-law, and, it may be, grandchildren, sallies forth, "prospecting" the country for a good location,—i. e., a stream of easy navigation, and having an abundant supply of their favorite food, the silver birch and poplar, growing as near the river as possible.

"Having selected these 'limits' the next step is to place their dwelling so as to command the greatest amount of food. For this purpose, they go as far below the supplies as the character of the stream will permit. A pond of deep, still water, being an indispensable adjunct to their dwelling, this is obtained by the construction of a dam; and few engineers could select a site to produce the required result so efficiently and economically. The dam and dwelling are forthwith commenced, the material employed in both being sticks, roots, mud and stones; the two former being dragged by the teeth, and the latter carried between the fore paws and the chin. If the dam is extensive, whole trees are gnawed down, the largest of which are of the diameter of a stove pipe, the stump being left standing about eighteen inches above the ground, and pointed like a crayon. Those trees which stand upon the bank of a stream, they contrive to fall into the water as cleverly as the most experienced woodman; those which are more distant are cut by their teeth into pieces which can be dragged to the water. The trees and branches are floated down to the site of the dam, where they are dragged ashore, and placed so that the tops shall be borne down by the current, and thus arrest the descending detritus, and form a strong and tight dam. Critical parts are built up "by hand," the sticks and mud when placed, receiving a smart blow from the beaver's tail, just as a bricklayer settles his work with the handle of his trowel.

"The habitation, or hut of the beaver, is almost bomb-proof, rising like a dome from the ground on the margin of the pond, and sometimes six or eight feet in thickness in the crown. The only entrance is from a level of three or four feet under the water of the pond. These precautions are necessary, because, like all enterprising animals, the beaver is not without enemies. The wolverine, who is as fond of beaver tail as an old Northwest, would walk into his hut if he could only get there; but having the same distaste for water as a cat, he must forego the luxury. It is not, however, for safety that the beaver adopts the subterranean communication with his dwelling, although it is for that he restricts himself to it. The same necessity which compels him to build a dam, and thus create a pond of water, obliges him to maintain communication with that pond when the ice is three feet thick upon the surface.

Living upon the bark of trees, he is obliged to provide a comparatively great bulk for his winter's consumption; and he must secure it at the season when the new bark is formed, and before it commences to dry; he must also store it up where it will not become frozen or dried up. He could not reasonably be expected to build a first-proof house large enough to contain his family supply; for, if he did, it would wither and lose its nutriment; therefore he preserves it in water. But the most remarkable evidence of his instinct, sagacity, or reason, is one which I have not seen mentioned by naturalists. His pond, we have seen, must be deep, so that it will not freeze to the bottom, and so that he can communicate with his food and his dam, in case of any accidents to the latter requiring repairs.

But how does he keep his food, which has been floated down to his pond, from floating when in it, and thus becoming frozen in with the ice? I said, that in gnawing down a tree, the top of the stump was left pointed like a crayon; the fallen tree has the same form, for the beaver cuts like a woodman, wide at the

surface and meeting in an angle in the centre with this distinction—the four-legged animal does his work more uniformly, cutting equally all around the log, while the two-legged one cuts only from two opposite sides. Thus every stick of provender cut by the animal is pointed at both ends, and when brought opposite his dwelling, he thrusts the pointed ends into the mud bottom of his pond sufficiently firm to prevent their being floated out, at the same time placing them in a position in which the water has the least lift upon them, while he carefully apportions his different lengths of timber to the different depths of water in his pond, so that the upper part of none of them shall approach near enough to the surface to be caught by the winter ice.

When the family are in comfortable circumstances, the winter supply nicely cut and stored away, the dam tight, and no indications of a wolverine in the neighborhood, the patriarch of the hut takes out the youthful greenhorns to give them lessons in topographical engineering; and in order to try the strength of their tails, encourages them to indulge in amateur damming. The beaver always works by night; and to "work like a beaver," is a significant term for a man who not only works earnestly and understandingly, but one who works late and early. From what has been said, it will be readily seen that the maintenance of the dam is a matter of vital importance to the beaver. Some say that the pilot beaver sleeps with his tail in the water, in order to be warned of the first mishap to the dam; but as there is no foundation for such a cool assertion, it may be set down as a very improbable tale. The Indians avail themselves of this well-known solicitude, to catch them; having broken the dam, the risk is immediately perceived by the lowering of the water in the hut, and the beavers sallies forth to repair the breach, are slaughtered in the trenches. As the supply of food in the vicinity of the dam becomes diminished, the beaver is obliged to go higher up the stream, and more distant from his banks, to procure his winter stores; and this necessity gives rise to fresh displays of his lumbering and engineering resources. In consequence of the distance, and the limited duration of the high-water period favorable to transport, the wood is collected into a sort of raft, which a lumber man asserts is manned by the beavers, and steered by their tails, in the same manner as Norway rats are known to cross streams of water. When the raft grounds, forthwith a temporary dam is thrown across the stream before the "jam," by which the waters are raised, and the raft floated off, and brought down to the dam, which is then torn suddenly away, and the raft thereby flashed over the adjoining shallows." In general appearance, the beaver is about two feet in length; its body thick and heavy; the head compressed, and somewhat arched at the front, the upper part rather narrow; the snout much so. The eyes are placed rather high on the head, and the pupils are rounded; the ears are short, elliptical, and almost concealed by the fur. The skin is covered by two sorts of hair, of which one is long, rather stiff, elastic, and of a gray color for two-thirds of its length next the base, and terminated by shining, reddish-brown points; the other is short, thick, tufted and soft, being of different shades of silver-grey or light color. The hair is shortest on the head and feet. The hind legs are longer than the fore, and are completely webbed. The tail is ten or eleven inches long, and, except the third nearest the body, is covered with hexagonal scales. The third next the body is covered with hair like that on the back. The foresight and sagacity of those animals have made their name a proverb, and no common efforts are required by the trappers now to take them, they are so cunning and artful in their methods of eluding the pursuits of their enemies.

PLAYS IN OLD TIMES.—There was once a very popular game, which consisted in one of the company being seated on a stick which was placed over a pail of water, and was by no means steady; the candidate for honor held in his hands a taper, which it was his object and his glory to light at another fixed at the extremity of the said stick, by delicate and well-balanced shuffle towards the object; it frequently happened that the other end would suddenly be uplifted, the stick roll off, the actor be thrown, the light be extinguished, and admirable confusion ensue, accompanied by the crowing of lungs like Chanticleer. This lively amusement, it must be confessed, would not suit that velvet carpet of Belgravia, or elsewhere; but in the days when it most obtained, the floor was probably strown with sand, or at best with rushes. If the game of pail was lively, what was that of the bucket? This was played by our long-haired ancestors; a youth who nourished locks of sufficient length, or who wore a wig of the proper dimensions, placed himself on a board over the bucket of water prepared. At a given signal he ducked backwards without losing his balance, and managed to dip the tips of his long locks into the pure element, and managed to recover himself. As he seldom accomplished the feat without a variety of failures, the comic incidents attending his struggles delighted the audience.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.—No man ought to think he hath found peace, when nothing troubles him; nor that all is well, because everything is according to his mind, nor that he is a holy person, because he prays with great sweetness and comfort. But he is at peace who is reconciled to God; and God loves him who hath overcome himself; and all is well when nothing pleases him but God, being thankful in the midst of his afflictions; and he is holy, who when he hath lost his comfort loses nothing of his duty, but is still the same when God changes his face towards him.—Jeremy Taylor.

Marrying in a Shroud.

Calling recently upon a young bride, (a very pleasing custom) we saw spread upon the table some beautiful silver ornaments of workmanship. Books were there also, with richly chased covers and golden clasps. Gilded baskets and embroidery adorned this beautiful table. They were bridal gifts, and the bride a blushing creature, light-hearted and happy, seemed proud of the many and exceedingly rich testimonials. It is a pretty custom to give presents to a bride pair, and one that is in vogue everywhere, both in civilized and uncivilized life; and we thought how varied the character and meaning these gifts imply in different countries.

In Japan, strange as it may seem, the bride receives from the hands of her dearest friends a sermon in disguise. On the wedding day, when light hearts and innocent mirth prevail, and the guests move lightly among flowers and perfumes, as soon as the bride enters, a long white veil is thrown over her, which covers her from head to foot. Whether the material is transparent or not we cannot tell, but after the ceremony is over, she carefully lays aside this covering among her treasures, not to be disturbed, and there it is to lie until the day she is to be carried over the threshold for the last time. For the wedding veil, at her death is to be her shroud.

What would our ladies think of having a shroud around them to partake in the festivities of a wedding day?—Olive Branch.

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WM. WALLACE, Sup't B. & B. R. W. Sup'ts. Office, opposite Erie Depot, Buffalo, August 23, 1854.

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The Rappers, or the Mysteries, Fallacies and Absurdities of Spirit-Rapping, Table-Tipping and Entrancement, 50 cents. Slide's Travels in Turkey, \$1.

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T. S. HAWKS.

ERIE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK. INCORPORATED APRIL 10TH, 1854—OFFICE CORNER MAIN AND NORTH DIVISION STS., BUFFALO.

TO BE OPENED FOR BUSINESS SEPT. 1st, 1854. Office hours from 9 A. M., to 3 P. M., and from 6 to 7 1/2 P. M.

OFFICERS. WILLIAM A. BIRD, President. GIBSON T. WILLIAMS, 1st Vice President. GEORGE W. B. WATSON, 2d Vice Pres't. CYRUS P. LEE, Secretary and Treasurer. E. C. SPRAGUE, Attorney.

TRUSTEES. Wm. A. Bird, Henry Root, Stephen W. Howell, Richard Bollymore, Michael Danner, Jacob Kremer, Wm. C. Sherwood, Wm. Wilkeson, Noah P. Law, J. B. Watson, F. Augustus Goecker, James Wadsworth, Noah H. Gardner, Gibson T. Williams, Myron P. Bush, Chandler J. Wells, Wm. Fisk, James C. Harrison, Bradford A. Manchester, John R. Evans.

The objects of this Institution are to afford a secure place where Money may be deposited for safe keeping, drawing interest, and be drawn out at any time, and also to Loan Money in moderate sums, to our citizens, on Real Estate, at a legal rate of interest. It is hoped that the names of the Officers and Trustees are a sufficient guarantee of the character of the Institution, and the safeguards imposed by its Charter.

It is desired to have the most security to depositors. In addition to these, the Trustees of the Bank have made such arrangements, that in no event can the deposits be assessed for the payment of the expenses of the Bank. It is believed that this Institution offers the following advantages to our citizens, and especially to our workmen:

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

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

3d. It will be kept open in the evening, for the accommodation of those whose business prevents their attending the Bank at the usual banking hours.

As the Trustees have assumed personal responsibility for the purpose of giving perfect safety and stability to what they believe will be an institution of benefit, they hope that it will be liberally sustained by their fellow citizens.

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

CYRUS P. LEE, Sec'y and Treas. Buffalo, N. Y., August 23, 1854. 1-1m

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