

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

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

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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VOLUME I.—NO. 7.

Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker.
It is almost Morning.

BY J. L. BATES.

Watching lone one stormy night,
O'er a daughter's pillow,
While the bark in wild affright
Leaped the bounding billows,
And the gale moaned wide and wild,
With a voice of warning,
Thus a mother soothed her child:
"It is almost morning!"

ii.
A! how loud the weary heart,
Bowed in utter sorrow,
Long hath watched the hours depart,
Waiting for the morn!
And, when hope hath almost fled,
Hailed the welcome warning:
"Lift once more the bended head,
It is almost morning!"

iii.
Often bath the erring soul
Through the midnight dreary,
Prayed for faith to make it whole,
Waiting, worn and weary;
Watching, longing for the day,
And the joyous warning:
"His hath wiped thy sins away,
It is almost morning!"

iv.
Patriot, for thy native land
Though thy heart be bleeding;
Slave, beneath a tyrant's hand,
Vainly interceding;
Dark although the night may be,
Not a star adorning,
Lo! the daylight glides the sea!
"It is almost morning!"

v.
To thy unaccustomed feet
Though the way be weary;
Though thy brow the storm may beat,
Life seem void and dreary;
Moon nor star make glad the skies,
With this solemn warning:
Look aloft with Faith's dear eyes;
"It is almost morning!"

vi.
From the unforgiven sin
That hath bowed thy Spirit;
From the evil thoughts within
That we all inherit;
From the wrong so hard to bear;
From the cold world's scolding;
From the midnight of despair;
"It is almost morning!"

vii.
Dark although the night may be,
Mad the billows hoary,
Morning walks along the sea,
Morning, light and glory!
Breaks for thee the night of life;
List the double warning:
From all earthly care and strife,
"It is almost morning!"

Miscellany.

From the Flag of our Union.
Just Charge It.

BY AUSTIN G. BURDICK.

"Charles, what did this peach preserve cost?"
"I'm sure I don't know, Hannah."
"But you bought it this morning."
"I know I did, but I didn't ask the price of it."
"Did not you pay for it?"
"No."
"Why not?"
"O, because I couldn't stop to make change. I have opened an account with Mr. Waldron and shall hereafter settle one in three months."

This conversation was going on at the tea-table between Charles Matthews and his wife. Matthews was a young mechanic who had just commenced house keeping, and as he was making excellent wages he could afford to live pretty well. After he had made known his determined arrangement to his wife, she remained some time in silent thought.

"Charles," she at length said, in a very mild, persuasive tone, "I think it would be better to pay for things as you take them. You know you receive your pay for labor every Saturday night, and you could pay as you go very easily."

"I know I could," returned Mr. Matthews, with the air of a man who had unanswerable argument at his command; "but then it would not be near so handy. You see I shall save all the trouble of making change; and shall not only save time, but avoid making mistakes."

"Mistakes!" repeated Hannah. "How can mistakes occur when you pay for things as you get them?"
"I will tell you. Sometimes it may not be convenient to pay for a thing when I get it—I may forget my money, or I may only take it on trial—then if I pay for a part, and not for all,

some things may get charged which I pay for. No, Hannah, a settlement once a quarter will be the best and most convenient all around, I am satisfied of it."

"Well, perhaps it may," said the wife, with an earnest tone and look, and yet with a smile, "but I cannot think so."
"But why not?"
"Why, on all accounts. In the first place, you will buy more than you would if you paid cash. Now you needn't shake your head, for I know it. There are many little luxuries, little extras, which we do not need, but which you will be apt to buy if you do not have to pay the cash down. I know something of this credit business, and it is not a fair thing. In the second place, if you pay cash for every thing you will get your goods cheaper. A trader will sell cheaper when he can have the money in his hand than when he has to carry out the amount on his ledger."

"But let me tell you, Hannah, that Mr. Waldron will not cheat. He is not the man to take advantage in that way."
"You misunderstood me, Charles. Do you not know that all traders can afford to sell cheaper for cash than for credit? Mr. Waldron, for a five dollar bill, would let you have more sugar than he would for the same amount entered at different times on his ledger. He could afford to do so. Traders like to secure cash customers. I think you would find it to your advantage to try the cash system. Now I do not believe you would have bought this peach preserve if you had had to pay the cash for it."

"But I bought that just to please you, Hannah, and I thought you would accept it gratefully," returned the young husband, in a tone that showed that his feelings were touched.
"I know you did, Charles," said the wife, laying her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, "and I was grateful, for I know you would do anything to please me; but for the sake of helping you I would forego all such things. Perhaps—and the wife spoke very low—"you might be able to buy a little cottage of your own one of these days."

For several days Charles only sent such things up from the store as were actually needed. At length, as he went to the store one morning on his way to his work, he saw some splendid looking pickles in fancy jars. He had ordered the articles he needed, and was about to leave, when Mr. Waldron spoke:

"Mr. Matthews," said he, "don't you want a jar of these pickles. I carried my wife in a jar last evening, and she thinks them superior to anything she ever saw before."
Now Charles knew that his wife had plenty of plain pickled cucumbers, some that her mother had put down for her, but Mr. Waldron's wife had some of these fancy ones, and why shouldn't Hannah?

"Shall I send you a jar?"
"How much are they?"
"Only a dollar."
"Yes, you may send it up—and just charge it, if you please."

"O, certainly. Anything you want you may order at any time, and you may be assured we shall be happy to accommodate you."
Now this was flattering to young Matthews' feelings, to think that the trader had such confidence in him, and he went away with an exceedingly good opinion of himself and his credit, and of the store keeper in particular.

"Only a dollar!" Yes—only a dollar on the trader's ledger—that is nothing. But a dollar right out of one's pocket—that is different. Charles would not have bought these pickles if the cash had been required for them.

"Ah, Matthews, look here; I've got some thing to show you." This was said by the trader to the young man on the very next morning after the purchase of the pickles.

And so Mr. Waldron led our hero out to the back side of the store and opened a box.

"There, Matthews, ain't these nice oranges?"
"They are nice," replied Charles. And so they really were.

"I know your wife would like some of these. I carried some in to my wife, and she wanted me to save her four or five dozen."
"These are nice. How do they come?"
"Let's see; I can send you up three dozen for a dollar. I got these very cheap. You know they are retailing at five and six cents apiece."

"Yes. Well you may send me up three dozen. Just charge them, if you please."
"Certainly. Anything else this morning?"
"I believe not."

And so Matthews went on. This morning it would be a dollar—to-morrow perhaps fifty cents—and then again perhaps only twenty-five cents. It didn't seem much. The young man kept just as much money in his pocket as though he hadn't bought them. "Only a dollar," he would say to himself. "That isn't much out of twelve dollars a week." And so it might not be; but the trouble was, that the next dollar was also "only a dollar." He forgot to add this dollar with the former dollar

and call it "two dollars," and with the next dollar, and call it "three," and so on.

One evening Charles came home with a new gold chain attached to his watch.
"Where did you get that?" asked his wife.
"Ah," returned the husband, with an impressive shake of the head, "I made a bargain in this chain. Now guess what I paid for it."
"I'm sure I can't guess."
"O, but try—guess something."
"Well, perhaps ten dollars."
"Ten dollars!" echoed Charles, with a sort of disappointed look. "Why, what are you thinking of? Jack Cummings bought this chain two months ago, and paid twenty dollars cash for it. Why, just lift it and see how heavy it is. Eighteen carats fine. Jack was hard up for money, and let me have it for twelve dollars."

"It is cheap, to be sure," returned Hannah, but yet not with so much pleasurable surprise as her husband had anticipated. "But," she added, "you did not need it, and I fear you will feel the loss of the money."
"Pooh! I have money enough. You know I have spent but very little lately. I have been pretty saving."

"But you forget our things, Charles. The money which you have on hand is not yours."
"Not mine?"
"No. It belongs to the store keeper, and to the butcher, and to our landlord. You know they must be paid."

"Don't you fret about them. I know it don't cost me anywhere near twelve dollars a week to live, for I have an estimate. There is Wilkins, who works right side of me in the shop, he has four children, and gets the same wages that I do, and yet he lays up some three or four dollars every week, besides paying his rent."

"Yes," said Hannah, "I know he does. I was in to see his wife the other day, and she was telling me how well they were getting along. Mr. Wilkins takes his basket every Saturday evening and goes over to the market and buys his week's quantity of meat and vegetables, and trades for cash, so that he gets everything at the best advantage. So he does at the store. He lays in a good quantity of all those articles which will keep, and buys them as cheap as he can. Butter, eggs, cheese, apples, and so on, he buys when the market is full, and when they are cheap, and he always buys enough to last his family over the season of scarcity, when such things are high. His butter, for instance, he bought for eighteen cents a pound—a large firkin of it—and it is much sweeter than that for which you paid twenty-eight cents yesterday."

"Twenty-eight cents?" repeated the young man, in surprise.
"Yes, I asked Mr. Waldron's man who brought it up, and he said it had risen to twenty-eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got fifty dozen of eggs, some time ago, for twelve cents a dozen, and his wife packed them down, and they keep well. You will have to pay Mr. Waldron thirty-three cents for those you sent up yesterday."

Charles Matthews was somewhat astonished at this view of the case, but it could not be helped now; and the subject was dropped. His gold chain had lost its charm. It did not look so well, even in his own eyes, as had the simple black cord which he had worn before.

At length the end of the quarter came around. The first bill was the rent, which amounted to thirty-one dollars. The next was the butcher's bill, which came to thirty-six dollars. Charles was astonished to see how the meat bill footed up. But when he saw how many steaks he had had at seventeen cents per pound, the cause of wonder was at an end. Next he paid the baker's bill, which was thirteen dollars. When he came home in the evening he had paid all his bills except the grocery bill.

"Mr. Waldron sent in his bill to-day," his wife said, after supper.
"Ah, did he? let me see it."

Hannah brought it, and Charles looked at it. He was astonished at its length, and when he came to look at the bottom of the column his face turned a shade pale. It footed up just sixty-five dollars—an average of five dollars per week!

"This is impossible!" he uttered as he gazed upon it. But he examined the different articles, and he could remember when he ordered them. Those things which cost "only a dollar," looked very innocent when viewed alone, but in the aggregate they had a different appearance.

"How much shall you lay up this quarter, Charles?" kindly asked the wife, as she came and leaned over her husband's shoulder, and parted the hair on his forehead and smoothed it back.

"How much shall I lay up?" he repeated.—"Not much. Get the slate and let us reckon up." Mr. Charles was resolved to be frank about the matter, and let his wife know all.

The slate was brought. First Hannah put

down one hundred and fifty-six dollars as the quarter's wages. Then came the rent, and the butcher, and the baker.

"Now you may put down twelve dollars for this chain, and twelve dollars for sundries—that means cigars, tobacco, nuts, beer, soda, theatre tickets, and such like things. Now take all that from my quarter's wages, and see how much remains."

Hannah performed the sum, and gave fifty-two dollars as the result.
"Fifty-two dollars!" uttered Charles sinking back into his chair, "and we have not bought one article of clothing nor of furniture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay sixty five. There is thirteen dollars short this quarter, and I had meant to save thirty, at least."

"Well its no use to mourn over it, said the wife in a cheerful tone, for she saw that her husband felt badly. "Let's commence again. There's nothing like trying you know."

For some moments Charles remained silent. He gazed first upon the bill he held in his hand, then upon the figures on the slate, and then upon the floor. At last he spoke. There was a peculiar light in his eyes, and a flush on his countenance.

"Hannah, I see where the trouble is, and I must freely admit that I have been wrong. If I had paid for everything as I bought it I should not have been where I now am in pecuniary matters. You were right. I see it all now. I have not estimated the value of money as I ought. Let me once get up again to where I began, and I will do differently. I must step down to the store this evening and pay Mr. Waldron what I have, and the rest I will pay him when I am able."

"That matter can be easily settled," said Hannah, with a bright happy look. "I have more than enough to make up the amount of that bill. It is money I had when we were married. Wait a moment."

Charles protested most earnestly against taking his wife's money, but she would listen to no argument on that subject. It was her will and he must submit. So he went down and paid up the grocery bill, and on his way home he sold his gold chain for fourteen dollars.—He felt happier when he got the old black cord once more around his neck, and he had money now to commence the quarter with.

On the next morning the young man went into the meat store to send home a piece of beef for dinner.

"How much will you have?" asked the butcher.
"O three or four—"

Charles got thus far, and then he stopped.—He had always been in the habit of ordering an indefinite quantity, and leaving the butcher to cut it off at the highest figure, and charge the highest price; and then he remembered how much was usually wasted.

"Let me have two pounds," he said. He stopped and saw it weighed, and then paid for it.

When he went home at noon he found that his two pounds of beef had made enough, and there was none to waste. The next morning he went to the store. Mr. Waldron had some nice figs just come in which he showed. They were only a shilling a pound. For a moment Charles hesitated, but as he remembered he had got to pay for all he bought he concluded not to take them. He found that things were not so enticing when it required cash to get them as when the payment could be postponed. He paid for what he bought and went his way; and thus things went on through the week. When it came Saturday night he knew that all the money in his pocket was his own, after deducting the rent. That evening he went over to the market with Wilkins, and bought as much meat and vegetables as he thought would last him through the week.—He found that he had a saving of at least twenty per cent, by this operation, and when the opportunity offered he made the same saving in other matters.

At the end of that quarter Charles Matthews did not have to get any slate. He paid his house rent, and then he found that he had thirty-five dollars left in his pocket. That was all his—he did not owe a penny of it.

"Ah, Hannah," he said as he held the money in his hand and looked at it, "now I see how easy it is for a man to be wrong and his wife right. This money all comes of paying as I go along. It is very easy and simple to say 'just charge it,' and a man can easily buy things under such circumstances, but when the day of reckoning comes these three simple words that sound so innocent then, are found to be costly things. I would not have believed until I tried it. I could not have believed that a man would purchase so many more useless articles simply because he could have them charged. But I see it now, and if I refused to follow your advice at first, I have gained experience enough to lead me to follow it more explicitly now."

Charles Matthews never again allowed himself to be led away by the credit system; but

he followed the cash rule punctually, and the consequence has been that he cannot only now buy any quantity of produce, wood, coal, etc., at cheap cash prices, but he has cut off the expense of house rent, for he owns a snug little cottage in the suburbs, and it is all paid for.

Hydropathy.

If the subjoined scrap of philosophy be correct, for the truth of which science is a voucher, is not the hydropathic treatment for diseases the most rational of all remedial appliances? If you mingle pure and impure waters, the pure will instantly become tainted with the impurities of the other, and the whole mass will be impure in exact proportion to the comparative quantities of the mingled elements. Then it is plain that, when water is scientifically applied to a diseased body, of which water is the principal ingredient, which water contains all the impurities by which the disease is generated, the applied water will imbibe its quota of the impurities of the water in the organic system. This applied water being removed from the body, a portion of the miasm, or infecting substance, must be taken away with it. And this is abundantly evident from the offensive odor of the sheet which contains the applied water. Frequent repetitions of the process, under the direction of scientific knowledge, must continue to reduce the quantity of the noxious ingredients contained in the system; and the restoration of health must be the resulting consequence, if the system be not beyond the practicability of recuperation.

This, for want of science, may be thought crude philosophy; but we cannot doubt that it will pass for tolerably good common sense:

WATER.

"Some four-fifths of the human body is nothing but water. The blood is just a solution of the body in a vast excess of water—as saliva, mucus, milk, gall, urine, sweat, and tears are the local and partial infusions effected by that fluid. All the soft, solid parts of the frame may be considered as temporary precipitates, or crystallizations, (to use the word but loosely,) from the blood, that mother-liquor to the whole body; always being precipitated or suffered to become solid, and always being redissolved, the forms remaining, but the matter never the same for more than a moment; so the flesh is only a vanishing solid, as the blood itself. It is also to be observed that every part of the body, melting again into the river of life continually as it does, is also kept perpetually drenched in blood by means of the blood vessels, and more than nine-tenths of that wonderful current is pure water. Water plays as great a part, indeed, in the economy of that little world, the body of a man, as it still more evidently does in the phenomenal life of the world at large. Three-fourths of the surface of the earth is ocean; the dry ground is dotted with lakes; its mountain crests are covered with snow and ice; its surface is irrigated by rivers and streams; its edges are eaten by the sea; and aqueous vapor is unceasingly ascending from the ocean and inland surfaces through the yielding air, only to descend in proportions and at intervals in dews and rains, hails and snows. Water is not only the basis of the juices of all the plants and animals in the world; it is the very blood of nature; it is well known to all the terrestrial sciences; and old Thales, the earliest of European speculators, says it is the mother-liquid of the universe. In the later system of the Greeks, indeed, it was reduced to the inferior dignity of being one of the four parental natures—fire, air, earth, and water; but was the highest in rank.

Temperance in Nova Scotia.

"Half-way to Windsor, the coach stopped, professedly for dinner; but the meal, according to what I afterwards found customary in road side inns, was of no such distinct character. In a neat upper room, with a blazing wood fire on the hearth, a table was spread with an entangled complication of dinner and tea. As I never could acquire the habit of taking tea at one o'clock as a finish to a solid meal, I declined the offer of a cup; but all the rest of the company, chiefly farmers, made this their only beverage; a circumstance which showed the remarkable extension of temperance principles in the country. Not a drop of intoxicating liquor was consumed; and, I may add, during all this journey in Nova Scotia, I saw no beverage stronger than tea or coffee. I cannot say I admire the fashion of taking tea to dinner, any more than that of beginning breakfast with potatoes, which seemed everywhere common; but anything is better than an everlasting appeal to the gill-measure or pint-pot. I was beginning to see new social developments—farmers solacing themselves with tea instead of whiskey, and commercial travelers who can dine without consuming half-a-crown's worth of sherry."

W. Chambers' "Things as they are in America."

A STRIKING THOUGHT.—Is there anything in the world can beat a good wife? Yes; a bad husband.

The Death of a Good Man.

We take the following sublimely beautiful communication, purporting to come from the spirit whose name is subscribed to it, from the October number of the *Sacred Circle*. Who, after reading this effusion from a disembodied mind, will coldly ask: "What is the use of spiritual communications? It will do for those to ask this question whose whole souls are absorbed in the worship of Mammon; whose hearts are corroded with the poison of avarice; whose pleasures are all gross carnalities, and whose hopes and anticipations never transcend the attainment of the means of sensual gratification. But, to men and women who are conscious that this is only the incipient stage of human existence, and who properly appreciate the important truth that this is the state in which they have to prepare themselves to set out on the journey of eternity, starting at the same point of moral and spiritual elevation or depression, in the future life, at which they leave this life, such a question savors of insanity:

COMMUNICATED THROUGH MRS. ABBY T. HALL.

Profoundly sublime and awfully glorious is the awakening to spiritual life, beyond the slumber of death. Saw you ever the first glowing beam of the morning? Faintly it commences, but soon a full blaze of light and beauty covers the whole scene. The birds sing in the new joy of another day. All animated nature raises a hymn of praise to Him who gives to night its dominion and to morning its glory. So shall the soul of the good man rejoice as it slowly awakens from the night of death. One by one its powers of perception and realization are aroused; one ray after another is reflected to it, and soon the full measure of spiritual life is unfolded, and the glad freedom from earth's trammels is felt.

The first emotions are of devout gratitude and homage; reverently we bow ourselves down, and, in a posture of deep humiliation, exclaim, Lord, is it I? Then the sweet music of heavenly praise meets the ear, and the welcome of kindred spirits fills the soul with joy. The beauties of our new ever-opening scene and captivate us with their ever-varying scene of splendid magnificence while breathing through all and pervading all is the sweet peace of contentment and the holy joy of satisfaction. Around us on every side are the impressions of our heavenly Father's presence, not vague and indistinct, but living and active, every thought an expression of his goodness, every sensation a tribute of gratitude, each sound harmonious with this breathing music, and every rejoicing spirit dressed in the garb of love, beaming with the glad promise of progressing and progressive life.

Are we indeed one of this glorious company of angels to do His will and share his bounty? Is there no awakening from this bliss? As on earth we have found all things fleeting and transitory, we fear the result. Is there no illusive spell thrown around us which will be withdrawn? We fear the permanency and the reality of our new-born existence. Is this great chart of redemption revealed to us by resting in the embrace of death? If so, proclaim him the restorer the regenerator the friend of man; take from him the scepter of terror, and place fresh flowers upon his bier. Dress not the heart in sadness that another is added to the glorious company beyond the grave, but rather rejoice that one more freed, happy spirit walks the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.

We are now indeed clothed upon with immortality; the pure affections of the heart find full employment; all that is of God is raised to participate with him in the joys of this advanced perfection, this state of beatitude and bliss.—

When the great sheet of his love shall encircle all in its embrace, then will the folds be full with the lambs of his flock, and no straying ones be heard, saying, Show us the way, the truth and the light, for all shall rejoice in his care and protection.

You have asked a description of my feelings as I awoke to spiritual consciousness, but they can not be portrayed. You can not comprehend the glories around me, for I need language adequate to describe them, or the glowing pencil of seraphic thought to draw them for you.—I can only give you a faint gleam of heavenly light and love; but O, there is fullness of joy that for you they bloom also.

I am only admitted a short time before my loved ones to this happy realm. I see here the resting-place, the reunion of broken circles; they show forth the joy yet in reserve for us also. Then patient wait His appointment, who sees the end from the beginning, and fitly joins them in his pleasure, making our greatest trials the trust ministers of his love.

Your loving friend,
BENJAMIN THOMPSON.

MARRIAGE is the endless unity of a universally Dual Nature, and ever stands as the synonym of Harmony and Joy.

JOHN KANEL is under arrest in New York for robbing a Swiss emigrant of \$1,750.

Habits of Life.

In our article on this subject, in our last issue, we could not say all that we deemed necessary, on account of the space which we occupied in our strictures on some of those pernicious habits which are most prevalent in this our day, among the people of this country.

There may be, for aught we know, an inherent propensity to lying. If fathers and mothers are prone to that vice, their offspring may as well inherit that as any other evil propensity. And if it do not come by way of congenity, it is very likely to be imbibed from parental habit.

There are many more lessons that badly constituted and worse educated parents give to their children, on lying, which we find would require a volume, instead of a newspaper article, to enumerate and elucidate. Another mother says to her daughter: Go and see who it is that rings, and if it is Mrs. B, tell her I am not at home.

Who broke the nose off of that blue pitcher? asks another man, with her voice three octaves above its usual pitch, and her eyes gleaming with the fury of her passion.

Well, reader, you see how much we have written and what small progress we have made with the subject. We must necessarily leave you to pursue it, mentally, yourself.

Reader, have you neglected to read Knapp's letters to Bishop Hedges, which we have been publishing on the first side of this Journal? If you have, you have deprived yourself of an intellectual feast, as often as you have done so.

Now matters take another turn. The hold on Billy's arm is relaxed, and he is let go with a promise that, if she catches him in a lie she will take the skin all off his back.

SATURDAY MORNING, 9 O'CLOCK.—We have kept our paper back till now, hoping to get the result of the gubernatorial election, but have failed to do so with certainty.

does not punish Charles for breaking her pitcher and for lying, she will whip him within an inch of his life if he ever sets his foot in her house or yard again.

These are specimens of maternal government which are frequently met with in real life, and which frequently stamp the characters of children indelibly.

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Fore-knowledge and Fore-ordination.

In a conversation with a gentleman who is enquiring on the subject of spiritualism, but who seems inclined to that fatalism which the Calvinistic doctrine sustains and inculcates, he observed: If the attributes of God are what all religionists represent them to be, I can see no use in either christianity or spiritualism.

This argument of our friend is the spiritual philosophy of orthodox Calvinism, the very thought of which is enough to freeze every particle of religious feeling out of the human heart.

If fate has fixed every thing for eternity, from the greatest to the smallest occurrence in the universe of matter and spirit, when did it enact its universal decree?

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We say to the reader that we have not published any thing in this paper since its commencement, which is more thrillingly interesting than the letter of Hon. J. W. EDMONDS to Rev. T. L. HARRIS.

not meddle with. They know there is a Supreme Intelligence, because the whole mechanism of the universe manifests infinite wisdom.

Election Day.

At this present writing, it is the 7th day of Nov., and all the voters of this State are at the polls, deciding in the quiet manner directed by the constitution and laws of the State, who shall administer the State government for the next two years after the first of January next.

It is now 9 o'clock in the morning, and there is yet but little of evidence going to show who is likely to be the favorite of the people of this city for Governor and Lieutenant Governor.

Should Mr. Seymour be defeated, it will be a tremendous victory of the progressive principle of this State. Only look at his advantages. Every Irish Catholic in the State must give him his vote, whether he prefers him or not.

Now, under all these circumstances, if ULLMANN should be elected by the people of this State, there will be little for papists to build the hope upon that they can succeed in wresting the government of the State from the hands of the people and placing it in those of the Pope of Rome.

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representatives of the people were tampered with to the whole extent of the executive influence, and the majority in Congress was made merchandise of by the man whom the people elected to let legislators alone and mind his own business.

This being the morning of election day, and we being here at one extremity of this great State, we have no means of judging how the battle will terminate.

Another Spiritual Book. We have received, from the author, a book entitled "Astounding facts from the Spirit World. Witnessed at the House of J. A. GRIDLEY, Southampton, Mass., by a circle of friends, embracing the extremes of good and evil."

By this wording and punctuation, it would seem that the circle of friends embraced the extremes of good and evil. We incline, however, to the opinion that the author intended to represent that the "astounding facts" embraced the extremes of good and evil; although the connection of that member of the sentence is cut off by a period.

The book is written in good narrative style, and contains as many marvels as any one of its size that we have seen. It is a 12 mo volume, pp 202, and is literally filled with astonishing manifestations.

The whole thing seems to be an effort on the part of Spirits, in the body and out, to establish the truth of those dogmas of old orthodoxy which are so swiftly speeding their course down the declivity of obsolescence, and so fast fading from human credulity.

Should Mr. Seymour be defeated, it will be a tremendous victory of the progressive principle of this State. Only look at his advantages. Every Irish Catholic in the State must give him his vote, whether he prefers him or not.

It must be admitted that these orthodox Spirits are very modest in the claims they make on account of His Majesty, the Prince of Darkness. They assert that one-fifteenth of the human family go to perdition, and that the remaining fourteen-fifteenths progress upwards and are saved.

Two Girls FLOP with Indians.—The Columbus Advertiser states that recently a band of Indians gave performances in Somerset, Ohio, and that two girls, sisters, were so captivated with the dance and the whoop of these sons of nature, that they asked permission to accompany them, which being granted, they proceeded as far as Putnam, where they were overtaken by the mother of the girls, a spry widow, who called on the police to aid her in recovering her "wild going" daughters.

part of the human family is created and born a purpose to be damned, and nothin kin save him. And we have agreed that we will not have any body bordin with us that dont believe as we do; because the bible says, a house divided against itself cant stand. Do you believe that a part will be damned? Well, I dont know but there are some who deserve to be damned for their bad conduct.

The consignment of one-fifteenth part of the human family to perdition, seems but a small demand for the devil and his orthodox purveyors. It is a portion scarcely worth invading the sanctuary of Spiritualism for.

We say to our worthy friend, Dr. GRIDLEY, that we heartily wish him health and prosperity; and that we cannot conscientiously wish him and his orthodox Spirits success in their endeavors to generate and propagate sectarianism among spiritualists.

The Election.

The fact that the result of the election yet hangs in doubt, is evidence that the plurality will be but small, whichever way it determines. The probabilities are, now, that ULLMANN is defeated and that SEYMOUR has received a plurality of votes.

Every Irish Catholic voter in the State, who went to the polls, gave his vote for SEYMOUR in obedience to the behest of the pope, through his bishops and priests.

The laborer or mechanic who lays out an extra day's work for himself, and falls short but one twentieth of accomplishing it, does not lose the day nor fail to be encouraged to get up a little earlier and try a little harder next time.

The latest accounts represent Clark as close on SEYMOUR'S heels. He may yet pass him. The race is a close one, and it may be some days, yet before the result will be known.

The Sacred Circle.

The November No. of this excellent periodical is on our table, and we have glanced over its contents. The last article in the number, to say nothing of any of the others, is worth five times the price of a copy, to all who wish to be informed of the marvellous phenomena of spiritual intercourse which is witnessed in all parts of the country.

TERMS:

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

Letter from Judge Edmonds.

The following highly interesting letter was addressed to the Rev. T. L. Harris and made part of his discourse on the destruction of the Steamer Arctic, and the loss of her passengers and crew. It will be read by all but scoffers with thrilling interest:

New York, Oct. 21st, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—perhaps in your discourse on the wreck of the Arctic, you would be willing to have a more minute detail of the events, which I mentioned the other day, and I will therefore try to give it to you.

For several days before we received the news of the accident, an attempt was made to communicate the event to my daughter, as she had been a year ago taught the wreck of the San Francisco. But it failed because of her anxiety about a relative of hers, who was at sea, and with whom she associated the wreck, the moment the idea was presented to her. Thus were produced confusion and anxiety which interfered with the clearness of the communication, though the idea of a wreck was frequently and vividly presented to her.

On the day before the arrival of the news, she had a call from a lady friend, who in the course of her visit, became entranced and gave a description of some of the scenes which we afterwards learned took place on board the ill-fated steamer. But the communication was interrupted, and thus only an indefinite apprehension of some impending misfortune was produced.

On the day after we received news of the wreck, I returned home from my office late in the afternoon, and found my friend Mr. J. in my parlor with my daughter. Some Spirit was communicating through him. I gave my attention to it, and then for about two hours through him through Laura, through Mr. A. who came in during the evening, and through myself, we had the intercourse with the passengers of the Arctic, which I mentioned to you. I imbibed the idea that there were present with us at least a hundred of them, though only a few made themselves known to us or spoke to us.

N. B. Blunt, late District Attorney, Bishop Wainright, Isaac T. Hopper, Dr. Cory, and others of our spirit friends, were also present and occasionally spoke through, or to, some of us.

I plainly saw the whole assemblage, and particularly one of them, with whom I had been well acquainted. He was laboring under great mental excitement. He exclaimed to me: "Good God! Edmonds, can this be true? Is death, after all, what you said it was, and is this death? Can it be possible this is the change which death makes?"

I answered: "You see. You can judge for yourself. Bring your own clear intellect to bear upon it, and you can understand it." "But," he said, "Where am I? What must I do? Where am I going? Is this to be always so?"

I told him, "No, by no means is it to be always so. But it will be difficult for me to tell you what to do, for I cannot know all the circumstances which surround you. But there is one close at hand who can tell you, and who can assist you."

"Who is that?" he asked. I answered, "Our old friend Where!" He said, "Nay! Is he here? Where? Let me see him. Let me hear from him where I am and what I am to do?"

This conversation had thus far been between me and that Spirit direct, and now Mr. Blunt came through my daughter and said: "Judge tell him I am near at hand, ready to assist him and he has only earnestly to wish it to see and hear me himself. Now his mind is in such uncertainty and confusion, that neither his brother nor I can make ourselves visible to him. This being said to me in an audible voice, was heard also by the Spirit, who no longer paid any attention to me, but turned to where Blunt was, and soon engaged in conversation with him.

Others of those Spirits then spoke to me. One said to me that his last thought on going down with the ship was that in a few moments he should be reunited again to his wife and children, who went down with him, but he said—and this so much astonished him—"when I awoke, I beheld my wife and children passing away from me in different directions, and I am left so near the earth! Is this to be always so? Am I never, never, never to see them again?—And am I always to hover thus near the earth?"

Another, whom I had well known, said to me, with a good deal of emotion, "Friend Edmonds, is it true, then this which I have always thought an illusion of thy insane mind? It truly seems so. I know I have died; but now I seem as much upon earth as ever, and I talk to thee as plainly as ever I did. Oh! tell me what all this means, and what I am to do?"

I referred him to Father Hopper, who was present, and who could instruct him better than I could. He shrunk from this, and reminded me that he and Mr. H. had not agreed very well upon earth, having had some difficulties with each other in meeting—that is, in their religious society.

Mr. Hopper then spoke to me through Laura and bade me reassure him that no unpleasant

recollection of the past dwelt upon his mind; that he was ready to help him; and he added: "Tell him, Judge, that I will be just as quick, now, to take him in as he was once to turn me out of meeting. Tell him so, Judge, will you?"

In reply, I said: "I need not repeat it, for he hears what you say through the medium. But your allusion to the old difficulties disturbs him. 'Tell him,' he answered, 'never to mind that it is only matter to be laughed at now, and I desire only to befriend him, and set his mind at ease.'"

"Yes," I said, "old friend, that you have already done, for he holds out his hand to you." And they two passed away together from my view.

One of the sailors spoke to me, and though not a man of as much education as the others, he was evidently more at home and more at ease than they were. He said that after the collision, he had not thought of himself until the raft shoved off from the ship. He had been very busy trying to stop the leak; and when all work on that ceased, it had occurred to him that he ought to save himself. That he had an aged mother, a wife and some children in New York, and he asked himself—"What will they do this winter without me?"—And so he jumped from the ship to reach the raft; but he fell short, and sank in the water. He came up under the raft, and his head bumped against it until he drowned.

There was much less agitation in him than in the others, and I obtained from him a clear account of several things.

He spoke in great admiration of the efforts on board the ship of the one who first spoke to us; said he took a command, and directed much that was done. He was cool, collected, and energetic, and made himself felt and obeyed wherever he went.

He also spoke of the general department when all hope of saving themselves was abandoned. He said the sight was really sublime. A death-like stillness reigned, and a calm came over them all, as if each was quietly bracing himself to meet his destiny.

I asked him how it happened that they so met any of them came to us, and if he had not met any of the inhabitants of the Spirit-world besides those who had entered it with him?

He answered yes; his father and two other relatives had come to him and welcomed him, and then told him to go with the others and learn what he could. He could not give me his name or the street where he resided. There was no medium present through whom the abstract idea of a name could be given.

Among those who spoke to me, was a female. She was very cheerful and pleasant, and from what she said, it was manifest that her thoughts in life had been more for others than for herself. She understood more clearly the condition in which she found herself, and had come with the others more to aid them than herself.

Bishop Wainright, through Mr. J., uttered a most touching and impressive prayer.

And, finally, there spoke to me the Spirit of a man who said that he was an European, whose name was unknown to me, but mine was not unknown to him. He had already given some attention to the Spiritual philosophy, and had found much in it that was consonant with his reason, with his instincts, and with what he had learned of Nature, [and that was not a little for he was evidently an educated man.]

And had been on his way to this country on business, and had intended, while here, to call on me. He said his belief had been of vast service to him, for it had not only robbed death of its terrors, but it had enabled him, on entering his new existence, to understand his position, and to know where he was. He had not, therefore, shared the amazement, excitement and confusion of mind which had so much disturbed others.

When that large number of persons had awakened to consciousness in the Spirit-world and were amazed at the condition in which they found themselves, a voice had spoken to them, saying: "The gates of death have been opened to you. Now let the gates of eternal life be likewise opened to ye. Go ye to earth again, and learn there how to enter them!" They had, accordingly, come to earth, and scattering in various directions, had sought the mediums on this continent. Hence it was that so large a number were now with us.

He said that I could form no just conception of the condition in which they found themselves. No two were alike. In some, blank amazement stupefied; in some terror and uncertainty assumed the form of the excitement of insanity; in some, there was a stolid, hardened indifference; in some, a happy confidence as to the future, without knowing why; and in a few there was a knowledge, imbibed on earth, which inspired hope and confidence. They were the most cheerful and hoping who, on earth had been least selfish, and most active in their efforts for others.

They were, he said, surrounded by bright Spirits, who were willing to aid them; but having been cut off from the mortal life suddenly and without the weaning from earthly things which old age or protracted disease always produces, their earthly feelings were still predominant with many, and, in connection with the excitement, confusion and uncertainty prevailing in their minds, rendered them inaccessible to the approach of those brighter Spirits—"Why," he added, "we do not all even see each other, though hovering thus together around you. We have, as it were, a dim consciousness of each other's presence, and through the instrumentality of the mediums we hear and converse with you and with each other. For this purpose it is that we are conducted here by our

Spirit-guides, that we may learn our true condition, and, through mortal means, unlearn the errors which our mortal life has instilled into us. Speak, then, Judge, to them. You they all can hear, and from your lips they may thus early learn the lesson of the realities before them, which, sooner or later, they must all learn. Speak plainly, but gently, for oh! you know not how much of sorrow and anxiety there is in the hearts which you can thus relieve."

I accordingly for a few minutes spoke to them. I reasoned with them of the great doctrine of progression which is now being revealed to man. I reminded them that from birth their life had been one of progression, and now they could readily perceive that that life still continued, and with it must continue the influence of the law of progression. It was of importance to them to know this, for then and only then, could they know how to direct their actions wisely and well. And fortunately for them, they were now in a condition, where they could ascertain if they would, how true or false this teaching was.

So too, if they became satisfied of that, they could readily learn the law by which that progression could be most advanced or retarded. That law was love—love of God and of one another, to be manifested not in profession only, but in active efforts to do good to one another. That could be done by them in the Spirit-life as well and even better than in their mortal existence.

So too, I told them that they were surrounded by bright and beautiful Spirits who were ready to take them to their arms, to teach them the holy truths which are now also being revealed to man upon earth, and to point them the way to happier realms, which they may in time attain. And I assured them, that they had but to make themselves accessible to their Spirit-friends by earnestly desiring their presence and aid, to enjoy the inestimable assistance which could soon dispel the gloom of doubt and uncertainty, and open to their vision a bright and holy light from above.

I told them that I did not ask them to receive these things as true, because I said so, but to examine for themselves with all the advantages which they now possessed, and to judge for themselves. It could do them no harm thus to investigate; but if on investigation, they should find that I was correct, they would also find much that would be of inestimable value to them.

Something more to the same effect I said, and commending them in few words, to the protection of our Heavenly Father and the guardian care of the bright Spirits who were around them. I closed the interview, and they faded from my view.

Affectionately yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

REV. T. L. HARRIS.

From the Springfield Republican.

Proofs of Immortality.

To the Editors of the Republican: This, I trust, will be positively my last appearance before the public, as to the matter in question. It is no pleasant task to bear the prejudices of a community; yet such is often the fate of those who plead for truth without "axes to grind." The occurrences I am about to state are of such a character, that they cannot be gaisned except by the cry of delusion or mesmerism.

Trickery or collusion were impossible. The medium had nothing to do with them except to be present. Presuming that some gentleman of the ultra conservative school, will still fall back on his favorite theory, I would say, How long is it, sir, since you denounced mesmerism as a humbug, or an "invention of the adversary?" Almost within the recollection of the youngest inhabitant. And here you are check-by-jowl with men who not only mesmerize but pull the wool over your eyes, in the most astonishing manner. And what has caused this change? "The Facts, of course." But the facts were well known before, had you only taken the trouble to inform yourself.

"Oh, but they were not popularly acknowledged!" Ah! and when the facts of which I write are popularly acknowledged, where will you be then? "In at the death" I'll warrant. On Thursday evening, Sep. 28, there was a "circle" at Mr. Elmer's. It consisted of a dozen persons or so. I will state a few of the occurrences, premising that the names of those present will be forthcoming if desired, and that their experience was similar to mine. But some would not be convinced though one rose from the dead! At first the table and then the chairs and floor shook as if by a slight shock of an earthquake. The table rose from the floor as before stated, several times. The bell was passed, &c. We were all touched in an unmistakable manner.—(In these circles it is generally easier, for some cause to me unknown, to be touched on the dress than on the bare flesh.) Throwing my handkerchief once over my head, I asked "Can you touch my hand?" A hand and fingers, palpable and round, soon began to press on mine, in various positions, and when the unknown intelligence saw the "conditions" to be favorable, the handkerchief was gently removed, and the hand was laid on my bare hand! At another time when the bell was put into my hand, by the handle, the mouth of it was retained, and I was made to shake hands *noles volens*. Again, half a dozen of us, by turns seated ourselves in an rocking chair, and a moment after, a hand seemed to grasp it, and we had a *free ride!* The chair was totally isolated, every part of it could be seen and trickery was impossible. During all this time the *medium's* hands were on the table, in plain sight of us all, at times there being several persons between him and the chair.—I might say more, but this will do for you and your reader's digestion. Milk for babes!

In addition to these facts, I could tell you

of clergymen who had had some of the best mediums in their houses for weeks together, and *known* these things to be so; (though not to their credit be it spoken, without the courage to acknowledge it in public); and of editors who abuse the ghosts in their papers, and whose wives are rapping mediums.

With a few more words I will close. In these articles I have confined myself to *facts* of which I had a personal knowledge. I have not come before the public to argue for or against Spiritualism. That is of no consequence to me. I have pleaded for the *truth*, and am perfectly willing to let the future disprove my statements, if that can be. As to the Spiritual theories and philosophies, that's another thing. I subscribe to none of them.—and I never shall. The world has had quite enough of creeds and dogmas already. They are our inheritance in all ages of bigotry and intolerance. Of the "Mediums," I know little and care less. I dare say they are good, had and indifferent, like other people. Of the "communications" I have the same opinion. A man who will surrender his reason and judgement to any amount of "teachings" from any imaginable "spheres," must be hard up. What good, then, is it going to do? That is more than I can tell.—If you choose to think it is the Old Nick in a new character, I have no objections. Still judging from the universal howl of derision and contempt, with which statements like mine, attested to by thousands of *living* witnesses throughout the country, have been received, I question whether we do not stand quite as much in need of "proofs of immortality" as the Jews ever did. We believe in a hereafter, and reverence anything, provided it is old. The Jews also had some such sort of a belief, and their reverence for their "father Abraham" was unbounded.

However this may be, I hope the statements I have published will induce wiser heads than mine to look into the matter, and report progress. Ridicule and abuse will do no good. If men even choose to become Mahomedans or Jews, I see no cause why you or I should go into spasms about it. We are not supposed to be our brother's keepers in matters of conscience. That dogma is exploded. And independence of character is not such an abundant staple in our midst, that we can afford to blackball a man because he dares to say his soul's his own. Some of the Spiritualists, I must say, are also not over charitable. Wo to him who disagrees with them! he is pretty sure to be pounced upon in language somewhat strong and to the point. Now that is not modest, to say the least. The terms "bigot" and "sectarian" pretty freely applied, are not likely to make proselytes over fast. As to the kicks and coppers I may have earned in this matter I care nothing. And whether my statements of facts is believed or disbelieved, is of no manner of consequence to me. F. C. ANDREU.

By Telegraph Last Night.

Riot in Williamsburgh.

New York, Nov. 10.—A serious riot took place in Williamsburgh last night. The funeral of Mr. Harrison, who was killed at the polls on Tuesday, took place yesterday, and was productive of considerable excitement, but quiet was maintained until 10 1/2 o'clock, when a procession of about 500 men was formed—armed with revolvers, who marched through the principal streets, and badly beat several Irishmen with whom they came in contact.—Numerous shots were exchanged, and one young man was wounded in the shoulder.

About 12 o'clock an attack was made on St. Peter's and St. Paul's Catholic church in Second street. A cross was torn down, windows smashed, &c. and a call was made for straw and matches to fire the edifice, but they were prevailed upon to desist.

About 1 o'clock another party gathered around the church, with the avowed intention of burning it down, but the military who had been called out, went furnished with ball cartridges, and marched to the scene, when the rioters quietly dispersed and the streets soon after became deserted.

Mayor Wall and George H. Andrews, of the *Courier and Enquirer*, frequently addressed the crowd, urging them to disperse and retire, and were doubtless the means of preventing much bloodshed and destruction of property.

A great noisy demonstration took place in this city last night. A meeting was held in the Park, at which resolutions denunciatory of the election returns, and claiming the victory for themselves in the vote for mayor, were adopted. A procession numbering probably 1000 men, was then formed and proceeded to the residences of their various candidates, whom they loudly cheered. Another meeting was appointed for Monday evening next.

The jury in the case of Capt. Smith, of the brig Julia Moulton, charged with trafficking in slaves, brought in a verdict of guilty last night. Time was granted to make a motion for a new trial.

Arrest for Murder under the Ashburton Treaty. BOSTON, Nov. 10.—Capt. McDonald of Gloucester, was arrested here to-day, charged with killing a man recently at Cape Breton. It is expected the prisoner will be claimed under the Ashburton treaty.

Dr. Graham sentenced. NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Graham was this morning sentenced to the state prison for 7 years—the utmost limit of the law.

Another riot of a more serious nature is apprehended in Williamsburgh. It is rumored that the softs hold a meeting at the Park to-night; in which case there will be danger of a riot in this city.

The Governor Generalship of Canada. QUEBEC, Nov. 10.—Sir Edmund Head, the new Governor General arrived yesterday. Lord Elgin leaves in three or four days.

Pittsburg, Nov. 10.—The panic in our money market has subsided. King, the brokers suspension was but temporary. He will resume in a few days.

Cleveland, Nov. 10.—The City Bank of Columbus closed its doors this morning. Its liabilities are heavy.

Arrival of the Steamship America.

HALIFAX, Nov. 9.—The steamship America, from Liverpool on the 25th ult., arrived here at a quarter past 3 o'clock.

The Collins steamer Atlantic arrived off Halifax at noon on Wednesday, the 25th, but could not enter the Mersey until 3 o'clock.

The St. Louis sailed from Southampton, for New York, on the 25th ult.

The screw steamer Alpa arrived at Kingston Island, on the 23rd, with troops from Halifax, reaching Liverpool on the 25th.

The London Times says:—"We are informed that Mr. Soule, American Minister at Madrid, was refused permission to pass through France on his return from England to Spain."

The London Morning Post, announcing officially the acquisition of Sanona, says:—"It amounts virtually, if not absolutely, to the annexation of St. Domingo. The acquisition by the U. S. of so important a point in the West Indies, a position threatening on either hand the Spanish islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, and so directly affecting the British West Indian possession, cannot be received with indifference."

A letter from the Hague, the 21st, mentioning the departure of Mr. Gibson for America, says that he took with him the result of the conference of the American Ministers at Osnabruck.

The latest advices show that 30 days elapsed between the departure of the besieging armies from Balaklava and their opening fire upon Sebastopol.

Both the French and English had their batteries ready on the 15th. On the 17th fire was opened on the place both from land and sea. The bombardment was continued till night.

The Russian fortifications suffered very little. On the next day, 18th, the bombardment was resumed from the allied batteries only.

When the mail left Constantinople five steamers had arrived at Balaklava with men wounded in repelling a great sortie of 30,000 strong.

Generals Raglan and Canrobert had formally summoned Sebastopol to surrender, and requested women and children to be sent away, and flags to be hoisted upon the hospitals. So far as known, the Russian army is concentrating upon the Upper Belbe, and already numbers 45,000 men.

The allied army is divided into a siege army and an army of observation.

On the 5th and 11th, the garrison of Sebastopol, made sorties and destroyed some small works.

On the evening of the 5th, a convey of 4,000 Russians succeeded in entering Sebastopol. The allies now number 110,000, and 8,000 additional French were ready to embark from Malakoff on the 21st, and 8,000 Turks from Varna.

Letters of the 12th says that the allies have 300 gun batteries, and after a few days' fire will attempt to storm the garrison, which is estimated at 40,000 men.

Altogether the prospect of the speedy fall of Sebastopol is not so favorable to the allies. Admiral Mahanoff, who commanded at Sinope, is commander of Sebastopol. He has published an address, saying that he will defend it to the last, and any one is welcome to shoot him if he don't.

Advices from Constantinople of the 13th says, that the Russians had re-taken Eupatoria, and that the English garrison with 500 had retired with the loss of one gun.

This is denied in the English papers.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, extra, com. to good, West'n, 9.00/9.50; Buckwheat flour, per cwt., 3.50; Indian meal, 1.75; Pork, mess, 12.50/13.50; Fish, white, 8.25; Salt, fine, 1.56/1.75; Eggs, 40c; Butter, 20c; Honey, 12c/15c; Blackberries, dried, 10c; Apples, dried, 40c/42c; Potatoes, 8c; Onions, 7c/8c; Dressed Chickens per lb, 9c/10c.

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JOURNEY to Central Africa, by Bayard Taylor, \$1.50. Capt. Canot, or Twenty years of an African Slaver, by Brantz Meyer, \$1.25. Sandwich Island Notes, \$1. The Ancient Egyptians, by W. Wilkinson, \$2. Sunny Memories, by Mrs. Stone, \$2. Fashion and Famine, \$1. Lamplighter, \$1. Epic of the Starry Heavens, \$0.75. The Ladies of the Court, by Crochet, Fancy Knitting, and Needlework, by Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, \$0.75. The Hermit's Doll, from the Diary of a Penitent, \$1. Spiritualism, by Judge Edmonds, \$1.25. Fifty years in both hemispheres, \$1.25. The American Cottage Builder, a series of Designs, Plans, and Specifications, by John Bullock, \$1.75. The Great Red Dragon, or Master Key to Popery, \$1.25. Off-hand Takings and Crayon Sketches, by Geo. W. Bungay, \$1.50. The Fish-Tines of Alabama and Mississippi, a series of Sketches, by Jos. G. Baldwin, \$1.25. Voices from the Spirit Land, 75 cents. The Rappers, or the Mysteries, Fallacies and Absurdities of Spirit-Rapping, Table-Tipping, and Entrancement, 40 cents. Slade's Travels in Turkey, \$1. Party Leaders; Sketches of Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, Randolph, by J. G. Baldwin, \$1. History of the Inquisition from Spain, \$1. The Roman Comedies, translated by Michele, 50 cts. The Virginia Comedian, or old days in the Old Dominion, \$1. The Cabin Boy's Story, a semi-nautical Romance, founded on Fact, \$1.

Fanburn, or the application of Cast and Wrought Iron to Building Purposes, \$1. For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post-Office. 11f T. S. HAWKS.

JOHN H. COLEMAN,

GENERAL DEALER IN PAINTS, OILS, Glass, Sash, &c., wholesale and retail. PATENT MEDICINE DEPOT. No. 223 Main Street, corner of Swan, Buffalo. COLEMAN'S GALLERY—Looking Glass and Portrait Frame Manufactory, No. 7 East Swan street. 11f

REMOVAL.

COMPTON, GIBSON & CO., have removed their Lithographing and Engraving establishment from the Commercial Advertiser buildings to the new store erected by J. Sage & Sons, No. 209 Main street. 1-6m

BUFFALO TYPE FOUNDRY.

PRINTERS FURNISHING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 18 and 20 West Seneca st., Buffalo, N. Y. L. J. AMM, Proprietor. Having recently enlarged and improved his Foundry—now occupying two large four story buildings—and added many new styles to his assortment of

BOOK AND ORNAMENTAL

Type Borders, Rules, Scripts, &c., would respectfully call the attention of printers and publishers to his establishment. Enjoying ample facilities for executing orders of any magnitude, he hopes, by promptness, to merit a continuance of the favors heretofore bestowed upon him, believing it to be for the interest of printers in the West and Canada to make their purchases here at New York prices, thereby saving the expense and inconvenience of transportation. HOE & CO'S Celebrated Galleys, always on hand, or furnished at short notice, at manufacturer's prices. Buffalo, September, 1854. 11f

Office of the United States Express Co.

No. 15 SENECA ST., CORNER OF PEARL & BUFFALO, BUFFALO, 1854. COMPETITION THE LIFE OF BUSINESS!

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PROPRIETORS AND DIRECTORS. D. N. RANNEY, E. P. WILLIAMS, J. MCKAY, A. H. BARNEY, E. G. MERRICK. 11f

REMOVAL.

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

In the new brick buildings next door below Barnum's Variety Store. The rooms are the finest in the state, being four floors, each 30 feet front, and 200 feet deep. In addition to our LARGE RETAIL STOCK, Consisting of a general assortment of all articles in our line, and most of the best styles. OUR OWN MANUFACTURE We are also prepared to supply, on the best terms, the WHOLESALE TRADE. And our facilities for shipping to WESTERN AND CANADIAN MERCHANTS, FROM OUR WAREHOUSES, are such that we can, on the spot, enable us to do so free of charge. E. TAUNT, J. A. BALDWIN. 11f

Poetry.

We add the following exquisite little poem in the Independent, by GERT:

Little Lily is my Nelly,
With her brow so pure and pale;
Slender Nelly, thoughtful Nelly,
Quiet Lily of the vale.
Lily, lily, shyly blowing,
In the dusky, dewy dew;
In the shade all lowly growing,
Hangs thy snowy, tiny bell.
Listen to the spirits, Nelly,
Whispering in the leafy call;
Tell us what the angels say,
Nestling in the forest hall.
Quiet and wondrous little angeling,
White-armed, glowing, airy things;
Are thou not a flower changing
S'leem from the elin-king?
Shut thy waxen lid so tender,
On thy violet, starry eye;
Bead thy form so lithe and slender,
As dew-laden lilies lie.
Sleep, thy Saviour watches by thee,
Tender transfusion from the skies;
Sleep, all well covered by the dew,
Till the dawn shall bid thee rise.

Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes.

NUMBER VIII.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my last letter I entered on the statement of the reasons which yet prevent me from returning to the pale of your church. I adverted only to four; your virtual prohibition of the Bible; the way and manner of your public worship of God;—your ceremonial law, which burdens and crushes, without instructing or correcting the conscience; and the obstructions which you erect between my soul and my God. These, or either of them, would be reason sufficient not merely to excuse, but to forbid, my ever returning to your communion. For me to give farther reasons would seem to be a little like your doctrine of Supererogation, which is not among the least of the absurd errors of your inflexible church; but as the argument is cumulative, you will bear with me whilst I proceed to the statement of a few others.

I cannot return to your church, until you cease teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. Permit me here to say, dear sir, that, without a solitary exception, the things which are peculiar to your church,—the things which make it distinctively what it is, are the commandments of men, either in direct opposition to the teachings of the Bible, or based upon the most gross perversion of its meaning. In as brief a manner as possible, permit me to illustrate this position.

Your church teaches and enjoins the celibacy of its clergy, in language the most pointed and positive; and the Council of Trent hurls its anathemas against all who would assert the contrary doctrine, or who would admit the lawfulness of the marriage of a priest. Thus you forbid the priest to marry—your damn him if he does marry—and you anathematize all who think or say that in marrying he sinned not against God or man. All this, you admit, is so. Now, then, I ask your authority for so teaching. I ask not your ecclesiastical, but your scriptural authority. Did not the Jewish priests marry? Was not Peter your first pope? This you assert. And was not Peter's wife's mother sick of a fever? Matt. 8: 14. Pope Peter, then, had a wife. Why would it be a mortal sin in pope Pius IX. to have one also?

Would he be the less pious or moral on that account? You, sir, are a bishop. How far you are a scriptural bishop, is not now the inquiry. But Paul in writing to Timothy says, "A bishop must be the husband of one wife... having his children in subjection with all gravity." And even poor "deacons," the lowest order of your ministry, are thus instructed by Paul, "Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well." 1 Tim. 3: 2, 12.

Now, dear sir, put these things together, and see in what a position they will place you.—Peter, your first pope, had a wife; and you damn to the depths of perdition any pope that would, in this respect, follow pope Peter!—Challoner says that he had no commerce with his wife after he was made an apostle! Will you tell me how Challoner found that out?—Deacons and bishops are commanded, or at least permitted to have wives, and you would exempt the seven vials of your wrath, and pour all the anathemas of Trent upon the head of the priest or bishop that, in obeying God, would disobey your church! Is it possible for you and the Bible to be in more direct opposition? Is it wrong to conclude that, in thus forbidding to marry, your church gives at least one evidence that it is the Antichrist? Will you favor me, dear sir, with a common sense exposition of the meaning of Paul, 1 Tim. 4: 3, where he brands "forbidding to marry" as a doctrine of "devils"? If half as literal in the exposition of Paul, as in your exposition of, "this is my body," "this is my blood," how will you avoid the inference that you are a devil?

Again, your church enjoins confession, under the most stringent rules. To this I have already adverted in former letters. I advert to it again to illustrate how you teach for doctrines the commandments of men. The Council of Trent teaches that "it is the duty of every man who hath fallen after baptism to confess his sins at least once a year to a priest." It teaches that "this confession of sin is to be secret, for public confession is neither commanded nor expedient." It teaches that "this confession of sin must be very exact and particular, together with all circumstances, and that it extend to the most secret sins, even of thought or against the 9th or 10th Commandment. You know you omit the 2nd Commandment which forbids your bowing to pictures and images, and divide the 10th into two, so as to make up the 9th and 10th, and thus

complete the number. On receiving confession as thus ordained, the priest pronounces absolution upon the penitent, "not conditional or declarative only, but absolute and judicial." When I remember the use which your church has made of this doctrine, and the fearful power which it gives the priest over the people, my heart swells with emotion as I pen these lines; and, like the angel of Manoah's sacrifice, my thanksgivings ascend to heaven, that I have escaped the snare of the fowler.

Now, Sir, let me again turn querist and ask you where in the Bible do you find your doctrine of confession taught? With me the teachings of all your Councils weigh not a feather; give me, if you can, Bible authority. Is there one text from Genesis to Revelation, which you, as a scholar, will say teaches it? I put this question to you, not as a bishop, but as a scholar. A priest from Mayo, taught there only to mumble the Mass; or a poor unlettered peasant from Mayo or Galway, into whose lips words are put, as into the mouth of a parrot, might quote to me James v. 15, which says, "Confess your faults one to another;" but will you do it? They might tell me that the Pharisees were baptized of John Baptist, "confessing their sins"—that at Ephesus, "many that believed came and confessed, and showed their deeds"—but will you do it? If James is your authority, are not you bound to confess to me, if I am to you? "Confess your faults one to another;"—if this text teaches auricular confession, I hold you to it. When did you put the poor Irishman, who whispered his sins into your ears, in your seat in the Confessional, and kneeling down under, whisper through the little square hole cut in its side, your sins into his ear? This would be confessing your sins one to another. Did you ever do this, Sir? Never, never. I ask you again, not as a bishop, but as a scholar, whether a single text quoted by Challoner, or Butler, or Hay, gives a shadow of countenance to your doctrine of confession? Lay aside your mitre, your crozier, your crook, and your canonicals, and look at those texts as simple John Hughes, and then answer my question. How can you account to man or to God for the erection of such an awful institution as Auricular Confession, upon the merest perversion of Scripture, a perversion which has neither sense nor wit to excuse it, and without a solitary text or example in the Bible to sustain it? O, why will you do as a priest, what you would not do as a scholar, or as a man.

And, then, what aggravates the whole matter is, that every man who is made a priest, no matter how ignorant or wicked, feels himself divinely appointed of heaven to confess sinners, and to absolve them from their sins! No matter if he is a Judas, he has the same authority to confess and absolve as Peter! A priest, Sir, under your own jurisdiction, and I am sorry to say, an Irishman also, was heard thus to address the ostler of the hotel at which he boarded, on returning from Mass on Sabbath afternoon, "Pat, get up my horse, I have to go and confess a poor devil who is dying five or six miles out in the country." I would not say this wretch is a fair sample of all your priests; I hope otherwise. But there are too many like him! And he has the same power to confess and absolve that you have, against whose character I know nothing, save that you sustain a system which you must know to be as false as the Koran.

I would implore you, my dear sir, to review this doctrine of your church. As to the word of God, it is baseless as the fabric of a vision. It was unknown in the Jewish church; it is untaught in the Christian Scriptures. It crept into your church during the dark ages. It was mailed upon it at Trent. It is clearly a device of man, and in terrible opposition to some of the plainest precepts of God's word. It gives power to the priest, and enslaves the people.—It has been to your church, in every land, a fearful source of corruption. Every thing is beneath you but the truth. Reject the lie, however long it may have been told, and however it may increase your income and influence. No longer prostitute your fine talents and education in maintaining this religious juggler, but send the sinner to the cross, telling him that whosoever shall there confess and forsake his sin, shall find mercy. In this thing show yourself a man; and the blessings of unborn generations will be upon you.

And could I address myself to every papist upon whom the sun shines, I would say to them all, and especially to those of your country and mine, the doctrine of confession is a priestly device to gain an absolute authority over your consciences. You are no more bound to confess to a priest, than he is to confess to you.—And as to the doctrine of Absolution, connected with Confession, it is simply blasphemous.—God only can forgive sin. And were it not for the fees connected with your Confession and Absolution, there is not a priest upon the face of the earth that would care a straw about your Confession, or that would commit the blasphemy of forgiving your sins. If bishops or priests will not, in this day of light, cut in pieces the net we in the dark ages to confine and trammel you, it is in your power to rise and tear it in pieces. Irish Roman Catholics' our fathers fought and bled and died to obtain for themselves and for us civil liberty.—Their blood shed by British bayonets in these struggles for their civil rights, have crimsoned every stream and fattened every field of Ireland. And will you, their sons bow your necks to a priestly tyranny, which debases you mentally and morally? Will you give yourselves to be led, and rode, and robbed, by priests who come to you pretending that the keys of heaven hang by their girdle, and that it is with them to let you in, or shut you out at pleasure. No man can be a slave whilst his soul is free; nor can any man be free, whilst his soul is in bondage.

There is, Rev. sir, one confession which I freely make to you; my spirit waxed warm when I think or write upon the absurdities of your church—upon its flagrant perversions of the Scriptures—upon its shameful impositions upon the ignorant and credulous—upon the blushing effrontery with which it teaches for divine doctrines the commandments of men.—And I assure you that my warmth of feeling is not diminished when I consider that a man of your character and country, could consent to be a chief workman in this bad business. Irishmen have their faults; but they are not usually those of duplicity, or perversion of truth.—And, hence, whilst they may make good papists, they make bad Jesuits.

I regret to find that I must end this letter without ending my illustrations of the way and manner in which you teach for doctrines the commandments of men. This I hope to do in my next.

With great respect, yours,

KIRWAN.

Arctic Navigation.

The following extract from Dr. Kane's *Journal of the American Arctic Expedition*, shows the manner of navigating among the ice of the Arctic regions:—

"Let us begin by imagining a vessel, or, for a variety, two of them, speeding along at eight knots an hour, and heading directly for a long, low margin of ice, about two miles off. 'Dye see any opening?' cries the captain, halting an officer on the foretop-sail-yard. 'Something like a lead' a little to leeward of that iceberg on our port bow. In a little while we near the ice; our light sails are got in, our commander taking the place of the officer, who has resumed his station on the deck.

Before you, in a plain of solid ice is a huge iceberg, and near it a black zigzag canal checked with recent fragments.

Now commences the process of 'conning.' Such work with the helm is not often seen in ordinary seas. The brig's head is pointed for the open gap; the watch are stationed at the braces; a sort of silence prevails. Presently comes down the stentorian voice of the commander, 'hard-a-starboard,' and at the same moment the yards yield to the ready hand of the braces. The brig turns her nose into a sudden indentation, and bangs her quarters against a big lump of 'swashing ice.' 'Steady there!' For half a minute not a sound, until a second yell—'Down, down! hard down!' and then we rub, and scrape, and jam and thrust aside, but some how or other find ourselves in an open canal, losing itself in the distance. This is a 'lead.'

As we move on, congratulating ourselves—if we think about the thing at all—that we are 'good for a few hundred yards more, a sudden exclamation, addressed to nobody, but sufficiently distinctive, comes from the yard-arm, (we'll call it 'phaw!') and looking ahead we see that our 'lead' is getting narrower, its sides edging towards each other—it is losing its straightness. At the same moment comes a complicated succession of orders: 'Helm a-starboard!' 'Port!' 'Easy!' 'So!' 'Steady-e-e!' 'Hard, hard, hard!' (Scrape, scrape, thump) 'Eng!' an anomalous grunt, and we are jammed fast between two great ice-fields of an unknown extent. The captain comes down, and all go quietly to supper."

The Life of Sir John Franklin.

The particulars of the biography of the distinguished navigator, the discovery of whose unhappy fate has engaged the public attention so much of late, are derived principally from an article translated for the *Evening Post*, from "Conversations-Lexicon."

"Sir John Franklin, who at a very early age manifested the adventurous spirit that characterized his later career, was born in Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, in 1766. The evident bent of the boy's mind for a sailor's life not meeting with the father's views, he was sent on a voyage to Lisbon in a merchant vessel, in hopes that the reality would operate as a cure. The attempt failed, and at the age of fourteen he entered the British Navy as a midshipman, on board the *Polypheusus*, in which capacity he served at the battle of Copenhagen. In 1803 he accompanied his relative, Capt. Flinders, on a voyage of discovery to the South Seas, and was shipwrecked on the coast of New Holland. He was afterward signal officer on board the *Belcrophon*, (the ship on board which Napoleon took refuge in 1815) at the battle of Trafalgar and in 1814 served as lieutenant upon the *Bedford*, which carried the allied sovereigns to England. In 1815 he was at the attack upon New Orleans, which ended so disastrously for the British, and won considerable reputation by the capture of an American gunboat. In 1818 he was appointed to the command of the brig *Trait*, which formed part of the Polar Expedition under Capt. Bunting. He afterward held a command in the expedition of Ross and Parry, at which time he examined the coast as far north as Cape Turnagain, 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude, and returned to England in 1822, after having suffered great privations, and was only saved from death by the kindness of the Esquimaux. Promoted to the rank of Post Captain in 1825, in company with the same parties he undertook a second voyage to the Polar Seas, and examined the coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers.

He returned in 1827, having reached 70 deg. 30 min. north latitude and 150 deg. west longitude, and was knighted by George IV. in acknowledgement of his services. In 1830 he was in command of a ship-of-the-line in the Mediterranean, and was afterwards sent as Governor of Van Diemen's Land, from which post he was recalled in 1843. Early in 1845 he returned to England, and was at once appointed to command the expedition to the Polar Seas, from which he never returned, and which

was expected to add largely to the stock of geographical knowledge, and that of the laws which govern the magnet. The *Errebus* and *Terror*, the two ships with which the younger Ross, in 1839, had made his celebrated voyage to the South Polar seas, were rapidly fitted up with everything necessary for the service, and with distinguished officers, Captains Crozier and Fitz James, who were selected by Sir John himself, the expedition left England on the 19th of May of that year. It was spoken by several whale ships on the 4th of July, and on the 26th of the same month was seen for the last time in Melville's Bay, latitude 77 north longitude 66 13 West from Greenwich.

Fears respecting the missing navigators became general in England in 1848; and, since that period, several expeditions have been fitted out, as well as one from this country, for the purpose of either rescuing or ascertaining the fate of Sir John and his companions.—They have all returned without success.—The only traces hitherto discovered have been the graves of the party, and some empty cans used for containing preserved meats, such as were furnished the expedition. The searches instituted at the request of the English by the Russian government among its possessions on the Arctic Sea, have met with no result. But the veil seems about to be lifted, and should the report of Dr. Rae, which has reached us from Canada prove correct, we shall soon probably know all that can ever be known of Sir John Franklin and those under his command.

Transplanting Trees in the Autumn

"Do you approve of fall planting?" is a question asked us every day. Our answer is, yes, under these circumstances:

1st. When the ground is of such nature and in such condition that water will not lodge around the roots of trees during winter. To plant trees in holes sunk in stiff, tenacious soils, is a certain method of killing them.

2d. The trees should be perfectly hardy.—All delicate or half-hardy trees should invariably be planted in the spring. If it be necessary to take them up in the fall, they had better be laid in by the roots in a dry soil sheltered from the cold, cutting winds, and, if necessary protected with boughs of evergreen, or something of that nature.

3d. We do not approve of planting evergreen trees in the fall, unless the very hardiest sort, and that quite early, say in September or the first of October, in time for the trees to root, partially, before hard frost; and they should be sheltered from the sun and wind by a thick screen of evergreen boughs well secured around them.

4th. Plant trees early—as soon as circumstances will permit after the wood is ripe.—Don't wait till the leaves fall, but cut them off, being careful not to injure the buds. Late planting, however, if well done, may be equally successful. We transplant any time most convenient, between the first of October and first of May. Last winter, in December, we planted several hundred of specimen trees, from one to six years old, and lost not over two or three in the whole. Many of the bearing trees, notwithstanding the drought, have borne and ripened fine specimens of fruit.

5th. Secure all trees from being blown about by the winds, and much with half-rotten manure or leaves three or four inches deep.—Asparagus, rhubarb, gooseberries, and currants, should all be planted in the fall, and as early as possible. Also, hardy bulbs, such as hyacinth, tulips, narcissus, crocus, crown imperial, and lilies. It is also the best season to top-dress and renovate neglected trees of all sorts—to make new walks and repair old ones—to lay down turf and perform such operations as grading, draining, trenching, &c., incident to the formation of new gardens, lawns, &c. Our springs are short, and hot summer weather very often comes too soon. It is therefore well to make good use of every hour between this time and the freezing of the ground.—*Horticulturalist*

HOLIDAYS IN LOWER CANADA.—Some inconvenience having been experienced by the merchants in Montreal and Quebec in consequence of the closing of the custom house, banks and post office on certain saint's days, the subject was brought before the Assembly on the night of the 27th of October, and was amicably settled, as will be seen by the following proceedings:

Last night the debate continued for some length of time on Mr. Ferres's holiday bill, which was finally withdrawn, on a promise of the Government that they would take steps to provide for making notes fall due on the day after, instead of the day before, holidays; also, to have the custom house to keep open holidays.

Mr. Morin and others contended that to make Roman Catholics transact business on holidays that they deemed sacred would be as bad as to compel Protestants, by law, to do business on Sundays. Mr. M. said further that the Lower Canadians had a vested right, guaranteed by treaty, to have their holidays observed.

The House on all sides accepted this reasoning—while it was admitted that the inconveniences complained of by Protestants should be remedied as far as possible; and hence the promise of the Government above stated.

At Sweet Springs, Va., a lad who was displeased with his father threatened to destroy himself, and after procuring a hoe and a spade, and digging a grave, he got a rope, attached it to a tree, and actually hung himself, thus putting an end to his existence, and fulfilling his threat.

The New York Kansas League, has sent out 800 settlers, and on the 8th of November will send another party, chiefly to Council City.

A young southerner stabbed a cabman in Broadway, New York, the other day. His father settled the matter by paying \$600 and that probably saved the impetuous youth from the state prison.

In a match for \$2,000 on Friday, at Union Course, L. L. Mac distanced Tacony in the third heat, in the slow time of 1:35. The latter was not in condition for trotting.

Advertisements.

S DUDLEY & SONS,
51 MAIN STREET.

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

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We also have on hand an extra quality of LEATHER HOSE, of our own manufacture; also, FIRE ENGINES, FORCE PUMPS, &c. We are, likewise, the sole agents in this city of H. R. WOODRUFF'S PATENT STEAM SAFETY PUMP and FIRE ENGINE. We manufacture Railroad Lanterns, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, and a greatly improved COOK STOVE, designed expressly for Steamboats, Trappers and Hotel.

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

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 to the deposits, they believe it will be an institution of benefit, they hope that it will be liberally sustained by their fellow citizens.

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

CYRUS P. LEE, Secy and Treas.
Buffalo, N. Y., August 29th, 1854.

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

BOTANIC MEDICINE DISPENSARY,
On the corner of Niagara and West Eagle streets, in the city of Buffalo, where he will constantly keep a full and choice assortment of BOTANIC MEDICINES, comprising all the varieties of Roots, Herbs, Powders, Decoctions and Compounds, which are used by Families and Practising Physicians. He will take especial care to have all his Medicines not only genuine, but of the first quality, and all of preparations from the latest growths. He will take care never to be out of the Old Compounds, such as

Composition No. 6, or Hot Drops,
Spiced Bitters, Mother's Relief, Stomachic, Cathartic Pills, Liver Drops, Neutralizing Mixture, Honey Cough Balsam, a superior remedy for Coughs and Colds, Rheumatic Liniment, and

CHOLERA SYRUP,
which was extensively used in '49 and '52, with the most successful results when taken in the incipient stage of the disease.

The advantage and safety of procuring Medicines at such an establishment, and from a regular Dispensing Physician, whose professional knowledge and practical experience preclude all contingency of vending poisons, must be obvious to every one. He hopes by using every endeavor to serve the public satisfactorily, to merit patronage, and earn the good will of all who honor him with their custom.

N. B. All orders from abroad promptly attended to.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

HAVING ESTABLISHED AGENCIES in all the principal cities and towns of the United States and the Canadian and in all the Principal Cities of Europe, to buy and sell GOLD, SILVER, BULLION, GOLD and SILVER Coins, Drafts, Bills of Exchange and Public Stocks, collect and settle bills, notes, or other demands and claims, forwarded by

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

CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CREDIT, issued to Travelers, which are cashed throughout Europe at the best rates of Exchange, and in circular letters of credit, and circular notes of the principal London Bankers cashed at the usual rates at the Paris office. Special credits issued to parties purchasing merchandise.—Money received on deposit at our principal offices, on the usual terms.

All orders for the purchase of Public Stocks, Bonds, Works of Art, or other articles, promptly attended to. All letters addressed to the care of any of our agencies promptly delivered or forwarded.

For the convenience of emigrants or others, we draw bills for £1 and upwards, upon the Royal Bank of Ireland, National Bank of Scotland, and the Bank of Montreal. The Company's Expresses, in charge of special Messengers, are regularly dispatched. SEMI-MONTHLY TO AND FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the Mail Steamship Lines, via Panama, and also by the Nicaragua Steamship Lines, and that from EUROPE, THE Isthmus of Panama, HAVRE AND BREMEN STEAMSHIP LINES.

The House in Paris is Agent for the New York and Havre Steam Navigation Company, and the Union Pacific Steam Navigation Company. At the Paris office is kept a Traveler's Register, and all the principal American newspapers, to which visitors have free access.

DIRECTORS:
D. N. Barney, Johnston Livingston, James McKay, New York; Wm. G. Fargo, Buffalo; Edwin B. Morgan, Henry Wells, Aurora; W. J. Pardee, San Francisco, Cal.; E. P. Williams, Buffalo, D. N. BARNEY, President.

JAMES MCKAY, Secretary.
T. M. JAMES, Treasurer.

BUFFALO & BRANTFORD RAILWAY.
SHORTEST ROUTE BETWEEN BUFFALO AND DETROIT.

BY THE Buffalo and Brantford Railway,
In connection with the several Lines terminating in Buffalo, and the

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAIL ROAD, To Chicago, St. Louis, and the Great West.

On and after Monday, the 11th inst., Three Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), leaving the New Depot on Erie street, Buffalo, at 10:30 A. M., 1:45 and 10:10 P. M.

Morning Express leaves Detroit at 9 A. M. Paris at 3 P. M., and arrives in Buffalo at 7:55 P. M. Evening Express leaves Detroit at 5:45 P. M. Paris at 12:20 A. M., arrives at Buffalo at 4:15.

Freight train leaves Erie at 9:50 A. M., arrives at Erie at 2 P. M.

N. B.—This route connects with the several Eastern Lines terminating in Buffalo and the Michigan Central to Chicago.

Tickets may be procured at the Depot and at 37 Exchange street, Buffalo, and at the Office of the Company's Agents, in New York, Albany, Detroit and Chicago.

Baggage checked through.
Fare from Buffalo to Detroit, \$5.00
Chicago, \$10.00
St. Louis, \$15.00

No extra charge.
WM. WALLACE, Sup't B. & B. R. W.
Sup'ts Office, opposite Erie Depot.
Buffalo, August 29th, 1854.



HIGHLY PERFUMED with Rose Geranium, Citronella, and other choice Odors.
This article is introduced to the attention of the public after it has been extensively tried. It is a significant and gratifying fact, that all who have used the

ROSE COMPOUND,
have been delighted with its effects. We do not believe a single case has occurred where it has failed, when used according to its directions, to stop the premature loss of the hair by falling out; and we give the most positive assurance that it will be found on trial to possess all those requisites for which it is recommended, and has already secured such general commendation.

As an article of DAILY USE for dressing the hair, it is rapidly taking the place of Hair Oils, Pomatums, &c.

Because of its Cheapness!
DELICIOUS PERFUME AND WONDERFUL POWER IN PREVENTING AND MAINTAINING A FIRMEST AND MOST SOFTENED!

The superiority of the ROSE HAIR GLOSS in this respect, consists not merely in its lubricating elements, but is chiefly attributable to its efficacy in cleansing the scalp of scurf or dandruff, stimulating the vessels and promoting the healthy secretion of Nature's own Hair Oil.

The instant application of the Rose Hair Gloss should be abundant, not forgetting the vigorous friction and rubbing into the roots of the hair. Afterward a small quantity is sufficient, and the beneficial result will soon appear; the hair, before harsh, crisp and dry, becomes invested with a dark, rich lustre; the scalp is clean, free and healthy; the thin, feeble filaments grow out thick and strong; and by a continuance of this care, the hair will be preserved in its original healthy luxuriance; unchanged as to quality and color to the remotest period of his life.

The small quantity required to produce these desirable results and the LOW PRICE for LARGE bottles, make it as Cheap as Soap, and as we are confident it combines all the active agents which have yet been discovered for promoting the vigorous power, strength and beauty of the hair, we believe it is the best Hair preparation in the world.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Keep the bottle corked. Liberal terms to Agents and wholesale purchasers.

A. B. MOORE, Drugist, 225 Main st., Buffalo, N. Y. SOBLE, Westfield, Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada.

MARBLE WORKS.
V. R. GREGORY & CO., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Marble.

Monuments, Grave Stone, Table Tops, &c., Elm st., next door to cor. of Clinton Buffalo.