

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

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

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1855.

VOLUME I.—NO. 20.

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

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

Drawing Materials of all kinds, and All Articles required by Railroad Contractors and Engineers; Field Books;
Time Books, Weekly and Monthly; Profile and Cross-section Paper;
Roll Drawing, of all sizes and qualities; Tracing Paper,
Copying Presses and Books;
Memorandum and Pass Books, of every variety.

BLANK BOOKS.
Of superior Paper and Binding, neatly ruled; Also Blank Books of all kinds made to order, after any pattern. Having a Bindery connected with our establishment, great care will be taken to have our work as good as can be made here or elsewhere.

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

Office of the United States Express Co.
No. 15 SENeca ST., CORNER OF PEARL ST.
BUFFALO, JUNE, 1854.

COMPETITION THE LIFE OF BULINNESS!
UNITED STATES EXPRESS,
A JOINT STOCK COMPANY—CAPITAL \$500,000, over New York and Erie Rail Road.

The most rapid, reliable and secure means of transit between New York and the other Atlantic cities and

THE GREAT WEST.
This Company are prepared to do a general Express business between New York, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, St. Louis, Columbus and Cincinnati.

Two Expresses leave New York daily for the above named cities, in charge of special messengers with Bank Notes, Drafts, and all kinds of merchandise.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES.
82 Broadway, New York, 15 Seneca street, corner of Pearl street, Buffalo.

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

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 mostly of

OUR OWN MANUFACTURE
We are also prepared to supply, on the best terms, the

WHOLESALE TRADE.
And our facilities for shipping to WESTERN AND CANADA MERCHANTS, FROM OUR WAREHOUSE. On the Dock, enable us to do so free of charge.

114
J. A. BALDWIN.

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.

CELEMAN'S GALLERY—Looking Glass and Portrait Frame Manufactory, No. 7 East Swan street. 114

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

FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION for January. 25 cents.
Life of Barnum, \$1.25.
Life of Greeley, \$1.25.
Ruth Hall, \$1.25.
Ida May, \$1.25.
The New York, \$1.25.
Way Down East, by Jack Downing, \$1.25.
Lyric of the Morning Land, 75 cents.
An Epic of the Stormy Heavens, 75 cents.
Fudge Papers, by Pk Marvel, \$2.

For Sale at the Literary Depot, Postoffice, T. S. HAWKS.

GLISAN, BUTLER & FRISBEE,
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC PAPER DEALERS,
79 B. MARKET ST., BUFFALO.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF PRINTERS'S CARDS, Colored Papers, Blank Books, and Fancy Stationery of all kinds, always on hand

BUFFALO TYPE FOUNDRY.
PRINTERS'S FURNISHING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 18 and 20 West Seneca st., Buffalo, N. Y., N. LYMAN, Proprietor. Having recently enlarged and improved this Foundry—now occupying two large four-story buildings—and added many new styles to his assortment of

Poetry.

The Pauper's Death-Bed
BY MRS. SOUTHEY

Tread softly—low the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! howe'er great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth crowd his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone,
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—Oh wondrous change—
Burst the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod,
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Miscellany.

The Utilitarian.

We were walking together in a broad, unfrequented street of Philadelphia. All at once we heard a strange uproar a great way off, growing louder every moment; and before we could imagine the cause, a boy at the head of the street cried out, "Here they come! here they come!" The people rushed out of their houses, another and another took up the cry, and it flew by us like the signal of a telegraph. And then all was still as death, frightfully still, and the next moment a pair of large powerful horses came plunging round the corner at full speed, with the fragments of a carriage rattling and ringing after them. "The child! the child! oh! my God, the poor child!" shrieked a woman at a window near me; and on looking that way, I saw a child in the street, holding out its arms to a female who was flying toward it, her eyes dilated with horror, her garments flying loose, and her cry such as I never heard issue from mortal lips. I sprang forward to save the child—the little creature was right in the way of the horses—and I should have succeeded, but for a strong hand that arrested me and pulled me back by main force, at the very instant the carriage bounded by in a whirlwind of dust, overthrowing mother and child in its career. "The woman! the woman!" shrieked the people far and wide; "save her, save her!" At this new cry, the man who had held me back with the hand of a giant, flung me away from his grasp, and, pursuing the furious animals around the next corner where they had been partially stopped by a wagon, and stood leaping and plunging in their harness, and trying to disengage themselves from what I now perceived to be a human being, a female who had been caught by her clothes in the whirling mass, leaped upon them with the activity and strength of one who might grapple with Centaurs in such a cause; and, before I could get near enough to help him, plucked one of the hot and furious animals to the earth, first upon his knees, and then upon his side in such a manner as to deprive the other of all power. The next moment I was at his side, leaving the poor child I had snatched up to be taken care of by a stranger, and lifting the mother of the child from the midst of danger so appalling that, but for the example set me by my companion, I never should have had courage to interfere even to save what now appeared to be one of the loveliest women I had ever seen. The multitude were agast with fear, but as for the extraordinary man who had brushed himself foremost upon what was regarded by every body there, as no better than certain death, he got up after I had liberated the woman, brushed off the dust from his clothes, and would have walked away, as if nothing had happened, I do believe, had I not begged him to go with me where he might see after the child, and examine its hurts.

The child was very much hurt, and the mother delirious, though in every other respect unharmed. A wheel had passed over the little creature's body in such a way as to leave me no hope of its recovery, though I instantly bled it myself, and determined to watch by it to the last; and the mother had escaped as by a miracle, with but two or three slight lacerations, though it had appeared upon fuller inquiry, that she had run directly before the horses with a view to turn them aside, there being no

other hope, and that she had been caught by the projecting shaft and lifted along at the risk, every moment, as she clung by the bridle, of being trampled to death. But she escaped and recovered; and the poor child, who was just beginning to speak plain, was now the sole object of solicitude with me.

A word now of the character and behaviour of the stranger, before I proceed further with my little story. I had met him about a month before in a dissecting room, where, in the absence of the lecturer, a question arose about the structure and purpose of a part of the eye. The class were all talking together; and for myself, though I paid great attention to the subject, I confess that I was never so bewildered in my life. In the midst of the uproar, a tall, boy, hard-visaged man, with a stoop in his shoulders, and the largest hand I ever saw, whipped out a small penknife, and taking up the eye of a fish that lay near, proceeded to demonstrate with astonishing clearness and beauty of language. After he had got through his demonstration, we inquired of each other, who he was, and where he had come from. But all we could hear amounted to nothing. He had been at Philadelphia about six months. He had travelled much, read much, and thought more; he was learned in a way peculiarly his own; he was indefatigable, he had given his body by will to be dissected after death, and he was a Utilitarian. But what a Utilitarian meant nobody knew. Some believed it to be a new religious faith, whose followers bore that name; others that it meant a sort of free-masonry or infidelity. But he, when he was asked, told them it was nothing but Jeremy Benthamism. But who was Jeremy Bentham? Nobody knew, at least nobody knew with any degree of certainty.

"Why did you stop me," said I to him, as we sat together by an open window, looking out upon the Jersey shore; the little boy on a bed near us, breathing, though awake, as children breathe when they are asleep, and the mother—it made me a better man to look at this woman, so meek, so fair, with such a calm, beautiful propriety in her looks, and so sincere, withal, and so affectionate with her boy. "Why did you stop me," said I, looking at her as she sat with her large hazel eyes fixed upon the little sufferer. "N. B. she was a widow. "Why did you stop me, I say?" addressing myself to Abijah Wares. "Because," quoth Abijah, in a deep, low, monotonous whine, "because I am a Utilitarian." "A what?" "A Utilitarian," repeated Abijah. "The woman stared, and I asked what he meant. "I mean," said Abijah, "a follower of the principle of utility; I look to the greatest good of the greatest number." "I am all in the dark," said I, "please to explain. What had utility, or the greatest good of the greatest number, to do with your stopping me, when but for you, I might have rescued the child." "Perhaps—and you might have thrown away another life to no purpose." "Well, and so might you, when you risked yours." "Fiddle-faddle—one case at a time. How old are you?" "How old am I?" "Yes—out with it." "I made no reply." "About five-and-twenty, I suppose, are you?" "Well, what if I am? What has that to do with my saving or not saving the child?" "Much. I am a Utilitarian, I say. You are grown up; your life is worth more to society than forty such lives." "How so?" "It has cost some thousands to raise you. I looked up. The man was perfectly serious. He had a pencil in his hand, a bit of paper on the table, and was cyphering away at full speed. "Yes, Sir," continued he, "the risk was out of all proportion to the probable advantage or profit; and therefore I stopped you." God forgive the Utilitarians, thought I, if they are capable of such things before they put forth a hand to save a fellow-creature—a babe in the path of wild horses. For my part, I should as soon think of stopping to do the case in double fellowship, as to calculate the proportion of the risk to the hope of profit here. He understood me, I dare say; for he shifted his endless legs one over the other, drew a long breath, and quietly laughed in my face. "You acted like a boy," said he. "The chance—I know how to calculate such chances to a single hair—was fifty to one against your saving the child." "Well, Sir—And fifty to one, perhaps more, against your saving yourself; and so I concluded to save you, in spite of your teeth." Here a low, hysterical sobbing was heard from the pillow, where the mother lay with her head resting by that of her child, and her mouth pressed to his cheek. But my imperturbable companion proceeded—"The truth is, my dear Sir, that you never were made for a hero; you are not strong enough, nor, I might say, leaning forward to peer either into the widow's eyes or into a dressing glass, that stood near; nor ugly enough. Had you not kept me employed in holding you, I might have saved the child—poor boy, and I should." "But your life is far more valuable than mine," said I, with a flourish, expecting of course to be contradicted. "True. But I am unfortun-

ately put together, I am older than you, and my name is Abijah." This was said with invincible gravity, though followed by another glance at the beautiful widow. "And what is more, the risk would have been little or nothing for me; to you it would have been a matter of life and death. I am what may be called a strong man." "A hero, therefore," said I, referring to his remark of a moment before. "I might have been a hero, perhaps, for my brother Ezra and I were twins, and he is decidedly a hero." I could not help saying, "Do you resemble each other?" "Very much, though Ezra is the handsomer of the two. By-the-by, I must tell you a little anecdote of brother Ezra. One day, as he turned a corner in Baltimore, a man met him, who made a full stop in the highway, threw up his hands with affected amazement at the ungainly creature before him—brother Ezra, by-the-by, is not the handsomest man that ever was—and cried out, 'Well, by George! if you ain't the ugliest fellow ever I clapped eyes on!' At which our Ezra, instead of knocking him head over heels, as anybody but a hero, with such strength, would have done, merely said to him, 'I guess you never saw brother Bajah?' 'I laughed heartily at the story, and yet more heartily at the look of brother Bajah as he told it. And as for the widow, she appeared for a single moment to forget her boy, in her anxiety to avoid laughing with me. "But you risked your life, Sir," said I, "in a case ten thousand times more dangerous, the very next moment after you had interfered to stop me." "True, but it was to save the life of a woman." "Well, but why a woman, if you would not suffer me to save a child?" "Because I am a Utilitarian." "Well, what does that prove?" "You shall see. Suppose the perfection of the species to depend upon a certain union of physical and intellectual properties which may be represented by x." "Nonsense; what have we to do with algebra here?" "By x, I say, or, if you prefer arithmetic, by the number 100. Now youth may go for so much—making a mark on the paper before him; health for so much; making another; beauty for let me see, widow, I begin to have some hope for your child." The woman started upon her feet, and stood with her eyes lighted up, her cheek flushed, hands locked and lifted, waiting for him to finish; but he only looked at her, and proceeded with the calculation. "Beauty for so much, maturity for so much; and value, wisdom, courage, virtue—widow you may sit down—for all the rest say 85. Now when I see such a being, whether male or female though sex may be put down for something here, about to lose herself, or herself about to throw herself, or herself away, I instantly subtract the sum at which I have estimated myself, that is, between sixty-three and sixty-four, as you may see by this paper, handing me his pocket-book, where the calculation stood on the first page, "from the sum of one hundred, or less, according to the value of the object, and if I am satisfied that the risk is a fair one, the probabilities not more than enough to outweigh the certain profit of saving a life so much more valuable than my own, I save it." "I understand nothing of your theory," said I, "and as little of your calculation. But this I do understand, this I know, that you have encountered a risk for the safety of that woman there, which I never saw, never hope to see, voluntarily encountered by any human being for the safety of another." "That will depend upon the progress of our faith. If Utilitarians multiply, such things will be common." I was just going to cry, Phoe! but I forbore. "And now," said he, getting up and going to the child, which had just waked from a sleep, and feeling its pulse. "I think I may say to you now, widow Roberts—I think, I say—but I would not have you too sure—I think your child is safe." The woman caught his huge hand up to her mouth before he could prevent it, and fell upon her knees, and wept and sobbed as if her heart would break; and the child, putting out both its little fat hand, kept patting her on the head, and saying, "Poor mother! my George most well now, don't cry, mother." My hero withdrew his hand, I thought with considerable emotion, kissed the child, made a sweep at me, in the form of a bow, and walked straightway out of the room, without opening his mouth. He was no sooner off than there was, and we examined the child. There was, to be sure, a surprising alteration for the better. He breathed freely, the stupor had passed off, and his eyes were as clear as crystal.

"Let me pass over the following four weeks, at the end of which period I thought proper to hold counsel with my friend, the Utilitarian, about the safety and propriety of marrying a widow. "You merely suppose the case, for argument's sake," said he—"To be sure," said I—"What if you suppose a child or so into the bargain?" said he. "Why, as to that," said I, with somewhat of a sheepish look, "I fear, as to that now, I should not care much if—" "A boy?" said he, interrupting me. "I wish the brat was out of the way," said I

with a fling. "No you don't," said he. "It would be a dead loss to you." I pretended to be in a huff. "Come, come, Joseph, let us cut the matter short. Away with your pros and cons, your theories, and your supposable cases. You love the widow, don't you?" "I do," "Do you know any thing of her history?" "Not a syllable." "Of her situation or character?" "Nothing—perhaps you do." "I do, enough to satisfy me. She is young, healthy, virtuous, and beautiful, with one child—" "Hang the child, Abijah,"—Joseph, you are wrong; that child would be a comfort to you." "To me!" "Yes, to you, if you marry the widow. What are you rubbing your hands for?" "Marry the widow! What on earth do you mean?" cried I, with a flutter of joy, and a thrill at the very idea. "Hear me through, Joseph. You have come to ask me what I would do in your case?" "You are right, I have." "Well, were I you, I would marry her." "But why don't you marry her yourself?" "I for three reasons." "What are they?" "In the first place, I am not you." "Good—the next." "In the next place, she would not have me." "Pho!" said I; though, to tell you the truth, reader, I thought as he did, notwithstanding the beautiful widow was for ever sounding his praises to me whenever we were alone together. But I could always see a good way into a mill-stone; and whether she romped with her boy before me half smothering him with kisses, or talked of her preserver, that heroic man—that heroic Abijah, I longed to say, but I was afraid, there was no laughing at such a man before such a woman, I could see through the whole. "But in the third place," continued I, "Well, in the third place, I am not worthy of her." "How so?" "But you are, my friend"—his rich, bold voice quivered here, and I began to feel rather dismal—"you are; and my advice to you is, to lose no time in securing that woman; you deserve her; you are young and handsome, wealthy and rich. Take her: I would have you go to the beautiful widow, and offer yourself to her; and if she is the woman I take her to be, you will be able to bring out as much of her history and character as you will have any use to know. There, there—go, and Heaven speed you."

I went. I offered myself to the widow, and was flatly, though kindly refused. That was about as much as I could well stomach, and I do not know that ever I should have got over it, but for a little gratuitous intelligence, of a nature to make me almost thankful for my disappointment. The widow was no widow. The child was a thing, with all its beauty, for the mother to be ashamed of. I went straightway to my hero. "Abijah Wares," said I, "such and such are the facts," relating the whole. "And how did you learn all this?" asked Abijah. "Out of her own mouth," said I. "And what have you concluded to do, Joseph?" "To give her up." "You are a fool, Joseph." "How so; you would not have me—" "Yes, I would," interrupting me, "where will you find such another woman? a woman of such exalted virtue?" "Virtue," said I, "Was that a sneer?" said Abijah. "It was," I cried, lifting my voice and braving the look with which the inquiry was made, as if what I felt were a thing to brag of. "Then," said Abijah, "then you never loved her. You would weep sooner than see her at such a virtue, if you ever had." "But I did love her." "You did? then there is but one other hypothesis for me." "Well, out with it—" She has refused you." "I fell back abashed, I dropped my eyes; I could not bear the solemn overpowering reproach of his. "Very true," said I. "One word more. Did you offer yourself to her after she told you this?" "Why do you ask?" "I ask it for your sake; for your dear friend, I long to have one of us; but I fear you want the courage. It requires prodigious manhood to be a Utilitarian." "Well, be it so, I did not offer myself after this; but I did before." "I pity you. How you have rewarded her candour; how gloriously you have repaid her truth! She might have deceived you, but she forbore. She proved herself worthy of you, and you abandoned her accordingly." His emotion surprised me. He got up, and walked the floor with a tread that shook the whole house. "You do not understand the matter," said I. "She refused me before I knew this, and told me her story afterwards, not so much as a reason for it, I do believe as to convince me of what she called her good faith, respect and gratitude." "Young man," said Abijah Wares, "you are throwing away that which would be of more worth to me, and to you, if you were a Utilitarian instead of a sentimentalist, than the great globe itself, though it were a solid chrysolite. I beseech you, once for all, I pray you, I implore you to reconsider this matter." "Impossible," said I, "think of the usage of the world? What have you to do with the usage of the world?" "Aye, but the prejudices of society." "True, prejudices and usages are all to be weighed. Look to what you gain, as well as what you lose, by running counter to them, and whatever they are, and

whether well or ill founded, act accordingly. That is the part of the wise man. But enough; will you think better of this? Will you not try to recover that woman?" "I dare not; we should be miserable. Hereafter, were we thrown abroad into society, every little neglect, every trifle, which, if her history were unaltered, would be laughed at, or pitied, or overlooked, would be to her peace and to mine like the bite of a rattlesnake." "Very true, but still, still, my friend—" "Why do you urge me? Even you yourself, were you in my case, would not be able to throw off the prejudices you complain of." "We shall see. Do you give her up?" "I do." "You will not marry her?" "Never." "Then, by Heaven, I will!" "You" said I, with what I meant for a most withering sneer, though, to tell the truth, I could not help thinking of her praises, and of that summer afternoon at the bedside of the boy—the little wretch, he is alive now—when she dropped upon her knees, and wept upon his great ugly three-decker of a hand. "At least," cried he, "I will offer myself to her before I sleep; and if she refuse me—" "If" said I, "I will make her independent for life." "I congratulate her," said I, "her wealth may hereafter make her a desirable match." He glowed, and I—I cut and run.

P. S.—He kept his word. He offered himself, and the great steam-engine of a fellow is now the husband of the fair widow. I often see him lumbering along to church with the beautiful Mary Roberts—I never mean to call her Mary Wares while I breathe—dangling at his elbow, like a—like a—like a rose on a patch of thistle and furze—adrift.

A REFORM NEEDED.—One of the ugliest peculiarities incident to New England society needs a speedy reformation. We allude to the bad custom of gossiping over a pleasant and harmless intercourse between young people of opposite sexes. What we mean is this—If a young man is polite, and renders himself agreeable to a young female friend in "the beaten way of friendship," (no matter how intimate the families of both may be), straightway busy the tongue and the open ear. Busy tongues pour into greedy ears the welcome news that Mr. — was seen walking once or twice with Miss — alone in broad day! Or, if the above mentioned gentleman invites his friend to the theatre or a concert, it is all over with them—a wedding may be expected shortly.

What is the consequence of all this foolishness on the part of lookers on? Simply this—a quiet, inoffensive young man is deprived of the society of a good-tempered girl, who would improve his manners and be of great service to him as a friend. Very often, if he be denied social interchange of conversation in this way, or a ramble with a pleasant companion, he will look elsewhere, not unfrequently out of the pale of respectability, for his associates. It is a bad custom worth mending; this constant espionage thus tyrannically held in our day, and we hope good sense and a better policy will tend to drive out so foul and wicked a practice.—Boston Transcript.

FANBY FERN'S OPINION OF SUNDAY.—This should be the best day of all the seven; not ushered in with acetic foam, or lengthened face, or stiff and rigid manner. Sweetly upon the still Sabbath air should float the matin hymn of happy childhood; blending with the early song of birds, and wafted upward, with flowers' incense, to Him whose very name is LOVE. It should be no day for puzzling the half-developed brain of childhood with gloomy creeds, to shake the simple faith that prompts the innocent lips to say, "Our Father." It should be no day to sit upright on stiff-chairs till the golden sun should set. No; the birds should not he more welcome to warble, the flowers to drink in the air and sunlight, or the trees to toss their limbs, free and fearless. "I'm so sorry that to-morrow is Sunday!" From whence does this sad lament issue? From under your roof. O mistaken but well-meaning parent; from the lips of your child, whom you compel to listen to two or three unintelligible sermons, sandwiched between Sunday schools, and finished off at nightfall by tedious repetitions of creeds and catechisms, till sleep releases your weary victim! No wonder your child shrinks when the minister tells him that "Heaven is one eternal Sabbath." Oh, mistaken parents! relax the over-strained bow, prevent the fearful rebound, and make the Sabbath what God designed it, not a weariness, but the "best" and happiest day of all the seven.

REV. ANTONETTE L. BROWN.—This female preacher is about to settle over an independent society in the city of New York. We lately heard her deliver fit temperance lecture in Massachusetts, which exhibited a breadth of mind, an extent of culture, and a warmth of heart, of which almost any man might be proud.—New Era.

Love not life for itself, but for the good it may be of to others.

The Pursuit of Happiness.

This is the last of the three things particularly specified in the Declaration of Independence, as being among the unalienable rights of man. The pursuit of happiness then, is a right, in every man, which cannot be alienated without resort to oppressive measures.

Happiness is the grand object of every one who starts in the race of life; and the next important object is, to overtake it with the least effort and the shortest interval of delay.

Let us take a position at some public corner, or by the side of some fashionable thoroughfare, and inspect the countenances of those who must have reached the goal of happiness, in this line of pursuit, if any have ever found it on this race-course.

Why should they be so miserable? they have now a million and a half, which is one hundred times as much as they have any real necessity for.

The old gentleman, who, in starting on this pursuit, saw perfect happiness in the possession of an estate of fifty thousand dollars, was tenfold more craving when he arrived at that point than he was at the start; and his avarice increased with his wealth, so that the time to stop accumulating and commence enjoying was postponed as often as it arrived.

It has always kept just so far in the distance. The old gentleman, who, in starting on this pursuit, saw perfect happiness in the possession of an estate of fifty thousand dollars, was tenfold more craving when he arrived at that point than he was at the start; and his avarice increased with his wealth, so that the time to stop accumulating and commence enjoying was postponed as often as it arrived.

It has always kept just so far in the distance. The old gentleman, who, in starting on this pursuit, saw perfect happiness in the possession of an estate of fifty thousand dollars, was tenfold more craving when he arrived at that point than he was at the start; and his avarice increased with his wealth, so that the time to stop accumulating and commence enjoying was postponed as often as it arrived.

sand dollars invested in property which was only to feed vanity, affording no crumb of comfort to avarice, was torment to his mind. There was, therefore, no unity of sentiment, no cordiality of feeling, no congeniality of any kind, existing between them.

Now let us go into lower grades of life and see how it fares with those who pursue happiness in the same line, but with more limited aspirations. Here is a man worth twenty thousand dollars, which he has accumulated by years of industry, economy and sharp dealing.

Now let us go into lower grades of life and see how it fares with those who pursue happiness in the same line, but with more limited aspirations. Here is a man worth twenty thousand dollars, which he has accumulated by years of industry, economy and sharp dealing.

We find this subject lengthening as we proceed, so that it is impracticable to bring it to a close in a single chapter. With all we have said, we have only disposed of the principal highway which is vainly supposed, by all in whom the animal predominates over the intellectual and the spiritual, to lead to happiness.

Free Love and Spiritualism.

In one of the early editions of this journal, we gave our own sentiments on the subject of Free Love, as we understood the term. Our article on that subject was copied into several of our exchanges, the most of which, if we did not mistake them, remarked approvingly of the position we took.

It seems that the Universe is favored with a reader and contributor, whose name is BARRY; and it also appears that this Mr. BARRY took exceptions to our views of the subject, and was somewhat incensed with the editor of the Universe for giving our article to its readers.

Had we known of Mr. B. and his monopoly, we should have felt it our duty, before offering our crude sentiments on the subject, to ask him what he intends the public shall understand by the term, Free Love.

tions which we saw applied to it by other writers on the subject; and we treated it as if it embraced the following characteristics:

Free Love is the free privilege of loving any and every one of the opposite sex conjugally, whether the lover or the loved be already conjugally connected or not. It is independent of and superior to all statute laws on the subject of marriage.

It gives free privilege to any and every man to swap off his wife with another man, for his wife, or to go and leave his own wife and take his neighbors wife, if the latter do not object.

It throws off the bond of parental duty, repudiates parental affection, ignores every idea of a certain posterity, and gives full rein to every freak and caprice which a libidinous nature might choose to christen by the name of congeniality.

Mr. Davis' Lectures.

It will be expected of us to say something in our paper of the course of lectures delivered in this city, by ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS; but there is very little for us to say on the subject.

Those who best know Mr. Davis and his powers, will, we think, be least likely to deem us extravagant when we give it as our opinion that he has a greater fund of philosophical knowledge than any other man now living, and that he is the greatest reformer that the world has known since the days of him of whom it was said: "He spoke as never man spake."

Of Mr. FOWLER, who lectured in the Theatre, on Sabbath afternoon, we can conscientiously say that he is a very able lecturer, and truly a young man of great promise.

A Ripe Age.

We occasionally meet with extraordinary instances of longevity; that go a great way to convince us that the people of the present age, with a proper regard for their health, and a due respect to the rights of posterity, by the intermarriage of none but the healthy and vigorous, might live to count their years after the fashion of the good old days of Father Abraham and the patriarchs.

The Creation in six days.

From the Sacred Oracle. Communication through Doct. Dexter.

NATURE, when viewed with even a cursory glance, is full of objects and beauties which attract the intensest interest, and afford the highest enjoyment to the indifferent mind.

And this is not to be considered as singular or remarkable, for it is not the indifferent mind alone that so views creation. There are minds intelligent, learned, observant, who believe the world was created by the hands and fingers of the Almighty Father; that he began as a man builds a house, with laying one stone here, and another stone there, with planting one tree here and one tree there, with putting a sea here and an ocean there, dotting the space above with its various multitude of shining, twinkling stars, and that each and all of these various formations of his hand were the result of six days of hard work; like a common day-laborer, having no more omnipotent power or higher principles in his nature than to lay rock, by rock, strata on strata, mountains on mountains, as the mason lays his bricks one on another—that this was entirely a mechanical action, and the great God was a day-laborer.

Now, I say, it is not strange that the indifferent mind thus views nature in her single manifestations and in her totality, because the minds of every class, great or small, learned or ignorant, have been educated to believe that God made the world in six days, and on the seventh rested.

It appears to me, that in viewing the question as we should, something more is necessary than a mere arrangement of facts to convince the mind that this can not be so, that something of the great characteristics that distinguish God are to be understood and investigated.

There are other worlds and other solar systems floating in never-terminating space above and below, which have existed thousands of years, yet tens of thousands of years before this ball or planet, or other bodies which you see above you had been created; peopled, too, with rational, sentient, intelligent beings, connected with matter in all variety of shape, form and demonstration as you are, and these solar systems with just such, or a corresponding form and strata with the earth.

No matter whether you ascend, as is said in your Bible, to heaven, or penetrate to hell, or take the wings of the morning and visit the extremity of your globe; descend to its center, or stand on the verge of its northern pole; wander in deep forests, or ascend its loftiest mountains; wherever you go, with whatever you come in contact, you witness God's impress, and this one fact; take creation in all its parts, in every one of its worlds, its suns, moons, planets, or stars, it never stands still, never arrives at perfection, but is constantly, forever rolling onward, accumulating in its progress those attributes which develop newer and higher properties.

But would it have been compatible with what we know of the nature of God, if when he had fashioned this earth, after six days of labor, he should have rested content with the fruits of his toil? Would it have been correspondent with what we know and see of the attributes which he manifests in the daily intercourse with ourselves? Saying nothing of creation in its vastness and magnitude, but descending to petty details of one man's life, would it be compatible with the evidences of newer designs, and from those designs, never results that are silently and openly, hourly and daily, taking place in the lifetime of one man?

Why? he can not buy a dozen eggs and put them under his hens, but what the design, the effect, the intention is exemplified and demonstrated; and if the Almighty God descended to such minute evidences of design and intention, how is that design and intention hung out on the outward battlements of heaven, floating in the breezes that blow, and its folds inscribed with the mighty purposes and objects which he has thus laid in view!

My mind staggers like a weary traveler overloaded with his pack, as it contemplates the period at which the self-created God sprang by the powers of his inherent might into being. The mind recoils back on itself and starts at the contemplation.

Think you, that if this Being whom you adore to regard as capable of instituting laws for the government of creation, is also capable of violating the laws which himself established? Think you, I say, this Being could not have called a thousand flashing, radiant worlds, sparkling in your firmament above; think you he could not have called them from chaos ready fashioned and entirely perfected? No, not for then would he, who has manifested himself as indeed the source and germ of every thing, have lost the ability to have demonstrated the fact to the reason of man.

Spiritualism—Its Antiquity.

By J. B. FERGUSON.

To the honest objector, we would offer a suggestion. Spiritual communication is a divine institution or appointment, or the foundation of every religion in this land is baseless. The Bible is a collection of spiritual communications, made through human angels, extending over a history of thousands of years.

Now, the den of lions opens to a Daniel, and then he is seated among the nobles of the realm. Now, Joseph is a dreamer in prison, and then, Viceroys of mighty Egypt. Now, Paul and Barnabas are mobbed by a rabble, and then, worshipped as gods. Now, Anaxagoras is followed by the most powerful Athenians as a philosopher, and then, persecuted and driven into exile, for impiety to the reigning divinity.

There are other worlds and other solar systems floating in never-terminating space above and below, which have existed thousands of years, yet tens of thousands of years before this ball or planet, or other bodies which you see above you had been created; peopled, too, with rational, sentient, intelligent beings, connected with matter in all variety of shape, form and demonstration as you are, and these solar systems with just such, or a corresponding form and strata with the earth.

No matter whether you ascend, as is said in your Bible, to heaven, or penetrate to hell, or take the wings of the morning and visit the extremity of your globe; descend to its center, or stand on the verge of its northern pole; wander in deep forests, or ascend its loftiest mountains; wherever you go, with whatever you come in contact, you witness God's impress, and this one fact; take creation in all its parts, in every one of its worlds, its suns, moons, planets, or stars, it never stands still, never arrives at perfection, but is constantly, forever rolling onward, accumulating in its progress those attributes which develop newer and higher properties.

But would it have been compatible with what we know of the nature of God, if when he had fashioned this earth, after six days of labor, he should have rested content with the fruits of his toil? Would it have been correspondent with what we know and see of the attributes which he manifests in the daily intercourse with ourselves? Saying nothing of creation in its vastness and magnitude, but descending to petty details of one man's life, would it be compatible with the evidences of newer designs, and from those designs, never results that are silently and openly, hourly and daily, taking place in the lifetime of one man?

Why? he can not buy a dozen eggs and put them under his hens, but what the design, the effect, the intention is exemplified and demonstrated; and if the Almighty God descended to such minute evidences of design and intention, how is that design and intention hung out on the outward battlements of heaven, floating in the breezes that blow, and its folds inscribed with the mighty purposes and objects which he has thus laid in view!

My mind staggers like a weary traveler overloaded with his pack, as it contemplates the period at which the self-created God sprang by the powers of his inherent might into being. The mind recoils back on itself and starts at the contemplation.

Inkermann.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

The following lines, by a correspondent heretofore unknown to us, are composed in a free and vigorous style, which is seldom surpassed by the contributions to the newspaper press. We shall venture to anticipate other tokens of remembrance from the same source.—Ed.

War, war, war! Who hath proclaimed it? Who hath sustained it? Bloody and black is the field of its strife; Mother and sister, and daughter, and wife, Sully have named it, Grave of their glory, their pride and their life.

Dark, dark, dark! Over them weeping, Gloomily weeping, War's crimson banner now cleaveth the air; Kneeling beneath it the young and the fair, Blank horror braving, Seek for the lost and the beautiful there.

Woe, woe, woe! Orphans are weeping, Banners are trailing; Shrieks rend the air with trumpets' wild peal; Moanings resound with the clanking of steel; Brave hearts are falling— Crushed death the tread of the conqueror's heel.

Freedom and peace in the land of the blest— Stay the wild passions that surge in man's breast. Till war's wild spirit, Gory and grim, is forever at rest.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Flour, extra, com. to good, West'n, \$10.50@11.00; Buckwheat flour, per cw, 4.50; Pork, new, \$13.50; Dressed hogs, per cw, 5.00; Fish, white, 8.25; Salt, fine, 4.40; Eggs, per doz, 30 @ 25; Butter, per lb., 30 @ 25; Honey, 12 1/2 @ 15; Blackberries, dried, 10; Plums, 13 1/2 @ 15; Currants, 13 1/2 @ 15; Corn, per bush, 65 @ 67; Flax seed, 1.00 @ 1.25; Clover, 7.00; Timothy, 2.75 @ 3.00; Oats, 40 @ 42; Apples, dried, 1.13; Potatoes, green, 50 @ 75; Onions, 75 @ 80; Dressed Chickens per lb, 9 1/2; Turkeys, 10c.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

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

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 and PRIVATE FAMILIES. We invite the attention of those purchasing.

PLANNISH TABLE WARE.

To examine our stock, consisting of Coffee and Tea Urns, Steaks and Fish heaters, Soup Tureens, Dish Covers, &c., &c. which we are constantly manufacturing in the most elegant style; and in beauty of finish unsurpassed by any other establishment in the United States.

LEATHER HOSE.

of our own manufacture; also FIRE ENGINES, FORCE PUMPS, &c. We are, likewise, the SOLE AGENTS in this city of H. R. WOODRUM'S Renowned PATENT SEAM SAFFER PUMP and FIRE ENGINE.

We manufacture Railroad Lanterns, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, and a greatly improved COOK STOVE, designed expressly for Steamboats, Propellers and Hotels.

A large quantity and assortment of SEAM and WATER GAUGES, and beautifully finished.

for Steamboats and Hotels, comprise part of our stock.

We are, likewise, prepared to execute any Order for STEAMBOAT, COPPER, TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

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

Sandwich Island Notes, \$1. The Ancient Egyptians, by Wilkinson, \$2. Sunny Memories, by Mrs. Stowe, \$2. Fashion and Famine, \$1.

Lausiphoen, \$1. Epic of the Story Heavens, \$0.75. The Ladies' Complete Guide to Crochet, Fan-cy Knitting and Needlework, by Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, \$0.75.

The Hermit's Dell, from the Diary of a Pen-ciler, \$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. Bunker, \$1.50. The Florida 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, Pallaces and Absurdities of Spirit-Rapping, Table-Tipping, and Entrancement, 50 cents. Slade's Travels in Turkey, \$1.

Party Letters; Sketches of Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, Randolph, by J. G. Baldwin, \$1. History of the Inquisition of Spain, 37 cts. The Romish Confessional, by Michelet, 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. Fairburn, or the application of Cast and Wrought Iron to Building Purposes, \$1. For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post-Office.

117 T. S. HAWES.

The Age of Progress.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
At No. 204 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.
T. R. M. S.
Two Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance.
Single copies, five cents.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For one square of sixteen lines, one insertion, \$1. For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

Buffalo Harmonical Association.

At the monthly meeting of the Association, held at their hall, Feb. 5th, 1855, a resolution was offered and unanimously adopted, tendering the thanks of the society to brother ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, for his very able course of lectures, delivered in this city, on the Harmonical philosophy, and voting him a card of membership of the society.

The same expression and compliment were extended to brother FOWLER, for the very acceptable address, which he gave us on Sabbath afternoon last.

The society further resolved that the spiritualists of the city of Buffalo, will be most happy to have either or both of these faithful laborers in the cause of spiritual progress, to visit them and lecture to them at any future time when it will suit their convenience.

WM. G. OLIVER, Pres.
WM. A. KIRBY, Sec.

Our Psychometrical Portrait.

We are truly grateful to our worthy friends, DUDLEY, PARTRIDGE and BRITAIN, the first for obtaining, and the others for publishing, our interior portraits, as given by Mrs. KERR, on holding in her hand a letter of ours to Mr. DUDLEY. The qualities attributed to us, are, doubtless, those which, of right, should have belonged to our metaphysical organism, but which, by the influence of circumstances, have probably fallen short of filling the measure of nature's design. We thank our friend DUDLEY for sending it to us. Were it the portrait of himself, or any other friend, we should give it a place in the *Age of Progress*; but as it is, modestly, for once, has managed to get the better of our vanity.

Spiritual Lectures.

We attended our little circle, at Mr. BROOKS' on Thursday evening last, expecting to receive Mr. SMITH's lecture on the wonderful manifestations in California. There were other persons present, and nothing was done till eight o'clock, when the spirit of Mr. SMITH announced its presence. He said: "I have concluded to let PROFESSOR DAYTON deliver the lecture on the strange events in California, because he comprehends and understands anatomical and physiological laws better than I do, and, therefore, can handle the subject more scientifically than I can. My next lecture will be on 'The Force and Extent of the Law of Nature.' This was to have been the subject of PROFESSOR DAYTON'S lecture for next week's paper; but we have concluded to exchange subjects.

Yours truly,
STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Lecture No. 4, by Edgar C. Dayton.

This lecture, as well as the others which we present to our readers, this week, as coming from disembodied spirits, was received by Mrs. BROOKS, through the alphabet and raps, she sitting alone. It is remarkable how different conditions affect communicating spirits, or rather, how they affect the means by which they communicate. It will be seen that, whilst the lecture communicated by the spirit of Mrs. JENSON, falls far short of DAYTON'S in lofty conceptions and depth of philosophy, her sentiments are expressed much more clearly. And whilst nothing can be more clear than Professor Dayton's lecture on human anatomy, which we published week before last, the one we now publish can hardly be said to be entirely free from dark points. This however, instead of rendering dubious the fact of its proceeding from a disembodied spirit, strengthens that position materially, in the mind of the studious philosopher. While surrounding conditions render it impracticable for communicating spirits to get their ideas through the machinery of communication, unmarred, no conditions could prevent the incarnate counterfeiter from manufacturing his spurious coin.

God—Was God created? Matter—Was Matter created?

I wish it to be understood that, in the lecture which I am about to give on the above subject, I give you merely my own sentiments, as one who has labored to ascertain the truth, but who has yet scarcely matured a philosophy satisfactory to his own mind. You will, therefore, receive what I say in the spirit of toleration, and let your own faith be governed by your own logical deductions.

God was the first great cause; but what constitutes the organization and mind of God? All bodies and all things in their primary condition and in advanced stages of development, were and are composed of matter. Did matter exist before God? What is matter? Now the great question arises: Was God created, and is his spiritual organization composed of matter? Matter pervades all things. Creations have been made by the laws and principles of God. But the creations could not have had their existence, or cannot exist, without matter. God did not, nor could not, have his being without the highest order and most sublimated development of matter. The organization of God possesses the highest degree of superior matter. His mind, His power and perceptions, constitute a positive and a super-natural nature. God is incomprehensible. His works are inconceivably glorious. His works harmonize with his laws and with nature. He

is called the first cause. He is called the originator of every thing. But my belief, my mind, my powers of concentration and perception, my researches into science and philosophy, have led me to conclude, in harmony with my comprehensions of the Deity, that matter existed before God. But when and where matter originated, or the beginning of time, God, perhaps, only knows.

If God is a progressive being, He cannot be perfection. Perfection to my understanding, is beyond progress. I conceive that, when an object is most superlatively perfect, it cannot become more perfect. If God is a progressive being, then we must logically conclude that there is higher sublimated matter, which he inherits, and that he has not arrived at a point or position of perfection; that his laws, his attributes of intelligence, his comprehensions of matter, mind and creations, are not perfected. If God does progress, then this is my belief: That he was created, and that his creation and origin, was this: I believe that the laws of construction have been and are eternally fixed, and that the elements and principles of matter have always existed; and when arriving at such a perfected condition, they attracted together each atom of matter, and these atoms of matter united by the laws of gravitation and affinity, and created an intelligence, and that God was this intelligence, and the first being that ever existed. I conceive that his organization was constructed of the highest order of matter then existing, and that he was the first great spiritual cause. His progression being greater than that of any other being, he has obtained the highest position of magnificence and power. His faculties, his perceptions, and his comprehensions, are, to all minds beneath him, incomparable and unbounded. The laws of nature and of the soul were not created by God, but they are essential developments of the divine essence or perfected matter. They are the outer creations of the organization of God. God is the great positive magnet, and every other object in nature, or in all creations, are negative; their attraction of progression being centered in God. If God is the first principle of life, inherent in the constitution of matter, then he cannot progress; because we must, from this law of construction, clothe him in the attribute of perfection. Perfection being the ultimate condition, he could not, by any law of creation, progress beyond that state. Every attribute of his spirit, his intelligence, his power and the beauty of his organization, must have the same divine principle or element, which is perfection. Perfection is all in all, it is everything. God is an invisible being, the great unknown. God is the infinite fount of life and causation. All outer and inner things proceed from an invisible source, and this source is the highest organization of matter; and the highest organization of matter is God.

The problem to be solved, the mystery to be unraveled, is this: Is God a progressive being, or is he not a progressive being? If he is not, then I believe him to be coeval with matter; and that he was not created, but has from eternity existed and will exist through eternity. This, however, is not my opinion. I believe that man is a part of the superlative constitution of God, as all matter, in the construction of the human soul, as well as all universes, emanates from God. God is the noblest organization of matter, and inherits all matter still higher than himself. And as he receives matter more sublimated than his own construction, he continually throws off matter. This matter which escapes his organization, descends to the next lower sphere of development, and is diffused through other spiritual constructions of mind and body; and these minds and forms throw off matter, and the matter escaping their organizations, descends to the next lower, and so on, until each system and each mind of every sphere of development, throws off and receives matter; the matter thrown off makes other progressions; and the matter received progresses the spirit in refinement and wisdom. So all human matter or organizations emanate from God.

The inner being of man is constructed by the attractive properties of the matter of his own constitution, and the more refined matter emanating from God. Man feels within his apathetic soul a germ of divine intelligence; and by studying the laws of God, it unfolds and stimulates to exercise his faculties of perception. We know from nature that man progresses; and the question now arising is, does God progress? We look through the infinitude of vast creations, and when we study the principles of our own being, we see that progression is the vital action of development, and that development is the propelling and stimulating power of refinement. We discover progression, development, refinement, association and perception, to be actuating principles of the human: soul its vitalizing influence is the ruling element of the human mind. Nature progresses—Mind progresses—and if the same laws of creation control the spiritual life of the Supreme Being that control the existence of immortal spirits—if the vital actions of anatomical laws—if the functions of the spiritual organization, control the being of God and all matter constituting all minds and bodies which emanate from God, it is not unreasonable to suppose that God is a progressive being. Aspiration is the attractive force of progression; and, if immortal spirits have nothing to aspire to, it would check the improvement of spiritual culture, and they would become unhappy. If spirits have aspirations and their minds are a part of God, God possesses the same attribute; else the mind could not be a part of God. There must be something beyond the spirit's present comprehension; else it would not possess the attribute of aspiration. If there is nothing in the future for the soul to aspire to, it cannot progress.

If God does not progress, he cannot, by a logical understanding, have aspirations; and if he does not possess this attribute, the souls of men cannot possess it; and we know aspiration is the noblest attribute of our being. If we are a part of God, he must, from science, logic and nature, possess the principle of aspiration; and if he does, he must progress. God comprehends the inherent principles, properties and mechanical laws of nature. He has the power of combining force and motion, the centrifugal with the centrifugal tendency in the construction of the universes and bodies. In the combinations of nature's laws, the primary, origin and present existence of all things, may be attributed to God, for the properties of matter drawn together to constitute all things, primarily emanates from God. And if we trace the action and motion of all things, we must conclude that God is the great motive power. The mighty worlds and the mass of beings inhabiting these worlds, contain the indispensable qualities of matter and the beginning principle which is eternally manifested in the organization of material or spiritual things. Matter and motion are coeval principles. Motion was the first manifestation of the power of the first great intelligence, and holds its attractive relation to all laws of creation. And now the question arises: Can God progress, and could he have been created, and still retain his power and sublimity over the human race and the immense throng of immortal beings? Progression cannot disrobe God of his strength and glory. His creation or origin, if it is so, cannot overthrow his superiority and superlatively beautiful attributes of mind, and cause his spirit to stand on an equality of progression with other spirits; for he was the first being and must have progressed far, far beyond the conception and comprehension of all other beings in sublimation and goodness—in purity and wisdom. He is the highest power, and comprehends all lower matter than his own being is constructed of; and in him there is nothing but what is refined, pure and everlastingly infinite, containing incomprehensible and celestial glory, and ineffable brightness and grandeur. I have endeavored, with a philosophical consistency and systematic order of thinking, to discriminate between truth and error, and achieve an eternal unity of truth in my investigation of all subjects, and have here briefly given you my belief—not yours—of the existence of our Supreme Ruler and his progression.

E. C. DAYTON.

This is another of the long delayed lectures promised us at nearly the commencement of this journal.

The Christian Churches.

There is a being, infinite in wisdom, supreme and holy in his position, in the spirit world. There is a kind, protecting power reaching over the infinitude of creation, engraving upon the bosom of nature the immortal principles and natural laws of a divine Father. There are laws of association and attraction which bring departed spirits near to their friends and home upon earth, breathing strains of the noblest sentiments that ever swelled immortal bosoms, freely giving to man the noblest and deepest philosophy, uttered in the natural eloquence of immortal minds. This is a truth awakening proud thoughts in the humblest cottager's breast, and is also penetrating the scientific mind with a deep and solemn consciousness of his duty to himself and to God.

The Christian churches of your land—What are they? What are their principles and their influence upon the world? To say, theological Christianity has worked no good in the world—to say it has not saved many minds from viciousness and crime—to say it has never dried the mourners' tears and imparted many religious hopes to their bosoms, would be straying from truth. Christianity has given many earnest souls the unflinching assurance of a Supreme Being and His eternal laws. When I was upon earth and sought the land of heathenism, leaving friends and my happy home behind, never more to behold friends so dear or my childhood's home, and to sacrifice the happiness of social enjoyment for the poor pagan's benefit, I thought I was acting in accordance with the laws of our heavenly Father. I worked for humanity, and my form now lies decayed on a foreign shore. On the Sandwich Islands, a spot still held sacred to me, the ashes of my once active form, lie slumbering and mingling with a foreign soil. When I called my flock together and taught them the scriptures—the word of God, as I then believed, I thought I was fulfilling the mission assigned me. But had I taken the simple flower, and taught those heathen men, women and children of its origin; had I taught them of the laws of a divine Being; and that that flower was a part of God and would return to its giver, how much more sublime, how much more noble and intelligent, would have been the thoughts awakened in those uncivilized minds. Had I, when gazing upon the ocean's broad expanse, when its vast waters ran mountain high, and was whitened with foam, or when its voice was as soft and quiet as the breathings of the infant's slumber, taught those souls of a God, and that the ocean was an emanation of the divine essence, and has its type in the spirit land, how much more perfect and beautiful would have been their comprehensions and conceptions of God and heaven. Had I taught them that the great creations were brought into existence from an unknown source and by the workings of a mysterious power, and that God is the highest organization of matter, and from the laws of creation must be the invisible source of all existences, how much more truthfully would have been my teachings impressed upon those barbarous minds. Then, they might, through the ages of progression, have sought the noblest

proofs of a God, by the intelligence of nature and truth. They might, by science broad and deep, have learned the source of the power and magnificence of our heavenly Father.

Christianity has done much in the development of the human mind; but the Christian churches of the present age are strangely deformed. What is their object of worship? and how near the throne of Deity do their prayers and oblations reach? Ask of the beings hourly clustering around you, and they will sorrowfully respond, not beyond their own rudimentary sphere. Ask of nature, and the answer will be, not without the walls of their costly church. Is God the object of devout worship in the Christian church? or is money the inspiring theme? It is not false when I say, go upon a Sabbath, to your churches, and after the so-called word of God has been preached, you will hear the demand for money. The contribution is taken up, and whoever feels disposed can give. Can money and God harmonize? Can the divine and infinite laws of Deity associate with the principles of such a church? and is such a church the true earthly sanctuary of our divine Creator? No, God is the omnific, the sublime and incomprehensible Deity. From God all things have their being, and through His laws creations exist, and nature smiles upon the harmonious whole of the great Creator's works. The capacities of immortal thoughts can only be unfolded by the power of nature and science. The conceptions of the spiritualist's mind rush with infinitely more speed and energy towards the living truths of nature than the theological mind. Your Christian churches are formed of the frosty marbles of mythology, while the spiritualist's church is created by the truths of nature emanating from the spirit world. An increased illumination of truth will destroy the tyranny and superstition of theology, and wisdom shall reach from land to land, ever flowing from the fount of immortal life. Immortal inspirations diffuse through the spirit of man its own radiant beauty. Spirits of the departed hover around you, awakening in the mortal mind recollections endeared to them by early associations, by which they still prove their identity. Within the deep chambers of the heart the tones of the departed are heard, and time points his finger to the beautiful world beyond, where hope, joy and love never forsake the immortal spirit. Years are passing. They mark each brow and shadow each heart. The departing hour lays its palsied hand upon the strongest mortal, the spirit seeks its future home, and men sing their requiems over the grave of departed worth.

Oppressed humanity is becoming free. The foundation of the universal and future church of truth and wisdom, and of God, is laid. No power can remove one stone from the basis of this noble structure. No force of man can mar its glorious beauty—no theology—no tyranny—no ignorance can destroy its vital action. The law of love, harmony and wisdom are its principles, and they teach man to love one another—to forgive and forget. The Christian churches will soon slumber with other fabrics of religious worship, and as progression is eternal, it will bring all men to study the elements of nature—the laws of the divine Ruler, and all with the noblest conceptions of a future existence, will render their oblations to God, beneath the noble and holy influence of the great and universal fount of wisdom and purity. Go on, ye missionaries of mercy. Let your works reach from nation to nation, and you shall have bright and pure messengers from the spirit world to care for and protect you in your onward course.

Affectionately, I am yours,

ANN H. JENSON.

The following lecture, being a description of the spirit world, was received by Miss BROOKS, alone, from the spirit of Josephine Bonaparte.

The Spirit World.

God is the Father of all. He is the Ruler of every world. He is the first intelligence, and from him all things flow. The spirit world is one of infinite beauty and magnificence. The first sphere of development, is where the interior senses of the spirit are enshrouded in darkness, but is not a locality of darkness. A spirit inhabiting this sphere is one whose perceptions are overshadowed by untrue and chaotic comprehensions. Its construction is of unrefined matter, and it cannot progress if the laws of order and wisdom are not observed and studied. The minds of the first sphere return to earth. They long for the associations and enjoyments they left upon earth. They do not admire the beauties and sublimities of their home, and sometimes delight in annoying higher minds when communicating with their earthly friends.

The spirit world is constructed of sublimated matter. It has its trees and bodies of water. It has its flowers and types of every object. We have here bodies of water far greater than your capacious oceans. We have from the drop of water to the small streams, the large rivers and the unbounded oceans. We have trees from the small to the large, and in sublimity they may not be compared with the trees of earth, for they are far more beautiful. The flowers of the spirit world are incomparably more lovely. The mountains, the ravines, the craggy precipices, the cataraacts and water falls, are the most sublime works of Gods creations.

The spirits faculties and capacities cannot but unfold when contemplating the mysterious workings of God in the spirit world. Groups of angels or spirits cluster around these divine works, and within they feel an impulse to admire and an aspiration for higher glories. They cannot see God. They cannot behold Him in His power and grandeur. They can-

not behold the heavenly Father of all, who in his goodness and purity forgets not the lowliest cottager nor the humblest spirit. His goodness and affection are inspired by all objects, and as truth and wisdom flow from the great position of His supremacy and His spirit, each soul realizes His power, and all strive to know from whom such blessings are derived. The God of love speaks in the tiny flowers. His goodness is seen in the mighty deep, whose waves dash onward and onward forever. In the loftiest mind God is there opening the inner self or perception to the elevating power of science and truth. He, through His laws, creates and disorganizes bodies, and gives them an immortal existence in the spirit world.

In the second sphere, the spirits attain a position of truth and goodness; but the minds inhabiting this sphere possess not deep and clear comprehension, because their knowledge of their own being and of God and nature, are limited. They have brighter conceptions of the glorious beauties of universal benevolence, and their perceptions are opened to a better and higher appreciation of the nature of the spirit and of the goodness of God—of the beauties of his material and spiritual universe than the minds of the first sphere. The elements of the minds of the second sphere of development, are harmoniously exercised by the principle of wisdom; and through this law, order and arrangement are produced. The uncultivated intuition begins to be developed and exercised by philosophical and ethical themes of thought. The spirits of this sphere cannot trace, analogically, principles of their own construction; but, from the principles of perception, they can arrive at a more definite idea of a higher and clearer understanding of their nature, its legitimate functions and future destination.

The third sphere of development is still higher and more beautifully refined than the second sphere. The spirits of this sphere have an instinctive faith in the perpetuation of spiritual and individual existence. The bases upon which rests the individualization of the principles of their minds, are the unfoldings of the laws of association, development and progression, as a living interior manifestation of their own immortal destiny. Their faith is not based upon hypothetical reasoning, but upon the absolute and immutable demonstrations of the laws of creation. The relation which the spheres hold to one another is intimate and harmoniously perfect. In this sphere, the capacities of the spirit are more fully developed, because their desire for the material has gradually decayed, and spiritual aspirations have attracted their minds to the vast and grand laws of the spirit world, which evidently unfolds the divine perceptions and infinite faculties of their minds. The laws of order, wisdom, harmony and love, are but feebly comprehended by the spirits of this sphere.

In the fourth sphere of development, we behold still higher powers of intelligence manifested. We behold calm and elucidate reasoning and a thorough investigation of the laws, principles and elements of material and spiritual science. Of the laws of construction their comprehensions are true and noble. Their actions and manifestations of wisdom and love, are characteristic of a highly intellectual and infinitely beautiful class of minds. Their conceptions of a divine Father, are yet imperfectly developed. The state of intellectual growth which their minds have attained, is scientific and philosophical; and their comprehensions are endeavoring to grasp the infinite expansion of divine causes. Their improvement in spiritual cultivation, to elaborate their conceptions of God and His laws, are much more advantageous than that of the lower spheres, because their appreciation of goodness and purity is greater than the appreciation of the minds occupying lower spheres of refinement.

The fifth sphere is deeper and richer than all of which I have spoken, and is the one to which I am elevated. The minds of this sphere comprehend, in part, the celestial sweetness flowing from the divine fount of love and the relation of the interior self, with the kind protection of a supreme Father. The elements of each mind are conjoined and consolidated, and occupy specific positions, and perform innumerable functions in the development of their spiritual existence. Their affections are more perfectly governed by the eternal laws of God and they strive to gratify their deepest and wisest desires, by nobler comprehensions of God.

The progressions and developments of the spirits in this sphere, present greater proofs of the original and eternal principles of organizations, and have a proper comprehension of those various principles in nature, and the qualities and essence of the spirit world, which spontaneously flow from the great Divine Principle.

Affectionately,
JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE.

UNQUENCHABLE FIRE.—Four years ago what is now called the Old Breaker, at Thomas & Beatty's mine, on Silver Creek, caught fire, from an explosion. The fire was communicated to the "dirt heaps," around, where it has been secretly burning ever since. It made its appearance again about five weeks ago, in the immediate vicinity of the new breakers, and men were and are still employed in removing the dirt heaps there, that being the only method practicable to insure safety. A stranger might pass it in the daytime and not notice it, as there is but little smoke, and the daylight drowns every appearance of fire. It is only at night that the danger presents itself in its reality—showing itself to the beholder in an enormous mass of fire, partly hidden by a thin coating of the top, not yet consumed, and decorated with a number of pretty blue lights, proceeding from as many bright spots of burning anthracite coal. The mine has stopped, and will, in every other mine in the neighborhood. It is quite hard times for the poor miners.—*Pottsville Register.*

SPIRITUALISM.
BY JUDGE EDMONDS and Dr. G. T. DEPTER, vol. 2. Price \$1.25.
For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post Office.
Also, a new supply of vol. 1.
T. S. HAWKS.

GRATIS!
Just Published: A New Discovery in Medicine!

A FEW WORDS ON THE RATIONAL TREATMENT without Medicines of Spasmodic, Local Weakness, Nervous Debility, Low Spirits, Lassitude, Weakness of the Limbs and Back, Indisposition and Inactivity for study and Labor, Dullness of Apprehension, Loss of Memory, Aversion to Society, Love of Solitude, Timidity, Self-Distrust, Dizziness, Head-ache, B. Urinary Discharges, Pains in the Side, Affection of the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Sexual and other Infirmities in Man.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DR. DE LANEY.
The important fact that these alarming complaints may easily be removed WITHOUT MEDICINE, is in this small tract clearly demonstrated, and the entirely new and highly successful treatment, as adopted by the Author, fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure himself PERFECTLY, AND AT THE LEAST POSSIBLE cost, avoiding thereby all the advertised nostrums of the day.
Sent to any address, gratis, and post free in a sealed envelope, by remitting (post paid) two postage stamps to Dr. B. DE LANEY, No. 17 Lispenard Street, New York.

SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

Lyric of the Morning Land. A beautiful Poem of 5000 lines. Price 75 cents.
Voices from the Spirit-land, through Nathan Francis White Medium. Price 75 cents.
Epic of the Starry Heaven. Spoken by Thomas L. Harris, while in the trance state. By Thomas Spiritualism. By Judge Edmonds and Dr. G. T. Dexter. Price \$1.25.
Nature's Divine Revelations. By A. J. Davis. Price \$2.
Spirit Minstrel. Price 25 cents.
The Harmonical Man. By A. J. Davis. Price 30c.
Night Side of Nature: or, Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By Catherine Crowe. Price \$1.
The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. By A. J. Davis. Price 50 cents.
Light from the Spirit World. By Rev. Charles Hammond. Price 75 cents.
Fascination, or the Philosophy of Charming.—By John B. Newman. Price 40 cents.
Shadow Land; or, the Secret. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. Price 25 cents.
Spirit-Voices. Dictated by Spirits for the use of Circles. Price 37 1/2 cents.
For Sale by Post Office Building.

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY

AND PAPER RULING ESTABLISHMENT.
THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully announce that he is now prepared to do all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Book Binding. Blank Books ruled to any pattern desired, and paged in legible type.
OLD BOOKS RE-BOUND.
Magazines of all kinds, Music, Newspapers, Pamphlets, etc., neatly bound in a variety of styles.
C. L. FORD, Republic Buildings, 204 Washington St., Buffalo.

W. G. OLIVER,
DENTIST,
263 MAIN STREET.

Opposite the Churches, BUFFALO.
N. B.—Received a Silver Medal for Superior Work, New York State Fair, 1848.

BUFFALO LITHOGRAPHING AND ENGRAVING ESTABLISHMENT.
208 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
R. J. COMPTON, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING PURCHASED the entire interest of my co-partners, and having the most extensive establishment of the kind in the west. I am prepared to fill contracts for the largest kind of work, with punctuality and in the best style, January 8, 1855. R. J. C.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

THE POWERS & DUTIES OF WOMAN—Two Lectures by Horace Mann. Price 37 1/2 cents.
DEDICATION OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE, and Inaugural Address of its President, by Horace Mann. Price 25 cents.
For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post Office.
T. S. HAWKS.

Pocket Diaries for 1855,
DIFFERENT STYLES AND SIZES.
For Sale at the Literary Depot, Postoffice.
T. S. HAWKS.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS and Cultivator Almanac for 1855, embellished with 120 Engravings. Price 25 cents.
For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post Office.
T. S. HAWKS.

RAINEY & RICHARDSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS and dealers in SOAP AND CANDLE STOCK.
Particulars will be given on the sale or purchase of FLOUR, GRAIN and PRODUCE in general.
H. RAINEY, Flour Inspector.
GEO. RICHARDSON.
No. 16 Central Wharf, Buffalo. 14

MERCHANTS, BANKERS
AND OTHERS wishing to procure the most convenient Stamp in use, will leave their orders with T. S. HAWKS, who is Agent for the Boston Hand Stamp Co., Ruggles' Patent.

LOT FOR SALE
The lot on the N. E. corner of Fourth and Vermont sts. is offered for sale at \$750 per foot. Dimensions 50 by 148 1/2 feet. For terms enquire at this office. 94

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

BOTANIC MEDICINE DEPOT.
On the corner of Niagara and West Eagle sts. in the city of Buffalo, where he will constantly keep a full and choice assortment of BOTANIC MEDICINE, comprising all the varieties of Roots, Herbs, Powders, Decoctions and Compounds, which are used by the 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 formulae. 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, Stomach and Catarrh Pills, Liver Drops, Neutralizing Mixture, Honey Cough Balsam, a superior remedy for Coughs and Colds, Rheumatic Liniment, and
CHOLEIRA SYRUP,
which was extensively used in '49 and '52, with unflinching success, when taken in the incipient stage of the disease.
The advantage and safety of procuring Medicines at such an establishment, and from a regular Botanic Physician, whose professional knowledge and practical experience preclude all contingency of vending poisons, must be obvious to every one who is using every endeavor to serve the public satisfactorily, to merit patronage and earn the good will of all who favor him with their custom.
N. B. All orders from abroad promptly attended to. 14

