

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

VOL. 1.

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From the Dnblin University Magazine.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide :

And while along its banks we stray,

We see our loved ones o'er its tide

Sail from our sight away, away.

Where are they sped—they who return

No more to glad our longing eyes ?

They've passed from life's contracted bourne,

To a land unseen, unknown, that lies

Beyond the river.

'Tis not from view ; but we may guess

How beautiful that realm must be ;

For gleamings of its loveliness

In visions granted, oft we see.

The very clouds that o'er it throw

Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,

With gold and purple tintings glow,

Reflected from the glorious light

Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,

Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere ;

The mourner feels their breath of balm,

And soothed sorrow dries the tear.

And sometimes list'ning ears may gain

Entrancing sound that hither floats ;

The echo of a distant strain,

Of harps and voices blending notes,

Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest !

They've crossed Time's River—now no more

They heed the bubbles on its breast,

Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.

But *there* pure love can live, can last—

They looked for *us* their home to share ;

When we in turn away have passed,

What joyful greetings wait us *there*

Beyond the river.

A man, to be truly eloquent, must first possess some well defined thought which he believes, feels, and with which he is so burdened that he cannot keep it. Then if his soul is on fire, there is no fear, provided he discards all affectation or artifice, that he will light up a flame in the midst of his audience, of sparkling, living thoughts, which shall continue to burn forever.

A PHILOLOGICAL DITTY.

Ye wise ones, who tell us with infinite pains,

What everything borrows its name from,

Once more will ye ransack your books and your brains

And tell us where *Woman's* name came from ?

We bid you not tell, for we know it full well,

That *Man* is the finish of *Hu-man* ;—

But humbly, we pray, good gentlemen, say

Why man's better half is called *Woman* ?

We know, too, full well, that Adam once fell,

As the record, so ancient, doth show man,

And that Eve was the cause of his breaking the laws ;

But must she for that be a *Woe-man* ?

And this we know, too, if history's true,

If Homer once sang like a true man ;

When woman draws nigh, there's that in her eye

Which seems to say audibly : *Woo, man* !

Come, then, help us out from this thorn-hedge of doubt

Some kindly philosopher, do man ;

For if we should die, we cannot tell why

The partner of man is called *Woman*.

"CRINOLINE."

The resolutions of the Miami Conference of the Church of the United Brethren, declaring the wearing of crinoline incompatible with a true Christian profession, seem to be rigidly enforced by the authorities of that denomination. At a camp-meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery County, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbid any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord.

Years of undiscerning censure, and scarcely less undiscerning homage, are obliterated by the one true vibration from the heart of a fellow man. *Then* the genius is at home on earth, when another soul knows not only what he writes, but what he felt when he wrote it.—*Margaret Fuller*.

It was a fine and true remark, that they who will abandon a friend for one error, know but little of human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

THE NEW WORLD'S PROGRESS.

Extract from the Address of Hon. Edward Everett, at the Essex County Agricultural Fair.

Without sober feelings none can contemplate that great step of the age—the crossing of the ocean by steam. It seemed to be like the onward march of nations, from the first slow progress of early civilization down to the eventual rapidity with which it rushes to its final consummation. Providence has offered this great problem of navigating the ocean by steam, to every civilized nation on the globe.

In 1453 it appears that such a thing as a steam vessel was known in Spain. This is a fact not widely circulated. At that date a Spaniard exhibited in the presence of Charles V. and all his court, in the harbor of Barcelona, a vessel of 200 tons, propelled by an engine, the construction of which was a secret to all but the inventor. The chronicles of that day inform us that there was a great cauldron of boiling water within, and two wheels on the outside which moved the vessel. The treasurer of the kingdom objected to its introduction.—It seems to have been quite perfect, since the objections urged against it were that it was too complicated, very expensive, and the boiler apt to explode. But Spain was not ripe for it, the world was not ripe for it. The inventor, disgusted with the want of appreciation displayed by the court, took the engine out of the vessel, allowed the ship to rot in the arsenal, and his secret perished with him in his grave.

One century later and the same problem was offered to France. A celebrated female, equally renowned for her beauty, immoralities, misfortunes and longevity also, for she died at the age of 134 years,—the famous Marie de l'Orme—so well known to the readers of modern fiction—has furnished us, in a letter to an admirer, written in 1641, these most astonishing details. The celebrated Marquis of Worcester was then on a visit to Madame in Paris, and with her visited a madhouse in the capital. While crossing the court-yard of that dismal establishment, the lady was almost paralyzed with terror, and while clinging to her companion she saw a frightful face looking through the bars of a window of a building, and heard these strange words—"I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery which shall enrich the kingdom that adopts it." The question was asked by one of the visitors, what is it that this man has discovered. The answer of the visitor, with a mocking laugh was, "O, it's not much; it's something about the power of steam." And so the lady laughed that a man should go mad about so frivolous a thing as that.

This man, it seems, came from Normandy to bring before the king his discovery of the fact that steam could be used to navigate the ocean, and in short there was nothing that he did not claim could be done by the power of steam. Cardinal Richelieu was uppermost then, and though he was most sagacious and enlightened as worldly wisdom goes, yet he turned his back on the inventor. The man followed him from place to place, and the Cardinal, getting tired of his pertinacity, sent him to the madhouse. The man even wrote a book on the subject of his thoughts, entitled Moving Powers. The Marquis of Worcester was much interested in this book, and used some of its ideas afterwards in his own works. So we see that France in 1543, proved her in-

ability to take up and wield this mortal thunderbolt.

No, sir, the problem was reserved for the Anglo-Saxon race to grapple with and conquer, and thereafter the mechanical skill of England was turned to this invention with various success, till in the middle of the last century, after the idea had been floating for 200 years in ingenious minds, the steam engine, that scarcely inanimate Titan, that living burning mechanism, was brought to perfection by James Watt. Thenceforth the engines of labor, marshalled by the power which Watt brought forward, were to make their bloodless triumph, not for the destruction, but for the blessing of mankind. All hail to thee, mute, indefatigable agent of strength, working in deep mines, moving along the pathways of trade, toiling in the service of man! No fatigue can palsy thy herculean arm! No trampled host writhe under thy feet! No widowed hearts bleed at thy beneficent victories!

England solved the problem, but it seemed as it were the will of Providence that she should not go so far as to apply steam to the navigation of the ocean. This part of the problem remained for the other branch of the Anglo Saxon race—the branch of that Western hemisphere whose expanded territories are traversed by some of the noblest rivers, and separated from England by an almost world-wide ocean. The thoughts of the men of the last century, after the revolution, were turned to the development of steam. One of those men attracted the attention of him whom nothing escaped that belonged to the welfare of his country—of Washington—and he expressed his satisfaction at the experiments of Rumsey. It seems almost providential that steam was not developed in ocean navigation at the time of the revolution, for it would have given her the means of bringing her vast resources and powers to bear more swiftly and directly on the struggling colonists—with what effect, who can tell?

But the revolutionary periods were passed, and independence established, the hour had come, and the man was there. In the year 1799 the thought became mature in Fulton's mind, and Chancellor Livingston took a deep interest in the scheme of water navigation by steam. They applied to the New York Legislature for an act of incorporation. I am sorry to say, that America at that time did not seem much wiser than France and Spain had been before her. Livingston tells us that the young men of the Legislature, when tired of the graver matters of the law, would call up the steam bill, as they called it, and have a little fun. Young America did not on that occasion show himself so much wiser than his seniors. But nothing discouraged Fulton, and his coadjutors persevered, and twenty years had not passed away before steam was found on our sounds, lakes and great rivers, and that at a time when it was known only by hearsay in Europe. This was all that was needed then. Twenty years more elapsed before English capital was first applied to the navigation of the ocean itself by steam—which America little needed, but which England desired as giving to her access to the Western world.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

There is nothing palatial about the White House, either in its exterior or interior. There are hundreds of private dwellings in the country which surpass it, both in extent and style—in architectural taste, in beauty of

adornment without and in richness of embellishment within. Its extreme modesty, its entire absence of that grandeur which marks a royal residence in the old world, must strike the attention very forcibly of the representatives of foreign courts, whose ideas of national abodes are associated with Windsor Castle, St. James's or Buckingham Palace, the Tuileries, Versailles, the Escorial, the Vatican, the stately edifice at Stockholm, the costly winter palace at St. Petersburg, or other more or less ambitious structures which have been raised for the gratification of royal pride and luxury.

Although stamped with no architectural magnificence, however, our Executive mansion is not in bad taste, as are many or most of the more ostentatious and more costly royal abodes of the old world; and what is better, it has not become a deformity, as some of them have, through a series of changes and enlargements suggested by the pride and caprice of successive occupants. It has withstood all the temptations of all the Administrations of the Government for the last half century, to improve it, and is still preserved in its original style, if not in its original beauty.

Something ought to be said, by way of further illustration of the simplicity of official life in this country, of the domestic establishments of our cabinet ministers, as compared with those of the ministers of crowns, and the nobility of European kingdoms. The contrast here is even more striking. The heads of departments here occupy hired tenements of very moderate dimensions and modest pretensions. Their incomes do not enable them to vie with many private individuals in the style of their residences. They have no equipages or liveries, which mark the dignity or the character of their posts; and their social position is in no respect remarkable. The Secretary of State is a very wealthy man, and occupies a larger house than any of his fellow-ministers; but it is a plain tenement, with no signs of wealth or station about it. The Secretaries of the Treasury, of War, the Navy and the Interior, all rent tenements, which would hardly be allowed a place in Beacon street. These officers give occasional parties, but they never attempt display beyond the style of ordinary fashionable life; and their receptions in winter, like those of the President, are open to all who are disposed to pay them their respects.

The line of steamers between Liverpool and New York and Boston known as the Cunard line, commenced running eighteen years ago, and have continued ever since to make their trips regularly, excepting a short interval during the Crimean war, when they were chartered by the British government. They leave on each side once a week, and carry a large number of passengers—averaging two hundred souls on board each trip.

SLOW GROWTH OF THE WORLD.

A number of years ago, Professor Rogers of Massachusetts made some experiments in the stalactitic caverns of Virginia, for the purpose of obtaining data in regard to the age of those deposits. He placed vessels in an unfrequented part of the cave, beneath dripings of various dimensions, where they remained for a period of from five to seven years. He arrives at the conclusion, as the result of his observations, that the rate of accretion is one-tenth of an inch in five years, or an inch in fifty years.

SAN SALVADOR.

The new President, Barrios, seems to give great satisfaction to the people, and no doubt, had he at his disposal the means necessary for the purpose, that he would prove himself to be the right man in the right place.

It is a subject of wonder to such passing travellers as may visit Salvador, that a country so richly endowed with all the natural elements necessary for its full development, should continue almost stationary in the world's march, for on a close examination of its ways and means, we find that while liberal encouragement is given to commerce, agriculture, and individuals, whether merchant or planters, the finances of the State remain in a deplorable condition—almost in a condition of continual embarrassment, so much so that the government are constantly at their wit's ends in order to realize the wherewithal for the general expenditure.

The Indians still maintain their very questionable titles to the greater portion of the available lands throughout Central America, holding said lands by grants from the government of Spain, executed in their favor shortly after the conquest. There is one way in which this great evil might be remedied, and that is, by a legislative decree authorizing the Indian communities to dispose of their titles by sales to the government. By this means thousands of acres might fall into possession of the State, and in the course of time the greater portion of these productive lands will be under tillage and in possession of industrious and thriving planters.

Cotton planting is attracting considerable attention here. Samples of some grown at Sonsonate have been very favorably classed by the Manchester judges. The Manchester Cotton Association are also distributing a considerable quantity of seed throughout Central America.

Sonsonate coffee has been classed by Paris judges at ten francs higher than the best Costa Rica. The news has given a surprising impulse to the coffee planters of Salvador.

There is a great scarcity of silver at present, so much so that Spanish and Mexican silver coins command a good premium. This demand, however, ends with the fair of San Miguel, the scarcity being caused in consequence of the indigo buyers collecting silver for the purchase of indigo.

Three large volumes have just been issued from the Patent Office, being the Commissioner's Report for 1857. The statistics for the year are quite remarkable. In spite of the long-continued depression in all branches of business, the number of patents applied for was 4,771, of which 2,915 were granted, including designs, reissues, and additional improvements. Of these, only 42 were granted to foreigners. New-York received 855 patents; Massachusetts, 421; and Pennsylvania, 314. The number for the year exceeded those issued in 1856 by 408.

NEWFOUNDLAND LEAD.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have sold their lead mines in Newfoundland to parties for \$200,000.—Several cargoes of the metal have arrived and are on their way to this port. It averages eighty per cent., and is frequently cut out in pure lumps, being esteemed equal in richness to any in the world.

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

SATURDAY, NOV. 6, 1858.

TESTS.

Many of our friends are ever calling for new evidence that Spirits do converse with mortals. Some of the most convincing facts, are of such a nature that they could not well be published, because they involve the names of parties, who do not wish the public to know that they are investigating the subject. Although our more radical friends may not approve the timidity that some manifest, yet it will be seen at once that we cannot transfer to the columns of a public journal, such communications as are intended only for the ears of select friends.

The avenues of communion with the Spirit World, are open to all. Let those who would rest in the pleasant faith, that they may talk with their spirit friends, visit those circles that are receiving messages from above.— They will not often be disappointed. Sometimes they will get more, sometimes less, but each new fact will give them new confidence in the reality of the future life.

Let none fear the ban of priests, who forbid investigation. It cannot be a benefit to the mind, to remain in ignorance. Mildly but firmly, let us tell our clerical teachers, that they must not forbid the acquisition of that higher knowledge, which is power to be good, and power to do good.

Let none fear that it will not be popular to visit mediums or sit in circles. The most cultivated minds in this or in any city, are busy in studying the New Philosophy.

We do not care a straw for the *ism*, but as a Science we recommend it to all who love to think. No one can ever become so well satisfied from the testimony of others, as by personal study and experience. When fully convinced that we have opened a mental telegraph with a better world, we shall find it a glad thing to receive its messages.

CHESTNUTS.

It is now the season when many of the readers of the BANNER are having good times gathering a stock of Chestnuts, to lay by for the long evenings of winter, when chatting with their friends by the cozy fireside, apples and nuts, cider and molasses candy go freely round. The Chestnut, which in some parts of New England, is abandoned to the boys and squirrels, has been cultivated, from time immemorial, in the temperate parts of Europe and Africa. In the south of France and Spain, in the north of Italy and in the island of Corsica, it is extensively used. In Spain it is the common food of the peasants, and large quantities are exported to the

more northern nations. Great Britain and Ireland consume annually 20,000 bushels. In France and Italy it is used as a substitute, both for potatoes and bread.— They are sometimes cooked by boiling with herbs that will impart to them an agreeable flavor, and they are often used in pastry and confectionery.

The *Sweet Chestnut*, of the old world is much better than ours, but it is well adapted to the climate of our Middle and Southern States, where some experiments have been made in grafting it on stocks of the American species. It is deserving of culture, not only for the value of the fruit, but for the beauty of the tree. Its thick shade, its low spreading branches, and the lasting green hue of the leaves, render it a desirable ornament, in the yard of the Dutch farmer, and on the lawn of the Southern planter.

We being, like all mediums, very susceptible, our modesty received a smart shock the other day, when we saw the following notice in one of our exchanges:

RHODE ISLAND BANNER.

This is a stirring little sheet—a loud “voice from the land of Roger Williams” crying in the wilderness of Puritan bigotry and ignorance, saying, “prepare ye the way for the good time coming by receiving the lessons of truth and love hourly breathed from the land of immortal spirits.” It is issued once every two weeks, by Horace A. Keach, Editor and Proprietor, at 50 cents per annum. There is a good deal of the old apostolic spirit in Brother Keach, and he speaks right out, as if in earnest.

A new Spiritual journal has just been established at Macon, La. There are already three Spiritual papers published in the city of Paris. So we behold free thought over-stepping Mason's and Dixon's line, and planting its standard beside the throne of the Bonapartes.

INNOVATION.

The Hon. Gerritt Smith, is canvassing the State of New York, as the Independent Candidate, for Governor. He allows himself to be questioned by his constituents, in regard to his opinions on all governmental matters.— This plan meets the approval of the higher powers, for liberal lecturers have often given their audiences the privilege of catechising them. Spirits are always willing to aid those they inspire in answering questions. In the good time coming we shall ask our public servants many questions after their election.

We learn with pleasure that our old friend and school mate, Lewis C. Welch, still on is the liberal platform.— He is to lecture in the Universalist church, in Somerville, Conn., on the second Sunday in November.

The editor of the Rhode Island Banner, will lecture at Norwich, Conn., to-morrow afternoon and evening.

LOOK AHEAD.

One of the most marked mental traits of our time, is the tendency to discuss religious questions. All the Lyceums of our land debated such questions last winter. This is new, for once the constitution of those Lyceums forbade the introduction of such subjects.

The sermons of Parker, are now read in every part of the Union. In the earlier history of our nation such sermons would not have been tolerated for a day.

Not only in the Lyceums and Pulpits, and in Utica and Rutland Conventions, but in the street and bar-room, in the parlor and office, men of various views are comparing notes and smartly defending their favorite *isms*.

Where will all this lead us to? The ballot box.—Spiritualists will either become a sect or a party. If they become a party, they will break all sects in pieces. Is not this their mission? Will it be of any avail for them to oppose other sects, if they are themselves a sect, united by theological ties? Intellect is now forming public opinion on spiritual matters, and an aristocracy of Intellect will rule the counsels of this nation in the "Good time Coming."

CONSISTENCY.

The papers tell us all about the gladiatorial combat at Long Point, Canada. Two prize fighters contended for the championship of America. Neither were killed.—The Press generally has denounced the brutal pastime, after having surfeited readers with all the bloody details of the disgraceful affair. How does it happen that the same pen that writes indignant words against this display of animality, can call it GLORIOUS, when nation meets nation in the shock of war? A military chieftain, the greatest fighter in America, is now proposed as a candidate for the next Presidency. What, says the *New York Herald*, that "hopes" Morrissey will not fight any more?

CONVENTIONS.

A good deal of time is wasted in quarrelling about the use of a free platform, at the reform conventions.—Why not regulate all such things beforehand? Let it be understood that men will speak who are known to all, Representative Men. Each reform has its champion. If lesser lights are obscured, let them form a constellation by themselves.

A United States Convention might be arranged on the above plan, that would be a credit to the New World, while all useless controversy, about questions of precedence would thus be avoided.

PROVIDENCE POETRY.

Our city is favored with several who court the Muses. Miss Lita H. Barney, is a regular contributor to the pleasant pages of the *Banner of Light*.

Mrs. Frances H. Green who appeared in the last number of the *R. I. Banner*, and Mrs. Sarah H. Whitman, are well known as writers of poetry. There are several others whose names we are not at liberty to mention until they shall allow their bright imaginings to come before the public.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION.

By the invitation of the liberal people of Chestnut Hill, Mass., the Editor of the *Rhode Island Banner* met the Rev. Eleazer Bellows, last Monday evening. Our subject was Spiritualism. We spoke twenty minutes each, from 6 1-2 till 10 P. M.

We have received another candid letter from "Sidney" which will appear in our next. It came to hand too late for the present number.

We have received a letter from Charles W. Burgess, of Killingly, Conn., giving cheering accounts of the progress of free thought in that region. Mrs. Mary M. Macomber, of this city, has been lecturing there since August last. The Spiritualists are highly pleased with her speaking while entranced, while Adventists and Baptists are bitterly opposed.

"The Adventists," says our correspondent, "secured the services of Elder J. Hemenway, of Worcester, and I do honestly believe if he had stayed another week, about every individual in the place would have been a Spiritualist, for the opposers of the phenomena said it was Electricity, Mesmerism, and the like, but Mr. H. said it was all of the Devil and his angels; and so that knocked them all in the head in that direction, because he cited instances to prove it was not Electricity &c."

But Brother B. is not dismayed by the opposition, for he thinks he sees signs of progress. In conclusion he says:

"Spiritualism has been all the time advancing, despite the big guns that have been brought to bear against it, for such lectures as were delivered by the Editor of the *Banner*, and by the organism of Mrs. M. will take deep root in the minds of the people."

We hope our friends in Killingly will maintain their independent position, for if they will only think, and speak their thoughts freely, the "good time coming" cannot be far distant, and the inhabitants of that creed bound district will one day thank them for their fearless labor in behalf of mental freedom.

Shahmah, in pursuit of Freedom, or the Branded Hand, translated from the original Showiah, and edited by an American citizen. New York, Thatcher & Hutchinson, 1858.

All Spiritualists will love this book. In its perusal they will forget the mystical title, and welcome it as an able contribution to the Literature of Freedom. It will chain the attention, and touch the hearts of many who have never before been practically interested in that cen-

tral power of all true reform, Individual Soul-Liberty. Its moral,—and it is a sad one,—is that we must not depend upon institutions for the security of Human Rights. but each for himself assert and maintain the great principles of liberality and justice. We say the conclusion is a sad one, for the five hundred and ninety-nine pages of our Author have demonstrated, that with all our Fourth of July exultation, we are not free. While the Southern slave clanks his chains, and factory operatives are shortening their lives, and the city seamstress lacks bread, while custom and capital, and superstition cheat the heart—the body and the soul, we with all our noisy bravado are far from the enjoyment of true freedom.

We shall never be free until we recognize the rights inherent in man's nature, and not make them dependent upon birth or color, wealth or creed.

The one purpose of the new institutions is to make men free. To those who are timidly seeking, and to those who are boldly vindicating this great boon; we commend the glowing pages of this volume. We will not rob the reader of the pleasant surprises that will greet him in every chapter, by holding up to his view the threads by which the Author weaves her spell around him, but leave to each the pleasure of analyzing the power that infuses into his soul such love of liberty, and such intense hatred of every form of oppression.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We left the city of Providence on the morning of the 26th, to rusticate among the hills and dales, of the land of "Steady Habits." It was the prime of Indian Summer in its pride of beauty. The meadows were browned by the frosts of late October, and the shriveled leaves of the forest trees were slowly fluttering to the ground. Our passengers were few, and since they were strangers, and we in the musing mood, we arranged our material form as cozily as possible, while the mind looked through the fields, whose gravelly plains and sandy knolls stretch along either side of the track, from Providence to Plainfield. As we flitted by the little groves that skirt the way, we noticed a fact that we had observed in Milford last summer. The birch trees seem blighted. They lose their fresh color, and look as though a fire had swept over them. Should it prove a destructive epidemic, like others that have resulted in the ruin of certain species of vegetables, the farmers will lose their prettiest wood, for what could be neater in their open fire-places, than white birch, with the clean smooth bark left upon it? Perhaps the school-boys will say, "There is no great loss without some small gain."

The farmers are busy with their harvest, and heaps of yellow corn are spread out upon many a green flat, and golden pumpkins in piles of plenty, are basking in

the sun, in the broad yards of "ramble roofed" houses, whose huge stone chimneys and ragged poplars tell of a former century.

As we gaze upon the sterile acres, from whose hard grasp, the hand of industry has wrenched so many products, we feel that it was by the ordination of the higher powers that our home, New England, was settled. If the emigrants of 1620, had been aware of the superior value of the soil on the prairies of the West, and the Savannas of the South, it is doubtful whether the Northern Atlantic Coast would ever have been occupied. A few fishing settlements might have been scattered along the shore, a few of the best harbours might boast of smart towns, but where would have been the agricultural and mechanical resources of New England? The Pilgrims knew nothing of the extent of this continent. Private individuals held grants of land extending from the Atlantic, to the Western waters.

The progress of our nation has been at such a rate as to develop the most character in our people. Nothing was discovered too soon, nothing delayed too long. When the young Americans grow too many, the New England hive swarms and settles upon the German flats and along the valleys of York State. When they have cheated the Dutch "to the fullest extent," they, pursuant to a valuable instinct of their nature, migrate to "the Ohio."—When the land is all taken there, their axes are heard on the banks of the Mississippi. Looking still ahead, the golden hills of California glitter in their eyes, and just when they have made that a great state, gold is discovered on Frazer's River, and the tramp of ten thousand feet shakes the wilderness of the North West. The Harmonial Philosopher sees that the end of all this, is, not more the enlargement of the resources of our nation than the development of individual and national character. There can be no great good attained without labor. The American, who shall lead the nations, takes his initiative in subduing the forest and civilizing the rocky soil of the Eastern States, and ere he finishes his practical education, he has gained the means of purchasing the peace of the world.

The cry of "Passengers for Norwich, change cars," broke up our reverie, and stepping on board the other train, we glanced down the valley of the Thames and arrived securely at Norwich Landing.

From Norwich we went to Willimantic, where there is a strong and courageous band of liberal men. The Windham County Educational Association was in session here, and on the evening of the 28th we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture from C. C. Burleigh, who gave the Address before the same Society last year. Mr. B's performance was an elaborate exposition of the philosophy of progress. It did us good to see him in an orthodox pulpit, and the church crowded to its utmost capacity, a goodly number of the audience being Spiritualists. They would not let him speak in such a place a few years ago. The world *does* move.

On the evening of the 29th, we heard Professor Camp, the Commissioner of public Schools, for the State of Connecticut. From his Address we learn that there are 1628 Districts in the State, and 75,000 children provided with instruction in the Common Schools. We returned to Providence on Monday, stopping on our way to lecture to the friends of Progress in Killingly and Putnam.

MEXICO.

Every day our gloomy situation becomes more gloomy. The present struggle has created animosities that can only be crushed out by some foreign aid. The clergy hate with a venomous hatred everything that threatens their wealth and temporal power. The *puros* (that is, the crafty of them) combat the clergy with that madness with which the highwayman asks the traveller,—"Your money or your life!" They look upon the wealth of the clergy as their lawful booty, and most of them, seeing no other escape from their present poverty, are desperate in the accomplishment of their end. No real patriotic principle is involved on either side—nothing but clerical domination on one hand, and self aggrandisement on the other. The hue and cry about "religion and liberty," is the veriest sacrilege.

The surveys for the Vera Cruz and City of Mexico railroad have now been completed, and the labors of the engineers in Mexico are ended. The lines were all completed on last Saturday, and the chief engineer, Col. Talcott, with the promptness and decision which have characterized all of his movements since the commencement of his labors in Mexico, at once made his arrangements for the departure of himself and his men for New York, where the maps, reports and estimates are to be made out. From our conversations with Col. Talcott we learn that the route has been found much more favorable than was at first anticipated by the most sanguine. The road, in many places, and for considerable distances, will require but little or no grading and even these formidable looking barriers, the *cumbres*, will be passed without a single tunnel. Col. Talcott confesses that his investigations have proved that the road can be built for less than one-half of what he at first, before exploring, thought it would cost.

The realization of this great work, we consider, now appears certain. The great necessity for it is a powerful argument to capitalists to take hold of it at any price; but when the work can be shown to be so easy of construction, we have no fear but that capital, if required from abroad, will be easily obtained. The report of Col. Talcott upon his surveys in Mexico will be a most interesting work, and we shall look forward to it with great anxiety. It will afford information of this country that has heretofore never been known even in Mexico.

FARMING BY STEAM.

At a late meeting of the British Agricultural Association, Alderman Mechi said that though great progress had been made in British agriculture, yet it was sadly deficient; the cultivation of the country was only as deep as a common wine-glass; its return per acre was not more, on an average, than four pounds sterling of actual available produce. The introduction of steam in cultivation was a great point.

"He hoped that for all general purposes, as thrashing, grinding, and so forth, most farmers used the steam-engine. Fifteen years ago he was pronounced a madman for having a steam-engine on a farm of 150 acres. But the gentlemen who then thought he (Mr. Mechi) had lost his wits were now following the same course. And his hearers might depend upon it that they would never develop the full powers of agriculture until they brought steam to bear on cultivation.

There is a project on foot in New York, to establish a bullion bank, which shall use nothing but coin in its transactions. It meets with the cordial approval of many prominent men, among whom are Martin Van Buren, Robert J. Walker, John A. Dix, and John J. Cisco. The capital is to be \$1,000,000, and the revenues are to be derived from loaning this sum, and charging a very small commission, from the two-hundredth to the one-tenth of one per cent. on the sums deposited with the bank, which will always be payable in coin.

A STEAM PLOUGH PERFECTED.

A steam plough was tested at the late State Fair in Illinois, and pronounced a triumph. The machine on trial was invented by Joseph W. Fawkes, and had only been patented a short time. Six ploughs are attached to the engine, and but two men are required to attend to the whole machine. The State Agricultural Society of Illinois, expresses the most unbounded assurance that the "steam plough has begun its work in the west."

ARTESIAN WELL IN KENTUCKY.

The Louisville Journal says, the stream of water now thrown out in a jet is a most beautiful feature of this well, and is worth going a long distance to see. It was bored through solid limestone, alternating at various depths with seams of sandy and argillaceous limestones. The well is now 2,086 feet deep and throws 225 gallons of water per minute, or 324,000 gallons in twenty-four hours.

Mr. Carlyle has been residing with his relatives at Cummertrees, Scotland, for the last six weeks, and seems to be in vigorous health. The first two volumes of his work on Frederick the Great are ready for publication, and will, we understand, be issued at the beginning of the book season this fall.

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DR. CHARLES H. LEFFINGWELL,

Medium for the Refined Healing Influences of Spiritual Magnetism.

MRS. C. H. LEFFINGWELL,

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HORACE A. KEACH, - - - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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LIBERAL LECTURE.

On Sunday P. M., Oct. 24, Mr. H. B. Storer, of New Haven, spoke at Republican Hall. The Philosophy and Theology of the world have outrun its facts. Our theology is rejected because it is based on imagination. The proper study of man is not only man, but all external nature, that he may understand himself. For this it is necessary that the mind be free to act.

The theological world to-day assumes a set of facts that do not exist. They assume the existence of the devil, and though he has no local habitation, they have given him a name.

You need facts; this you acknowledge in all science. In science that does not directly affect the religions of the time, facts are earnestly sought for. Theology has assumed its facts in relation to the Spiritual world.—The church kept the keys; none could investigate except by one mode, by an entrance through the carefully guarded portals of the Church. If in Geology, errors have been held, you depend on the facts that are being gathered in your day to dissipate those errors. So in all the departments of science.

Thus we may make progress. This progress is possible in spiritual science. Why take the testimony of ancient ages alone? There are those who recognize the ever operative laws of God. All the facts of nature will illumine the mind, and initiate the willing soul into the arcana of spiritual truth.

Study the facts of the spirit manifestations of our time, no matter though holy errors are refuted, and the moss-covered roofs of the old church edifices are caused to fall. If you may not accept facts, then you cannot grow.

If in times past there has been anything known of nature or of God, it has been by the natural use of the natural faculties. Whatever one man knows all men can know by the proper use of their faculties. Upon this you base all your efforts to popularize science. All men have the same senses, which connect them with external nature. But men have found that one sense must be corrected by the others. Children soon learn this, and what is true of the infant is true of the infant race.

Men tried their senses upon things around them, and thus arrived at a consciousness of the significance of facts. To-day you only stand on the summit of the mountain of human experience, and yet you now assume that all facts are known about the spiritual world. Men may progress in physics but not in metaphysics.—Would you ignore all the progressive nature of man? Your doctrine of assumptions has nothing enthusiastic or inspiring about it.

Spiritualism comes to you only with the authority of facts. It does not present a theory to be accepted or rejected, but a series of facts to be tested by the closest scrutiny. Take the hammer of investigation and break the rough form in which they come, in pieces, and place the facts upon the shelves of your intellectual cabinet. Correct your observations by comparing your understanding of facts with your brother's understanding of them.

The theology of to-day is based on a book of assumptions. But if there you find a record of facts like those that occur before you to-day, those facts will be of value to you; but if you find a record of transactions that have no counterpart in the history of the nations

around, you may doubt and reject the story until the reason and principle be shown why the same things cannot be done to-day. If there be a record of the existence of Saurian animals in a former epoch, you may demand why they do not exist now.

The assumption of the existence of a Devil is seen to rest upon a misconception of the adverse influences around men, it was a positive perception of negative influences.

If God once interfered miraculously with the government of the world, may we not ask why the same things are not done now? But tried by the standard of to-day those marvels take on the garb of natural law.—What though men in the past did think that the sun revolved around this little orb, science has shown that they were mistaken. See while reading that book it may be a help, and it may be a tyrant.

Theology ignores the facts that man is an infant, and is growing to stalwart manhood, they persist in calling him depraved. Men turn away laughing at the assumptions of that book but reverently loving the great bible of nature. We look upon all the bibles as only a record of the progress of the human mind. If man has no faculties capable of cognizing the facts of the spirit world, then we cannot correct the errors that have been taught about it.

The idea of Heaven and Hell as localities, is an assumption. Who has ever come from that world where there is no more sin? Who has ever come from those dungeons of perdition? None! Those who do come partake of the conditions of both. The Materialist learns by the manifestations that there is a law superior to gravitation, controlling, mastering it. And from the intelligence learns that man lives first when he becomes conscious, and lives as long as he is conscious. The spirit world is here where the spirit lives. Trust then to facts in all the relations of life.

The intolerance of the present is a relict of barbarism—the progeny of that noted family, which, in the benighted ages of past, stained its armorial ensigns in the blood of Socrates, Jesus, Huss, Latimer, and others—“an innumerable company, which no man can number.” Bui the dynasty, thank God, is on the wane, and must eventually become extinct. Its merciless rule will be supplied by a guaranty of the rights of conscience.—Toleration, when it proceeds from a brotherly feeling and a sense of right, is of heaven, and must establish a universal and eternal reign. Error cannot be saved, however loud the cry of danger may be raised, and however much the most sacred names and maxims may be perverted to the unholy purpose. But its last appeal will be to bigotry, its legitimate patron and protector. That last friend will go forth in the work of intolerance, and the struggle may be desperate, but the result will be certain and glorious. Truth, and liberalism will triumph, and the pæans of joy which shall follow will imparadise earth.

Fairbanks & Co., the widely known scale manufacturers, at St. Johnsbury, Vt., have recently received through their house in this city, an order from China for seventy of their Platform Scales, weighing from 400 to 2000 pounds. The amount of the order is several thousand dollars.

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

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NO. 10.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide :
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes ?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne,
To a land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis not from view ; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be ;
For gleamings of its loveliness
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere ;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes list'ning ears may gain
Enrancing sound that hither floats ;
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harps and voices blending notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest !
They've crossed Time's River—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But *there* pure love can live, can last—
They looked for *us* their home to share ;
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait *us there*
Beyond the river.

A man, to be truly eloquent, must first possess some well defined thought which he believes, feels, and with which he is so burdened that he cannot keep it. Then if his soul is on fire, there is no fear, provided he discards all affectation or artifice, that he will light up a flame in the midst of his audience, of sparkling, living thoughts, which shall continue to burn forever.

A PHILOLOGICAL DITTY.

Ye wise ones, who tell us with infinite pains,
What everything borrows its name from,
Once more will ye ransack your books and your brains
And tell us where *Woman's* name came from ?

We bid you not tell, for we know it full well,
That *Man* is the finish of *Hu-man* ;—
But humbly, we pray, good gentlemen, say
Why man's better half is called *Woman* ?

We know, too, full well, that Adam once fell,
As the record, so ancient, doth show man,
And that Eve was the cause of his breaking the laws ;
But must she for that be a *Woe-man* ?

And this we know, too, if history's true,
If Homer once sang like a true man ;
When woman draws nigh, there's that in her eye
Which seems to say audibly : *Woo, man !*

Come, then, help us out from this thorn-hedge of doubt
Some kindly philosopher, do man ;
For if we should die, we cannot tell why
The partner of man is called *Woman*.

"CRINOLINE."

The resolutions of the Miami Conference of the Church of the United Brethren, declaring the wearing of crinoline incompatible with a true Christian profession, seem to be rigidly enforced by the authorities of that denomination. At a camp-meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery County, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbid any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord.

Years of undiscerning censure, and scarcely less undiscerning homage, are obliterated by the one true vibration from the heart of a fellow man. *Then* the genius is at home on earth, when another soul knows not only what he writes, but what he felt when he wrote it.—
Margaret Fuller.

It was a fine and true remark, that they who will abandon a friend for one error, know but little of human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

THE NEW WORLD'S PROGRESS.

Extract from the Address of Hon. Edward Everett, at the Essex County Agricultural Fair.

Without sober feelings none can contemplate that great step of the age—the crossing of the ocean by steam. It seemed to be like the onward march of nations, from the first slow progress of early civilization down to the eventual rapidity with which it rushes to its final consummation. Providence has offered this great problem of navigating the ocean by steam, to every civilized nation on the globe.

In 1453 it appears that such a thing as a steam vessel was known in Spain. This is a fact not widely circulated. At that date a Spaniard exhibited in the presence of Charles V. and all his court, in the harbor of Barcelona, a vessel of 200 tons, propelled by an engine, the construction of which was a secret to all but the inventor. The chronicles of that day inform us that there was a great cauldron of boiling water within, and two wheels on the outside which moved the vessel. The treasurer of the kingdom objected to its introduction.—It seems to have been quite perfect, since the objections urged against it were that it was too complicated, very expensive, and the boiler apt to explode. But Spain was not ripe for it, the world was not ripe for it. The inventor, disgusted with the want of appreciation displayed by the court, took the engine out of the vessel, allowed the ship to rot in the arsenal, and his secret perished with him in his grave.

One century later and the same problem was offered to France. A celebrated female, equally renowned for her beauty, immoralities, misfortunes and longevity also, for she died at the age of 134 years,—the famous Marie de l'Orme—so well known to the readers of modern fiction—has furnished us, in a letter to an admirer, written in 1641, these most astonishing details. The celebrated Marquis of Worcester was then on a visit to Madame in Paris, and with her visited a madhouse in the capital. While crossing the court-yard of that dismal establishment, the lady was almost paralyzed with terror, and while clinging to her companion she saw a frightful face looking through the bars of a window of a building, and heard these strange words—"I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery which shall enrich the kingdom that adopts it." The question was asked by one of the visitors, what is it that this man has discovered. The answer of the visitor, with a mocking laugh was, "O, it's not much; it's something about the power of steam." And so the lady laughed that a man should go mad about so frivolous a thing as that.

This man, it seems, came from Normandy to bring before the king his discovery of the fact that steam could be used to navigate the ocean, and in short there was nothing that he did not claim could be done by the power of steam. Cardinal Richelieu was uppermost then, and though he was most sagacious and enlightened as worldly wisdom goes, yet he turned his back on the inventor. The man followed him from place to place, and the Cardinal, getting tired of his pertinacity, sent him to the madhouse. The man even wrote a book on the subject of his thoughts, entitled *Moving Powers*. The Marquis of Worcester was much interested in this book, and used some of its ideas afterwards in his own works. So we see that France in 1543, proved her in-

ability to take up and wield this mortal thunderbolt.

No, sir, the problem was reserved for the Anglo-Saxon race to grapple with and conquer, and thereafter the mechanical skill of England was turned to this invention with various success, till in the middle of the last century, after the idea had been floating for 200 years in ingenious minds, the steam engine, that scarcely inanimate Titan, that living burning mechanism, was brought to perfection by James Watt. Thenceforth the engines of labor, marshalled by the power which Watt brought forward, were to make their bloodless triumph, not for the destruction, but for the blessing of mankind. All hail to thee, mute, indefatigable agent of strength, working in deep mines, moving along the pathways of trade, toiling in the service of man! No fatigue can palsy thy herculean arm! No trampled host writhe under thy feet! No widowed hearts bleed at thy beneficent victories!

England solved the problem, but it seemed as it were the will of Providence that she should not go so far as to apply steam to the navigation of the ocean. This part of the problem remained for the other branch of the Anglo Saxon race—the branch of that Western hemisphere whose expanded territories are traversed by some of the noblest rivers, and separated from England by an almost world-wide ocean. The thoughts of the men of the last century, after the revolution, were turned to the development of steam. One of those men attracted the attention of him whom nothing escaped that belonged to the welfare of his country—of Washington—and he expressed his satisfaction at the experiments of Rumsey. It seems almost providential that steam was not developed in ocean navigation at the time of the revolution, for it would have given her the means of bringing her vast resources and powers to bear more swiftly and directly on the struggling colonists—with what effect, who can tell?

But the revolutionary periods were passed, and independence established, the hour had come, and the man was there. In the year 1799 the thought became mature in Fulton's mind, and Chancellor Livingston took a deep interest in the scheme of water navigation by steam. They applied to the New York Legislature for an act of incorporation. I am sorry to say, that America at that time did not seem much wiser than France and Spain had been before her. Livingston tells us that the young men of the Legislature, when tired of the graver matters of the law, would call up the steam bill, as they called it, and have a little fun. Young America did not on that occasion show himself so much wiser than his seniors. But nothing discouraged Fulton, and his coadjutors persevered, and twenty years had not passed away before steam was found on our sounds, lakes and great rivers, and that at a time when it was known only by hearsay in Europe. This was all that was needed then. Twenty years more elapsed before English capital was first applied to the navigation of the ocean itself by steam—which America little needed, but which England desired as giving to her access to the Western world.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

There is nothing palatial about the White House, either in its exterior or interior. There are hundreds of private dwellings in the country which surpass it, both in extent and style—in architectural taste, in beauty of

adornment without and in richness of embellishment within. Its extreme modesty, its entire absence of that grandeur which marks a royal residence in the old world, must strike the attention very forcibly of the representatives of foreign courts, whose ideas of national abodes are associated with Windsor Castle, St. James's or Buckingham Palace, the Tuileries, Versailles, the Escorial, the Vatican, the stately edifice at Stockholm, the costly winter palace at St. Petersburg, or other more or less ambitious structures which have been raised for the gratification of royal pride and luxury.

Although stamped with no architectural magnificence, however, our Executive mansion is not in bad taste, as are many or most of the more ostentatious and more costly royal abodes of the old world; and what is better, it has not become a deformity, as some of them have, through a series of changes and enlargements suggested by the pride and caprice of successive occupants. It has withstood all the temptations of all the Administrations of the Government for the last half century, to improve it, and is still preserved in its original style, if not in its original beauty.

Something ought to be said, by way of further illustration of the simplicity of official life in this country, of the domestic establishments of our cabinet ministers, as compared with those of the ministers of crowns, and the nobility of European kingdoms. The contrast here is even more striking. The heads of departments here occupy hired tenements of very moderate dimensions and modest pretensions. Their incomes do not enable them to vie with many private individuals in the style of their residences. They have no equipages or liveries, which mark the dignity or the character of their posts; and their social position is in no respect remarkable. The Secretary of State is a very wealthy man, and occupies a larger house than any of his fellow-ministers; but it is a plain tenement, with no signs of wealth or station about it. The Secretaries of the Treasury, of War, the Navy and the Interior, all rent tenements, which would hardly be allowed a place in Beacon street. These officers give occasional parties, but they never attempt display beyond the style of ordinary fashionable life; and their receptions in winter, like those of the President, are open to all who are disposed to pay them their respects.

The line of steamers between Liverpool and New York and Boston known as the Cunard line, commenced running eighteen years ago, and have continued ever since to make their trips regularly, excepting a short interval during the Crimean war, when they were chartered by the British government. They leave on each side once a week, and carry a large number of passengers—averaging two hundred souls on board each trip.

SLOW GROWTH OF THE WORLD.

A number of years ago, Professor Rogers of Massachusetts made some experiments in the stalactitic caverns of Virginia, for the purpose of obtaining data in regard to the age of those deposits. He placed vessels in an unfrequented part of the cave, beneath drippings of various dimensions, where they remained for a period of from five to seven years. He arrives at the conclusion, as the result of his observations, that the rate of accretion is one-tenth of an inch in five years, or an inch in fifty years.

SAN SALVADOR.

The new President, Barrios, seems to give great satisfaction to the people, and no doubt, had he at his disposal the means necessary for the purpose, that he would prove himself to be the right man in the right place.

It is a subject of wonder to such passing travellers as may visit Salvador, that a country so richly endowed with all the natural elements necessary for its full development, should continue almost stationary in the world's march, for on a close examination of its ways and means, we find that while liberal encouragement is given to commerce, agriculture, and individuals, whether merchant or planters, the finances of the State remain in a deplorable condition—almost in a condition of continual embarrassment, so much so that the government are constantly at their wit's ends in order to realize the wherewithal for the general expenditure.

The Indians still maintain their very questionable titles to the greater portion of the available lands throughout Central America, holding said lands by grants from the government of Spain, executed in their favor shortly after the conquest. There is one way in which this great evil might be remedied, and that is, by a legislative decree authorizing the Indian communities to dispose of their titles by sales to the government. By this means thousands of acres might fall into possession of the State, and in the course of time the greater portion of these productive lands will be under tillage and in possession of industrious and thriving planters.

Cotton planting is attracting considerable attention here. Samples of some grown at Sonsonate have been very favorably classed by the Manchester judges. The Manchester Cotton Association are also distributing a considerable quantity of seed throughout Central America.

Sonsonate coffee has been classed by Paris judges at ten francs higher than the best Costa Rica. The news has given a surprising impulse to the coffee planters of Salvador.

There is a great scarcity of silver at present, so much so that Spanish and Mexican silver coins command a good premium. This demand, however, ends with the fair of San Miguel, the scarcity being caused in consequence of the indigo buyers collecting silver for the purchase of indigo.

Three large volumes have just been issued from the Patent Office, being the Commissioner's Report for 1857. The statistics for the year are quite remarkable. In spite of the long-continued depression in all branches of business, the number of patents applied for was 4,771, of which 2,915 were granted, including designs, reissues, and additional improvements. Of these, only 42 were granted to foreigners. New-York received 855 patents; Massachusetts, 421; and Pennsylvania, 314. The number for the year exceeded those issued in 1856 by 408.

NEWFOUNDLAND LEAD.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have sold their lead mines in Newfoundland to parties for \$200,000.—Several cargoes of the metal have arrived and are on their way to this port. It averages eighty per cent., and is frequently cut out in pure lumps, being esteemed equal in richness to any in the world.

tral power of all true reform, Individual Soul-Liberty. Its moral,—and it is a sad one,—is that we must not depend upon institutions for the security of Human Rights. but each for himself assert and maintain the great principles of liberality and justice. We say the conclusion is a sad one, for the five hundred and ninety-nine pages of our Author have demonstrated, that with all our Fourth of July exultation, we are not free. While the Southern slave clanks his chains, and factory operatives are shortening their lives, and the city seamstress lacks bread, while custom and capital, and superstition cheat the heart—the body and the soul, we with all our noisy bravado are far from the enjoyment of true freedom.

We shall never be free until we recognize the rights inherent in man's nature, and not make them dependent upon birth or color, wealth or creed.

The one purpose of the new institutions is to make men free. To those who are timidly seeking, and to those who are boldly vindicating this great boon; we commend the glowing pages of this volume. We will not rob the reader of the pleasant surprises that will greet him in every chapter, by holding up to his view the threads by which the Author weaves her spell around him, but leave to each the pleasure of analyzing the power that infuses into his soul such love of liberty, and such intense hatred of every form of oppression.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We left the city of Providence on the morning of the 26th, to rusticate among the hills and dales, of the land of "Steady Habits." It was the prime of Indian Summer in its pride of beauty. The meadows were browned by the frosts of late October, and the shriveled leaves of the forest trees were slowly fluttering to the ground. Our passengers were few, and since they were strangers, and we in the musing mood, we arranged our material form as cozily as possible, while the mind looked through the fields, whose gravelly plains and sandy knolls stretch along either side of the track, from Providence to Plainfield. As we flitted by the little groves that skirt the way, we noticed a fact that we had observed in Milford last summer. The birch trees seem blighted. They lose their fresh color, and look as though a fire had swept over them. Should it prove a destructive epidemic, like others that have resulted in the ruin of certain species of vegetables, the farmers will lose their prettiest wood, for what could be neater in their open fire-places, than white birch, with the clean smooth bark left upon it? Perhaps the school-boys will say, "There is no great loss without some small gain."

The farmers are busy with their harvest, and heaps of yellow corn are spread out upon many a green flat, and golden pumpkins in piles of plenty, are basking in

the sun, in the broad yards of "ramble roofed" houses, whose huge stone chimneys and ragged poplars tell of a former century.

As we gaze upon the sterile acres, from whose hard grasp, the hand of industry has wrenched so many products, we feel that it was by the ordination of the higher powers that our home, New England, was settled. If the emigrants of 1620, had been aware of the superior value of the soil on the prairies of the West, and the Savannas of the South, it is doubtful whether the Northern Atlantic Coast would ever have been occupied. A few fishing settlements might have been scattered along the shore, a few of the best harbours might boast of smart towns, but where would have been the agricultural and mechanical resources of New England? The Pilgrims knew nothing of the extent of this continent. Private individuals held grants of land extending from the Atlantic, to the Western waters.

The progress of our nation has been at such a rate as to develop the most character in our people. Nothing was discovered too soon, nothing delayed too long. When the young Americans grow too many, the New England hive swarms and settles upon the German flats and along the valleys of York State. When they have cheated the Dutch "to the fullest extent," they, pursuant to a valuable instinct of their nature, migrate to "the Ohio."—When the land is all taken there, their axes are heard on the banks of the Mississippi. Looking still ahead, the golden hills of California glitter in their eyes, and just when they have made that a great state, gold is discovered on Frazer's River, and the tramp of ten thousand feet shakes the wilderness of the North West. The Harmonial Philosopher sees that the end of all this, is, not more the enlargement of the resources of our nation than the development of individual and national character. There can be no great good attained without labor. The American, who shall lead the nations, takes his initiative in subduing the forest and civilizing the rocky soil of the Eastern States, and ere he finishes his practical education, he has gained the means of purchasing the peace of the world.

The cry of "Passengers for Norwich, change cars," broke up our reverie, and stepping on board the other train, we glanced down the valley of the Thames and arrived securely at Norwich Landing.

From Norwich we went to Willimantic, where there is a strong and courageous band of liberal men. The Windham County Educational Association was in session here, and on the evening of the 28th we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture from C. C. Burleigh, who gave the Address before the same Society last year. Mr. B's performance was an elaborate exposition of the philosophy of progress. It did us good to see him in an orthodox pulpit, and the church crowded to its utmost capacity, a goodly number of the audience being Spiritualists. They would not let him speak in such a place a few years ago. The world does move.

On the evening of the 29th, we heard Professor Camp, the Commissioner of public Schools, for the State of Connecticut. From his Address we learn that there are 1628 Districts in the State, and 75,000 children provided with instruction in the Common Schools. We returned to Providence on Monday, stopping on our way to lecture to the friends of Progress in Killingly and Putnam.

MEXICO.

Every day our gloomy situation becomes more gloomy. The present struggle has created animosities that can only be crushed out by some foreign aid. The clergy hate with a venomous hatred everything that threatens their wealth and temporal power. The *puros* (that is, the crafty of them) combat the clergy with that madness with which the highwayman asks the traveller,—"Your money or your life!" They look upon the wealth of the clergy as their lawful booty, and most of them, seeing no other escape from their present poverty, are desperate in the accomplishment of their end. No real patriotic principle is involved on either side—nothing but clerical domination on one hand, and self aggrandisement on the other. The hue and cry about "religion and liberty," is the veriest sacrilege.

The surveys for the Vera Cruz and City of Mexico railroad have now been completed, and the labors of the engineers in Mexico are ended. The lines were all completed on last Saturday, and the chief engineer, Col. Talcott, with the promptness and decision which have characterized all of his movements since the commencement of his labors in Mexico, at once made his arrangements for the departure of himself and his men for New York, where the maps, reports and estimates are to be made out. From our conversations with Col. Talcott we learn that the route has been found much more favorable than was at first anticipated by the most sanguine. The road, in many places, and for considerable distances, will require but little or no grading and even these formidable looking barriers, the *cumbres*, will be passed without a single tunnel. Col. Talcott confesses that his investigations have proved that the road can be built for less than one-half of what he at first, before exploring, thought it would cost.

The realization of this great work, we consider, now appears certain. The great necessity for it is a powerful argument to capitalists to take hold of it at any price; but when the work can be shown to be so easy of construction, we have no fear but that capital, if required from abroad, will be easily obtained. The report of Col. Talcott upon his surveys in Mexico will be a most interesting work, and we shall look forward to it with great anxiety. It will afford information of this country that has heretofore never been known even in Mexico.

FARMING BY STEAM.

At a late meeting of the British Agricultural Association, Alderman Mechi said that though great progress had been made in British agriculture, yet it was sadly deficient; the cultivation of the country was only as deep as a common wine-glass; its return per acre was not more, on an average, than four pounds sterling of actual available produce. The introduction of steam in cultivation was a great point.

"He hoped that for all general purposes, as thrashing, grinding, and so forth, most farmers used the steam-engine. Fifteen years ago he was pronounced a madman for having a steam-engine on a farm of 150 acres. But the gentlemen who then thought he (Mr. Mechi) had lost his wits were now following the same course. And his hearers might depend upon it that they would never develop the full powers of agriculture until they brought steam to bear on cultivation.

There is a project on foot in New York, to establish a bullion bank, which shall use nothing but coin in its transactions. It meets with the cordial approval of many prominent men, among whom are Martin Van Buren, Robert J. Walker, John A. Dix, and John J. Cisco. The capital is to be \$1,000,000, and the revenues are to be derived from loaning this sum, and charging a very small commission, from the two-hundredth to the one-tenth of one per cent. on the sums deposited with the bank, which will always be payable in coin.

A STEAM PLOUGH PERFECTED.

A steam plough was tested at the late State Fair in Illinois, and pronounced a triumph. The machine on trial was invented by Joseph W. Fawkes, and had only been patented a short time. Six ploughs are attached to the engine, and but two men are required to attend to the whole machine. The State Agricultural Society of Illinois, expresses the most unbounded assurance that the "steam plough has begun its work in the west."

ARTESIAN WELL IN KENTUCKY.

The Louisville Journal says, the stream of water now thrown out in a jet is a most beautiful feature of this well, and is worth going a long distance to see. It was bored through solid limestone, alternating at various depths with seams of sandy and argillaceous limestones. The well is now 2,086 feet deep and throws 225 gallons of water per minute, or 324,000 gallons in twenty-four hours.

Mr. Carlyle has been residing with his relatives at Cummertrees, Scotland, for the last six weeks, and seems to be in vigorous health. The first two volumes of his work on Frederick the Great are ready for publication, and will, we understand, be issued at the beginning of the book season this fall.

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LIBERAL LECTURE.

On Sunday P. M., Oct. 24, Mr. H. B. Storer, of New Haven, spoke at Republican Hall. The Philosophy and Theology of the world have outrun its facts. Our theology is rejected because it is based on imagination. The proper study of man is not only man, but all external nature, that he may understand himself. For this it is necessary that the mind be free to act.

The theological world to-day assumes a set of facts that do not exist. They assume the existence of the devil, and though he has no local habitation, they have given him a name.

You need facts; this you acknowledge in all science. In science that does not directly affect the religions of the time, facts are earnestly sought for. Theology has assumed its facts in relation to the Spiritual world.—The church kept the keys; none could investigate except by one mode, by an entrance through the carefully guarded portals of the Church. If in Geology, errors have been held, you depend on the facts that are being gathered in your day to dissipate those errors. So in all the departments of science.

Thus we may make progress. This progress is possible in spiritual science. Why take the testimony of ancient ages alone? There are those who recognize the ever operative laws of God. All the facts of nature will illumine the mind, and initiate the willing soul into the arcana of spiritual truth.

Study the facts of the spirit manifestations of our time, no matter though holy errors are refuted, and the moss-covered roofs of the old church edifices are caused to fall. If you may not accept facts, then you cannot grow.

If in times past there has been anything known of nature or of God, it has been by the natural use of the natural faculties. Whatever one man knows all men can know by the proper use of their faculties. Upon this you base all your efforts to popularize science. All men have the same senses, which connect them with external nature. But men have found that one sense must be corrected by the others. Children soon learn this, and what is true of the infant is true of the infant race.

Men tried their senses upon things around them, and thus arrived at a consciousness of the significance of facts. To-day you only stand on the summit of the mountain of human experience, and yet you now assume that all facts are known about the spiritual world. Men may progress in physics but not in metaphysics.—Would you ignore all the progressive nature of man? Your doctrine of assumptions has nothing enthusiastic or inspiring about it.

Spiritualism comes to you only with the authority of facts. It does not present a theory to be accepted or rejected, but a series of facts to be tested by the closest scrutiny. Take the hammer of investigation and break the rough form in which they come, in pieces, and place the facts upon the shelves of your intellectual cabinet. Correct your observations by comparing your understanding of facts with your brother's understanding of them.

The theology of to-day is based on a book of assumptions. But if there you find a record of facts like those that occur before you to-day, those facts will be of value to you; but if you find a record of transactions that have no counterpart in the history of the nations

around, you may doubt and reject the story until the reason and principle be shown why the same things cannot be done to-day. If there be a record of the existence of Saurian animals in a former epoch, you may demand why they do not exist now.

The assumption of the existence of a Devil is seen to rest upon a misconception of the adverse influences around men, it was a positive perception of negative influences.

If God once interfered miraculously with the government of the world, may we not ask why the same things are not done now? But tried by the standard of to-day those marvels take on the garb of natural law.—What though men in the past did think that the sun revolved around this little orb, science has shown that they were mistaken. See while reading that book it may be a help, and it may be a tyrant.

Theology ignores the facts that man is an infant, and is growing to stalwart manhood, they persist in calling him depraved. Men turn away laughing at the assumptions of that book but reverently loving the great bible of nature. We look upon all the bibles as only a record of the progress of the human mind. If man has no faculties capable of cognizing the facts of the spirit world, then we cannot correct the errors that have been taught about it.

The idea of Heaven and Hell as localities, is an assumption. Who has ever come from that world where there is no more sin? Who has ever come from those dungeons of perdition? None! Those who do come partake of the conditions of both. The Materialist learns by the manifestations that there is a law superior to gravitation, controlling, mastering it. And from the intelligence learns that man lives first when he becomes conscious, and lives as long as he is conscious. The spirit world is here where the spirit lives. Trust then to facts in all the relations of life.

The intolerance of the present is a relict of barbarism—the progeny of that noted family, which, in the benighted ages of past, stained its armorial ensigns in the blood of Socrates, Jesus, Huss, Latimer, and others—“an innumerable company, which no man can number.” Bui the dynasty, thank God, is on the wane, and must eventually become extinct. Its merciless rule will be supplied by a guaranty of the rights of conscience.—Toleration, when it proceeds from a brotherly feeling and a sense of right, is of heaven, and must establish a universal and eternal reign. Error cannot be saved, however loud the cry of danger may be raised, and however much the most sacred names and maxims may be perverted to the unholy purpose. But its last appeal will be to bigotry, its legitimate patron and protector. That last friend will go forth in the work of intolerance, and the struggle may be desperate, but the result will be certain and glorious. Truth, and liberalism will triumph, and the pæans of joy which shall follow will imparadise earth.

Fairbanks & Co., the widely known scale manufacturers, at St. Johnsbury, Vt., have recently received through their house in this city, an order from China for seventy of their Platform Scales, weighing from 400 to 2000 pounds. The amount of the order is several thousand dollars.