

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

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NO. 9.

For the Rhode-Island Banner.
THE GAZELL-EYED.

BY FANNY GREEN.

May fond arms, and true bosoms ever open to receive
her,
The sweet blossom of a Rose-Love, our darling little
EVA!
Her eyes look forth like dovelings, in their soft and ten-
der light,
With the brightness of the morning, and the shadows of
the night.
Around her infant loveliness, O could I weave a charm,
That might circle her with blessings, and keep her from
all harm,
Though beyond a sea of dangers, it was guarded in its
bower,
I could fearlessly press through them, to pluck the
magic flower ;
Which, bound upon her bosom, implanted in her life,
Might live in all her being, with the fairest blossoms
rife.
But in spells to cope with Destiny, to human art belong;
I have only prayers and blessings, and I'll weave them
into song.
The love-gems fused into her life, and on her bosom
set,
Shall be to her, in every change, the truest amulet.
I pray that no rude spirit may ever come to grieve her,
The cherub of our Eden Bower, our precious little EVA.

Religion has treated knowledge sometimes in the
world's history as an enemy, sometime as a hostage, often
as a captive, and oftener as a child ; but knowledge has
become of age, and religion must either remove her ac-
quaintance, or introduce her as a companion and respect
her as a friend.

If you would remove the suspicions of others con-
cerning you, be sincere and ingenuous ; if you would
confirm them, make excuses and explanations of your
conduct.

UNNOTICED AND UNHONORED HEROES.

When I see a man holding faster his uprightness in
proportion as it is assailed ; fortifying his religious trust
in proportion as Providence is obscure ; hoping in the
ultimate triumphs of virtue more surely in proportion to
its present afflictions ; cherishing philanthropy amid the
discouraging experience of men's unkindness and un-
thankfulness ; extending to others a sympathy which
his own sufferings need, but can not obtain ; growing
milder and gentler amid what tends to exasperate and
harden ; and through inward principle converting the
very incitements to evil into the occasions of a victori-
ous virtue, I see an explanation, and a noble explanation,
of the present state. I see a good produced, so tran-
scendent in its nature as to justify all the evil and suf-
fering under which it grows up. I should think the
formation of a few such minds worth all the apparatus
of the present world. I should say that this earth, with
its continents and oceans, its seasons and harvests, and
its successive generations, was a work worthy of God,
even were it to accomplish no other end than the train-
ing and manifestation of the illustrious characters which
are scattered through history. And when I consider
how small a portion of human virtue is recorded by his-
tory, superior in dignity, as well as in number, are the
unnoticed, unhonored saints and heroes of domestic and
humble life, I see a light thrown over the present state
which more than reconciles me to all its evils.—*Chan-
ning.*

WEALTH.

Wealth, true wealth, is that possession which satisfies
the heart. Palaces and lands may still leave a man mis-
erable. To be satisfied in one's cell—to feel no aching
void—to sleep peacefully, and wake without pain, regret
or remorse—such is wealth. With those the hardest
pillow becomes soft, the darkest future bright, and their
possessor stands up a man, than whom God has made
none nobler, free from the canker which follows power
and fame, and independent of the exigencies which
make and may shiver crowns. For the promotion of
the good, the beautiful and the true, gold, goods and
lands are a heritage from Heaven ; but when wrapped
in a napkin and bound to the heart, they congeal human
sympathies and blast human life.

A FINE THOUGHT ABOUT PROGRESS.—The goal of yes-
terday will be the starting-point of to-morrow.—*Car-
lyle.*

THE NEW WORLD'S PROGRESS.

NEW INVENTION.

A writer in the New England Farmer, gives the following account of the operation of a machine for lifting rocks.

Some of our readers, among the farmers of Rhode Island would find it a valuable aid in the civilization of their own neighborhoods :

"It is necessary, however, first to state that the rocks do not require any digging around, unless they are entirely below the surface, and then only enough to make room to apply the hooks by which they are raised ; a slight indentation is made on two faces of the rock with a common drill, into which the points of the hooks are placed. The machine is a simple, stout frame work, upon which is a little cast iron gearing, and the whole mounted upon strong wheels six feet in diameter. Two men and a boy, with a pair of oxen and a horse, or two pairs of oxen, if the rocks are very large, are all that is required to work it, and there is no hard lifting, no chocking of wheels, no prying with bars or levers, no vexation or swearing necessary in the most effectual operation of the machine.

In one hour six rocks were lifted out, varying in weight from three hundred pounds to six tons ! and at the end of two hours forty five rocks, with no hard labor for the men or the team ; everything was quickly and quietly done, and, apparently, without unusual effort on the part of any engaged in it.

At the expiration of two hours, the operators selected the largest rocks they had raised, and laid them in a line for a wall, and when two or three were in place, others smaller were laid upon them with rapidity and ease, the men having scarcely any part in the matter beyond hitching and unhitching the hooks. The machine weighs 2,500 pounds, but standing upon wheels so large, is easily transported over the roads or fields. It is compact, wonderfully strong, has nothing liable to get out of repair or break, but a chain, and cost \$275.

I am clearly of the opinion that I have never seen any machine whose use would prove more profitable on rocky farms than this, I think I am competent to judge in this matter, as I spent much of my youth, and several years more recently, in reclaiming such lands."

It is reported that very rich mines of gold exist in Guiana, where it is obtainable by simply pulling up the grass and shrubs, the precious ore being found adhering to the roots ! It should be added, however, that the climate is very deadly. A New York company has secured a monopoly for working the mines.

THE COMET.

Almost all the editors have had something to say about our wonderful celestial visitant. We shall content ourselves with two extracts, one from a philosopher, Prof. Mitchell, of the Cincinnati Observatory, and the other by a poet, in a late Boston Courier. The man of science says :

"No one can gaze on this gigantic object, in all its misty splendor, without a deep impression that the eye

is resting on a mass of nebulous matter, precisely such as the nebular theory of La Place supposes to have been the primordial condition of our sun and all its attendant planets, and from which chaotic condition this beautiful system of revolving worlds has been evoked by the action of a single law."

The poet says :

Yon car of fire, though veiled by day,
Along that field of gleaming blue,
When twilight folded earth in gray,
A world-wide wonder flew.

Duly in turn each orb of light
From out the darkening concave broke :
Eve's glowing herald swam in light,
And every star awoke.

The Lyre re-strung its burning chords,
Streamed from the Cross its earliest ray,—
Then rose Altair, more sweet than words
On music's soul could say.

They, from old time in course the same,
Familiar set, familiar rise ;
But what art thou, wild, lovely flame,
Across the startled skies ?

Mysterious yet, as when it burst
Through the vast void of nature hurled,
And shook their shrinking hearts, at first,
The Fathers of the world.

No curious sage the scroll unseals,—
Vain quest to baffled science given,—
Its orbit ages, while it wheels,
The miracle of Heaven.

In nature's plan thy sphere unknown,
Save that no sphere His order mars,
Whose law could guide thy path alone
In realms beyond the stars.

God's minister ! We know no more
Of thee, thy frame, thy mission still,
Than he who watched thy flight of yore,
On the Chaldean hill.

Five hundred dollars is offered in the New Orleans papers for the capture of two runaway slaves, one of whom is described as follows :

"Aged about 24 years, bright color, 5 feet six inches high, light hazel eyes, pug nose, curly hair, white teeth, has a blush in his face when spoken to ; always well dressed, and frequently walks with a gentleman's cane."

AUTUMN.

The changing hues of our forests, is a peculiarity of New World scenery. Like the deepened tints on the cheek of a consumptive patient is the flush of variegated beauty that precedes the decay of the verdant garniture of our groves. We find the following in looking over the record of the World's Fair.

Among the articles sent from Rhode Island to the

World's Industrial Exhibition, is a splendid collection of the leaves of the American forests, carefully prepared by Miriam de Bonneville, of Westerly. These leaves are arranged in natural order upon sheets of Bristol board, and bound in rich garnet-colored velvet, with gold clasps and corners. The leaves are so prepared that they retain their natural color, and will make a beautiful display of the wonderful change the foliage undergoes, and which takes place in no other part of the world.

THE OLD WORLD.

The treaty between France and China was signed on the 27th of June, and was ratified by the Emperor on the 3d inst. China is opened to Christianity and to the commerce of the West. Diplomatic agents, with their families, may establish themselves permanently at Peking.

The following are some of the stipulations of this important document:—

Christianity tolerated throughout the empire, and persons teaching or professing that religion, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, to be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities. Diplomatic agents may reside permanently at Peking. British traders protected against excessive transit duties. Tariff to be revised. Several new ports opened to our trade, and the free navigation of the Yang-Teze declared. British subjects may travel for pleasure or trade to all parts of the empire, when provided with passports from British authorities. The governments to act in concert for the suppression of piracy. Indemnity for losses by British subjects at Canton to be paid.

THE VINTAGE IN FRANCE.

The accounts from France all concur in saying that the vintage now in active progress in most parts of France, is likely to prove one of the greatest abundance. The weather up to the middle of September, was steadily bright and warm. It is said that every comet year has been a good year for wine, but this is doubtless accidental, or at any rate outside of any cometary influence. The grape disease appears to have been completely mastered. The accounts, too, from all parts of Italy, and Savoy, and from Lisbon, represent the vintage of 1858 "as most splendid." In Savoy, in particular, it is said that never within the memory of man have the vineyards been so exuberant and prolific.

It appears from statistical returns that in France, about 5,275,000 acres are planted in vines, which yield annually, an average of 990 millions imperial gallons of wine. This year's product will probably be larger and of the best quality.

LORD BROUGHAM WITH A WHEELBARROW.

The Carlisle Journal thus describes the workmanlike style in which Lord Brougham went through his duties in cutting the first sod of the Eden Valley Railway a few days ago: "Lord Brougham received from the brawny navvy who stood beside him a neat spade, with which he cut the first sod, and threw it into a handsome mahogany barrow, which had been provided for the occasion. His Lordship then with a vigor as remarkable as it was characteristic, wheeled the barrow along some planks that had been laid for a distance of some ten or a dozen yards, emptied its contents and then in a truly

navvy-like manner, turned his back, and pulled the barrow to the point whence he started. During the operation the most deafening cheers resounded from every part of the field. His Lordship appeared to be much amused with his own performance."

OLD TIMES.

The past is past! with many a hopeful morrow!
Its errors and its good works live with God;
The agony is o'er of joy or sorrow;
The flowers lie dead along the path we trod.

The past is past! in solemn silence taking
Alike the sunny and the rainy day,
On the live altar of the fond heart breaking
Full many an idol built on feet of clay.

The past is past! and our young selves departed
Upon the flashing whirl of those fleet years;
Its lessons leave us sadder, stronger hearted,
More slow to love, less prodigal of tears.

The past is past! and knowledge taught suspicion
To dim the spirit with its foul, cold shine:
For many a base and dark thing finds admission
Amid the wisdom learnt from life and time.

The past is past! and ah! how few deplore it,
Or would redeem their time, had they the power;
Though nature sometimes weakly weepeth o'er it,
At memory of some wrong, or happier hour.

The past is past! there's bitter joy in knowing
'Tis gone forever; dead and buried deep:
It lies behind, and on life's stream is flowing,
Where waters of the Dead Sea sleep.

The past is past! in faith and patience taking
Its lessons, let us lay them on our hearts:
The chain's attenuated links are breaking,
Be earnest!—use the present ere it parts!

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husbands' shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner or fashion—but in the mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness with those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.

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.*

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman.

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1858.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

Many of our readers will remember the poetic paraphrase with which one of our poets has decked the old story of the Lord's visit to the Prophet of Horeb. We refer to the article in our school books. "On Horeb's rock, &c." The truth couched in those beautiful lines is, that the voice of Deity may best be heard in the silence of the closet. Where do the Spiritualists seek for supernal voices? They delight in retirement, they love to talk with their angel friends alone. They not only go into their closets, but into the heartfelt quietude of deep unthinking trance, where the soul is as calm as the surface of an inland lake when the leaves of Indian Summer strew its placid surface. When they come back to the sphere of consciousness, they cherish the thoughts that angels had engraven upon their minds. Is not theirs the true Bible plan? Why do the churches oppose them so? Shall we attribute it to any sinister views? We would rather regard it as the result of ignorance of the beautiful and elevating influences of the Evangel of Harmony.

The Crystal Palace, which for seven years had been an ornament to the City of New York, was totally destroyed by fire, on the afternoon of October 8th.

The Palace cost \$750,000 The American Institute were holding their fourth Exhibition, and their loss will reach \$10,000.

There were several groups of statuary which has been on exhibition, ever since the first opening of the Palace in May, 1851, some of which was owned in Italy, and other countries in Europe. The total number of contributors was three thousand nine hundred, and but very little property was saved.

BURNING OF A STEAMSHIP.

The Daily papers have lately been full of heart-rending particulars of one of the most appalling calamities, that has ever occurred upon the Atlantic.

The Steamer Austria left Hamburg for New-York on the 4th September, having on board 538 persons.

On the 13th while all on board were in high hopes of reaching New-York by the 18th, the ship was discovered to be on fire. The French bark Maurice had, it appears, fallen in with the burning vessel, and succeeded in saving 67 passengers, leaving the fearful balance of 471 who have been either drowned, suffocated or burned to death.

Many of our readers will call to mind the destruction of the Lexington, on the waters of Long Island Sound, about twenty years ago.

Warnings have sometime been given, to susceptible persons when about to embark in a vessel which was proceeding on her last voyage. Our Spiritual papers often give us facts of this kind. Many whose minds have been gloomed by the shadow, that danger casts before it, have refrained from a path which led to a direful death.

Let those who ask the question, "What good will Spiritualism do? pause to inquire further if it would not be a blessing to possess that refined gift that brings the soul in rapport with an intelligence to which the future is as real as the past.

PROGRESS.

As the public mind becomes prepared for it, we expect many new forms of power from the Spirit world. Let no one fear that Spiritualism will die out. It may as an *ism*, but never as a power that the cultured intellect will revere as the living soul of the Universe. The Spiritual laws that rule the mysterious all, are omnipotent. Those laws make the pulses of ocean to beat, swing the bells that ring out the music of the spheres, fill the fountains from which suns derives their light, and govern the attractions that wed the soul to consciousness.

NOT NEW.

To those who are asking why the power, with which so many at the present day are blessed, has not been enjoyed before we recommend the life of Sir Walter Scott, by Lockhart.

We quote the words of a cotemporary of the great Writer :

"He used also to interest us in a more serious way by telling us the *visions*, as he called them, which he had laying alone on the floor, or sofa, when kept from going to church on a Sunday by ill health. Child as I was, I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen in his misty and sublime sketches of the regions above, which he had visited in his *trance*."

In a letter of Scott, to George Ellis, Esq., in 1808, occurs the first use we have noticed of a word, which has become quite common among us of late. Speaking of their mutual friend, he says :

"Though no literary man, he is judicious, *clair voyant*, and uncommonly sound-headed, like his father Lord Mellville."

SLAVEHOLDERS' CONVENTION.

The citizens of Worcester county, Md., held a large meeting on Tuesday of last week, and adopted resolutions recommending the slaveholders of the Eastern Shore to meet in convention at Cambridge, on the 3d of November, to concert measures for the security of their slave property.

UNITED STATES CONVENTION.

The Sixty-Fifth National Convention of Universalists, held at Providence, closed on the 23d of September.—

The attendance was very large. One hundred and thirty-four Clergymen were present. What progress since the dark days, when John Murray was persecuted for being more hopeful than his fellows :

One says, there is but little difference between the Universalists and the orthodox, except in relation to future punishment, and another, that they don't differ much from the Spiritualists. Now the fact is, we love men in proportion, as they are FREE, and that is the reason why all of us love to hear the liberal thinkers.

"One touch of Nature makes the world of kin."

It is rumored that the Hon. John G. Palfrey, will soon publish the first volume of a History of New England. An interesting and useful work may be expected.

Correspondence of the Rhode Island Banner.

SATUCKET HOUSE, NORTH BRIDGEWATER, OCT. 11.

DEAR BANNER :—It is now Monday morning, I came to this place last Saturday afternoon, and consequently can, at this time, communicate but a small amount of intelligence as to the state of liberal views and the progress of the spiritual philosophy in this place. On inquiry, I am told that there are Spiritualists here ; that they have had Lectures on the subject, but not lately.— But I have not, as yet, fallen in with any or learned any of their names. At East Bridgewater, where I came Saturday, there are quite a number who believe in Spiritualism and convene in circles, once or twice a week in private houses ; but do not seem sufficiently strong as yet, to support Lectures on the subject.

As to myself, I would not, as yet, be regarded either as professing or denying the Spiritual Theory—but rather as a *learner*. What I have heard from others in printed books and by word of mouth—though wonderful and mysterious in a remarkable degree, is all insufficient to justify me in committing myself entirely in its favor until I have had a more complete personal investigation and experience. I have been humbugged and cheated in regard to doctrines in time past to a sufficient extent to satisfy me. I choose henceforth to advance just as fast and no faster than proof, real proof is offered.— Every thing *capable* of proof—the belief in which is not a *necessity* in the nature of things, *i e*, not universally admitted *axioms*, must be proved henceforth, in order to make me profess *faith* in its truth. I deem this the only *safe* method—the only way by which I can protect myself from the impositions of false ideas.

Heretofore from youth up, I have been told to *believe*. To *believe* was to be on the *safe* side. To *doubt* was to

incur the danger of an expiring day of grace, and eternal damnation. But *now* I am a man I put away these childish things.

In investigating Spiritualism as well as all other *isms*, the utmost fairness should be adhered to, in the minutest particulars. But I am afraid this obvious truth has not been sufficiently regarded. One thing I refer to here is the failure of test mediums to report, and Editors to chronicle the *failures* as well as the *success* in their experience. Mr. Mansfield, I understand, does not *always* succeed, does not warrant success. For *One Dollar* he will *try* ; and succeed or not, your money is gone. For *Three* dollars he will try ; and if he does *not* succeed in *thirty-five* days, then your money is refunded. I confess that that is rather better than the regular M. D's do for their patients. But, then the cases are different. The Spiritualists have a science to establish, to authenticate ; the M. D's have all that settled in their favor, with a college diploma to back it. But in Spiritualism *Tests* are wanted—incontrovertible tests. I know it may and will be replied, that sufficient tests are always given when *conditions* are favorable. May not every M. D. in America or the world, promise a complete cure in every case he undertakes *if all the conditions are favorable* ? and if *he himself*, may in all cases prescribe those conditions. These strictures are necessary if Spiritualism be, indeed a verity, for then its final establishment on true principles, will be permanent and its future career brilliant. But if *not* true, it is doubly necessary that the fairest, and exactest methods should be observed, as *false* opinions in Spiritualism cannot be *less* disastrous than falsehood in any other of the thousand and one *isms* of the day.

As to myself, I am a friend to the new Theory, if true. I like the ideas of the future world, which it propounds to our attention. It exceeds in glory all we have been heretofore taught, as much as the light of the sun exceeds the silver light of the moon or of a star-light night. Still I am admonished that no intelligent mind will think it best to believe a doctrine from a *mere love of the ideas* involved in it, unless immutable *reason* underlies it and promises to support it in all emergencies and against all gain sayers.

It is an old saying, that a "*burnt child dreads the fire*." This may explain my exceeding caution. I have suffered too much in time past, to allow myself to be involved in like sufferings hereafter, *if it be possible to prevent such a catastrophe*. I have been a church member for many years, compelled by custom to conform to rites and usages from which, to my mind, the moral significance and efficacy had long departed. My conscience was burdened, my soul oppressed. On mature deliberation, I believed it impossible to rise and progress in truth and goodness, with the Theologies of christendom on my

shoulders. Hence I have throw them off, separated from the church and regard it and its creed henceforth, just as I would regard any other system of religion, outside christendom, just according to its *merits*, as tried by the rule of reason, and no farther. Now, if any one has any thing for me that is true, let them *show* it to be so, and I welcome it, whether it come from Jesus or Moses, Paul or Theodore Parker. Henceforth "I care not *who holds the candle* if I can only *see*" that is all I want.

But, more particularly as regards the present state of my mind, in regard to Spiritualism; I am more in favor than against—and only await more and *sufficient proof*, sufficient I mean for *me*. Every man cannot be convinced by the same amount of proof. Some want nothing but *testimony* from unexceptionable witnesses. In cases of less importance, it would be sufficient for me. But in a case of *this* kind and degree of importance, I want something more. As yet I have had but little, besides, nothing worth particular mention. The *testimony* I have from others, I deem of sufficient weight and importance to set me *thinking* and *investigating* for myself. This I mean to do as I have opportunity. While doing this, till I have something special, on the subject, all my writing will be of a kind, relating to liberal matters in general.

Yours, &c.

SIDNEY.

Correspondence of the Banner.

TROY, OCT. 4th, 1858.

DEAR FRIEND:—It has been my purpose ever since leaving you, to extract the concentrated essence of events, and clothe it in such form as might find entrance in your excellent little sheet, which, I rejoice to hear is likely to be sustained.

It was a lovely afternoon, with the mellow sunbeams shining over the broad Narragansett, and its beautiful shores, as we went on board the staunch little sea-boat Governor, (the good appointments and home-like atmosphere of which always attract me away from the older, larger and more pretending turnouts,) and dropped quietly down the river. Nothing could be pleasanter than this miniature sea voyage. Even the rough-and-tumble, which the puritanic Aunt Judith is wont to indulge in, is stimulating and grateful to one who has felt himself deadening into a concretion from the diminished vitality of soul and body, the wear and tear of business and hot weather.

It was a pleasant night, though the cloudless lustre of the great light above, somewhat obscured the brightness of our little ones below; but as we flitted past them, I thought they were like true men, content to be outshone in the happy hours, for the sake of the good they may do in the time of darkness and trial.

Up the noble River Hudson, with its magnificent scenery, we sped away, like many of our fellow travelers, seeking health or pleasure, or perhaps some new nostrum for killing time.

And so at length we came to Saratoga, and there we stopped to see the swarming, and hear the buzz and hum of the great Summer Hives of Fashion, and take a daily sip of the renowned waters. At first the whole atmosphere seemed infected with all this flourish of frippery, and the frittering away of so many human lives in mere outside show. But taking a charming little cottage, cozily tucked away in a deep pine grove, we inhaled the sweet breath of Nature, and were free again. Thither also came to us some true and beautiful spirits, and many remarkable evidences of the great power which we recognize, were there accorded us.

There is here at Saratoga a choice and chosen band of good workers, whose lives more than their words are silently effecting those great elementary changes, which now seem to pervade every aspect and condition of society, and as a "little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," so will the germs of good they are so quietly implanting, in due time unfold their true character, and reveal their power.

Coming also to this city, I find many excellent and actively progressive minds, with whom social intercourse and personal sympathy open the truest pleasures.

If these words inspire you with the benediction they could not all embody, they will not be quite in vain.

Fraternally thine,

F. H. G.

We make the following extract from a letter just received from a friend in Central New York.

There is a medium near Apponaug, R. I. who is thus Clairaudient.

"And now my friend, I must tell you some things of my progress on the spiritual plane. My mediumship has taken a new phase, since about the middle of April last. I am what I call a hearing medium. I converse daily with those who have left the form, at least such is the purport.

But I will give you a brief history of the matter. At first, I felt what seemed like light shocks from an electrical machine on the left side of my neck, in or under the skin, and in three or four different places, and then one of the same character on the drum of the ear, and immediately my ear was encompassed by a warm atmosphere, when I was saluted with a sound resembling several different sounds, but most like the sound of a bell at a great distance, the bell having been struck once and the sound continuing, or like children's voices at a distance. I very soon after discovered that the sound was broken or interrupted by vibrations answering to syllables, and the words "Glory to God" were distinctly uttered in my ear, and some time after the name of a person who left the form some two or three years since.

Their words are measured or lengthened out. But let me give you two or three specimens. I inquired "What shall I call these sounds? when it was answered, "Call—them—spirit—voices."

I asked again, "Do I hear these sounds with my literal ear?" The exact words when the answer was given were, "You—do—not—hear—with—your—physical—ear—you—hear—with—your—spiritual—ear."

And again I asked, "Why am I hearing while such and such an one does not?" The answer was, "You—have—what—you—have—labored—for."

Such is the manner of their communicating, or rather such was their manner. They speak more rapidly as well as more distinctly at this time.

For myself, I have at present no doubts in relation to the character of these communications. But if you have seen or heard any thing of this peculiar phase of the manifestations, I shall be very glad to hear from you, in regard to them.

TRUE REST.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best!
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And that is true rest.

GOETHE

The ills that o'er my spirit sweep,
Like the winds that o'er the waters blow,
But mar the surface of the deep,
And leave it calm and still below;
The eye of faith serenely sees
The troubled waves in anger swell,
And bending lightly to the breeze,
It only whispers, "all is well."

Tell me, said an acute observer of human affairs, what a few leading minds are thinking in their closets, and I will tell you what their countrymen will be thinking in the next generation.

MATERIALISM IN HISTORY.

When Jonathan Edwards wrote the "History of Redemption," he exemplified, if he did not unfold, the true philosophy of history;—a philosophy which links all human progress with a divine plan, and especially with a scheme of moral recovery through divine intervention.

Had the general learning of Edwards been equal to his philosophical acumen, the mind which so finely harmonized the moral certainty of events with the freedom of individual action, would have evolved from human history the grandest illustrations of his analysis of mind.

"There is a moral order of the world, and there is a progress." These two articles of faith Bunsen justly assumes to lie at the basis of all the real and efficacious religious feeling "in the thinking and cultivated minds of the Christian world."

There is an eternal order in the government of the

world, to which all might and power are to become, and do become, subservient;" and yet under that order constituted by divine wisdom, and as the result of its unfolding through the ages, there is recognized "a visible and traceable progress of the human race towards truth, justice, and intelligence." Such is the view of history which the profoundest study of its phenomena has suggested and confirmed. This moral order in the history of mankind is not an abstract conception of philosophy for the solution of historical events, but a generalization from a vast and thoughtful survey of the facts of human history.

NEW METHOD OF OBTAINING UNANIMITY.

The Louisiana Baptist says:—In all matters pertaining to the reception of members there should be unanimity. The minority ought to be heard, and, if found unreasonable and obstinate, cut them off, and then receive the worthy applicant, if the church deem him so, rather than bring strife and contention into the church.

A SUFFICIENT EXPLANATION.

A brother of the distinguished Edmund Burke was found in a reverie after listening to one of his most eloquent speeches in Parliament, and being asked the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then I remember, when we were at play he was always at work."

LIBERAL LECTURE.

Republican Hall was crowded on the evening of Oct. 10th, to hear the last lecture of Mr. A. B. Whiting.—His theme was "The Attributes of the Deific Powers."

The world was full of various opinions of the nature and attributes of God. They were striving to lead the mind to understand a spiritual Deific power. History demonstrated, that in proportion as nations are cultivated their idea of God is elevated.

The idea of Deity is progressive. The Jehovah of the Jews was better than the Deities of the Heathen nations around, but the Jews were in the dark compared with nations of a later day. They had no idea of immortality except by the ministration of Angels. Moses's God of Force, was superceeded by Jesus's God of Love.

The idea of God is dependent on the culture men's minds have received. Think you, the crude nations of Greece had the same exalted thoughts with the cultivated philosophers of Greece. They looked above. Socrates tells us he had an attendant angel, a spirit who guided him.

Only the Circassian races have had a very exalted idea of God; other races have been idolaters while the Europeans have had more rational ideas. So we see that the view taken of God is in proportion to intellectual culture. Your idea of God is your idea of a perfect man.

We are told we must not try to fathom God's mysteries; but we believe it your duty to strive to understand all you can of the Deific principles, so that you may be teachers in this life, and teachers in the life to come,—to return and whisper words of love to the children of earth.

Savages worship the lower order of life. Almost all objects have been deified, serpents, birds, beasts. Then men worshipped Gods of wood and stone. Brama, Vish-

nu, and the Jaugernaut of the Hindoos. And then men were deified, bad men, warriors and robbers. True men have been deified; Pythagorus, Confucius, and others. This was superior to the principles that adored God in sticks and stones, but we cannot recognize these, nor yet Jesus, as containing all the God principles, but all these mere necessary steps in the progress of man.

Sun worship was but a stepping stone to the worship of the elements of light and beauty in humanity.—When Christ came he had a higher idea than those around him. He nowhere claims to be God, nowhere in the New Testament. If he had not unfolded the teachings of purer truth in relation to Deity the world would still have been in the darkness of Judaism.—Jesus prayed, looked up to something above; recognized God in all his life of devotion, and is now redolent with beauty in the highest spheres of spirit life. The brightest angel that ever bowed his pinions earthward, looked above to an Infinite Spirit. Pythagorus, Socrates, Confucius, never claimed what their followers claimed for them, Socrates ascribed his light to a demon or attendant spirit. Your own Washington saw the revelation of Republicanism, of Nationality; this was his inspiration. Good men do not claim aught supernatural in their impressions, neither did Jesus of Nazareth. To be sure his biographers claim that he was divine.—No wonder the poor untutored fishermen made this mistake when they saw the works he did, and now they are blindly followed.

In this advancement of ideas there is ever more of the spiritual. David reveals it. Though I descend into the grave, thou art there; though I fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, thou art there also. We too, recognize a God who is everywhere present; here, in the region of the palm tree, in the zone of the iceberg, in the path of the comet, where the soul lives on earth and in the spirit world. We trust in the God who lives in the rock, in the forest, and in man; who was before Pythagorus, Socrates and Jesus. We can never comprehend his matchless love. Our perception of the God who works in the natural laws, is like a beacon light, still before us; it never can be reached. We look upon the universe as the body of God, and the spirit of God as the power that unfolds the universe; dwells there permanently, not a being liable to repentance, sorrow, anger and defeat.

Chemists tell us the blood is composed of an infinitude of little globules, each with an atmosphere of its own, yet all move within the veins in harmony. The mind does not take cognizance of its motion yet it flows through the veins, back to the heart, to the lungs to be purified. God does not take special cognizance of our souls; each is a little globule coursing in the veins of the universe, and there is no need of any special interposition.

In the strata of the atmosphere, the fluids of the atmosphere, in Electricity the God principle is visible.—In all the uses of lower life, we see this principle and higher minds perceive the uses of adversity. Their wisdom can thus by general laws accomplish as much as by special edicts.

Spirit, Matter and Law, this is the triune nature of the Deific power, you will perceive that the forms of this life, are only a prelude to a higher.

The most beautiful thought in relation to God is, that however high we go, he is still above us. An Atheist

is an impossibility. All acknowledge some power, whether they call it Nature, Sense, Jehovah, or Jove. The Pantheist believes in a power that rules all. Pray to the superior power, pray in deeds of love, like Jesus the elder brother. Then will you know that the heart chords are swept by angel hands, and through the centuries of eternity is your destiny before you.

This nation is the apex of nations. From this nation goes forth this word, because you are most enlightened. The child Spiritualism was born like Republicanism, in American, here was the light first kindled and will radiate throughout the world. Worship a God of freedom and love, through all your sisterhood of states, then will you send currents of joy and beauty over other lands. See what each one can accomplish to aid that glorious epoch. There is no true freedom in sin. Strive to meet the most exalted minds, who may stretch forth their hands to meet you, from their spherical homes on high. All the natural laws are for man's good, and God will not act the lie by contradicting his own laws, but will ever be true to humanity and all his glorious attributes.

A committee had been chosen who gave the "Comet" as a subject for a poem. All who heard it, will remember the beautiful words with which the Lecturer spoke of,
"That majestic train of living fire."

ACTION—BY WALLACE.

Nought is idle, nought is sleeping,
In the brightest, darkest zone,
From the worm of painful creeping,
To the cherub on his throne!
Let me, too, be up and doing,
Something evermore pursuing,
That shall bring me welfare only;
Something nobler let me be
In the City by the sea,
Than a miser delving lonely.

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RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

VOL. 1.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., OCTOBER 23, 1858.

NO. 9.

For the Rhode-Island Banner.
THE GAZELL-EYED.

BY FANNY GREEN.

May fond arms, and true bosoms ever open to receive
her,
The sweet blossom of a Rose-Love, our darling little
Eva!
Her eyes look forth like dovelings, in their soft and tender
light,
With the brightness of the morning, and the shadows of
the night.
Around her infant loveliness, O could I weave a charm,
That might circle her with blessings, and keep her from
all harm,
Though beyond a sea of dangers, it was guarded in its
bower,
I could fearlessly press through them, to pluck the
magic flower;
Which, bound upon her bosom, implanted in her life,
Might live in all her being, with the fairest blossoms
rife.
But in spells to cope with Destiny, to human art belong;
I have only prayers and blessings, and I'll weave them
into song.
The love-gems fused into her life, and on her bosom
set,
Shall be to her, in every change, the truest amulet.
I pray that no rude spirit may ever come to grieve her,
The cherub of our Eden Bower, our precious little Eva.

Religion has treated knowledge sometimes in the
world's history as an enemy, sometime as a hostage, often
as a captive, and oftener as a child; but knowledge has
become of age, and religion must either remove her acquaintance,
or introduce her as a companion and respect
her as a friend.

If you would remove the suspicions of others concerning
you, be sincere and ingenuous; if you would confirm them,
make excuses and explanations of your conduct.

UNNOTICED AND UNHONORED HEROES.

When I see a man holding faster his uprightness in
proportion as it is assailed; fortifying his religious trust
in proportion as Providence is obscure; hoping in the
ultimate triumphs of virtue more surely in proportion to
its present afflictions; cherishing philanthropy amid the
discouraging experience of men's unkindness and un-
thankfulness; extending to others a sympathy which
his own sufferings need, but can not obtain; growing
milder and gentler amid what tends to exasperate and
harden; and through inward principle converting the
very incitements to evil into the occasions of a victori-
ous virtue, I see an explanation, and a noble explanation,
of the present state. I see a good produced, so tran-
scendent in its nature as to justify all the evil and suffer-
ing under which it grows up. I should think the
formation of a few such minds worth all the apparatus
of the present world. I should say that this earth, with
its continents and oceans, its seasons and harvests, and
its successive generations, was a work worthy of God,
even were it to accomplish no other end than the train-
ing and manifestation of the illustrious characters which
are scattered through history. And when I consider
how small a portion of human virtue is recorded by his-
tory, superior in dignity, as well as in number, are the
unnoticed, unhonored saints and heroes of domestic and
humble life, I see a light thrown over the present state
which more than reconciles me to all its evils.—*Chan-
ning.*

WEALTH.

Wealth, true wealth, is that possession which satisfies
the heart. Palaces and lands may still leave a man mis-
erable. To be satisfied in one's cell—to feel no aching
void—to sleep peacefully, and wake without pain, regret
or remorse—such is wealth. With those the hardest
pillow becomes soft, the darkest future bright, and their
possessor stands up a man, than whom God has made
none nobler, free from the canker which follows power
and fame, and independent of the exigencies which
make and may shiver crowns. For the promotion of
the good, the beautiful and the true, gold, goods and
lands are a heritage from Heaven; but when wrapped
in a napkin and bound to the heart, they congeal human
sympathies and blast human life.

A FINE THOUGHT ABOUT PROGRESS.—The goal of yes-
terday will be the starting-point of to-morrow.—*Car-
lyle.*

THE NEW WORLD'S PROGRESS.

NEW INVENTION.

A writer in the *New England Farmer*, gives the following account of the operation of a machine for lifting rocks.

Some of our readers, among the farmers of Rhode Island would find it a valuable aid in the civilization of their own neighborhoods :

"It is necessary, however, first to state that the rocks do not require any digging around, unless they are entirely below the surface, and then only enough to make room to apply the hooks by which they are raised ; a slight indentation is made on two faces of the rock with a common drill, into which the points of the hooks are placed. The machine is a simple, stout frame work, upon which is a little cast iron gearing, and the whole mounted upon strong wheels six feet in diameter. Two men and a boy, with a pair of oxen and a horse, or two pairs of oxen, if the rocks are very large, are all that is required to work it, and there is no hard lifting, no chocking of wheels, no prying with bars or levers, no vexation or swearing necessary in the most effectual operation of the machine.

In one hour six rocks were lifted out, varying in weight from three hundred pounds to six tons ! and at the end of two hours forty five rocks, with no hard labor for the men or the team ; everything was quickly and quietly done, and, apparently, without unusual effort on the part of any engaged in it.

At the expiration of two hours, the operators selected the largest rocks they had raised, and laid them in a line for a wall, and when two or three were in place, others smaller were laid upon them with rapidity and ease, the men having scarcely any part in the matter beyond hitching and unhitching the hooks. The machine weighs 2,500 pounds, but standing upon wheels so large, is easily transported over the roads or fields. It is compact, wonderfully strong, has nothing liable to get out of repair or break, but a chain, and cost \$275.

I am clearly of the opinion that I have never seen any machine whose use would prove more profitable on rocky farms than this, I think I am competent to judge in this matter, as I spent much of my youth, and several years more recently, in reclaiming such lands."

It is reported that very rich mines of gold exist in Guiana, where it is obtainable by simply pulling up the grass and shrubs, the precious ore being found adhering to the roots ! It should be added, however, that the climate is very deadly. A New York company has secured a monopoly for working the mines.

THE COMET.

Almost all the editors have had something to say about our wonderful celestial visitant. We shall content ourselves with two extracts, one from a philosopher, Prof. Mitchell, of the Cincinnati Observatory, and the other by a poet, in a late *Boston Courier*. The man of science says :

"No one can gaze on this gigantic object, in all its misty splendor, without a deep impression that the eye

is resting on a mass of nebulous matter, precisely such as the nebular theory of La Place supposes to have been the primordial condition of our sun and all its attendant planets, and from which chaotic condition this beautiful system of revolving worlds has been evoked by the action of a single law."

The poet says :

Yon car of fire, though veiled by day,
Along that field of gleaming blue,
When twilight folded earth in gray,
A world-wide wonder flew.

Duly in turn each orb of light
From out the darkening concave broke :
Eve's glowing herald swam in light,
And every star awoke.

The Lyre re-strung its burning chords,
Streamed from the Cross its earliest ray,—
Then rose Altair, more sweet than words
On music's soul could say.

They, from old time in course the same,
Familiar set, familiar rise ;
But what art thou, wild, lovely flame,
Across the startled skies ?

Mysterious yet, as when it burst
Through the vast void of nature hurled,
And shook their shrinking hearts, at first,
The Fathers of the world.

No curious sage the scroll unseals,—
Vain quest to baffled science given,—
Its orbit ages, while it wheels,
The miracle of Heaven.

In nature's plan thy sphere unknown,
Save that no sphere His order mars,
Whose law could guide thy path alone
In realms beyond the stars.

God's minister ! We know no more
Of thee, thy frame, thy mission still,
Than he who watched thy flight of yore,
On the Chaldean hill.

Five hundred dollars is offered in the New Orleans papers for the capture of two runaway slaves, one of whom is described as follows :

"Aged about 24 years, bright color, 5 feet six inches high, light hazel eyes, pug nose, curly hair, white teeth, has a blush in his face when spoken to ; always well dressed, and frequently walks with a gentleman's cane."

AUTUMN.

The changing hues of our forests, is a peculiarity of New World scenery. Like the deepened tints on the cheek of a consumptive patient is the flush of variegated beauty that precedes the decay of the verdant garniture of our groves. We find the following in looking over the record of the World's Fair.

Among the articles sent from Rhode Island to the

World's Industrial Exhibition, is a splendid collection of the leaves of the American forests, carefully prepared by Miriam de Bonneville, of Westerly. These leaves are arranged in natural order upon sheets of Bristol board, and bound in rich garnet-colored velvet, with gold clasps and corners. The leaves are so prepared that they retain their natural color, and will make a beautiful display of the wonderful change the foliage undergoes, and which takes place in no other part of the world.

THE OLD WORLD.

The treaty between France and China was signed on the 27th of June, and was ratified by the Emperor on the 3d inst. China is opened to Christianity and to the commerce of the West. Diplomatic agents, with their families, may establish themselves permanently at Peking.

The following are some of the stipulations of this important document:—

Christianity tolerated throughout the empire, and persons teaching or professing that religion, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, to be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities. Diplomatic agents may reside permanently at Peking. British traders protected against excessive transit duties. Tariff to be revised. Several new ports opened to our trade, and the free navigation of the Yang-Teze declared. British subjects may travel for pleasure or trade to all parts of the empire, when provided with passports from British authorities. The governments to act in concert for the suppression of piracy. Indemnity for losses by British subjects at Canton to be paid.

THE VINTAGE IN FRANCE.

The accounts from France all concur in saying that the vintage now in active progress in most parts of France, is likely to prove one of the greatest abundance. The weather up to the middle of September, was steadily bright and warm. It is said that every comet year has been a good year for wine, but this is doubtless accidental, or at any rate outside of any cometary influence. The grape disease appears to have been completely mastered. The accounts, too, from all parts of Italy, and Savoy, and from Lisbon, represent the vintage of 1858 "as most splendid." In Savoy, in particular, it is said that never within the memory of man have the vineyards been so exuberant and prolific.

It appears from statistical returns that in France, about 5,275,000 acres are planted in vines, which yield annually, an average of 990 millions imperial gallons of wine. This year's product will probably be larger and of the best quality.

LORD BROUGHAM WITH A WHEELBARROW.

The Carlisle Journal thus describes the workmanlike style in which Lord Brougham went through his duties in cutting the first sod of the Eden Valley Railway a few days ago: "Lord Brougham received from the brawny navy who stood beside him a neat spade, with which he cut the first sod, and threw it into a handsome mahogany barrow, which had been provided for the occasion. His Lordship then with a vigor as remarkable as it was characteristic, wheeled the barrow along some planks that had been laid for a distance of some ten or a dozen yards, emptied its contents and then in a truly

navvy-like manner, turned his back, and pulled the barrow to the point whence he started. During the operation the most deafening cheers resounded from every part of the field. His Lordship appeared to be much amused with his own performance."

OLD TIMES.

The past is past! with many a hopeful morrow!
Its errors and its good works live with God;
The agony is o'er of joy or sorrow;
The flowers lie dead along the path we trod.

The past is past! in solemn silence taking
Alike the sunny and the rainy day,
On the live altar of the fond heart breaking
Full many an idol built on feet of clay.

The past is past! and our young selves departed
Upon the flashing whirl of those fleet years;
Its lessons leave us sadder, stronger hearted,
More slow to love, less prodigal of tears.

The past is past! and knowledge taught suspicion
To dim the spirit with its foul, cold shine:
For many a base and dark thing finds admission
Amid the wisdom learnt from life and time.

The past is past! and ah! how few deplore it,
Or would redeem their time, had they the power;
Though nature sometimes weakly weepeth o'er it,
At memory of some wrong, or happier hour.

The past is past! there's bitter joy in knowing
'Tis gone forever; dead and buried deep:
It lies behind, and on life's stream is flowing,
Where waters of the Dead Sea sleep.

The past is past! in faith and patience taking
Its lessons, let us lay them on our hearts:
The chain's attenuated links are breaking,
Be earnest!—use the present ere it parts!

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husbands' shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner or fashion—but in the mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness with those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.

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.*

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman.

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1858.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

Many of our readers will remember the poetic paraphrase with which one of our poets has decked the old story of the Lord's visit to the Prophet of Horeb. We refer to the article in our school books. "On Horeb's rock, &c." The truth couched in those beautiful lines is, that the voice of Deity may best be heard in the silence of the closet. Where do the Spiritualists seek for supernal voices? They delight in retirement, they love to talk with their angel friends alone. They not only go into their closets, but into the heartfelt quietude of deep unthinking trance, where the soul is as calm as the surface of an inland lake when the leaves of Indian Summer strew its placid surface. When they come back to the sphere of consciousness, they cherish the thoughts that angels had engraven upon their minds. Is not theirs the true Bible plan? Why do the churches oppose them so? Shall we attribute it to any sinister views? We would rather regard it as the result of ignorance of the beautiful and elevating influences of the Evangel of Harmony.

The Crystal Palace, which for seven years had been an ornament to the City of New York, was totally destroyed by fire, on the afternoon of October 8th.

The Palace cost \$750,000 The American Institute were holding their fourth Exhibition, and their loss will reach \$10,000.

There were several groups of statuary which has been on exhibition, ever since the first opening of the Palace in May, 1851, some of which was owned in Italy, and other countries in Europe. The total number of contributors was three thousand nine hundred, and but very little property was saved.

BURNING OF A STEAMSHIP.

The Daily papers have lately been full of heart-rending particulars of one of the most appalling calamities, that has ever occurred upon the Atlantic.

The Steamer Austria left Hamburg for New-York on the 4th September, having on board 538 persons.

On the 13th while all on board were in high hopes of reaching New-York by the 18th, the ship was discovered to be on fire. The French bark Maurice had, it appears, fallen in with the burning vessel, and succeeded in saving 67 passengers, leaving the fearful balance of 471 who have been either drowned, suffocated or burned to death.

Many of our readers will call to mind the destruction of the Lexington, on the waters of Long Island Sound, about twenty years ago.

Warnings have sometime been given, to susceptible persons when about to embark in a vessel which was proceeding on her last voyage. Our Spiritual papers often give us facts of this kind. Many whose minds have been gloomed by the shadow, that danger casts before it, have refrained from a path which led to a direful death.

Let those who ask the question, "What good will Spiritualism do? pause to inquire further if it would not be a blessing to possess that refined gift that brings the soul in rapport with an intelligence to which the future is as real as the past.

PROGRESS.

As the public mind becomes prepared for it, we expect many new forms of power from the Spirit world. Let no one fear that Spiritualism will die out. It may as an *ism*, but never as a power that the cultured intellect will revere as the living soul of the Universe. The Spiritual laws that rule the mysterious all, are omnipotent. Those laws make the pulses of ocean to beat, swing the bells that ring out the music of the spheres, fill the fountains from which suns derives their light, and govern the attractions that wed the soul to consciousness.

NOT NEW.

To those who are asking why the power, with which so many at the present day are blessed, has not been enjoyed before we recommend the life of Sir Walter Scott, by Lockhart.

We quote the words of a cotemporary of the great Writer :

"He used also to interest us in a more serious way by telling us the *visions*, as he called them, which he had laying alone on the floor, or sofa, when kept from going to church on a Sunday by ill health. Child as I was, I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen in his misty and sublime sketches of the regions above, which he had visited in his *trance*."

In a letter of Scott, to George Ellis, Esq., in 1808, occurs the first use we have noticed of a word, which has become quite common among us of late. Speaking of their mutual friend, he says :

"Though no literary man, he is judicious, *clair voyant*, and uncommonly sound-headed, like his father Lord Mellville."

SLAVEHOLDERS' CONVENTION.

The citizens of Worcester county, Md., held a large meeting on Tuesday of last week, and adopted resolutions recommending the slaveholders of the Eastern Shore to meet in convention at Cambridge, on the 3d of November, to concert measures for the security of their slave property.

UNITED STATES CONVENTION.

The Sixty-Fifth National Convention of Universalists, held at Providence, closed on the 23d of September.—The attendance was very large. One hundred and thirty-four Clergymen were present. What progress since the dark days, when John Murray was persecuted for being more hopeful than his fellows :

One says, there is but little difference between the Universalists and the orthodox, except in relation to future punishment, and another, that they don't differ much from the Spiritualists. Now the fact is, we love men in proportion, as they are FREE, and that is the reason why all of us love to hear the liberal thinkers.

"One touch of Nature makes the world of kin."

It is rumored that the Hon. John G. Palfrey, will soon publish the first volume of a History of New England. An interesting and useful work may be expected.

Correspondence of the Rhode Island Banner.

SATUCKET HOUSE, NORTH BRIDGEWATER, OCT. 11.

DEAR BANNER:—It is now Monday morning, I came to this place last Saturday afternoon, and consequently can, at this time, communicate but a small amount of intelligence as to the state of liberal views and the progress of the spiritual philosophy in this place. On inquiry, I am told that there are Spiritualists here ; that they have had Lectures on the subject, but not lately.—But I have not, as yet, fallen in with any or learned any of their names. At East Bridgewater, where I came Saturday, there are quite a number who believe in Spiritualism and convene in circles, once or twice a week in private houses ; but do not seem sufficiently strong as yet, to support Lectures on the subject.

As to myself, I would not, as yet, be regarded either as professing or denying the Spiritual Theory—but rather as a *learner*. What I have heard from others in printed books and by word of mouth—though wonderful and mysterious in a remarkable degree, is all insufficient to justify me in committing myself entirely in its favor until I have had a more complete personal investigation and experience. I have been humbugged and cheated in regard to doctrines in time past to a sufficient extent to satisfy me. I choose henceforth to advance just as fast and no faster than proof, real proof is offered.—Every thing *capable* of proof—the belief in which is not a *necessity* in the nature of things, *i e*, not universally admitted *axioms*, must be proved henceforth, in order to make me profess *faith* in its truth. I deem this the only *safe* method—the only way by which I can protect myself from the impositions of false ideas.

Heretofore from youth up, I have been told to *believe*. To *believe* was to be on the *safe* side. To *doubt* was to

incur the danger of an expiring day of grace, and eternal damnation. But *now* I am a man I put away these childish things.

In investigating Spiritualism as well as all other *isms*, the utmost fairness should be adhered to, in the minutest particulars. But I am afraid this obvious truth has not been sufficiently regarded. One thing I refer to here is the failure of test mediums to report, and Editors to chronicle the *failures* as well as the *success* in their experience. Mr. Mansfield, I understand, does not *always* succeed, does not warrant success. For *One Dollar* he will *try* ; and succeed or not, your money is gone. For *Three* dollars he will try ; and if he does *not* succeed in *thirty-five* days, then your money is refunded. I confess that that is rather better than the regular M. D's do for their patients. But, then the cases are different. The Spiritualists have a science to establish, to authenticate ; the M. D's have all that settled in their favor, with a college diploma to back it. But in Spiritualism *Tests* are wanted—incontrovertible tests. I know it may and will be replied, that sufficient tests are always given when *conditions* are favorable. May not every M. D. in America or the world, promise a complete cure in every case he undertakes *if all the conditions are favorable* ? and if *he himself*, may in all cases prescribe those conditions. These strictures are necessary if Spiritualism be, indeed a verity, for then its final establishment on true principles, will be permanent and its future career brilliant. But if *not* true, it is doubly necessary that the fairest, and exactest methods should be observed, as *false* opinions in Spiritualism cannot be *less* disastrous than falsehood in any other of the thousand and one *isms* of the day.

As to myself, I am a friend to the new Theory, if true. I like the ideas of the future world, which it propounds to our attention. It exceeds in glory all we have been heretofore taught, as much as the light of the sun exceeds the silver light of the moon or of a star-light night. Still I am admonished that no intelligent mind will think it best to believe a doctrine from a *mere love of the ideas* involved in it, unless immutable *reason* underlies it and promises to support it in all emergencies and against all gain sayers.

It is an old saying, that a "*burnt child dreads the fire*." This may explain my exceeding caution. I have suffered too much in time past, to allow myself to be involved in like sufferings hereafter, *if it be possible to prevent such a catastrophe*. I have been a church member for many years, compelled by custom to conform to rites and usages from which, to my mind, the moral significance and efficacy had long departed. My conscience was burdened, my soul oppressed. On mature deliberation, I believed it impossible to rise and progress in truth and goodness, with the Theologies of christendom on my

shoulders. Hence I have throw them off, separated from the church and regard it and its creed henceforth, just as I would regard any other system of religion, outside christendom, just according to its *merits*, as tried by the rule of reason, and no farther. Now, if any one has any thing for me that is true, let them *show* it to be so, and I welcome it, whether it come from Jesus or Moses, Paul or Theodore Parker. Henceforth "I care not *who holds the candle* if I can only *see*" that is all I want.

But, more particularly as regards the present state of my mind, in regard to Spiritualism; I am more in favor than against—and only await more and *sufficient proof*, sufficient I mean for *me*. Every man cannot be convinced by the same amount of proof. Some want nothing but *testimony* from unexceptionable witnesses. In cases of less importance, it would be sufficient for me. But in a case of *this* kind and degree of importance, I want something more. As yet I have had but little, besides, nothing worth particular mention. The *testimony* I have from others, I deem of sufficient weight and importance to set me *thinking* and *investigating* for myself. This I mean to do as I have opportunity. While doing this, till I have something special, on the subject, all my writing will be of a kind, relating to liberal matters in general.

Yours, &c.

SIDNEY.

Correspondence of the Banner.

TROY, OCT. 4th, 1858.

DEAR FRIEND:—It has been my purpose ever since leaving you, to extract the concentrated essence of events, and clothe it in such form as might find entrance in your excellent little sheet, which, I rejoice to hear is likely to be sustained.

It was a lovely afternoon, with the mellow sunbeams shining over the broad Narragansett, and its beautiful shores, as we went on board the staunch little sea-boat Governor, (the good appointments and home-like atmosphere of which always attract me away from the older, larger and more pretending turnouts,) and dropped quietly down the river. Nothing could be pleasanter than this miniature sea voyage. Even the rough-and-tumble, which the puritanic Aunt Judith is wont to indulge in, is stimulating and grateful to one who has felt himself deadening into a concretion from the diminished vitality of soul and body, the wear and tear of business and hot weather.

It was a pleasant night, though the cloudless lustre of the great light above, somewhat obscured the brightness of our little ones below; but as we flitted past them, I thought they were like true men, content to be outshone in the happy hours, for the sake of the good they may do in the time of darkness and trial.

Up the noble River Hudson, with its magnificent scenery, we sped away, like many of our fellow travelers, seeking health or pleasure, or perhaps some new nostrum for killing time.

And so at length we came to Saratoga, and there we stopped to see the swarming, and hear the buzz and hum of the great Summer Hives of Fashion, and take a daily sip of the renowned waters. At first the whole atmosphere seemed infected with all this flourish of frippery, and the frittering away of so many human lives in mere outside show. But taking a charming little cottage, cozily tucked away in a deep pine grove, we inhaled the sweet breath of Nature, and were free again. Thither also came to us some true and beautiful spirits, and many remarkable evidences of the great power which we recognize, were there accorded us.

There is here at Saratoga a choice and chosen band of good workers, whose lives more than their words are silently effecting those great elementary changes, which now seem to pervade every aspect and condition of society, and as a "little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," so will the germs of good they are so quietly implanting, in due time unfold their true character, and reveal their power.

Coming also to this city, I find many excellent and actively progressive minds, with whom social intercourse and personal sympathy open the truest pleasures.

If these words inspire you with the benediction they could not all embody, they will not be quite in vain.

Fraternally thine,

F. H. G.

We make the following extract from a letter just received from a friend in Central New York.

There is a medium near Apponaug, R. I. who is thus Clairaudient.

"And now my friend, I must tell you some things of my progress on the spiritual plane. My mediumship has taken a new phase, since about the middle of April last. I am what I call a hearing medium. I converse daily with those who have left the form, at least such is the purport.

But I will give you a brief history of the matter. At first, I felt what seemed like light shocks from an electrical machine on the left side of my neck, in or under the skin, and in three or four different places, and then one of the same character on the drum of the ear, and immediately my ear was encompassed by a warm atmosphere, when I was saluted with a sound resembling several different sounds, but most like the sound of a bell at a great distance, the bell having been struck once and the sound continuing, or like children's voices at a distance. I very soon after discovered that the sound was broken or interrupted by vibrations answering to syllables, and the words "Glory to God" were distinctly uttered in my ear, and some time after the name of a person who left the form some two or three years since.

Their words are measured or lengthened out. But let me give you two or three specimens. I inquired "What shall I call these sounds? when it was answered, "Call—them—spirit—voices."

I asked again, "Do I hear these sounds with my literal ear?" The exact words when the answer was given were, "You—do—not—hear—with—your—physical—ear—you—hear—with—your—spiritual—ear."

And again I asked, "Why am I hearing while such and such an one does not?" The answer was, "You—have—what—you—have—labored—for."

Such is the manner of their communicating, or rather such was their manner. They speak more rapidly as well as more distinctly at this time.

For myself, I have at present no doubts in relation to the character of these communications. But if you have seen or heard any thing of this peculiar phase of the manifestations, I shall be very glad to hear from you, in regard to them.

TRUE REST.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best!

'Tis onward, unswerving,
And that is true rest.

GOETHE

The ills that o'er my spirit sweep,
Like the winds that o'er the waters blow,
But mar the surface of the deep,
And leave it calm and still below;
The eye of faith serenely sees
The troubled waves in anger swell,
And bending lightly to the breeze,
It only whispers, "all is well."

Tell me, said an acute observer of human affairs, what a few leading minds are thinking in their closets, and I will tell you what their countrymen will be thinking in the next generation.

MATERIALISM IN HISTORY.

When Jonathan Edwards wrote the "History of Redemption," he exemplified, if he did not unfold, the true philosophy of history;—a philosophy which links all human progress with a divine plan, and especially with a scheme of moral recovery through divine intervention.

Had the general learning of Edwards been equal to his philosophical acumen, the mind which so finely harmonized the moral certainty of events with the freedom of individual action, would have evolved from human history the grandest illustrations of his analysis of mind.

"There is a moral order of the world, and there is a progress." These two articles of faith Bunsen justly assumes to lie at the basis of all the real and efficacious religious feeling "in the thinking and cultivated minds of the Christian world.

There is an eternal order in the government of the

world, to which all might and power are to become, and do become, subservient;" and yet under that order constituted by divine wisdom, and as the result of its unfolding through the ages, there is recognized "a visible and traceable progress of the human race towards truth, justice, and intelligence." Such is the view of history which the profoundest study of its phenomena has suggested and confirmed. This moral order in the history of mankind is not an abstract conception of philosophy for the solution of historical events, but a generalization from a vast and thoughtful survey of the facts of human history.

NEW METHOD OF OBTAINING UNANIMITY.

The Louisiana Baptist says:—In all matters pertaining to the reception of members there should be unanimity. The minority ought to be heard, and, if found unreasonable and obstinate, cut them off, and then receive the worthy applicant, if the church deem him so, rather than bring strife and contention into the church.

A SUFFICIENT EXPLANATION.

A brother of the distinguished Edmund Burke was found in a reverie after listening to one of his most eloquent speeches in Parliament, and being asked the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then I remember, when we were at play he was always at work."

LIBERAL LECTURE.

Republican Hall was crowded on the evening of Oct. 10th, to hear the last lecture of Mr. A. B. Whiting.—His theme was "The Attributes of the Deific Powers."

The world was full of various opinions of the nature and attributes of God. They were striving to lead the mind to understand a spiritual Deific power. History demonstrated, that in proportion as nations are cultivated their idea of God is elevated.

The idea of Deity is progressive. The Jehovah of the Jews was better than the Deities of the Heathen nations around, but the Jews were in the dark compared with nations of a later day. They had no idea of immortality except by the ministration of Angels. Moses's God of Force, was superceeded by Jesus's God of Love.

The idea of God is dependent on the culture men's minds have received. Think you, the crude nations of Greece had the same exalted thoughts with the cultivated philosophers of Greece. They looked above. Socrates tells us he had an attendant angel, a spirit who guided him.

Only the Circassian races have had a very exalted idea of God; other races have been idolaters while the Europeans have had more rational ideas. So we see that the view taken of God is in proportion to intellectual culture. Your idea of God is your idea of a perfect man.

We are told we must not try to fathom God's mysteries; but we believe it your duty to strive to understand all you can of the Deific principles, so that you may be teachers in this life, and teachers in the life to come,—to return and whisper words of love to the children of earth.

Savages worship the lower order of life. Almost all objects have been deified, serpents, birds, beasts. Then men worshipped Gods of wood and stone. Brama, Vish-

nu, and the Jaugernaut of the Hindoos. And then men were deified, bad men, warriors and robbers. True men have been deified; Pythagorus, Confucius, and others. This was superior to the principles that adored God in sticks and stones, but we cannot recognize these, nor yet Jesus, as containing all the God principles, but all these mere necessary steps in the progress of man.

Sun worship was but a stepping stone to the worship of the elements of light and beauty in humanity.—When Christ came he had a higher idea than those around him. He nowhere claims to be God, nowhere in the New Testament. If he had not unfolded the teachings of purer truth in relation to Deity the world would still have been in the darkness of Judaism.—Jesus prayed, looked up to something above; recognized God in all his life of devotion, and is now redolent with beauty in the highest spheres of spirit life. The brightest angel that ever bowed his pinions earthward, looked above to an Infinite Spirit. Pythagorus, Socrates, Confucius, never claimed what their followers claimed for them, Socrates ascribed his light to a demon or attendant spirit. Your own Washington saw the revelation of Republicanism, of Nationality; this was his inspiration. Good men do not claim aught supernatural in their impressions, neither did Jesus of Nazareth. To be sure his biographers claim that he was divine.—No wonder the poor untutored fishermen made this mistake when they saw the works he did, and now *they* are blindly followed.

In this advancement of ideas there is ever more of the spiritual. David reveals it. Though I descend into the grave, thou art there; though I fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, thou art there also. We too, recognize a God who is everywhere present; here, in the region of the palm tree, in the zone of the iceburg, in the path of the comet, where the soul lives on earth and in the spirit world. We trust in the God who lives in the rock, in the forest, and in man; who was before Pythagorus, Socrates and Jesus. We can never comprehend his matchless love. Our perception of the God who works in the natural laws, is like a beacon light, still before us; it never can be reached. We look upon the universe as the body of God, and the spirit of God as the power that unfolds the universe; dwells there permanently, not a being liable to repentance, sorrow, anger and defeat.

Chemists tell us the blood is composed of an infinitude of little globules, each with an atmosphere of its own, yet all move within the veins in harmony. The mind does not take cognizance of its motion yet it flows through the veins, back to the heart, to the lungs to be purified. God does not take special cognizance of our souls; each is a little globule coursing in the veins of the universe, and there is no need of any special interposition.

In the strata of the atmosphere, the fluids of the atmosphere, in Electricity the God principle is visible.—In all the uses of lower life, we see this principle and higher minds perceive the uses of adversity. Their wisdom can thus by general laws accomplish as much as by special edicts.

Spirit, Matter and Law, this is the triune nature of the Deific power, you will perceive that the forms of this life, are only a prelude to a higher.

The most beautiful thought in relation to God is, that however high we go, he is still above us. An Atheist

is an impossibility. All acknowledge some power, whether they call it Nature, Sense, Jehovah, or Jove. The Pantheist believes in a power that rules all. Pray to the superior power, pray in deeds of love, like Jesus the elder brother. Then will you know that the heart chords are swept by angel hands, and through the centuries of eternity is your destiny before you.

This nation is the apex of nations. From this nation goes forth this word, because you are most enlightened. The child Spiritualism was born like Republicanism, in American, here was the light first kindled and will radiate throughout the world. Worship a God of freedom and love, through all your sisterhood of states, then will you send currents of joy and beauty over other lands. See what each one can accomplish to aid that glorious epoch. There is no true freedom in sin. Strive to meet the most exalted minds, who may stretch forth their hands to meet you, from their spheral homes on high. All the natural laws are for man's good, and God will not act the lie by contradicting his own laws, but will ever be true to humanity and all his glorious attributes.

A committee had been chosen who gave the "Comet" as a subject for a poem. All who heard it, will remember the beautiful words with which the Lecturer spoke of,

"That majestic train of living fire."

ACTION—By WALLACE.

Nought is idle, nought is sleeping,
In the brightest, darkest zone,
From the worm of painful creeping,
To the cherub on his throne!
Let me, too, be up and doing,
Something evermore pursuing,
That shall bring me welfare only;
Something nobler let me be
In the City by the sea,
Than a miser delving lonely.

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