

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

VOL. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., DECEMBER 4, 1858.

NO. 11.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

AIR, LILY DALE.

When the Sun goes to rest in the arms of the west,
And the Moon bathes the Earth with her beams,
And the Stars twinkle bright on the bosom of night,
Then the angels are whispering in dreams.

Oh angels! bright angels!

From your happy sphere,

Do tell us of a love, and a harmony above,
Where we'll never know a sigh nor a tear.

Midst the tempest and strife, in the battle of life,
When the spirit is seeking for light,
They hover by our side—their arms around us glide,
And they nerve us anew for the fight.

Oh angels! pure angels.

Guide us through the strife;

For our spirits are frail, and our light flickers pale,
In the gloom that surrounds the earth life.

There was sadness on the earth, from the hour of its
birth,

And heavy are the burthens we bear;
But still there is a balm, our troubles here to calm,
When we know that the angels are near.

Oh angels! Loved angels!

Guide us to that clime

Where the skies never gloom, and the flowers ever bloom
In eternally sweet summer time.

Like the heaven-plumed dove, God's own type of Love,
Oh had we the powers to fly!
But our souls yet remain in this cold earthly chain;
And we long for the free spirit sky.

Oh angels! freed angels!

Oh come! will ye come!

For we faint here for breath, in the shadow of death;
Come! guide us poor wanderers home.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.

Wish for them cautiously; ask for them submissively; want them contentedly; obtain them honestly; accept them humbly; manage them prudently; employ them lawfully; impart them liberally; esteem them moderately; increase them virtuously; use them subserviently; forego them easily; resign them willingly.

Hume, the sorcerer, is not recognized as a Roman Catholic. When he reverted to the forbidden practices of the black art, he did so in the face of the known censure of the Church.—*Freeman's Journal*.

The Roman Catholic Church may repudiate the black art of Spiritualism, but we guess it practises several blacker ones. We are not surprised at the hostility of the Hierarchy to Spiritualism if they believe there is any truth in it. They want to monopolize the privilege of looking into the other world and making reports thereon, and therefore they will not tolerate the thought of the lay classes being allowed to gaze into the other world through the eyes of mediums. They are afraid the opposition line might bring annoying reports from heaven, hell and purgatory.—*Louisville Journal*.

The friends of the Rev. Theodore Parker will be glad to learn that he is recovering rapidly from his recent serious indisposition. He is so far convalescent as to be able to walk out, and he will soon resume his public labors.

We cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good-humored look is denied to none. We can all of us increase and strengthen the family affections and the delights of home.

The eyes of the mind are like the eyes of the body; they can only see to such a distance; but because they cannot see beyond this point, is there nothing beyond it?—*Dr. Johnson*.

You need not break the glasses of a telescope, or cover them over with paint, in order to prevent your seeing through them. Just breathe upon them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars.

It is a fearful thing to teach. The secrets of true knowledge are hard to find, and when found are hard to be explained.

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house—"Small as it is," he replied, "I wish I could fill it with friends."

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

THE NEW WORLD'S PROGRESS.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Among the wonders which the Atlantic Telegraph was to perform, was the opening of Newfoundland to the observation of the world, for the vast strange island lying so near to us is as much a subject of wonder and mystery, as it was in the time of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, whose ship foundered at sea, from being overloaded with freight of the soil of the island. It was in fact more a subject of speculation in the days of Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, than it is now. To all the rest of the world Newfoundland is surrounded by an impenetrable mist, and we only hear of it in connection with a wreck, or as that portion of the dreaded "Banks," whose head is lifted above the water. But the Atlantic Telegraph began to make us acquainted with this strange territory, and the accounts of its wondrous bays, its rich copper mines, and the grand scenery of its interior, and its mountainous coasts drew the attention of the world to the long-neglected island. But since the Cable gave out, and all hopes of its resuming its functions ceased, we have heard nothing more about Newfoundland. Its name is never heard, now, except now and then in the Marine report, and it is again wrapped in its eternal mists, and is hardly more talked of than it was in the time of the Northmen, when those mythical personages first landed upon its rocky shores. Yet Newfoundland is represented, by those who have explored it, to be full of grandeur in its natural scenery, and capable of sustaining a population a hundred times greater than it now has.—From its shores may be seen, in the Summer-time, huge icebergs, floating past from the north, glittering in the sunshine, and gradually melting away as they approach a more genial climate. Such a sight as this might alone have been sufficient to attract tourists and adventurers in search of a sensation to this long-neglected island; and if the telegraphic cord had but continued to send flashes of intelligence back and forth between our Continent and Europe, the traveling public would have become so familiar with its terminus that curiosity would have led thousands yearly to its shores, who will never think of visiting it now.

PARAGUAY TEA.

As our government is about to send out an expedition to Paraguay for the purpose of establishing commercial relations with that country, either by treaty or conquest, it may be of interest to know what are some of its productions. We are told that one of the most important staple commodities is its tea; and, as we are a tea-drinking nation, very probably one result of the country being opened to us will be the introduction upon our tables of the Paraguay tea. This substance is gathered from a small wild tree growing in Paraguay and Parana, called the *Ilex Paraguayensis*. It forms the principal refreshing beverage of the Spanish-Americans south of the equator, and millions of dollars are annually expended in Buenos Ayres, Peru and Chili in its consumption.

One town in Parana, containing but three thousand inhabitants, exports annually nearly one million dollars' worth of this tea. It can be gathered at all seasons of the year. Parties go into the forests, break off the tender branches and leaves, kiln-dry them in the woods, then transport them to some rude mill; by water-power,

they are pounded in mortars to a powder, except that stems denuded of their bark are always permitted to remain. This substance is called *Yerba Mate*. The preparation for drinking is equally simple. A small quantity of the *Mate*, either with or without sugar, is put into a bowl, and cold water is poured upon it—after standing a short time, boiling water is added, and it is at once ready for use. It is imbibed through a small tube on account of the particles of leaves and stems which float on the surface of the liquid. The tube has a fine globular strainer at the end.

Great virtues are ascribed to this tea. It supplies the place of meat and drink. Indians who have been laboring all day at the oar feel immediately refreshed by a cup of the *Mate* mixed simply with the river water.—In Chili and Peru the people believe they cannot live without it.

It is said that this little tree or shrub is indigenous to the United States, that it actually exists in North Carolina and that it is used as a beverage in the region of country where it is found. If such is the fact, and if it is really an article of so much value, it is singular that no attention has ever been given to it. Some enterprising citizens might have amassed fortunes by it, and the State have added the *Yerba Mate* to her exports.

A telegraph line is now being constructed from Placerville, California, to Salt Lake City, and the citizens express a hope that, at no distant day, it will extend to St. Louis.

THE OLD WORLD.

THE TRADE OF CHINA.

He must be a bold man indeed, who would venture to estimate narrowly and definitely the consequences of breaking down those time-observed dogmas of exclusiveness which the Chinese adopted for their rule of action. When the resources of commerce are fairly opened to a race numbering at least one-fourth of the total human species—a people industrious, cumulative, moderately endowed, too, with the representatives of wealth—it is probable that even the most sanguine ideas already formed as to the commercial capabilities of China will be largely exceeded by the result.

The vast expansiveness of China in respect of the production of articles, either peculiar to it altogether, or in which it excels, is illustrated by the history of silk within the last few years. Whilst the commerce of China labored under a monopoly it was thought to be totally impossible to increase the quantity of silk obtained from that country. The annual export was 2,000, and for 150 years it was thought to be the utmost that China could supply for exportation. No sooner was the monopoly broken up than the 2,000 expanded into 20,000. The latter quantity subsequently increased to 140,000 bales. While the silk-producing powers of Europe remained intact, the Chinese silk supply, already developed more than sevenfold, was thought to have reached its maximum. Mark however, the curious result. Last year the quantity of silk exported from China, amounted to the enormous quantity of 94,800 bales, showing that since the year 1810 the supply had increased forty-fold. Well might Mr Crawford, at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society,

observe that in the history of foreign trades, there is not a more remarkable fact than this.

It has been said by a celebrated naturalist that the physiological and geological condition of a country has more to do with its character, its liberty, its commerce, than perhaps any other feature. The physiology of a Chinaman is a matter not half so obvious as the geographical configuration of China. A single glance at any map of China will suffice to make evident one reason of the dense population of that land. No country on the face of the earth is watered by so many noble rivers. In few countries, however, have the water economies been more assiduously attended to by regulating irrigation from main river trunks, and by the construction of canals for purposes of internal communication. The population on the banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang alone, is estimated to amount to one hundred millions of souls, or about three and a half times the population of the United Kingdom; and, according to the estimate of Mr. Consul Alcock, there is a greater trade carried on between the coasts and the centre of China than between all Europe and the rest of the world! This statement is astounding, but when a member of the Geographical Society tried to impugn it, Mr. Alcock did not hesitate to return as follows to its defence: "I do not," said he, "speak altogether with out proof upon the internal trade of China. In the port of Shanghai there have been as many as four thousand large junks at one time. It is estimated, and has not been called in question for the last century, that from 300 to 350 millions inhabit that vast territory. There is a larger population than all Europe, to begin with, and, taken as a whole, they are a commercial and trafficking race."

In estimating the probable consequences of throwing open China to foreign commerce, it must be remembered that European articles of barter can hardly yet have been seen in Central China, even as curiosities. Most of the British goods taken to Shanghai are sold to pedlars, who carry them on their back. That merchants on this small scale, performing the work of beasts of burden, should penetrate far, it is difficult to imagine.—The interior of China may be regarded as a commercial *terra incognita*. The Yang-tse-Kiang is to that interior what the Mississippi is to North America. What would the latter be without its steamboats, and what might not the great Chinese river become under the auspices of steam?

ELECTRICAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

The *Bulletin Scientifique of the Courier des Etats Unis* says: Hitherto, somnambulists and certain clairvoyants have monopolized the power of vision through opaque bodies; but electricity, to which we owe so many marvels, is about to bestow this gift, second sight, to mankind in general. A correspondent of M. Arago, who uses the signature of an honorable member of the Brussels Academy, affirms that, by using the electro-galvanic light produced by a powerful Bunsen pile, which is equal to 560 candles, he has succeeded in seeing through the human body, rendered perfectly transparent. "I have seen," says he, "the veins, arteries and nerves in action, and the aliment coursing its way during digestion; I have seen in the drunkard's stomach dark colored or blister-like spots, and in the nasal recesses of a snuff-taker two old lumps of snuff." Furthermore, the nar-

rator of these wonders modestly disclaims the honor of the invention. The idea of seeing, by means of electricity, through opaque bodies was suggested by his friend's son, who, looking through his hand placed near the flame of a candle lamp, exclaimed, "Papa, I am transparent!"

THE ART OF FLYING.

Napoleon III, has just made a present of 5000*fr.* to a private in the line, who asserts that he has discovered a solution for the great problem in aeronautics—the art of flying. He has invented a kind of air ship, consisting of a platform of silk stretched over whalebone, to be propelled by two gigantic wings of the same material, placed on each side. The aerial navigator is to be suspended at a distance of about four feet from the platform, while his feet rest on pedals, by means of which the wings are set in motion, while his arms rest on a lever which imparts to the platform the direction he chooses to give it. Only a model of this machine has yet been constructed, and it appears to work well—Thanks to the emperor's munificence, it is now about to be constructed on a large scale.

WALKING LEAF AND FLOWER.—The Bombay Geographical Society announce in their proceedings that they have received a specimen of the walking leaf from Java, with eggs and young; and what seems more curious still, a walking flower described as a creature with white body, pink spots and crimson border.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED.—By recent decrees of the King of Portugal, slavery is abolished at Macao and in the African province of Angola, and is respectively abolished in all the remainder of the Portuguese colonies, the children of female slaves hereafter born being declared to be entitled to their freedom on reaching the age of twenty years.

The bullion in the Bank of France now stand at about \$120,000,000—a far higher sum than was ever before held by that establishment, and more than \$9,000,000 in excess of the largest total ever collected in the Bank of England.

HOW TO BE LOVED.

Here is a secret worth knowing. William Wirt in a letter to his daughter, thus insists upon the importance of the "small, sweet courtesies of life." Depend upon it he is right. He says: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him. And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause.—Let all persons, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small, sweet courtesies in which there is no parade; whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing."

A Mr. Chase of Athens, Georgia, has succeeded in manufacturing paper from the Chinese sugar cane; it has the appearance of a paper made from straw.

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1858.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Since the last number of the Rhode Island Banner went out on its mission of love, we have visited several places in the Old Bay State. We found a large company of Spiritualists at Waltham, the residence of his Excellency, N. P. Banks. Rumor says that the Governor has attended a number of Spiritual lectures in Boston. On the evening of our stay at Waltham, the Republicans had a supper at the "Prospect House." There the editor of the Banner had rooms, and he, like all the ubiquitous satellites of the press, was round at "supper time," wide awake, and his pencil ready pointed. The Governor, the Hon. Anson Burlingame and the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, made speeches that set not the table, but the audience in a roar. It takes the spirits to affect the tables; but the spirits in mundane garb, cheered and laughed and shouted as the lions shook their shaggy locks and roared out their defiance against Buchanan, and Gardner, and Curtis. We have it from good authority that Colfax is a Spiritualist.

From Waltham we went to Foxboro, where we met Geo. Stearns, author of "The Mistake of Christendom." On Tuesday evening, Nov. 23d, we lectured before the Acton Lyceum. On the Green in the village of Acton is a monument to the memory of Capt. Isaac Davis, who fell in the Concord fight of April 19th, 1775. His was the first blood shed in the revolution.

Leaving Acton we went to the city of Lowell, where we lectured on the Sabbath. This is a city of spindles. Here are fifty-four factories. Mr. Tower, a wealthy citizen of Lowell, accompanied us to the several public buildings, libraries and reading rooms. Here we met our old friend Storer, whose lecture we publish to day. The people who went to Well's Hall last Sunday had an opportunity of hearing a Normal and Trance speaker too.

Bidding adieu to a host of kind and sociable friends, we went again to our "Modern Athens," and thence to the capital of our native State, where we busy ourselves in watching the Rhode Island Banner as it floats over the battlements of the What Cheer city, the earliest home of complete Religious Liberty.

We always find interest in the columns of "The Principle," a Spiritual journal published at New York and Baltimore. The poetry on the first page of to-days Banner, is from that paper.

Prof. Grimes, Charles Colby and Dr. Bly, are battling Spiritualism as though it had never been killed before.—How many lives has it?

MANSFIELD.

We learn that there are a few Spiritualists in the town of Mansfield, Mass. Mr. Fairfield has spoken there.—"Those little ticking sounds" first heard in an obscure village of Central New York, have been heard in every little hamlet of our Union. Not a district of the civilized world but has heard them. A few years hence we shall not be called upon to write the names of those places where the lovers of truth meet to inquire of the new oracles, but if there shall be a town where the superstitions of materialism still linger, it will be visited as the antiquary now ruminates upon the spot where Druid priests performed their cruel rites. If the idea of Progress be not all a dream, the hateful systems of ancient theology will give place to the lovely doctrines of Spiritualism. The scepticism of modern churchmen will be supplanted by the Harmonial Science of Immortal Life.

FOXBORO, MASS.

The citizens of this little town, are becoming interested in the Harmonial Philosophy. Mr. Fairfield, Dr. Atkins, Miss Aimey, Miss Magown and Mrs. Johnson have spoken to them in its favor, and the clergy and Mr. Charles Colby against it. The principles of the new science are quietly working their way, some of the best intellects of the place being already enlisted. When Miss Hardinge lectured in Providence, a goodly number of them were present, although Foxboro is upwards of twenty miles from the city.

OUR CIRCUIT.

The city of Providence is the centre of an active population. There is no other point in New England around which is gathered such a number of busy villages. We mingle with the spheres of Boston, Worcester and Hartford, but for twenty-five miles on every hand the inhabitants look to Providence for cotton for their factories, goods for the retail shops, implements with which to farm their lands, and a market for their produce. Now our city's noblest mission is to provide well for the mental wants of her own people, and the dwellers in the suburban towns. They look to our schools as models, we furnish them with books for the libraries, and newspapers for the fireside. What are we doing to promote liberal thoughts? Have we done all we could to link the different towns and hamlets to the city, by establishing the mental telegraph, that it should transfuse the energy of free thought into the minds of those who live in the rural districts? How much talent is laying dormant? If our young men and women were developed and sent out as missionaries, (not to the distant heathen,) but into a hundred villages around us, much good might be done. Let them

proclaim the sweet evangel of the Harmonial Philosophy. Let every Hall, and School House and Store, be vocal with their free voices. Let our liberal paper visit every family circle, where they love to read of Progress. Then would mind and soul be developed in the rural districts. Fossil creeds would moulder into dust, and often would a republican Hall be visited by good hearty speakers from the outland towns who would interest and edify us by their originality, and the magnetism of their sincere earnestness.

A writer in one of the Liberal papers of Boston says: "I know that Spiritualism has been of incalculable benefit to me, and furthermore, I know a large number upon whom it has had a similar effect. It has carried the sweet assurances of peace, comfort and happiness to the hearts and homes of thousands in New England alone; has removed a cloud of darkness, doubt and despair from the minds of many in our very midst; strengthened the faith of the more timid and wavering to perfect confidence and rest; and this with men and women of clean hearts, who in general intelligence do not suffer in comparison with any class."

Rev. John Pierpont, so long and favorably known to the American public as a Reformer, has been lecturing for several Sabbaths at Dodworth's Academy, in New York. His name will be held in honorable remembrance when the ignorant despisers of the Science of Immortality are forgotten.

THE EMPIRE CITY PROGRESSING.

On the evening of October 6, a meeting was held at Dr. Chapin's Church, to consider the propriety of establishing a library and reading room for the girls and working women of the city. Mayor Tiemann and Henry Ward Beecher addressed the meeting, and, says the New York Times:

"The Hon James T. Brady followed in an eloquent address, in which he enforced the claims of the new movement on the attention of the audience, and read the following resolutions, which were put to the meeting by Mayor Tiemann, and unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend to the employers of workwomen to lessen the number of hours' labor required of them, to assist in preventing their wanting employment, and generally to aid in the improvement of their social condition.

Resolved, That, in our opinion, the poorer classes of females in this City, and especially the operatives, may be much aided in obtaining subsistence and securing elevation of character, by the establishment of an institution for females, combining, with a library and reading rooms, a system of judicious instruction, by which women may be educated for honorable employments from which they are now excluded from want of such instruction."

For the Rhode-Island Banner.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is Sunday evening. I have this day heard two Lectures on Spiritualism, in Stetsin's Hall, Randolph, Mass., through the mediumship of Mr. James Harris of Abington. I also had the privilege of hearing him on the afternoon of Sunday before last, in the same place. In the same Hall, I heard him for the first time, one year ago. Since then, I heard him one Sunday, in East Abington, and from all these, my impression is, that he is a growing man and destined to a growing fame as a medium for Spiritual teaching. His first performance to-day was on the subject of "*Pure and undefiled Religion*;" and was one of surpassing excellence. And his second on "*What is Spirit; and its relation to the forms to which it may be attracted*," was still more so. I think this latter effort was ahead of any thing I ever heard before from him or any one else, as relating to the Spiritual philosophy. I do not except Mrs. Hatch. It was an eloquent, compact bundle of philosophy. There were none of those flowery school-girl expressions void of meaning as I have heard from many others—but something concise, definite. He made some decided hits on the dominant superstitions of the day, that would have done you good to hear. I cannot however, attempt to record them.

Mr. Harris, I am informed, is only a common shoemaker, devoid almost entirely of all literary culture, which is manifest in his almost uniform omission of the final consonant sound in words ending in "*ing*." In other respects he seems correct. The intelligence speaking through him, purports to be his *father*; who, while living, was a sensible, liberal, out-spoken man, and this corresponds with the lectures through Mr. Harris. There is no *mincing* matters with him. Devoted Orthodoxy finds no mercy from him. His enunciation and elocution are clear and forcible; and, for one of his degree of culture, truly remarkable. An invitation was given at the end of each lecture to ask questions, which was improved by your correspondent and one other gentleman. His replies were prompt, full, and generally satisfactory.

There are some things in this new movement very pleasing to me; and, I think, eminently calculated to do good. In the first place, there is no *dogmatism*. Every one is allowed, and even exhorted, to rely on his or her own judgment, and to take nothing on trust. The communicating intelligence says, "*I give only my opinion*." It claims no infallibility, presents no oracular claims. It says hear and judge for yourself; and quarrels with no man for entertaining different opinions, from any perceived dictates of reason. How different this from the common Theologians who say, "*Believe or be damned!*"

Another thing to be admired is, the audience,—any individual hearer may ask *questions*, or take exceptions

then and there, where the lecture is delivered, and have his questions respectfully attended to without any fear of being taken by the arm by a police officer and escorted to the lock-up, for merely having and expressing a mind of his own, as would most likely be the case in any of the orthodox churches.

Still, after saying thus much, I do not see clear to endorse the Spiritual philosophy. I am a constitutional doubter in regard to any sort of Spiritualism, new or old. As near as I can learn from Spiritualists themselves, they do not believe in any such thing as pure spirit, if by that term is meant an absolutely *immaterial substance*. The utmost of Spirit they conceive of, is matter in a state of refinement, impalpable to the senses, even by the most powerful instruments. Even *God* is matter with them. Almost all men have to admit that *not-matter* is *nothing*, (*no thing*).

The Spiritualists seem to hold that inside of a man—the physical form—there is another—a Spiritual man.—The idea is Swedenborgian, however. But where is the proof of such a thing. They believe this internal Spiritual man is of the same form as the physical man, and can and does, live right on and on when the body is dead and gone to decay. I see no cause, as yet to believe this. A *man* is a *man*, and the physical nature is essential to his unitary integrity. Man is a *unit*. A dead form is not a *man*. Neither is the departed breath the man. All the *mentality* manifested during life, all his love and hate, hope and despair; all his judgment and reasoning were the effects of his organization in connection with surrounding circumstances. At least, I can say, I have no demonstrative proof to me, that this is not so. I know that the mind and body are intimately connected for weal and woe in this world. If one is healthy and active, so is the other. If the body is diseased, so is the mind,—and invariably that portion of the mind answering to the part of the body diseased.—Certain faculties of the mind cease their normal manifestations when a corresponding portion of the *brain* is destroyed, and *vice versa*, other things being equal. But why is this, if there is a distinct and independent spirit-man within? Which was first—the soul or body. Did they not both grow and become developed together?—Then will not each share the same fate? I see no soul without a body—no body without a soul of some sort—no *animal* body, at any rate. There was no soul *before* the body; how do we know there *will* be one after the body? It co-existed and grew *with* the body—decays to all appearances as the *body* decays; and to my mind, there is the strongest presumptive evidence that it dies *with* the body.

I do not know as it is proper, on my own ground, to

say the soul *dies* with the body; because that would seem to imply that the soul is a separate entity, whereas it can in that case be nothing in itself any more than is a shadow on a sun-dial. It is merely an *effect* of organization, liable to *cease* or be withdrawn, when the organization is dissolved, or by any means ceases to act.

I have only room for *hints* here. I know you will deem them bold ones. I am willing to be criticized as to my ideas and set right, if I am wrong.

Yours, &c.

SIDNEY.

Randolph, Nov. 14, 1858.

PROGRESS.

When we referred to the burning of Howard Block, we recommended the employment of Steam Fire engines in place of the present inefficient hand machines.

Since that time we have seen an account of the trial of one of the new engines, at Lawrence, Mass. with the following result.

"Having raised steam in her usually short time, two lines of hose were run off, and two one and a half inch streams were thrown completely over one of the highest buildings in the city.

A. J. Davis is lecturing at the west, where he probably will remain until next spring.

H. B. STORER, AT REPUBLICAN HALL.

On the evening of October 26, this eloquent speaker, addressed the Liberal citizens of Providence. His subject was "Selfishness." Each person has two selves, one is his reputation, or himself as he appears to the world, the other is his character. Character is the sum of all a man knows, and all he loves. Each man is striving to interpret the universe into himself, to show how much he has gained for self.

It is not the best good to make all alike. This would produce monotony. The object of Nature and of God, is to individualize other gods. In each human soul is the capacity of all attainment. There is no limit to our culture. Rising above mere objective love we should strive to be perfect as God is perfect, love not for self but the good of the object beloved. It is a necessity of each man to represent himself. No man would be another in all things. You would not change with the fancied Gabriel himself; each would rather climb to that height by his own way.

Selfishness is the fundamental rule of God; each man is in the centre of the universe; each part is equidistant from our self-hood. Higher than the love of self is the love of a neighbor, developed by our relations to those around us.

Animals govern themselves by the sensations of the hour without regard to other animals. Not so with enlightened man, for the good of the individual is not as-

served as the right of the race; you now love your neighbor for the good he can do to you; this is not the highest love. Man in his full development becomes like Jesus, master of physical forces. Jesus was not perfect while here, he had not yet ascended to the Father, had not attained to the perfect love of God. Divine love uses all natural and spiritual forces for noble ends.

Character is the result of love and knowledge. The true man is solicitous about his character but does not care for men's opinions of him. Such men become leaders. It was thus that Napoleon attained the height of human achievement. Give not your character into the keeping of another, it will leave you bankrupt. Act for yourself; action makes the man, and he is the true man who blows the bubble Reputation away, and builds up a magnanimous Character.

LIBERAL NEWS.

The Editor of the Rhode Island Banner, will lecture at John K. Lester's New Hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 9th, 1858. Subject, Modern Spiritualism. Doors open at 6½. Lecture to commence at 7 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. Tickets to be had at Perrin's Bookstore, of Nicholas A. Fenner, Pearl st, and at the door.

A Four Day Spiritual Mass Meeting will commence at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 9th of December, 1858.

On Sunday, November 21st, Theodore Parker's Sermon at Music Hall, Boston, was a discourse for the three hundredth anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne of England. He compared 1558, with 1858. It was a lecture on the progress of the Anglo Saxon race for three centuries.

At the conclusion of Miss Hardinge's lecture at Portland, Me., forty dollars were contributed to furnish the poor with a Thanksgiving dinner. What good will Spiritualism do?

Mr. J. M. Lord, of Portsmouth, N. H., has built a Chapel for the Spiritualists. It is said to be a model of beauty. On each side is a beautiful garden, filled in summer, with choice flowers. Above the main hall are two large apartments called "Spirit Rooms." Here paintings, engravings, and groups of statuary show the ideality of the benevolent builder.

The Middlesex Teacher's Association, have passed resolutions that the children of our primary schools should not be confined to study in their seats, more than three hours in a day. If a longer time be employed they recommend devotion to the physical welfare of the pupils.

The Indians of California and New Mexico, have lately hung several persons for Witchcraft. How very like the Calvinists of New England in 1690. Did our bigoted ancestors have all the truth then? And yet the creeds of all our orthodox churches are just the same as theirs. Is there progress in Literature, Politics and Science, and must man remain forever the slave of the superstitious notions of ancient times?

On Thanksgiving Eve, we heard a lecture on the Bible, by Rev. J. B. Davis, of Lowell, formerly Pastor of the Roger Williams Church, in this city. Mr. D. still believes in the plenary inspiration of the old records.

A. M. Smith of Chicago, speaking at the Conference in New York, tells of the transportation of a key, a distance of thirty five miles by spirit power. His theory is that the spirits begin carefully with us, at first, and give only as we are able to bear. If all that has since come, had come at first, and at once, it would have shook society to its foundations."

Spiritual Circles for wonderful physical phenomena have often been held in the dark, but the spirits are now demanding that the rooms be illuminated. *Their* power has not increased, but *we*, in our prisons of clay, are better prepared to see. The Editor of the Mohawk Valley Register, has seen some marvelous things, where the room was brilliantly lighted.

Hon. Samuel G. Arnold of Providence is about to publish a History of Rhode Island. The first volume is now in the press of the Appletons. Gov. Arnold is eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. He has devoted many years to the collection of materials, and we expect to see a standard History of our State.

Miss Emma Hardinge has written a letter to the N. Y. Sunday Times, in which the advocates of "Free Love" get some hard raps. Of the connection of this heresy with the New Dispensation, she says:

"Neither in the nature of spirit communion, spirit teachings, nor its influence upon the world, can I find the least shadow of excuse for infidelity to the marriage relation, or any other of the social obligations of private or public life."

We are glad to see that the cause of liberal religion is prospering in Vermont. We have many kind friends in the Green Mountain State, and we hope they will often be favored by the visits of such men as Pierpont and Storor.

Joseph Barker, who styles himself the "Reformed Clergyman" has been lecturing to the Bostonians on "The French Revolution and its Calumniators."

We saw a Steam Engine at Lowell, named "Onward" We suppose it draws the train the Spiritualists travel in. When balloons are perfected, we shall have one named "Onward and Upward."

Moses Collins of Lowell, has leased the Howard House, which will still be kept as a first class hotel. Spiritualists visiting the city of Lowell, can find there a pleasant home where the liberal news will be appreciated.—All our cities are providing places for the entertainment of the liberal public. Is Spiritualism dying out? Boston has its Fountain House; New York has congenial homes for the free thinker, and the Harmonist who visits our city may find good cheer at Osborne's. The supply only keeps pace with the demand. Hotel keepers study the wants of the public, and the existence of such places as the above indicates the progress of liberalism.

Dr. J. L. Comstock, author of a book on Natural Philosophy, died on Sunday, Nov. 21st, at his residence in Hartford.

TRANCE LECTURING TRANSIENT.

We have long been of the opinion, that all our trance speakers would by and by become natural speakers.—We find this view confirmed by a communication to a medium in Boston:

"The time is now close at hand when the spirits of earth can claim their own impressions, their own guidances, to act directly on each respective spirit. The atmosphere has been so long imbued by angels and angels' coming, that the intellect and reason of man has been convinced. And now what wait we for but that the souls who have received the magnet that has so long been sought by mediumistic power, should take us in their arms of love and affection. Oh, receive us with the balm of love and memory; let us come to your heart's recollections, and feel that you are controlled and impressed by invisibles. To convince the incredulous and the still unbelieving, we must yet keep the sleeping power and seeming lethargy upon some, to bring them up also to where others stand."

SELF-DENIAL.

True, the man who lives for duty must, in a certain degree, live a life of self-denial, and always one of varied toil. He will often have to encounter the tempest of adversity and the wiles of temptation; yet from the bramble hedges of self-denial, he shall pluck the blossoms of future enjoyment; and in the stern encounter of daily struggles he shall gather the material of a truer and nobler manhood. As he advances along the path of high endeavor, many an oasis in the desert of life shall spring up before him, whose green shades and pure waters shall impart new vigor for the struggle which awaits him. From many a rough headland he shall gaze on the calm ocean of a purer and more exalted condition in the near future. As he daily goes forward the prospect brightens; the pleasing view expands; wayside roses lose their thorns; the narrow path becomes smoother and broader; the rugged hills slope gently into soft undulations; the rude winds become balmy zephyrs, laden with the richest odors of virtue's coming full fruition, till at length the mountain range, which marks the terminus of a well-spent life, rises above the fogs of earth into the clear light of a happy immortality.

EQUALITY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made;
And hears the worshiper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those and tramples these,
Whilst the same path they go.

Oh, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride—
Ye low, your shame and fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your Brotherhood, Revere.

There are women who clean house once a year, and it kills them till the next. It is no way to live either comfortably or happily, to allow the windows of the parlor to accumulate dust and dirt for a year, and then think a deluge of soap-suds will keep all things tidy till the trees leaf out again. A little here and a little there is a much better rule, according to our notions. It puts us in mind of the fellow who could not see how people combed their hair every day; "he did it only once a week, and then it most killed him."

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All Communications to be addressed, *post-paid*, to the **REDACTED** ISLAND BANNER, Providence, R. I.

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

Printed by Henry L. Tillinghast, 9 & 12 Market Square.