

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

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237 WESTMINSTER ST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE 26, 1858.

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THE BANNER

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HORACE A. KEACH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE CRUMBLING COT.

BY SAMUEL F. BARNES.

Down in a quiet Alpine vale, a lone and lovely spot,
Beside the mountain's iron base, there stands a crumbling cot;
O'erhung by lofty towering crag, whose summit toward the sky,
Piercing the light fleecy cloud, is lost to human eye.

Long years ago, within that cot, all full of joy and life,
There dwelt a hardy mountaineer and his young trusting wife;
An only child, a bright eyed boy, their only wealth and pride,
Whose loving glance they treasured more than all the world
beside.

And thus it was, one summer's morn, arrayed in jacket gay—
The mother watched her darling boy before the door at play;
When from her eyrie in yon crag, swooped down with lightning
flight,
An eagle bold, who caught him up and bore him from her
sight.

His little cry the mother heard, and rushing forth to save,
In breathless stupor saw her boy, borne to his living grave—
One shriek she gave, one prayer she made, in piteous accent
wild,
"Oh! God of mercy, love and strength; oh! spare my only
child."

Her shriek of terror loud and long, rang through the quiet vale,
And brought the father from his work, all trembling, wild and
pale.
Bereft of speech, she statue-like stood pointing toward the spot,
He read the story in her glance and knew their child "was
not."

Torn piece from piece, to feed her young, his little jacket gay,
Fell where to view of passers by, 't would in the soft winds
play—
For weary days it fluttered there, danced in the sunbeams'
bright,
To the anguish-stricken parents' hearts, oh God! a bitter sight.
The days passed on, the weary days, till when the wintry blast
Blew shrill and bleak adown the vale, the mother breathed
her last;
And the storm-rent jacket, now in shreds, doth ever wildly
wave
O'er the spot where in the plain below is seen the mother's
grave.

The father fled the fatal spot, to him the ill-starr'd plain—
No smile of joy was ever seen to light his face again;
The little cot, forsaken now, fast moulders in decay,
Fit emblem of the living hearts that bled and broke that day.

TIMES GONE BY.

THE times of old—the good old days of frankness and hon-
esty and singleness of heart!—Their memory lingers around us
like sunshine upon ruins, or like the incense of flowers whose
beauty has been trampled beneath the feet of the spoiler! We
fear the glorious days of New England have gone by—that the
characteristics of her children have departed—that the luxu-
ries and vices and fashions of strangers, have usurped the beau-
tiful plainness and simplicity—the freedom, the generosity and
the bravery of New England. A false and evil spirit has gone
over the land, undermining the foundations of her strength,
and despoiling her real beauty—lopping away the noble oaks
of her forests—the rough-featured and useful products of her
own soil, to give place to the graceful, but worthless exotic.—
It has penetrated every where—from the thronged village to
the isolated farm-house; and the plow has been exchanged for
the insignia of professional life, and the spinning-wheel for the
piano.

'T is an evil change;—and we fear that there is no going
back to our original ground. Strange—that the young farmer,
he, whose associations of life's purest and dearest enjoyments
are with the homestead of his ancestors, should so readily
leave the beaten and proved track of honorable industry, for
the uncertainty and danger and mortifications of more fashion-
able pursuits. Strange, that he can thus leave the hills and
streams of his boyhood—the blue skies that bent like a bless-
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—the open communion of his neighbors—the playmates of his
infancy—the companions of his opening manhood—the very
graves of his fathers! Where will he again find the deep af-
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of love beam so kindly on him, and where will the grasp of
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and vows broken, and affection outraged. It is in the soli-
tude and awful beauty of nature that heart answers to heart,
thrilling with a passionate touch the mysterious chords of hu-
man sympathy—rather than in the artificial beauty and the
heated atmosphere of fashionable existence.—*New England
Review.*

"Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own."

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

IN making our bow to the public, in an editorial capacity, we have no dull round of apologetic words to offer in justification of the independent position we shall calmly and frankly assume. We do not intend to advocate the interests of any party or sect, clique or faction, who are trammelled by the conventional formulas of a traditional past; but of that noble band of true men, who believe that "Progress is the Common Law of the Universe."

We shall reverence, but not blindly, the truths of a by-gone time. While we may contribute our humble influence to maintain the great conservative principles the Anglo-Saxon race have conquered, we shall quietly pen our views of modern movements in favor of the "Good Time Coming." We shall not make the opinion of the many the standard by which to try any question in Science, Philosophy, or Religion, but regard "the collective dicta of the highest minds illuminated by the greatest knowledge," as the supreme law for our intellect, and the best rule of "faith and practice."

If cultured minds, now resident in the more refined material sphere above us, shall proffer their thoughts, we shall not be so superstitious as to spurn their presence and refuse to converse with those who are now angels. But the gentle reader will say, "I have no faith in the ability of man to talk with angels in our day." Then let the gentle reader keep shady, and give the sunlight to those who have. If the votaries of authority strive to block up the avenues of communion with the great thinkers of the sphere above us, and would coax or frighten men from the study of the most wonderful and significant phenomena of our century, we shall speak our mind in the premises, "In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong."

To our brethren of the press, we tender our congratulations at their success in the diffusion of information upon the several subjects to which their journals are devoted, and if we do not always coincide with them in opinion, we hope that professional courtesy will keep us without the pale of acrimonious controversy, while we shall never timidly shrink from the candid defence of our views, in the arena of calm discussion.

We feel the responsibility of the step, as we take our modest place among editors. We know their influence is potent in favor of the civilization and refinement of our race. The pen is the weapon of the chivalrous in our age. Many swords rest idly in their mouldy scabbards, and cannon balls that once thinned the ranks of contending legions, are now corroded by rust, as they lie powerless on many a desolate battle field; but the thoughts of the great and good still beat on, and the Press delights to roll them through the four quarters of our globe. We never tire of standing by the railway to look at the iron horse, the noblest symbol of terrestrial physical power; but more do we admire the magic of the Printing Press, by which the preacher's monition may awaken the mind of a larger audience, and the witchery of the poet's pen, and the spell of the orator's persuasive rhetoric, weave their charm around a myriad million raptured hearts.

Fully aware of the trials and labor, incident to the post we assume, we fling the RHODE ISLAND BANNER to the breeze, hoping by steady devotion to our duties, as the advocate of liberal truth, to merit the encouragement of those who love that "Soul Liberty," for the security of which the sons of Roger Williams have ever been ready to "pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

A CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHY.—The following true and pleasant passage occurs in one of Frederika Bremer's books: "There is much goodness to the world, although at a superficial glance, one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad—is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find much to say about it—whilst what is good goes, at best, like sunshine, quietly through the world."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We do not intend to make the Banner a one idea paper. We shall welcome the best thoughts of the best men upon all subjects. We hope our correspondents will pardon us if we now and then condense their communications. Our limited space will sometimes render such a process indispensable.

When an article commends itself to our approbation by the superior excellence of the style, or subject matter, we shall, if it be not too long, cheerfully concede our columns for its publication, *verbatim et literatim*.

To record the progress of liberal ideas, to protest against intolerance in all its protean shapes, and to extend our cordial sympathy to those heroic men and women, who, in the various reforms are laboring to enlighten the ignorance, chasten the passions and refine the grossness of humanity, these are the objects for which we propose to labor, and in which we invite the co-operation of all whose life-purpose is to maintain the supremacy of Intellect.

HOW SHALL WE "TRY THE SPIRITS?"

There are many who have seen evidences of more than mortal force, and intelligence in modern spiritual developments, who yet refuse to give them much attention, because they believe they are all *evil* spirits. It is very important that we know whether the messages we receive are from a supernal or infernal source. Now while we only "see through a glass darkly," we must trust to general impressions. While we do this we may be sure that we have sometimes "entertained angels." We give below one of the best methods we have heard of for testing the character of our visitors from the realm of Spirit Life. We copy it from a good old book:

"And now, says the angel, understand first of all what belongs to faith. There are two angels with man; one of righteousness, the other of iniquity. And I said unto him, Sir, how shall I know that there are two such angels with man? Hear, says he, and understand. The angel of righteousness is mild, and modest, and gentle and quiet. When, therefore, he gets into thy heart, he talks with thee of righteousness, of modesty, of chastity, of bountifulness, of charity and piety. When all these things come into thy heart, know then, that the angel of righteousness is with thee, wherefore hearken to the angel and to his works.

"Learn, also, the works of the angel of iniquity. He is, first of all, bitter, and angry, and foolish: and his works are pernicious, and overthrow the servants of God. When, therefore, these things come into thy heart, thou shalt know by his works, that this is the angel of iniquity.

Here, therefore, thou hast the works of both of these angels. Understand, now, and *believe* the angel of righteousness, because his instruction is good. For let a man be never so happy, yet, if the thoughts of the other angel arise in his heart, that man or woman must needs sin. But let a man or woman be never so wicked, if the works of the angel of righteousness come into his heart, that man or woman must needs do some good. Thou seest, therefore, how it is good to follow the angel of righteousness."

DIRECTLY TO THE POINT.—The liberty of opinion allowed in theological institutions, is thus graphically portrayed by Rev. H. W. Beecher:

Hence, I say, that liberty of opinion in our theological seminaries is a mere form, to say nothing of the thumbscrew of criticism by which every original mind is tortured into negative propriety. The whole boasted liberty of the student consists in a choice of chains—a choice of handcuffs—whether he will wear the Presbyterian handcuffs, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, or other evangelical handcuffs. Hence it has now come to pass that the Ministry themselves dare not study the Bible. Large portions thereof are seldom touched. It lies useless lumber; or if they do study and search, they cannot show their people what they find there. There is something criminal in saying anything new. It is shocking to utter words that have not the mould of age upon them.

SELF MADE MEN.

"POVERTY is the nurse of manly energy and Heaven-climbing thoughts, attended by love and faith and hope, around whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin, and what were their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No; such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties, and privation and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants. They know nothing of indifference or satiety. There is not an idle fibre in their frames. They put the vigor of a resolute purpose into every act. The edge of their minds is always kept sharp. In the schools of life, men like these meet the softly-nurtured darlings of prosperity as the vessel of iron meets the vessel of porcelain."

THE natural tendency, with small minds, of dogmatic theology, is to bigotry—a bigotry which tends to put other sects beyond its charities, and differing opinions beyond its toleration. A bigot tries everything by the standard of himself and his opinions. He has no largeness of comprehension, and makes no allowance for circumstances. Shut up within his own tenets, all outside of his fence seem like barbarians and infidels to him. Hence, he can never accord honesty of purpose to such as seek to benefit others by other modes than his own.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Woman possesses rights—*inalienable rights*—which the hand of oppression cannot wrest from her. Although her mental strength and influence has been questioned, she *has* the right to influence her husband, brother, and lover, to walk in the paths of rectitude and virtue. What would man's condition be without the genial influence of maternal admonitions, while

"Her eye is meek and gentle, and a smile
Plays on her lip, and in her speech is heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity and love.
The occupation dearest to her heart
Is to encourage goodness,"

Woman's influence is strongly exhibited in the education of our immortal Washington. The instructions which he received when young, from his mother, were such as to enable him to lead our fathers through the doubtful period of '76. The influence of the accomplished Josephine over Napoleon was great; but, alas! when he refused to listen to her entreaties, his honor, his power, and happiness, faded away like the dew-drops of the morning. The biographer of Madame Roland says that "the influence she exerted, was the polished, refined, attractive influence of an accomplished woman who moved in her own appropriate sphere. Impressed with an instinctive consciousness of her unaffected dignity and peculiar genius, many noble minds gathered around this impassioned woman, from whose lips words of liberty fell enchantingly upon their ears, and with chivalric devotion surrendered themselves to the guidance of her mind."

HUMAN NATURE GOOD.

We love to believe there is more moral goodness than depravity in human nature. When we see one tear of pity drop from the eye, it gives us more pleasure than the finding of a diamond. There is goodness, real and unselfish, in the heart, and we often see it manifest itself to make many a scene of sorrow the vestibule of heaven. For him who is always picking flaws in his neighbor's character, we have no sympathy. In the characters of most men, we find more good than evil—more kindness than hate; and why should we pick out the flaws and pass by the sterling traits of character? We hold this to be the true doctrine; to portray goodness and hold it up to the gaze and admiration of all, while we suffer the evil to re-

main in the shade and die. If every picture of human nature were only pure and beautiful, we are inclined to believe we should have thousands of such characters living and loving around us.—*Woonsocket Patriot*.

THE LAST PENITENT.

These who advocate the final salvation of all, have seldom gone so far as to include the proud archangel among the redeemed. But the writer of the following, with a plenitude of charity wide as his imagination, sees the long eclipsed glory of the "Son of the Morning" emerge from its gloom. The moral is, God loves his enemies and will conquer them all by love. We have only space for the closing lines, beginning at the creation of our earth.

Then an orb of spotless beauty shone upon the spotless void,
As pure as ever poet in his wildest dream enjoyed—
Gleaming in its modest glory like a blushing asteroid.

On its bosom Asia nestled, with its wealth of tropic flowers;
There smiling Eden centered, with its golden-girded hours,
When the weary angels rested in its dewy spangled bowers.

And bright and faithful warders watched that gem of countless price;
Rose Ararat beyond it with its lofty dome of ice,
That the cold north wind had frozen in each curious device.

He saw the bright Euphrates throw its silver waves apart,
Like the rock of Horeb gushing by the prophet's holy art,
Or the poet's lofty rhythm as it ripples from the heart.

Thus in Fate's eternal drama he saw each act rehearse,
Forced to play the fearful tempter by Elohim's awful curse,
While each star and sun and system clove the boundless Universe.

Past the mighty panorama, and his fettered soul was free;
On the wild rock, marked by ages, bent the fallen angel's knee;
And a prayer rolled up the darkness to the throne of Deity.

With no avalanche to crush it, as it winged its upward flight,
Rose that prayer arrayed in sorrow, yet so beautiful and bright,
That it seemed God's fairest jewel when it reached the halls of light.

But the highest hosts of Heaven are the only ones that dare
To breathe the import only of that long forbidden prayer,
That shall make the lost archangel his primeval glory wear.

As the burning bush on Sinai did the Shepherd seer surprise,
All shall see the star of Mercy on the wings of prayer arise,
To guide the last-forgiven to the gates of Paradise.

THE poor, the rich,—shall these the poles
Of this fair world for ever be?
Shall mankind never count by souls,
Or aught save purse and pedigree?
If so, earth ripens for its blaze,
So withered, and for love so bare,
And there is room—much room—to raise
A desert-prophet's cry, "Prepare!"
Relent, repent, prepare!

Room! Valor carves the room he lacks,
And Wrong—wherever dispossessed—
Leaves vantage-ground for new attacks,
And room for—anything but rest.
Up, Worker, seek not room, but make it,
And do whate'er you find to do;
Ask not a brother's leave, but take it;
Bide not your time—time bides not you;
Let nothing wait for you.

WE this morning give a report of a lecture at Republican Hall. We shall endeavor to furnish one or more lectures in each number. This will enable the advocates of liberalism to transmit them to their friends, who may not have the privilege of hearing them, thus widening the circle of the lecturer's influence, and animating the inertia of orthodox conservatism.

SPIRITUAL LECTURE.

A respectable, and intellectual looking audience were convened at Republican Hall, last Sunday, to listen to a lecture from Mr. Wheeler, of Norwich.

Mr. W. was entranced and spoke substantially as follows:

It is our object to teach. We seek your good. While gross minds, like the dark clod, selfishly absorb all the light they receive, a good spirit, like the diamond, reflects the light, and flashes it into the minds of others. Of what we present we ask you to accept only that which your reason may approve.

We may name one subject **PRACTICALITY**. This is an age of utility, and we ask of everything, Will it pay? Nothing stands in the economy of Nature, that cannot demonstrate its utility. We address you as Spiritualists, those to whom the gemmed portals of Heaven have been opened. What effect has this had on your character? It has been said that a man's character may be told by the company he keeps. What, then, may we not expect of those who have angels for their companions? It matters little to us, whether a man call himself a Catholic, Greek, or Protestant,—it matters much of what use he is to us.

It is well to theorize, to speculate, to let imagination go forth and revel in the realm of Philosophy, but it is also well to come down to this work-day world, and ask if we can make the inspired truths that have come to us, practical.

The past has gone to oblivion, and eternity is here. No other eternity will ever unfold to us: it is one ever-present now. Heaven is around us now, and the advanced spirit may enjoy it to-day, as well as in the Spirit-Life. Those who are bright and beautiful there, are bright, and pure, and beautiful by virtue of their own conscious effort to progress. We need to develop here in this present, that we may better comprehend when we come to the mystery of the future. Thought, truths, and ideas, lay, as it were, in strata, as the material world is arranged. As we progress, we constantly come to new strata of truth, and a new mantle of beauty envelopes us. All this is Greek to the gross soul, but culture gives men new views of truth. This world presents different appearances to different minds. There are as many different worlds as there are minds to behold it. To the material soul it is a world in which to strive, to get gold, to become rich, but to the developed mind, it is a world for harmonious rest.

Ask everything, every truth, every idea, Will it pay? Will Spiritualism pay? Does it make you better men, nobler women, better friends, better citizens? Then it pays: it has been a good speculation; go on in the same good way. Work in the present hour in the world of use. Each thought that comes to you, make it work in your homes, in your factories. The world needs Spiritual truths, but these have been given for 1800 years; they are old and trite. The world needs a Spiritualism, not entrenched in magnificent temples, but a Spiritualism that shall lend its mighty arm to do the work of the world, as the powerful engine and subtle telegraph have lent their aid to humanity. You need a Spiritualism that shall make you healthy and harmonious. You shall be made healthy as you become spiritualized. Then what lives shall be acted out by individuals; what noble works of philanthropy by the mass. Live for the life to come in the life that is.

The lecture closed with a pleasant poem, improvised for the occasion,

An opportunity was then given for questions, when the Razor Strop Man asked:

Q. Is the medium positive that it is a Spirit that controls him, and if so, how is it made known to him?

Ans. He is positive as you are positive of your own exist-

ence, by consciousness,—by the senses of sight and touch. This answers both parts of the question.

A gentleman then asked the following:

Q. Is Clairvoyance a Spiritual development?

Ans. Yes; because it is a spiritual perception. Sometimes it is the interior unfolding of the Spirit; sometimes it is induced by spirits out of the form. Whether a spirit in or out of the body, act to develop a mediumistic person, it is by the same law. The same law operates in all the phases, whether magnetic, psychological or spiritual.

After inquiring if there were no more questions, the Medium closed by saying: If you have fully comprehended us, we shall look for the influence of these truths in your practical life, and to behold their salutary effect will give us joy.

WORDS FOR TO-DAY.

TO MY BROTHERS.

When first we wake to that great thing,
The consciousness of power,
It is not 'mid the gales of Spring,
Nor in the Summer bower;
Stern the voice the truth to tell—
Rugged the hand to guide—
Bitter the struggles of the soul—
By wo is manhood tried.

And well!—oh! well have we been tried,
And well have we endured—
The weary time at last is o'er,
The triumph is insured.
Those who hast seen thy stricken land,
Nor felt thy heart to break;
Remember! oh, remember, thou
Art living for her sake.

Tho' all seem crushed, and bleak, and drear,
The germs are sound within,
Of Love, and Hope, and Happiness,
And thou their bloom shalt win—
If 'twere as black as thunder cloud,
As cold as Winter snow,
The smile of God is still above—
The breath of God beow.

It is the noblest effort here
To triumph o'er despair—
What angel power thou may'st acquire,
Who shall the struggle dare—
Believe that all the germs of might
Are hid in suffering—
It is the iron casket, of
The talismanic ring.

Thou who hast nor loved nor suffered, know
Thou dost but live in part—
A strange new land thou'lt enter when
Those feelings rule thy heart—
Thy soul shall ripen in their breath,
And clothed in glory be,
And feel the exulting consciousness
Of Immortality,

WHAT is companionship where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller?—*Landor*.

DR. JOHNSON, when in the fullness of years and knowledge, said:—"I never took up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

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THE CRUMBLING COT.

BY SAMUEL F. BARNES.

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Beside the mountain's iron base, there stands a crumbling cot;
O'erhung by lofty towering crag, whose summit toward the sky,
Piercing the light fleecy cloud, is lost to human eye.

Long years ago, within that cot, all full of joy and life,
There dwelt a hardy mountaineer and his young trusting wife;
An only child, a bright eyed boy, their only wealth and pride,
Whose loving glance they treasured more than all the world beside.

And thus it was, one summer's morn, arrayed in jacket gay—
The mother watched her darling boy before the door at play;
When from her eyrie in yon crag, swooped down with lightning
flight,
An eagle bold, who caught him up and bore him from her
sight.

His little cry the mother heard, and rushing forth to save,
In breathless stupor saw her boy, borne to his living grave—
One shriek she gave, one prayer she made, in piteous accent
wild,
"Oh! God of mercy, love and strength; oh! spare my only
child."

Her shriek of terror loud and long, rang through the quiet vale,
And brought the father from his work, all trembling, wild and
pale.
Bereft of speech, she statue-like stood pointing toward the spot,
He read the story in her glance and knew their child "was
not."

Torn piece from piece, to feed her young, his little jacket gay,
Fell where to view of passers by, 't would in the soft winds
play—
For weary days it fluttered there, danced in the sunbeams'
bright,
To the anguish-stricken parents' hearts, oh God! a bitter sight.

The days passed on, the weary days, till when the wintry blast
blew shrill and bleak adown the vale, the mother breathed
her last;
And the storm-rent jacket, now in shreds, doth ever wildly
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O'er the spot where in the plain below is seen the mother's
grave.

The father fled the fatal spot, to him the ill-starr'd plain—
No smile of joy was ever seen to light his face again;
The little cot, forsaken now, fast moulders in decay,
Fit emblem of the living hearts that bled and broke that day.

TIMES GONE BY.

THE times of old—the good old days of frankness and honesty and singleness of heart!—Their memory lingers around us like sunshine upon ruins, or like the incense of flowers whose beauty has been trampled beneath the feet of the spoiler! We fear the glorious days of New England have gone by—that the characteristics of her children have departed—that the luxuries and vices and fashions of strangers, have usurped the beautiful plainness and simplicity—the freedom, the generosity and the bravery of New England. A false and evil spirit has gone over the land, undermining the foundations of her strength, and despoiling her real beauty—lopping away the noble oaks of her forests—the rough-featured and useful products of her own soil, to give place to the graceful, but worthless exotic.—It has penetrated every where—from the thronged village to the isolated farm-house; and the plow has been exchanged for the insignia of professional life, and the spinning-wheel for the piano.

'Tis an evil change;—and we fear that there is no going back to our original ground. Strange—that the young farmer, he, whose associations of life's purest and dearest enjoyments are with the homestead of his ancestors, should so readily leave the beaten and proved track of honorable industry, for the uncertainty and danger and mortifications of more fashionable pursuits. Strange, that he can thus leave the hills and streams of his boyhood—the blue skies that bent like a blessing above his childhood—the sanctuary of his father's fireside—the open communion of his neighbors—the playmates of his infancy—the companions of his opening manhood—the very graves of his fathers! Where will he again find the deep affection of the friends he is leaving?—Where again will the eye of love beam so kindly on him, and where will the grasp of friendship be as warm and as sincere, as in his own loved birth-place? Does he hope to find them in the gay circle of fashionable folly?—Miserable will be his disappointment. For him there will be vexation—and changing hope—and fear—slight, indignity, resentment, and hate—confidence misplaced, and vows broken, and affection outraged. It is in the solitude and awful beauty of nature that heart answers to heart, thrilling with a passionate touch the mysterious chords of human sympathy—rather than in the artificial beauty and the heated atmosphere of fashionable existence.—*New England Review.*

"Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own."

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SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

IN making our bow to the public, in an editorial capacity, we have no dull round of apologetic words to offer in justification of the independent position we shall calmly and frankly assume. We do not intend to advocate the interests of any party or sect, clique or faction, who are trammelled by the conventional formulas of a traditional past; but of that noble band of true men, who believe that "Progress is the Common Law of the Universe."

We shall reverence, but not blindly, the truths of a by-gone time. While we may contribute our humble influence to maintain the great conservative principles the Anglo-Saxon race have conquered, we shall quietly pen our views of modern movements in favor of the "Good Time Coming." We shall not make the opinion of the many the standard by which to try any question in Science, Philosophy, or Religion, but regard "the collective dicta of the highest minds illuminated by the greatest knowledge," as the supreme law for our intellect, and the best rule of "faith and practice."

If cultured minds, now resident in the more refined material sphere above us, shall proffer their thoughts, we shall not be so superstitious as to spurn their presence and refuse to converse with those who are now angels. But the gentle reader will say, "I have no faith in the ability of man to talk with angels in our day." Then let the gentle reader keep shady, and give the sunlight to those who have. If the votaries of authority strive to block up the avenues of communion with the great thinkers of the sphere above us, and would coax or frighten men from the study of the most wonderful and significant phenomena of our century, we shall speak our mind in the premises, "In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong."

To our brethren of the press, we tender our congratulations at their success in the diffusion of information upon the several subjects to which their journals are devoted, and if we do not always coincide with them in opinion, we hope that professional courtesy will keep us without the pale of acrimonious controversy, while we shall never timidly shrink from the candid defence of our views, in the arena of calm discussion.

We feel the responsibility of the step, as we take our modest place among editors. We know their influence is potent in favor of the civilization and refinement of our race. The pen is the weapon of the chivalrous in our age. Many swords rest idly in their mouldy scabbards, and cannon balls that once thinned the ranks of contending legions, are now corroded by rust, as they lie powerless on many a desolate battle field; but the thoughts of the great and good still beat on, and the Press delights to roll them through the four quarters of our globe. We never tire of standing by the railway to look at the iron horse, the noblest symbol of terrestrial physical power; but more do we admire the magic of the Printing Press, by which the preacher's monition may awaken the mind of a larger audience, and the witchery of the poet's pen, and the spell of the orator's persuasive rhetoric, weave their charm around a myriad million raptured hearts.

Fully aware of the trials and labor, incident to the post we assume, we fling the RHODE ISLAND BANNER to the breeze, hoping by steady devotion to our duties, as the advocate of liberal truth, to merit the encouragement of those who love that "Soul Liberty," for the security of which the sons of Roger Williams have ever been ready to "pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

A CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHY.—The following true and pleasant passage occurs in one of Frederika Bremer's books: "There is much goodness to the world, although at a superficial glance, one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad—is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find much to say about it—whilst what is good goes, at best, like sunshine, quietly through the world."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We do not intend to make the Banner a one idea paper. We shall welcome the best thoughts of the best men upon all subjects. We hope our correspondents will pardon us if we now and then condense their communications. Our limited space will sometimes render such a process indispensable.

When an article commends itself to our approbation by the superior excellence of the style, or subject matter, we shall, if it be not too long, cheerfully concede our columns for its publication, *verbatim et literatim*.

To record the progress of liberal ideas, to protest against intolerance in all its protean shapes, and to extend our cordial sympathy to those heroic men and women, who, in the various reforms are laboring to enlighten the ignorance, chasten the passions and refine the grossness of humanity, these are the objects for which we propose to labor, and in which we invite the co-operation of all whose life-purpose is to maintain the supremacy of Intellect.

HOW SHALL WE "TRY THE SPIRITS?"

There are many who have seen evidences of more than mortal force, and intelligence in modern spiritual developments, who yet refuse to give them much attention, because they believe they are all *evil* spirits. It is very important that we know whether the messages we receive are from a supernal or infernal source. Now while we only "see through a glass darkly," we must trust to general impressions. While we do this we may be sure that we have sometimes "entertained angels." We give below one of the best methods we have heard of for testing the character of our visitors from the realm of Spirit Life. We copy it from a good old book:

"And now, says the angel, understand first of all what belongs to faith. There are two angels with man; one of righteousness, the other of iniquity. And I said unto him, Sir, how shall I know that there are two such angels with man? Hear, says he, and understand. The angel of righteousness is mild, and modest, and gentle and quiet. When, therefore, he gets into thy heart, he talks with thee of righteousness, of modesty, of chastity, of bountifulness, of charity and piety. When all these things come into thy heart, know then, that the angel of righteousness is with thee, wherefore hearken to the angel and to his works.

"Learn, also, the works of the angel of iniquity. He is, first of all, bitter, and angry, and foolish: and his works are pernicious, and overthrow the servants of God. When, therefore, these things come into thy heart, thou shalt know by his works, that this is the angel of iniquity.

Here, therefore, thou hast the works of both of these angels. Understand, now, and believe the angel of righteousness, because his instruction is good. For let a man be never so happy, yet, if the thoughts of the other angel arise in his heart, that man or woman must needs sin. But let a man or woman be never so wicked, if the works of the angel of righteousness come into his heart, that man or woman must needs do some good. Thou seest, therefore, how it is good to follow the angel of righteousness."

DIRECTLY TO THE POINT.—The liberty of opinion allowed in theological institutions, is thus graphically portrayed by Rev. H. W. Beecher:

Hence, I say, that liberty of opinion in our theological seminaries is a mere form, to say nothing of the thumbscrew of criticism by which every original mind is tortured into negative propriety. The whole boasted liberty of the student consists in a choice of chains—a choice of handcuffs—whether he will wear the Presbyterian handcuffs, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, or other evangelical handcuffs. Hence it has now come to pass that the Ministry themselves dare not study the Bible. Large portions thereof are seldom touched. It lies useless lumber; or if they do study and search, they cannot show their people what they find there. There is something criminal in saying anything new. It is shocking to utter words that have not the mould of age upon them.

SELF MADE MEN.

"POVERTY is the nurse of manly energy and Heaven-climbing thoughts, attended by love and faith and hope, around whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin, and what were their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No; such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties, and privation and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants. They know nothing of indifference or satiety. There is not an idle fibre in their frames. They put the vigor of a resolute purpose into every act. The edge of their minds is always kept sharp. In the schools of life, men like these meet the softly-nurtured darlings of prosperity as the vessel of iron meets the vessel of porcelain."

THE natural tendency, with small minds, of dogmatic theology, is to bigotry—a bigotry which tends to put other sects beyond its charities, and differing opinions beyond its toleration. A bigot tries everything by the standard of himself and his opinions. He has no largeness of comprehension, and makes no allowance for circumstances. Shut up within his own tenets, all outside of his fence seem like barbarians and infidels to him. Hence, he can never accord honesty of purpose to such as seek to benefit others by other modes than his own.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Woman possesses rights—*inalienable rights*—which the hand of oppression cannot wrest from her. Although her mental strength and influence has been questioned, she *has* the right to influence her husband, brother, and lover, to walk in the paths of rectitude and virtue. What would man's condition be without the genial influence of maternal admonitions, while

"Her eye is meek and gentle, and a smile
Plays on her lip, and in her speech is heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity and love.
The occupation dearest to her heart
Is to encourage goodness,"

Woman's influence is strongly exhibited in the education of our immortal Washington. The instructions which he received when young, from his mother, were such as to enable him to lead our fathers through the doubtful period of '76. The influence of the accomplished Josephine over Napoleon was great; but, alas! when he refused to listen to her entreaties, his honor, his power, and happiness, faded away like the dew-drops of the morning. The biographer of Madame Roland says that "the influence she exerted, was the polished, refined, attractive influence of an accomplished woman who moved in her own appropriate sphere. Impressed with an instinctive consciousness of her unaffected dignity and peculiar genius, many noble minds gathered around this impassioned woman, from whose lips words of liberty fell enchantingly upon their ears, and with chivalric devotion surrendered themselves to the guidance of her mind."

HUMAN NATURE GOOD.

We love to believe there is more moral goodness than depravity in human nature. When we see one tear of pity drop from the eye, it gives us more pleasure than the finding of a diamond. There is goodness, real and unselfish, in the heart, and we often see it manifest itself to make many a scene of sorrow the vestibule of heaven. For him who is always picking flaws in his neighbor's character, we have no sympathy. In the characters of most men, we find more good than evil—more kindness than hate; and why should we pick out the flaws and pass by the sterling traits of character? We hold this to be the true doctrine; to portray goodness and hold it up to the gaze and admiration of all, while we suffer the evil to re-

main in the shade and die. If every picture of human nature were only pure and beautiful, we are inclined to believe we should have thousands of such characters living and loving around us.—*Woonsocket Patriot*.

THE LAST PENITENT.

These who advocate the final salvation of all, have seldom gone so far as to include the proud archangel among the redeemed. But the writer of the following, with a plenitude of charity wide as his imagination, sees the long eclipsed glory of the "Son of the Morning" emerge from its gloom. The moral is, God loves his enemies and will conquer them all by love. We have only space for the closing lines, beginning at the creation of our earth.

Then an orb of spotless beauty shone upon the spotless void,
As pure as ever poet in his wildest dream enjoyed—
Gleaming in its modest glory like a blushing asteroid.

On its bosom Asia nestled, with its wealth of tropic flowers;
There smiling Eden centered, with its golden-girded hours,
When the weary angels rested in its dewy spangled bowers.

And bright and faithful warders watched that gem of countless price;
Rose Ararat beyond it with its lofty dome of ice,
That the cold north wind had frozen in each curious device.

He saw the bright Euphrates throw its silver waves apart,
Like the rock of Horeb gushing by the prophet's holy art,
Or the poet's lofty rhythm as it ripples from the heart.

Thus in Fate's eternal drama he saw each act rehearse,
Forced to play the fearful tempter by Elohim's awful curse,
While each star and sun and system clove the boundless Universe.

Past the mighty panorama, and his fettered soul was free;
On the wild rock, marked by ages, bent the fallen angel's knee;
And a prayer rolled up the darkness to the throne of Deity.

With no avalanche to crush it, as it winged its upward flight,
Rose that prayer arrayed in sorrow, yet so beautiful and bright,
That it seemed God's fairest jewel when it reached the halls of light.

But the highest hosts of Heaven are the only ones that dare
To breathe the import only of that long forbidden prayer,
That shall make the lost archangel his primeval glory wear.

As the burning bush on Sinai did the Shepherd seer surprise,
All shall see the star of Mercy on the wings of prayer arise,
To guide the last-forgiven to the gates of Paradise.

THE poor, the rich,—shall these the poles
Of this fair world for ever be?
Shall mankind never count by souls,
Or aught save purse and pedigree?
If so, earth ripens for its blaze,
So withered, and for love so bare,
And there is room—much room—to raise
A desert-prophet's cry, "Prepare!"
Relent, repent, prepare!

Room! Valor carves the room he lacks,
And Wrong—wherever dispossessed—
Leaves vantage-ground for new attacks,
And room for—anything but rest.
Up, Worker, seek not room, but make it,
And do whate'er you find to do;
Ask not a brother's leave, but take it;
Bide not your time—time bides not you;
Let nothing wait for you.

WE this morning give a report of a lecture at Republican Hall. We shall endeavor to furnish one or more lectures in each number. This will enable the advocates of liberalism to transmit them to their friends, who may not have the privilege of hearing them, thus widening the circle of the lecturer's influence, and animating the inertia of orthodox conservatism.

SPIRITUAL LECTURE.

A respectable, and intellectual looking audience were convened at Republican Hall, last Sunday, to listen to a lecture from Mr. Wheeler, of Norwich.

Mr. W. was entranced and spoke substantially as follows:

It is our object to teach. We seek your good. While gross minds, like the dark clod, selfishly absorb all the light they receive, a good spirit, like the diamond, reflects the light, and flashes it into the minds of others. Of what we present we ask you to accept only that which your reason may approve.

We may name one subject PRACTICALITY. This is an age of utility; and we ask of everything, Will it pay? Nothing stands in the economy of Nature, that cannot demonstrate its utility. We address you as Spiritualists, those to whom the gemmed portals of Heaven have been opened. What effect has this had on your character? It has been said that a man's character may be told by the company he keeps! What, then, may we not expect of those who have angels for their companions? It matters little to us, whether a man call himself a Catholic, Greek, or Protestant,—it matters much of what use he is to us.

It is well to theorize, to speculate, to let imagination go forth and revel in the realm of Philosophy, but it is also well to come down to this work-day world, and ask if we can make the inspired truths that have come to us, practical.

The past has gone to oblivion, and eternity is here. No other eternity will ever unfold to us: it is one ever-present now. Heaven is around us now, and the advanced spirit may enjoy it to-day, as well as in the Spirit-Life. Those who are bright and beautiful there, are bright, and pure, and beautiful by virtue of their own conscious effort to progress. We need to develop here in this present, that we may better comprehend when we come to the mystery of the future. Thought, truths, and ideas, lay, as it were, in strata, as the material world is arranged. As we progress, we constantly come to new strata of truth, and a new mantle of beauty envelopes us. All this is Greek to the gross soul, but culture gives men new views of truth. This world presents different appearances to different minds. There are as many different worlds as there are minds to behold it. To the material soul it is a world in which to strive, to get gold, to become rich, but to the developed mind, it is a world for harmonious rest.

Ask everything, every truth, every idea, Will it pay? Will Spiritualism pay? Does it make you better men, nobler women, better friends, better citizens? Then it pays: it has been a good speculation; go on in the same good way. Work in the present hour in the world of use. Each thought that comes to you, make it work in your homes, in your factories. The world needs Spiritual truths, but these have been given for 1800 years; they are old and trite. The world needs a Spiritualism, not entrenched in magnificent temples, but a Spiritualism that shall lend its mighty arm to do the work of the world, as the powerful engine and subtle telegraph have lent their aid to humanity. You need a Spiritualism that shall make you healthy and harmonious. You shall be made healthy as you become spiritualized. Then what lives shall be acted out by individuals; what noble works of philanthropy by the mass. Live for the life to come in the life that is.

The lecture closed with a pleasant poem, improvised for the occasion,

An opportunity was then given for questions, when the Razor Strop Man asked:

Q. Is the medium positive that it is a Spirit that controls him, and if so, how is it made known to him?

Ans. He is positive as you are positive of your own exist-

ence, by consciousness,—by the senses of sight and touch. This answers both parts of the question.

A gentleman then asked the following:

Q. Is Clairvoyance a Spiritual development?

Ans. Yes; because it is a spiritual perception. Sometimes it is the interior unfolding of the Spirit; sometimes it is induced by spirits out of the form. Whether a spirit in or out of the body, act to develop a mediumistic person, it is by the same law. The same law operates in all the phases, whether magnetic, psychological or spiritual.

After inquiring if there were no more questions, the Medium closed by saying: If you have fully comprehended us, we shall look for the influence of these truths in your practical life, and to behold their salutary effect will give us joy.

WORDS FOR TO-DAY.

TO MY BROTHERS.

When first we wake to that great thing,
The consciousness of power,
It is not 'mid the gales of Spring,
Nor in the Summer bower;
Stern the voice the truth to tell—
Rugged the hand to guide—
Bitter the struggles of the soul—
By wo is manhood tried.

And well!—oh! well have we been tried,
And well have we endured—
The weary time at last is o'er,
The triumph is insured.
Those who hast seen thy stricken land,
Nor felt thy heart to break;
Remember! oh, remember, thou
Art living for her sake.

Tho' all seem crushed, and bleak, and drear,
The germs are sound within,
Of Love, and Hope, and Happiness,
And thou their bloom shalt win—
If 'twere as black as thunder cloud,
As cold as Winter snow,
The smile of God is still above—
The breath of God beow.

It is the noblest effort here
To triumph o'er despair—
What angel power thou may'st acquire,
Who shall the struggle dare—
Believe that all the germs of might
Are hid in suffering—
It is the iron casket, of
The talismanic ring.

Thou who hast nor loved nor suffered, know
Thou dost but live in part—
A strange new land thou'lt enter when
Those feelings rule thy heart—
Thy soul shall ripen in their breath,
And clothed in glory be,
And feel the exulting consciousness
Of Immortality,

WHAT is companionship where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller?—*Landor.*

DR. JOHNSON, when in the fullness of years and knowledge, said:—"I never took up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."