

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., JULY 24, 1858.

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THE BANNER

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HORACE A. KEACH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

"WHAT MAKES A MAN?"

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain, for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within,
And never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows nowhere but at his throne;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod,
A soul that fears no one but God;
And thus can smile at curse or ban—
That is the soul that makes a man.

Oh, what is so sweet as a winter's night,
When the household work is done,
And the family gathers, where love and light
Bid sadness and gloom be gone.

'Round the two-leaved stand, the dear ones sit;
Some chat, or read or sew;
Or the click of the needle's steady knit,
Tells of many an added row.

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Hope, where wilt thou cast thine anchor?
Faith, where wilt thou make thy nest?
If we cannot trust our banker,
Where is confidence to rest?

Earth below will seem forsaken,
Sky appear a blank above;
When Commercial Credit's shaken,
Who will dream of Woman's Love?

A newly married man says the very first thing that turned his attention to matrimony, was the neat and skilful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. He may see the time when the manner in which a broom is handled, will afford him less satisfaction.

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In the year 1517, as the historians of the Reformation tell us, the Elector Frederick, of Saxony, had a strange dream. The monk Luther appeared to him, writing upon the door of the palace chapel, at Wirtemberg, in his dominions. But the pen which Luther handled was so long that its feather-end reached to Rome, and shook the Pope's triple crown on his head. The cardinals and princes of the empire rose up hastily to support the tiari, and one after another tried in vain to break the pen. It crackled, however, as if it had been made of iron, and would not break; and whilst they were wondering at its strength, a loud cry arose, and from the monk's long pen issued a host of other pens.

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SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

RUTLAND CONVENTION.

We are glad that a free meeting has been held among the mountains of a sister State. We are glad that the brave and good cheered one another as they talked of Progress, profitably wiling away the last days of June, resting in the welcome shade of Vermont's giant hills. All honor to the noble men and women who dare the contumely of a scoffing church, and the billingsgate of a truckling press, preferring to inhale the fragrant breeze that fans the mountains of freedom, rather than be the flattered and petted parasites of popular ignorance, or designing priestcraft.

The Convention at Rutland were in favor of free speech upon all subjects. No test of color, sex, or creed was applied. All were invited, and of the large number who came, all who had aught to say were cordially, respectfully and candidly heard. At no single gathering in our country's history, have a greater variety of topics been presented for discussion. Subjects that have shaken our whole land again and again, were ably and earnestly canvassed, and of the later revelations of human progress, they did not shun the newest of the new.— This was the positive side. But no great truths can be fearlessly affirmed, and logically put, without disturbing the slumbers, and calling forth the curses of conservatism. And it was so at Rutland. The Churches prayed that the Lord would interfere with a strong arm, and prevent their assembling together. But that effect did not follow which the good book has attributed to the prayers of a certain class. They next resorted to man for aid. Would it have been believed that they would boast afterwards, that they had so poisoned the minds of the good people of Rutland as to induce them to deny the rights of hospitality to the strangers that came among them to talk of the interests of humanity. Let them ask themselves, why the master they profess to follow, had no where to lay his head. When they learn that it was because the popular church of that benighted age forbade any to shelter the good man, let them blush for their discourteous conduct. Is it, indeed, graven on the tablet of her destiny, that the people of Vermont, heretofore accounted so noble, so generous, and so free, will deny the rights of daily hospitality to all who cannot pronounce the Shibboleth of the sect that is popular among them to day? They will never heed that lesson. Sooner than forget the courtesy of their kindly manhood, they will write *traitor* against the name of every bigot that gives counsel so much at variance with the best sentiments of the human heart.

We are told that the Convention at Rutland were a Convention of Free Lovers, homely women, and licentious men.— Shall we here apply the *lex talionis*, and ask if it is the orthodox Church with its Avery's, its Kalloch's, and its Onderdonk's, that prefers the charge? Is it that Church that met in Convention, at New Haven, and voted *not* to instruct her missionaries to exclude polygamists from her communion? Is it that Church that becomes the apologist of Free Love in the plantations of the South? But enough. We disdain the censorship of such monitors.

When we speak in favor of the Reform Convention, we do not intend to endorse all their views, but we do agree with them in the right for which they all contend, the right to speak freely each in his own way. The true reformer of to-day is the votary of individual sovereignty, but will not be responsible for the opinions of his brother. We demand a freedom before which no subject is secure from the searching criticism of calm, enlightened reason. If there are evils connected with the Marriage relation, let them be discussed, and we need not wonder if some, in their intense hatred of the wrongs that are done in the sacred name of love, should advocate a license for which mankind are not yet educated, and which, if allowed would bring greater suffering upon themselves and others.

While we would plead for the right of all to be heard, whatever subject they may intelligently and candidly debate, we may here be allowed to say we are free lovers only in the New Testament sense, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

The New England coast affords no more romantic scenes than the picturesque panorama formed of the bays and coves that indent the southern shores of Rhode Island. Last week we left the heated pavements of the city to walk on the white beach at Newport, and uncover our brow to receive the cool kisses of the Atlantic breeze. A heavy fog wrapped the *Vue del'Eau* from our sight as we floated lazily down the river. Both banks were almost hid by the dense mist, and so we went below to lounge on the cushioned seat of the dimly lighted cabin, to meditate of ways and means to interest our friends, the readers of the *Banner*. We did not anticipate that a visit to the conservative city of Newport would afford us much evidence of the progress of liberal ideas. But in this we were agreeably disappointed, for we found many warm advocates of free thought.

We first landed at the pretty village of Bristol. We had been here ten years before, and we noted but few changes, yet those were indices of good. The railroad comes here, the "De Wolf House" is open for summer visitors, and the "Old Methodist" is used every Sunday by the advocates of Progression. On a former visit we had looked from the summit of Mt. Hope, and sat in King Philip's chair. This time we only saw the mountain in the distance, and wondered if the souls of the children of Nature, whose bones are mouldering around its base, still roamed over the hill, sailed across the bay, and worshipped the Great Spirit in all the enchanted localities that environ the favorite council seat of the Chief of the Wampanoags. The New Philosophy has learned us that the Indian's natural belief in a real future, was not all a dream. On the 12th of August, 1676, King Phillip was shot and hewed to pieces as an unbeliever. Two hundred years later, Natural Religion supplants the cruel dogmas of mis-called Christianity, and the Red Man's confidence in the fact of communion with departed spirits becomes the faith of millions of enlightened minds. After a day at Vaclaude, the beautiful country seat of Thomas R. Hazard, in Middletown, we went to listen to the free concert that the ocean waves were playing among the rocks and pebbled nooks of the beach, and then went over to the city of Newport.

Once the people of Manhattoes feared that "Newport if it

continued to increase would be larger than New York." Now, the Empire City has half a million, and Newport, as a commercial mart, is making no progress. Some have wished it could be made a naval station. We hope the harsh voice of vessels of war may never startle the scholar in the quiet retreat of Redwood, or disturb the Isaac Waltons' that sport along the verdant shores of her sweet harbor. We expect that her present fortification will decay, and give place to a reign of love. When the fort is levelled, and above its fallen battlements the green soil is wet with the dews of a morn of eternal peace, the favorite walks of Berkley and Channing, will be visited by grateful scholars, as the classic student walks pensively along the ruined corridors of groves and temples once vocal with the sweet voiced wisdom of Grecian Sages.

The close of the week found us "Homeward Bound." As we came up the Narragansett, we felt as when in boyhood our heart danced with a strange delight, as we were rocked on the bosom of the North river on the deck of the Alida.

A friend pointed out the islands to us. Patience, Prudence, Hope and Despair; these names, like Providence, indicate the religious habits of thought of our ancestors. The settlement of the several districts of our State was undertaken with the same great object in view—to provide an asylum for those who were persecuted for free thinking. When Providence was a little village, and the oppressed were fleeing from the other colonies to shelter themselves here, Coddington and his followers were unfurling the banner of religious liberty on the new Isle of Rhodes.

From the New Clifton we caught a view of Rocky Point, the rich foliage of its wooded hills filling the horizon like a glimpse of the spheres, and then in the twilight distance all vanished like some dreamy pageant that had walked through the portals of the soul in an hour of happy inspiration.

We have just space to assure our readers that we have duly returned to the What Cheer city, and to wish them favorable breezes, and pleasant companions when they visit the sea shore.

The following was communicated by a lady of Providence, whose medium powers are of a high order. We shall often give our readers such gems from the realm of inspired intellect.

The gem, embedded in the dark overlying stratification of earth, may remain for ages, unconscious itself and giving no sign to others of the inherent beauty of its nature—yet when the untiring arm of perseverance has yielded it to the surface, and the hand of the skillful lapidary has removed the unsightly surroundings, and revealed its native lustre to the day, how truly and quickly does it flash back, with a ray of kindred light, the glory of the sun-god's smile.

And thus it is with Humanity, however deeply sunk in the obscuring shade of ignorance and superstition, or lost in the labyrinthine mazes of error and the dark avenues of crime, or enveloped in the hideous encrustations of hereditary prejudice and folly—still when veil, after veil these disadvantages are removed, we ever find that the soul reflects a true image of the glorious countenance of Deity.

The wandering child shall find his Father's home,
Tho' wide in devious ways his footsteps roam,
Tossed on dark waves of terror and of strife,
He spies the portals of immortal life,
The stars shall guide him and the winds shall sweep
And bear him safely o'er the bounding deep;
Sweet kindred speaking from the bending skies,
Shall bring him hope and peace and heavenly joys,
And visions bright to glad his weary eyes.
They fold him soft in dreams of deep repose,

While through his sleep celestial music flows;
The wearied spirit rests—it rests in dear angelic arms,
With all its sorrows soothed and quelled by Love's divinest charms.

Strength shall be his, and beauty high and pure,
Which through the countless ages still increasing, shall endure.
In robes of light, with lofty brow and footstep firm and free,
He treads the mountain heights of thought through far eternity;
And with sweet friends no more to part—clasped loving hand
in hand,

He roams the bowers of Paradise, through happy Eden-land;
The tempter's power is broken, and grief a faded dream,
And his course is onward, upward mid bliss and joy supreme.

We have received a letter from "a friend of Spiritual Progression," at Central Falls, who exults in the faith of a happy reunion with those who have gone before. We rejoice with our fair correspondent in the belief that those who, as their hands grew cold in ours,

"Smiled and murmured names almost forgot,"
saw in spirit the radiance of immortal faces.

Grateful to those who so kindly express their wishes for the success of the Banner, we tender them our sympathy as they struggle against the opposing influence of ignorance and church-craft; and we would encourage them to remember that although our best friends are unseen by the material eye, there are more for us than against us.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

We learn, with great pleasure, that Rev. Martin J. Steere, of the Free Will Baptist Church, has lately been converted to the Gospel of Benevolence. He has given up the heathenish doctrine of Eternal Punishment, and accepted the more rational idea of Restorationism. Mr. Steere was the successor of Rev. George T. Day, as Pastor of the Olneyville Church. The bigots of the Free Will Baptist denomination will now curse one of whom they were lately so justly proud as a man of energy, talent and piety. We cordially welcome him to the liberal ranks, where his logic will win many to embrace the noble truth of present and future progression.

THE LABORER.

Honest, intelligent labor, has been noble and ennobling since the world began. Imposed by Divine injunction, it has been consecrated by human use. The worker has been the great conqueror—the real achiever. He has built and manned the fleets and filled the ranks of the armies, hewed down the forests, planted the wilderness, reaped the harvest fields, reared the hamlets and cities, and, in artizan shops, foundries, factories, and everywhere, made the world vocal with the music of Labor. To day the worker can look abroad over the earth and say, "All these are my trophy!" Yes, all are Labor's trophy. Without its stout sinews and swarth hands, this vast, beautiful scene of ever-widening civilization had not been. No wealth could have called it into being. Until Labor created it, there was no wealth. Labor dug the ore, stamped the coin, and made the currency of the world. Labor is the only real capital—productive industry and creative skill the only real wealth of the world. Let the honest, intelligent, virtuous laborer stand forth, then, no longer abashed in the presence of whatever caste-or-creed men, but proudly, as the equal of the noblest and best of mankind. The day of his true dominion is dawning. The time hastens when the world shall acknowledge him lord of the earth—the sceptre of which has been too long withheld from his grasp—as he has been the creator of civilization and the builder of empires. He shall soon pluck for his own taste from the vine and fig-tree of his own planting, and sit in the palace and be heard in the temple, and have his fame graven on the memorial pillars he has reared.

LIBERAL LECTURE.

We had a good audience last Sunday. The speaker was Miss Martha Brink, of Manchester, N. H. She has been speaking but few weeks, and has not yet acquired the calmness that dignifies more experienced mediums.

The subject was Freedom. This was the watchword on every American tower. The Pilgrims were a handful of brave men. They landed on a dreary rock, and no comfortable dwellings offered them shelter there, but see what their ambition has done. Against tyranny our fathers fought, as brave men, with carnal weapons, for it was not possible to use others then. They gained the victory. Mortals, behold the temples they builded. They trusted in their God. We do not teach of such a God. We do not desire you to work in their way.—They taught you the alphabet, go read the nobler lesson of expanded and increased freedom. This is our lesson for this ever memorable day.

Although your borders are blessed with peace, you have yet something to do, you may strive for higher freedom. We bid you struggle against a bondage of the spirit, greater than the bondage with which England oppressed your fathers. Light from the spirit land has dawned on the minds of many. Bright immortals now gather around you and sing of Liberty. Look at the tenements you inhabit. Is the air of heaven allowed to sweep through all the crevices and sweep from thence all that is not of freedom? This is the freedom we would teach.

Cherish the spirit of your fathers, and if you rise high, even to ethereal realms, stoop once again to lift thy weaker brother. Allow the truth alone a shrine within thy spirit. Take the little book your fathers trusted, but take it not to some dark nook, to read it with closed shutters, but read it in the open fields where you may compare it with the great volume of Nature.—We have desired to say to America, Thou hast done well, but thou canst do better. Fold not your hands when the day of Independence is past. When you think of your own freedom, forget not those of a darker hue, who are not free like yourselves, though often more free in spirit. When they are free in all respects, then will the sunny South be blessed. What must be their feelings when this day returns and they see joy emanating from your paler faces? Slavery is a national evil, we must arouse the North first, then will the light sweep over the South.

The rising generation shall stand upon a rock, higher than that of Plymouth. They shall be less selfish, and behold your temples converted into asylums for orphans. Slavery in every form shall be done away. You shall celebrate freedom every day of the year. You shall hear the crash of the temple of error, it shall jar the earth sphere, and well will it be for those who flee to the mountains of truth.

We come to you because you dwell upon a higher plain than those who have gone before. We do not ask you to use the weapons your fathers wielded so manfully, but use love, love only. We would not ask you to break the laws, but urge you to keep the laws, all that are pure and good.

Take for your motto Purity, Truth, Freedom that hath not a chain of slavery attached. Elevate the humble, and when you come to the spirit home you shall be free indeed.

A privilege was then given to ask questions, and at the same time the spirits disclaimed all pretensions to infallibility.

Q. What constitutes a Church?

Ans. Seekers after Truth.

Q. What must they believe to be saved?

Ans. Believe in truth, and practice it.

Q. How many kinds of religion are there?

Ans. One.

Q. What constitutes it?

Ans. Works.

Q. How will you bring about the freedom of the slave?

Ans. Teach man to understand himself, and his relations to his brother man—not by taking the property of him who holds his fellow man in bondage, this would bring evil of the direst kind upon your planet, your Union.

Q. Should we obey the Fugitive Slave Law? (This was

the plain English of the query, though expressed in another form.)

Ans. No; that is not a true law, you have many laws not to be countenanced by any one who feels himself to be a man, but we urge you to obey all true laws.

From Republican Hall we went to see the military parade at Grace Church. We always listen with pleasure to the Bishop upon those occasions when he lays by his conservative theology and deals with the facts of our daily life. His style is nervous, his delivery bold and animated, and the close packed church, with hundreds outside, gave evidence that he is appreciated by the public. It was a singular spectacle, those four hundred soldiers in a temple of the Prince of Peace upon the Sabbath day. Will it suffice for orthodoxy to say that it was the 4th of July, and therefore the day might be thus employed. Are the duties of patriotism paramount to those of religion? It does not jar upon *our* feelings to see people mirthful and glad on Sunday, but was it quite consistent with the prestige of the Church to call a gaping crowd to gaze upon the swords and epaulets of men whose kingdom is of this world?

The Bishop gave us many facts illustrative of our material growth, but not a word in condemnation of the war-spirit.—Has the world made no progress since 1776? Is it not time to appeal to higher influences than brute force? Men are more enlightened and refined now, and there is less need of a resort to the bayonet to settle differences.

And may we not ask again, Has there been no progress in Theology since the Creed of A. D. 1329 was accepted by the aristocracy of England? If we dared to be familiar with great men, we would pat our worthy Bishop on the shoulder, and say—"Well done, but my dear sir, if you were to substitute the progressive philosophy of to-day, for the fossil formulas of five centuries ago, the world would call you a Hero 'Fifty Years hence.'"

That for some years past, the influence of the church has been declining, and its stronghold upon the religious inclinations of the people, loosening, even the most casual observer has not failed to discern. And they, themselves, have marked their true position, for one of their leading organs, the New York Evangelist, has said: "The church has not only left the working oar, but the very reins of salutary reform, in the hands of men he denounces as infidel to Christianity, and who are doing with all their might for humanity's sake, what the church refuses to do for Christ's sake; and if they succeed, as succeed they will, in abolishing slavery, banishing rum, restraining licentiousness, reforming abuse, and elevating the masses, the recoil upon Christianity will be disastrous in the extreme. The infidels are the pioneers in reform, beckoning to a sluggish church to follow."

Alice Carey in a late poem, uses this very beautiful figure:—

—"Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide;
For is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall and blossomed on the other side."

Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

When you have any thing to do, go ahead and do it. A man who has the option of two roads, either of which will take him to his journey's end, must not stand too long in considering which to take.

If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more.

Ever live, misfortune excepted within your income.

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That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
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That trembles at no tyrant's nod,
A soul that fears no one but God;
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RUTLAND CONVENTION.

We are glad that a free meeting has been held among the mountains of a sister State. We are glad that the brave and good cheered one another as they talked of Progress, profitably wiling away the last days of June, resting in the welcome shade of Vermont's giant hills, All honor to the noble men and women who dare the contumely of a scoffing church, and the billingsgate of a truckling press, preferring to inhale the fragrant breeze that fans the mountains of freedom, rather than be the flattered and petted parasites of popular ignorance, or designing priestcraft.

The Convention at Rutland were in favor of free speech upon all subjects. No test of color, sex, or creed was applied. All were invited, and of the large number who came, all who had aught to say were cordially, respectfully and candidly heard. At no single gathering in our country's history, have a greater variety of topics been presented for discussion. Subjects that have shaken our whole land again and again, were ably and earnestly canvassed, and of the later revelations of human progress, they did not shun the newest of the new.— This was the positive side. But no great truths can be fearlessly affirmed, and logically put, without disturbing the slumbers, and calling forth the curses of conservatism. And it was so at Rutland. The Churches prayed that the Lord would interfere with a strong arm, and prevent their assembling together. But that effect did not follow which the good book has attributed to the prayers of a certain class. They next resorted to man for aid. Would it have been believed that they would boast afterwards, that they had so poisoned the minds of the good people of Rutland as to induce them to deny the rights of hospitality to the strangers that came among them to talk of the interests of humanity. Let them ask themselves, why the master they profess to follow, had no where to lay his head. When they learn that it was because the popular church of that benighted age forbade any to shelter the good man, let them blush for their discourteous conduct. Is it, indeed, graven on the tablet of her destiny, that the people of Vermont, heretofore accounted so noble, so generous, and so free, will deny the rights of daily hospitality to all who cannot pronounce the Shibboleth of the sect that is popular among them to day? They will never heed that lesson. Sooner than forget the courtesy of their kindly manhood, they will write *traitor* against the name of every bigot that gives counsel so much at variance with the best sentiments of the human heart.

We are told that the Convention at Rutland were a Convention of Free Lovers, homely women, and licentious men.— Shall we here apply the *lex talionis*, and ask if it is the orthodox Church with its Avery's, its Kalloch's, and its Onderdonk's, that prefers the charge? Is it that Church that met in Convention, at New Haven, and voted *not* to instruct her missionaries to exclude polygamists from her communion? Is it that Church that becomes the apologist of Free Love in the plantations of the South? But enough. We disdain the censorship of such monitors.

When we speak in favor of the Reform Convention, we do not intend to endorse all their views, but we do agree with them in the right for which they all contend, the right to speak freely each in his own way. The true reformer of to-day is the votary of individual sovereignty, but will not be responsible for the opinions of his brother. We demand a freedom before which no subject is secure from the searching criticism of calm, enlightened reason. If there are evils connected with the Marriage relation, let them be discussed, and we need not wonder if some, in their intense hatred of the wrongs that are done in the sacred name of love, should advocate a license for which mankind are not yet educated, and which, if allowed would bring greater suffering upon themselves and others.

While we would plead for the right of all to be heard, whatever subject they may intelligently and candidly debate, we may here be allowed to say we are free lovers only in the New Testament sense, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,"

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

The New England coast affords no more romantic scenes than the picturesque panorama formed of the bays and coves that indent the southern shores of Rhode Island. Last week we left the heated pavements of the city to walk on the white beach at Newport, and uncover our brow to receive the cool kisses of the Atlantic breeze. A heavy fog wrapped the *Vue del'Eau* from our sight as we floated lazily down the river. Both banks were almost hid by the dense mist, and so we went below to lounge on the cushioned seat of the dimly lighted cabin, to meditate of ways and means to interest our friends, the readers of the Banner. We did not anticipate that a visit to the conservative city of Newport would afford us much evidence of the progress of liberal ideas. But in this we were agreeably disappointed, for we found many warm advocates of free thought.

We first landed at the pretty village of Bristol. We had been here ten years before, and we noted but few changes, yet those were indices of good. The railroad comes here, the "De Wolf House" is open for summer visitors, and the "Old Methodist" is used every Sunday by the advocates of Progression. On a former visit we had looked from the summit of Mt. Hope, and sat in King Philip's chair. This time we only saw the mountain in the distance, and wondered if the souls of the children of Nature, whose bones are mouldering around its base, still roamed over the hill, sailed across the bay, and worshipped the Great Spirit in all the enchanted localities that environ the favorite council seat of the Chief of the Wampanoags. The New Philosophy has learned us that the Indian's natural belief in a real future, was not all a dream. On the 12th of August, 1676, King Phillip was shot and hewed to pieces as an unbeliever. Two hundred years later, Natural Religion supplants the cruel dogmas of mis-called Christianity, and the Red Man's confidence in the fact of communion with departed spirits becomes the faith of millions of enlightened minds. After a day at Vaucluse, the beautiful country seat of Thomas R. Hazard, in Middletown, we went to listen to the free concert that the ocean waves were playing among the rocks and pebbled nooks of the beach, and then went over to the city of Newport.

Once the people of Manhattoes feared that "Newport if it

continued to increase would be larger than New York." Now, the Empire City has half a million, and Newport, as a commercial mart, is making no progress. Some have wished it could be made a naval station. We hope the harsh voice of vessels of war may never startle the scholar in the quiet retreat of Redwood, or disturb the Isaac Waltons' that sport along the verdant shores of her sweet harbor. We expect that her present fortification will decay, and give place to a reign of love. When the fort is levelled, and above its fallen battlements the green soil is wet with the dews of a morn of eternal peace, the favorite walks of Berkley and Channing, will be visited by grateful scholars, as the classic student walks pensively along the ruined corridors of groves and temples once vocal with the sweet voiced wisdom of Grecian Sages.

The close of the week found us "Homeward Bound." As we came up the Narragansett, we felt as when in boyhood our heart danced with a strange delight, as we were rocked on the bosom of the North river on the deck of the Alida.

A friend pointed out the islands to us. Patience, Prudence, Hope and Despair; these names, like Providence, indicate the religious habits of thought of our ancestors. The settlement of the several districts of our State was undertaken with the same great object in view—to provide an asylum for those who were persecuted for free thinking. When Providence was a little village, and the oppressed were fleeing from the other colonies to shelter themselves here, Coddington and his followers were unfurling the banner of religious liberty on the new Isle of Rhodes.

From the New Clifton we caught a view of Rocky Point, the rich foliage of its wooded hills filling the horizon like a glimpse of the spheres, and then in the twilight distance all vanished like some dreamy pageant that had walked through the portals of the soul in an hour of happy inspiration.

We have just space to assure our readers that we have duly returned to the What Cheer city, and to wish them favorable breezes, and pleasant companions when they visit the sea shore.

The following was communicated by a lady of Providence, whose medium powers are of a high order. We shall often give our readers such gems from the realm of inspired intellect.

The gem, embedded in the dark overlying stratification of earth, may remain for ages, unconscious itself and giving no sign to others of the inherent beauty of its nature—yet when the untiring arm of perseverance has yielded it to the surface, and the hand of the skillful lapidary has removed the unsightly surroundings, and revealed its native lustre to the day, how truly and quickly does it flash back, with a ray of kindred light, the glory of the sun-god's smile.

And thus it is with Humanity, however deeply sunk in the obscuring shade of ignorance and superstition, or lost in the labyrinthine mazes of error and the dark avenues of crime, or enveloped in the hideous encrustations of hereditary prejudice and folly—still when veil, after veil these disadvantages are removed, we ever find that the soul reflects a true image of the glorious countenance of Deity.

The wandering child shall find his Father's home,
Tho' wide in devious ways his footsteps roam,
Tossed on dark waves of terror and of strife,
He spies the portals of immortal life,
The stars shall guide him and the winds shall sweep
And bear him safely o'er the bounding deep;
Sweet kindred speaking from the bending skies,
Shall bring him hope and peace and heavenly joys,
And visions bright to glad his weary eyes.
They fold him soft in dreams of deep repose,

While through his sleep celestial music flows;
The wearied spirit rests—it rests in dear angelic arms,
With all its sorrows soothed and quelled by Love's divinest charms.

Strength shall be his, and beauty high and pure,
Which through the countless ages still increasing, shall endure.
In robes of light, with lofty brow and footstep firm and free,
He treads the mountain heights of thought through far eternity;
And with sweet friends no more to part—clasped loving hand
in hand,

He roams the bowers of Paradise, through happy Eden-land;
The tempter's power is broken, and grief a faded dream,
And his course is onward, upward mid bliss and joy supreme.

We have received a letter from "a friend of Spiritual Progression," at Central Falls, who exults in the faith of a happy reunion with those who have gone before. We rejoice with our fair correspondent in the belief that those who, as their hands grew cold in ours,

"Smiled and murmured names almost forgot,"
saw in spirit the radiance of immortal faces.

Grateful to those who so kindly express their wishes for the success of the Banner, we tender them our sympathy as they struggle against the opposing influence of ignorance and church-craft; and we would encourage them to remember that although our best friends are unseen by the material eye, there are more for us than against us.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

We learn, with great pleasure, that Rev. Martin J. Steere, of the Free Will Baptist Church, has lately been converted to the Gospel of Benevolence. He has given up the heathenish doctrine of Eternal Punishment, and accepted the more rational idea of Restorationism. Mr. Steere was the successor of Rev. George T. Day, as Pastor of the Olneyville Church. The bigots of the Free Will Baptist denomination will now curse one of whom they were lately so justly proud as a man of energy, talent and piety. We cordially welcome him to the liberal ranks, where his logic will win many to embrace the noble truth of present and future progression.

THE LABORER.

Honest, intelligent labor, has been noble and ennobling since the world began. Imposed by Divine injunction, it has been consecrated by human use. The worker has been the great conqueror—the real achiever. He has built and manned the fleets and filled the ranks of the armies, hewed down the forests, planted the wilderness, reaped the harvest fields, reared the hamlets and cities, and, in artizan shops, foundries, factories, and everywhere, made the world vocal with the music of Labor. To day the worker can look abroad over the earth and say, "All these are my trophy!" Yes, all are Labor's trophy. Without its stout sinews and swarth hands, this vast, beautiful scene of ever-widening civilization had not been. No wealth could have called it into being. Until Labor created it, there was no wealth. Labor dug the ore, stamped the coin, and made the currency of the world. Labor is the only real capital—productive industry and creative skill the only real wealth of the world. Let the honest, intelligent, virtuous laborer stand forth, then, no longer abashed in the presence of whatever caste-or creed men, but proudly, as the equal of the noblest and best of mankind. The day of his true dominion is dawning. The time hastens when the world shall acknowledge him lord of the earth—the sceptre of which has been too long withheld from his grasp—as he has been the creator of civilization and the builder of empires. He shall soon pluck for his own taste from the vine and fig-tree of his own planting, and sit in the palace and be heard in the temple, and have his fame graven on the memorial pillars he has reared.