

# RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

## A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, } Vol. 1  
No. 3 Lonsdale's Block. }

PROVIDENCE, R. I., AUGUST 21, 1858.

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### THE BANNER

Is published on Saturday morning, once in two weeks.

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All communications to be addressed *post-paid*, to the "RHODE-ISLAND BANNER, Providence, Rhode-Island."

HORACE A. KEACH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

### EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with this strange device—EXCELSIOR.

His brow was sad, his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue—EXCELSIOR!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan—EXCELSIOR!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
But loud that clarion voice replied—EXCELSIOR!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered with a sigh—EXCELSIOR!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last good-night;  
A voice replied far up the height—EXCELSIOR!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of St. Bernard  
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air—EXCELSIOR!

A traveller by the faithful hound  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device—EXCELSIOR!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;  
And from the sky serene and far,  
A voice fell like a falling star—EXCELSIOR!

### ASPIRATION.

Let man in the face of all powers seek the lofty, submit to nothing but truth, not even to the dictation of intelligences above his mortal horizon; for many of them are unwise. Let man be positive to all opposition—negative to all attractions—the urgency of the stream—not the submission of the reed. Let him assert his manhood. He has no right to be resigned or negative to his own imperfections. That sense of weakness, or "confession of sins," so common to religionists, is too negative; it generally has more foundation in spiritual indolence than in the real humility of the soul. It is no true obedience, but a thief's or fool's apology—a sure index of the lack of a fearless growth of reason and healthy sentiments. The eye of the expanded soul has only to rest point blank on such piety, and it disperses like the smoky mist in the sun's presence! There is no great and noble aspiration in it, but sheer falsehood and unmanly servility.

### EVERY DAY LIFE.

Great calamities teach us many beautiful lessons, and reveal to us much we never should have seen from the common level of life. A flood, a famine, or conflagration, or some great desolation, shows us how much real goodness there is under the surface of every-day life; how many generous feelings and kindly sympathies, and points of union and practical fellowship, lie below the difference of political opinion and religious faith, and the prejudices and antagonisms of party and sect, shows us that beneath all these the noblest elements of human nature still live, and wait only the impulse of occasion to spring into life and action, and to discover to us how much more there is in man to honor and love, than the ordinary aspects of life lead us to suppose.

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### HOPE.

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Fair forms have mingled amid the dead,  
Bright eyes have closed into sadness and gloom,  
Sweet bird-like voices have ceased in the tomb.  
Sighs have been breathed and tears have been wept  
O'er the darksome grave, where our dear ones slept,  
But a voice has mingled with every sigh  
"They have passed to the land where they never die;"  
And with every tear came the cheering strain,  
"In the land of bliss ye shall meet again."



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## WHAT WILL SPIRITUALISM DO?

There is much curiosity in all thinking minds in regard to the future action of that independent band, who are so industriously engaged in telegraphing with the inhabitants of other worlds.— And well there may be this anxious inquiry. In numbers they are more than Two Millions in these United States. This includes only those who openly avow their belief. It is impossible to take the census of those whose mental and moral strength, is, in the world of thought, swelling the tide that bears our age onward to a higher life. The numbers of the Spiritualists are a great test.— Think; no single religious body in our Union equals them.— And all their conquests have been made within less than a dozen years. The earliest forests of America blazed with the camp fires of the Methodists, and Wesley's spirit of indomitable labor has been among these people ever since, and yet to-day they are outnumbered by the harmonial thinkers.

All the Protestant Denominations of our Union, count but four and a half millions. Now if there are as many Spiritualists in seclusion as in public, they will, numerically, almost balance the entire roll of popular religionists. And we think it but a fair estimate that there are as many in private as in public. Some deem it unpopular and hesitate to avow their convictions. But the vast majority of those who have not yet openly proclaimed their belief, have been waiting to see what Spiritualism was going to do.

Will the Spiritualists become a political party and reform our government? Yes.

Will they weaken or destroy the churches of our land? Yes. Both weaken and annihilate those churches. All the parties of the times, all the churches of our times have within them the elements of decay.

We are only giving utterance to a sentiment that is fearfully throbbing in the hearts of our leading churchmen. They look with alarm upon the sure advance of Liberalism. Politicians feel the groundswell as it rocks their rickety craft, and they dare not trust the old pilots. They are aware that new elements are at work. They cannot manage men as they could a little while ago. They call for recruits, as we call "spirits from the vasty deep" but will the thinkers come? The spirits come to tell men to think for themselves, and millions will aptly learn that best of lessons. Let Tammany Hall and Baltimore Conventions beware of them.— They are men of intellect. Look for them at Washington. Look for them among the scholars and the judges of America.

Let Douglas and Seward, Crittenden and Wise, dance around the grave of old questions, new issues will arise to attract the serious attention of those who love freedom. Angel hands are waving a banner, with "Love to the Lowly" inscribed upon its folds of light.

The State has denied freedom to many, the church has forbidden free thought, ignorance has clambered into places of power, but now an aristocracy of Intellect, the only aristocracy to be favored, is marching to the conquest of America, and the world. Let the bigot beware, there is a hand-writing on the wall of his temple.

What will Spiritualism do? It will make a new Heavens and a new Earth, or in more modern language, a new Church, and a new State.

Let no one imagine miracles. Natural means will be used.— But a broader platform than has ever yet been built, will receive the firm tread of a band of men, with whom to will is to do, and they will elevate to posts of honor, those who will rule in righteousness. Some will deprecate the political aspects of Liberalism, but let such remember, that if Spiritualism be more than a name, it will rule the world, and all the departments thereof. We only speak of what to us seems the inevitable result of causes now in operation, and if we do not much misread the signs of the times, no mortal power can sway the movement, any more than the drift-log can sway the moon stirred wind tossed Atlantic.

"Cannon balls may aid the truth,

But thought's a weapon stronger

We'll win our battle by its aid,

Wait a little longer."

## HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

There is a vast region of 400,000 square miles, held by the English Government in the North-Western part of this continent. It is bounded on the West by the Pacific, on the East by the Rocky Mountains, on the South it borders upon the United States territories, and on the North it is limited by a chain of hills, lakes, and rivers. Gold was discovered there in June, 1856. Last March full and strong confirmation of the fact was received, and adventurers from all parts of the world, are flocking to the new El Dorado, in pursuit of the "shining mischief."

The original name of this territory, was New Albion, but about the year 1806, the Fur traders, called the district New Caledonia, The British Parliament have lately been discussing the propriety of adopting some other name, and the Queen having suggested "British Columbia," that will be the future designation of the colony. After so long a time then, the name of the great discoverer of the North American continent is to take its place in the vocabulary of those who do the talking of this century by lightning. We named the suburbs of our capital the "District of Columbia." The river which on the Pacific divides the British and American frontiers, is called the Columbia, and now in recognition of the illustrious services of the great Genoese hero, Victoria gives his name to her new Empire. Let those who are toiling to discover new worlds of beautiful truth

"Learn to labor and to wait"

for the obloquy and scorn with which the heroic are visited now, is the price the great and good of other ages have paid for the shrine they occupy in the hearts of all men. Then faint not weary toiler,

"For ever the right comes uppermost  
And ever is justice done."

## SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE SCHOLARS.

We see that the Providence Atheneum have just placed the standard works on the new science, upon their shelves. Those who frequent the quiet alcoves of that excellent institution are well qualified to decide upon the claims of the Supernal Philosophy. The world has been moving since the day when bigots would search out such books, and consign them and their authors to the flames. "Let truth and error combat, who ever knew the truth put to the worse in a free encounter?"



## NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL.

An esteemed friend has just spoken to us of a way by which we think the Spiritualists may do much good. It is by the formation of a Sabbath School, where the children of liberal parents may be instructed in the beautiful lessons of Natural Religion.—Children are now allowed to attend Sunday Schools where they are taught all the absurdities of the popular theology, and it will take them a long time to outgrow those errors.

If the Spiritualists were to devote the forenoon of each Sunday, to the cultivation of youthful minds, it would elevate and purify their own hearts. Parents would be very careful not to give lessons of a low nature, but all that would vitiate and debase would be expelled. Who would teach his son the doctrine of Free Love? Who would advise his daughter to seat herself in a promiscuous circle? We should instruct our children to desire communion with good spirits, and that they might enjoy this, we should bid them associate only with the pure and good in this world. If a Sabbath School would thus prune the band of Spiritualists, of those who do not scruple to advocate the freedom of passion from the restraints of Intellect, it would be of infinite service.

At first there might be a lack of suitable books. But if the enterprise, were begun with the same independent and earnest disposition that free minds carry into all their works, we should soon be supplied with volumes, adapted to the minds of Children. "Combe's Constitution of Man, with questions, for the use of Schools," would be an admirable book to begin with. That noble work gives the philosophy of morality, and is a comment upon the practical part of the New Testament.

We commend the above hints to those minds who feel an interest in the diffusion of liberal ideas. If children were taught the Natural Laws, without any mixture of dogmatic theology, they would be more likely to grow up to be manly men and beautiful harmonious women.

## THE GOOD TIME COMING.

On the Fourth of July, Theodore Parker, preached a Sermon at Boston, of which the following is the peroration:

Slavery must go down. The course of Trade is against it; the course of Thought: the course of Religion; the course of politics,—the course of History.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then what a prospect, what a history is there for the American People with their Industrial Democracy! For all men Freedom in the Market, freedom in the School, freedom in the Church, freedom in the State! Remove this monstrous evil, what a glorious future shall be ours! The whole mighty continent will come within the bounds of Liberty, and the very islands of the gulf rejoice.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,  
Save, underneath the sea,  
The wires shall murmur through the main  
Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,  
The waters wild below,  
And under, through the cable wove,  
Her fiery errands go.

For He who worketh high and wise,  
Nor pauses in his plan,  
Will take the sun out of the skies  
Ere freedom out of man.

## A GOOD SPIRIT.

The good people in a quiet rural district in Rehoboth, lately opened their Church for lectures on Spiritualism. Nobody was hurt. The denomination is Christian Baptist. Their courteous freedom, should put to the blush, those societies who still persist in closing their doors against all progressive truth. There is as much difference of opinion in the churches, as out, and is it manly to deprive their members of the benefit of a fair and full discussion, of a subject that now excites so much attention? In our practical age, the conviction is rapidly spreading, that those churches are not of much use, that are always barred against the great thoughts that are so welcome in our Lyceum Halls. Is it consistent with the spirit of the nineteenth century, that our churches be darkened like the cloisters of the mediaval ages? "The day spring from on high" is dropping "like the beautiful sunlight" into the hearts of pure men, and they will bless their brothers with liberal lessons of a more gentle and generous example.

## SPIRIT VOICES.

BY A. E. P.

Hark! spirit voices are earnestly calling,  
On you in your earth life to rouse from your sleep,  
And throw off the fetters your spirits are galling  
Nor longer in bondage by error be kept.

Then up in the dawning  
Of this glorious morning.

Go forth with clear minds  
And pure hearts to the fray,  
For the harvest is ripe, and waiting the sickle  
Then go forth and labor while yet it is day.

## WAS THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH FORETOLD?

A New York paper, finds a prophecy of the Atlantic Telegraph in the first six verses of the tenth chapter of Revelations. The "little book" is typical of economy in words, and the announcement "that there should be time no longer," is almost literally fulfilled. "The despatch that is forwarded from London at noon is received in New York four or five hours before the sun reaches his meridian." Let the reader carefully and thoughtfully peruse the passage referred to, and ask if the spirits did not impress upon the entranced senses of the Evangelist, a vision that forshadowed the crowning marvel of our magical time?

Sacred should be the ties which bind mankind together in holy love and trust. Are we not all the children of a Heavenly Father? Has he not placed before us the great book of Nature?—Let us take a lesson from its pages, on which this truth is written. "Man shall never die, but shall be renewed like the flower, and tender blade of grass, immortal, imperishable." When dissolution takes place, the form becomes prostrate, but the spirit rises again in its pristine beauty, to deck the garden of life with never fading flowers of Goodness, Truth and Purity.

## PAWTUXET CIRCLE.

Aug. 16th, 1858.

In the calm hush of this evening hour  
The spirits come with their magic power.  
But the "still small voice," of their accents dear,  
Only the silent soul can hear.



## LIBERAL LECTURE.

On Sunday, August 8th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., a large audience were convened at Republican Hall. Many came with the expectation of hearing Miss Hardinge, but a dispatch from her physician informed the Providence public that on account of an attack of Quinsy, Miss H. is unable to fulfil the engagement.

Mr. Whiting spoke. His subject was "Aspiration." Man is an aspirant in pursuit of knowledge and happiness. His desires are the keys to unlock the golden casket. Man has a desire for progress. How shall his aspirations be quickened; mainly by inspiration; by intercourse with angels while here, and when by the change called death, we enter a higher life, angels are still our teachers.

The great poets and philosophers of the past had aspirations beyond the age in which they lived; they labored to be wiser, nobler. It was so with the prophets, those who were brought into intercourse with the angelic world. Daniel's self-denial, his visions by night and by day, were after higher truths; and it was so with all who struck the prophetic lyre.

Jesus and his apostles had noble aspirations. Their minds were strengthened by intellect higher than that of earth; they were not satisfied with what they had attained, but looked forward to the dawning of the day star.

To come down to a later day—Galileo dared to look at nature. The priests would not look through his telescope; they forbade him to teach the motion of the earth; told him he must recant or die; as he leaves the judgment seat he whispers to one of his followers, "*But it moves!*" They had told him the idea was at variance with the scriptures; but he had aspirations higher than the Vatican; thoughts towering above the Coliseum, and he told the truths he had learned among the stars.

The same spirit inspired Washington, and Jefferson and Paine, who made this nation free; founding institutions where the people should be the governing power.

All your means of locomotion and communication are the result of this progressive tendency of mind. As man desires inventions minds are found to work them out. All this net-work of telegraphs, all the iron ribs over which pass the iron steed and iron train had their germ in the aspirations of the mind. And so of the new light which is just dawning upon your world.

Many were aspiring for some knowledge of the future, and in the spiritual phenomena there is food for this class of minds.—Many desired a philosophy of religion, and it is now given.

Were it not a law of nature that each natural want will be supplied, the snort of the iron steed would not be heard, and the click of the telegraph unknown. The aspirations of the soul are the only true prayers. Every man is naturally a praying being; their aspirations may be checked for a time, but at last they get free and learn higher truths. If there should ever be a time when man would desire no more happiness, no more knowledge, then it would be well if he could be annihilated, he would only be floating without a destiny, a mere nonentity.

You should never be satisfied with what you have. Some stifle the soul's aspiration, they think they need no more revelations. When they lay by this dark and ragged mantle of conceit they will advance. When an individual says he has all the truth he needs, he wraps this mantle around him and submits to a sleepy indolence of soul. This has been the great error, that men have been satisfied with what they had already attained in government and theology. These fetters are forged by ignorance.

You should be able to say "I have not a single thought or belief that I would not willingly exchange for a better," then you can talk with angels. The time has come when mankind are prepared to receive direct communion with the spiritual world, and we have it, and many can testify that as the demand in their minds increases, the supply does.

We desire knowledge and happiness. These are natural desires because all have them. We need knowledge; all would be happy if they knew how. How to be happy is one of the great lessons of the universe, the response of every spirit's aspiration.—Humanity is noble though the individual may be ignorant, depressed or criminal, because the great architect of all has placed in each spirit a germ of progress, and in the future life there is a

progressive development. Then hope on, hope ever, the future is to some extent a life of your own making; let your aspirations be to receive all that is truth, to reject all that is error; be the truth. Man is an aspirant, ever has been, ever will be while the light of infinite love brightens in the arched beams of eternity.

Some one had given the "Sub Marine Telegraph" as a subject for a poem. We were told in reasonable rhyme about the effect of the invention as an incentive to peace, More rapid than the Storm King's power

"Thought can move beneath the wave,  
Thought can move where waters lave."

Under the influence of this new power, the nations of the earth will

All join in harmonious glee,  
Progressing still more rapidly.

And even spirits rejoice at the success of this enterprise; it will facilitate man's communion with the spheres, for

The electric tie is soon to be  
Made fast to Heaven's immensity.

Are those two lines prophetic of the Planetary Telegraph? The newest thought of Europe now plunges through thousands of miles along the coral pavement of the Atlantic, and *each minute* we may hear the beat of the great heart of London. And will the electric current sometime tell our thoughts to the inhabitants of distant worlds, as it leaps from star to star through the clear Sidereal Heavens, dancing its giant waltz of the Zodiac?

The true Spiritualist or Harmonialist, does not believe in a personal God, or in special incarnations, and providences, but *does* believe in a Divine Mind expressing itself through matter everywhere, and at all times, being omnipresent and omnipervading.—And while the idolater pours out his devotion to his idol, or ideal God, to his Moses, or Jesus, or pocket revelation, and the Pantheist to matter, its laws and appendages as his highest conception of God, the true Spiritualist lets his religious devotion go forth to the Divine mind as manifested everywhere and in everything, and worships his everywhere God, anywhere and at all times, as the infinite and just God, sitting supreme on the mighty universe for his throne.

The Pantheist is an infidel to the idolater, as every higher form of religious devotion is infidelity to that below it. The Spiritualist is an infidel to both the Idolator and Pantheist, because the Idolator believes in no God unless he can be seen and felt, or known by a book revelation, and the Pantheist in none at all but matter itself; and when the Spiritualist represents God as the Infinite and Divine Mind, or the positive power of the universe, acting on and through matter in all its relations and conditions, and making His revelation in a book whose leaves are the countless stars, and whose cover is the encircling arms of Infinity, he is denounced as a reprobate in religion, having no God at all. But vile denunciation effects nothing when arrayed against truth and philosophy. The Spiritualist worships the true God, while the Idolater and Pantheist only worship their vague conceptions of God, as represented in idols, the sun, a book, a Moses, or Jesus, or in matter and its appurtenances.

## LABOR AND WAIT.

Faint not, O Spirit, in dejected mood  
Thinking how much is planned, how little done;  
Revolt not, Heart, though still misunderstood,  
For Gratitude, of all things 'neath the sun,  
Is easiest lost,—and insecurest won:  
Doubt not, clear mind, that workest out the Right  
For the right's sake: the thin thread must be spun,  
And Patience weave it, ere that sign of might,  
Truth's banner, wave aloft, full flashing to the light.



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But thought's a weapon stronger  
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Save, underneath the sea,  
The wires shall murmur through the main  
Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,  
The waters wild below,  
And under, through the cable wove,  
Her fiery errands go.

For He who worketh high and wise,  
Nor pauses in his plan,  
Will take the sun out of the skies  
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## SPIRIT VOICES.

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Hark! spirit voices are earnestly calling,  
On you in your earth life to rouse from your sleep,  
And throw off the fetters your spirits are galling  
Nor longer in bondage by error be kept.  
Then up in the dawning  
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Go forth with clear minds  
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## PAWTUXET CIRCLE.

Aug. 16th, 1858.

In the calm hush of this evening hour  
The spirits come with their magic power.  
But the "still small voice," of their accents dear,  
Only the silent soul can hear.



## LIBERAL LECTURE.

On Sunday, August 8th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., a large audience were convened at Republican Hall. Many came with the expectation of hearing Miss Hardinge, but a dispatch from her physician informed the Providence public that on account of an attack of Quinsy, Miss H. is unable to fulfil the engagement.

Mr. Whiting spoke. His subject was "Aspiration." Man is an aspirant in pursuit of knowledge and happiness. His desires are the keys to unlock the golden casket. Man has a desire for progress. How shall his aspirations be quickened; mainly by inspiration; by intercourse with angels while here, and when by the change called death, we enter a higher life, angels are still our teachers.

The great poets and philosophers of the past had aspirations beyond the age in which they lived; they labored to be wiser, nobler. It was so with the prophets, those who were brought into intercourse with the angelic world. Daniel's self-denial, his visions by night and by day, were after higher truths; and it was so with all who struck the prophetic lyre.

Jesus and his apostles had noble aspirations. Their minds were strengthened by intellect higher than that of earth; they were not satisfied with what they had attained, but looked forward to the dawning of the day star.

To come down to a later day—Galileo dared to look at nature. The priests would not look through his telescope; they forbade him to teach the motion of the earth; told him he must recant or die; as he leaves the judgment seat he whispers to one of his followers, "*But it moves!*" They had told him the idea was at variance with the scriptures; but he had aspirations higher than the Vatican; thoughts towering above the Coliseum, and he told the truths he had learned among the stars.

The same spirit inspired Washington, and Jefferson and Paine, who made this nation free; founding institutions where the people should be the governing power.

All your means of locomotion and communication are the result of this progressive tendency of mind. As man desires inventions minds are found to work them out. All this net-work of telegraphs, all the iron ribs over which pass the iron steed and iron train had their germ in the aspirations of the mind. And so of the new light which is just dawning upon your world.

Many were aspiring for some knowledge of the future, and in the spiritual phenomena there is food for this class of minds.—Many desired a philosophy of religion, and it is now given.

Were it not a law of nature that each natural want will be supplied, the snort of the iron steed would not be heard, and the click of the telegraph unknown. The aspirations of the soul are the only true prayers. Every man is naturally a praying being; their aspirations may be checked for a time, but at last they get free and learn higher truths. If there should ever be a time when man would desire no more happiness, no more knowledge, then it would be well if he could be annihilated, he would only be floating without a destiny, a mere nonentity.

You should never be satisfied with what you have. Some stifle the soul's aspiration, they think they need no more revelations. When they lay by this dark and ragged mantle of conceit they will advance. When an individual says he has all the truth he needs, he wraps this mantle around him and submits to a sleepy indolence of soul. This has been the great error, that men have been satisfied with what they had already attained in government and theology. These fetters are forged by ignorance.

You should be able to say "I have not a single thought or belief that I would not willingly exchange for a better," then you can talk with angels. The time has come when mankind are prepared to receive direct communion with the spiritual world, and we have it, and many can testify that as the demand in their minds increases, the supply does.

We desire knowledge and happiness. These are natural desires because all have them. We need knowledge; all would be happy if they knew how. How to be happy is one of the great lessons of the universe, the response of every spirit's aspiration.—Humanity is noble though the individual may be ignorant, depressed or criminal, because the great architect of all has placed in each spirit a germ of progress, and in the future life there is a

progressive development. Then hope on, hope ever, the future is to some extent a life of your own making; let your aspirations be to receive all that is truth, to reject all that is error; *be* the truth. Man is an aspirant, ever has been, ever will be while the light of infinite love brightens in the arched beams of eternity.

Some one had given the "Sub Marine Telegraph" as a subject for a poem. We were told in reasonable rhyme about the effect of the invention as an incentive to peace, More rapid than the Storm King's power

"Thought can move beneath the wave,  
Thought can move where waters lave."

Under the influence of this new power, the nations of the earth will

All join in harmonious glee,  
Progressing still more rapidly.

And even spirits rejoice at the success of this enterprise; it will facilitate man's communion with the spheres, for

The electric tie is soon to be  
Made fast to Heaven's immensity.

Are those two lines prophetic of the Planetary Telegraph? The newest thought of Europe now plunges through thousands of miles along the coral pavement of the Atlantic, and *each minute* we may hear the beat of the great heart of London. And will the electric current sometime tell our thoughts to the inhabitants of distant worlds, as it leaps from star to star through the clear Sidereal Heavens, dancing its giant waltz of the Zodiac?

The true Spiritualist or Harmonialist, does not believe in a personal God, or in special incarnations, and providences, but *does* believe in a Divine Mind expressing itself through matter everywhere, and at all times, being omnipresent and omnipervading.—And while the idolater pours out his devotion to his idol, or ideal God, to his Moses, or Jesus, or pocket revelation, and the Pantheist to matter, its laws and appendages as his highest conception of God, the true Spiritualist lets his religious devotion go forth to the Divine mind as manifested everywhere and in everything, and worships his everywhere God, anywhere and at all times, as the infinite and just God, sitting supreme on the mighty universe for his throne.

The Pantheist is an infidel to the idolater, as every higher form of religious devotion is infidelity to that below it. The Spiritualist is an infidel to both the Idolater and Pantheist, because the Idolater believes in no God unless he can be seen and felt, or known by a book revelation, and the Pantheist in none at all but matter itself; and when the Spiritualist represents God as the Infinite and Divine Mind, or the positive power of the universe, acting on and through matter in all its relations and conditions, and making His revelation in a book whose leaves are the countless stars, and whose cover is the encircling arms of Infinity, he is denounced as a reprobate in religion, having no God at all. But vile denunciation effects nothing when arrayed against truth and philosophy. The Spiritualist worships the true God, while the Idolater and Pantheist only worship their vague conceptions of God, as represented in idols, the sun, a book, a Moses, or Jesus, or in matter and its appurtenances.

## LABOR AND WAIT.

Faint not, O Spirit, in dejected mood  
Thinking how much is planned, how little done;  
Revolt not, Heart, though still misunderstood,  
For Gratitude, of all things 'neath the sun,  
Is easiest lost,—and insecurest won:  
Doubt not, clear mind, that workest out the Right  
For the right's sake: the thin thread must be spun,  
And Patience weave it, ere that sign of might,  
Truth's banner, wave aloft, full flashing to the light.



# RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

## A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, } Vol. 1  
No. 3 Lonsdale's Block. }

PROVIDENCE, R. I., AUGUST 21, 1858.

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THREE CENTS. }

### THE BANNER

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HORACE A. KEACH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

### EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with this strange device—EXCELSIOR.

His brow was sad, his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue—EXCELSIOR!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan—EXCELSIOR!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
But loud that clarion voice replied—EXCELSIOR!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered with a sigh—EXCELSIOR!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last good-night;  
A voice replied far up the height—EXCELSIOR!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of St. Bernard  
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air—EXCELSIOR!

A traveller by the faithful hound  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device—EXCELSIOR!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;  
And from the sky serene and far,  
A voice fell like a falling star—EXCELSIOR!

### ASPIRATION.

Let man in the face of all powers seek the lofty, submit to nothing but truth, not even to the dictation of intelligences above his mortal horizon; for many of them are unwise. Let man be positive to all opposition—negative to all attractions—the urgency of the stream—not the submission of the reed. Let him assert his manhood. He has no right to be resigned or negative to his own imperfections. That sense of weakness, or "confession of sins," so common to religionists, is too negative; it generally has more foundation in spiritual indolence than in the real humility of the soul. It is no true obedience, but a thief's or fool's apology—a sure index of the lack of a fearless growth of reason and healthy sentiments. The eye of the expanded soul has only to rest point blank on such piety, and it disperses like the smoky mist in the sun's presence! There is no great and noble aspiration in it, but sheer falsehood and unmanly servility.

### EVERY DAY LIFE.

Great calamities teach us many beautiful lessons, and reveal to us much we never should have seen from the common level of life. A flood, a famine, or conflagration, or some great desolation, shows us how much real goodness there is under the surface of every-day life; how many generous feelings and kindly sympathies, and points of union and practical fellowship, lie below the difference of political opinion and religious faith, and the prejudices and antagonisms of party and sect, shows us that beneath all these the noblest elements of human nature still live, and wait only the impulse of occasion to spring into life and action, and to discover to us how much more there is in man to honor and love, than the ordinary aspects of life lead us to suppose.

The history of the past has recorded the fact with reliable correctness, that when any form of government has become oppressive, and its principles obsolete, it has been rejected as an out grown garment, and a new one instituted, embodying principles adapted to the exigencies of the times. And the theological records of the past have demonstrated with like correctness, that when any religious dogma dared to be incompatible with enlightened reason, and freedom loving humanity, it was thrown overboard as worthless freight in the cargo of the old ship Zion, on her outward bound voyage.

### HOPE.

Sweet ones away from our arms have fled,  
Fair forms have mingled amid the dead,  
Bright eyes have closed into sadness and gloom,  
Sweet bird-like voices have ceased in the tomb.  
Sighs have been breathed and tears have been wept  
O'er the darksome grave, where our dear ones slept,  
But a voice has mingled with every sigh  
"They have passed to the land where they never die;"  
And with every tear came the cheering strain,  
"In the land of bliss ye shall meet again."



# RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1858.

## WHAT WILL SPIRITUALISM DO?

There is much curiosity in all thinking minds in regard to the future action of that independent band, who are so industriously engaged in telegraphing with the inhabitants of other worlds.— And well there may be this anxious inquiry. In numbers they are more than Two Millions in these United States. This includes only those who openly avow their belief. It is impossible to take the census of those whose mental and moral strength, is, in the world of thought, swelling the tide that bears our age onward to a higher life. The numbers of the Spiritualists are a great test.— Think; no single religious body in our Union equals them.— And all their conquests have been made within less than a dozen years. The earliest forests of America blazed with the camp fires of the Methodists, and Wesley's spirit of indomitable labor has been among these people ever since, and yet to-day they are outnumbered by the harmonial thinkers.

All the Protestant Denominations of our Union, count but four and a half millions. Now if there are as many Spiritualists in seclusion as in public, they will, numerically, almost balance the entire roll of popular religionists. And we think it but a fair estimate that there are as many in private as in public. Some deem it unpopular and hesitate to avow their convictions. But the vast majority of those who have not yet openly proclaimed their belief, have been waiting to see what Spiritualism was going to do.

Will the Spiritualists become a political party and reform our government? Yes.

Will they weaken or destroy the churches of our land? Yes. Both weaken and annihilate those churches. All the parties of the times, all the churches of our times have within them the elements of decay.

We are only giving utterance to a sentiment that is fearfully throbbing in the hearts of our leading churchmen. They look with alarm upon the sure advance of Liberalism. Politicians feel the groundswell as it rocks their rickety craft, and they dare not trust the old pilots. They are aware that new elements are at work. They cannot manage men as they could a little while ago. They call for recruits, as we call "spirits from the vasty deep" but will the thinkers come? The spirits come to tell men to think for themselves, and millions will aptly learn that best of lessons. Let Tammany Hall and Baltimore Conventions beware of them.— They are men of intellect. Look for them at Washington. Look for them among the scholars and the judges of America.

Let Douglas and Seward, Crittenden and Wise, dance around the grave of old questions, new issues will arise to attract the serious attention of those who love freedom. Angel hands are waving a banner, with "Love to the Lowly" inscribed upon its folds of light.

The State has denied freedom to many, the church has forbidden free thought, ignorance has clambered into places of power, but now an aristocracy of Intellect, the only aristocracy to be favored, is marching to the conquest of America, and the world. Let the bigot beware, there is a hand-writing on the wall of his temple.

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## PAWTUXET CIRCLE.

Aug. 16th, 1858.

In the calm hush of this evening hour  
The spirits come with their magic power.  
But the "still small voice," of their accents dear,  
Only the silent soul can hear.