

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

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

PROVIDENCE, R. I., SEPTEMBER 4, 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.

[From the New York Mercury.]

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY THE SUCCESSFUL LAYING OF THE TELEGRAPHIC LINE.

BY W. H. DYOTT.

On the wave-worn floor of ocean, we know there countless lie
Such treasures as with all the "yields" of modern mines may
vie—

The argosies of Sidon, the galleons of Spain,
Have poured their golden freightage in the bosom of the main;
The bones, too, of the heroes who first sailed the unknown deep,
Amid the shells of ocean in decaying silence sleep;
There the blatant cannon, also—vengeful fires once red—
Lies—innocent of farther harm—upon its quiet bed.
But a mightier tenant, far, seeks the sea's dark chambers now,
To which all the wealth and pride of both past and present bow—
'Tis that vitalizing chain, fraught with intellectual power,
Which marks, in man's progression his most eventful hour;
'Tis the miracle of Nature! the triumph of our race!
Imitating God's ubiquity—annihilating space!

Men have mourned the lost Greek fire that within the waves could
war—

Which formed, against the Moslem might, so long, Byzantium's
bar—

But its lurid flames burned only to scatter and destroy,
While our lambent flash will bind in intelligence and joy.
The lightning snatched from out the cloud by man's aspiring hand.
Is laid, like prostrate Genii, now, upon the lowest sand,
From whence, by science's spell, we can summon it at will
Man's messages to carry and his purposes fulfill.
Omnipotence developing the great primeval plan,
Incepts, upon Time's dial, the millenium of man;
But, in this our highest triumph, let us check mere mortal pride—
Man's hand had never done the deed, if God's were not the guide!

Thoughts habitually elevated, always serene and sometimes
dreamy, impart a pure and true gayety to the soul.

Make your company a rarity, and people will value it. Men
despise what they can easily have.

Wise men are instructed by reason; less intelligent men by ex-
perience; the most ignorant by necessity, and animals by instinct.

GIDDINGS AT HOME.

Gerritt Smith recently spent a day with the family of Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, and gives the following account of the simple life of the veteran:

"I found him living just as he should live: A democrat in his education and theories, he is a democrat in his intercourse with his neighbors, and in all his domestic arrangements. He resides in a two story white house, on six acres of land, which he purchased of Francis Granger of Canandaigua, more than thirty years ago, for seventy-two dollars, then a forest which his own hard hands helped him to remove. His two oldest sons are married and live near him. His other sons and his two daughters are a part of his own family. No intoxicating liquors are drank by himself, wife, or children. His daughters, with the help of their excellent mother, perform the house work. Everything is neat and comfortable; nothing is expensive or showy."

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ORIGINAL CHRISTIANITY.—Monks shut up in cells; a priesthood cut off by celibacy from the sympathies and most interesting relations in life; and universities enslaved to a scholastic logic, and taught to place wisdom in verbal subtilties and unintelligible definitions; these took Christianity into their keeping—and at their chilling touch, this generous religion, so full of life and affection, became a dry, frigid, abstract system. Christianity, as it came from their hands, and as it has been transmitted by a majority of Protestant divines, reminds us of the human form, compressed by swathing bands, until every joint is rigid, every movement constrained, and almost all the beauty and grace of nature obliterated.

"Bold in speech—bold in action:
Be forever free. Time will test
Of the free souled and the slavish,
Which performs life's mission best."

The hour of preparation for a better order of things, is not a time of favorable appearances; but the reverse.

A good book is the best of friends—the same to-day and forever.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1858.

THE THREE ERAS.

Perhaps the history of our race may fairly be divided into three periods. The first is the reign of Force or Law. This was the dispensation of Moses. The animal part of man's nature was predominant. All government was despotic. There were no compromises of mercy. If a man picked up sticks on the Sabbath day, kill him. Must our teachers go back to such a barbarous age, to find lessons for our guidance?

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The present movement, this great awakening of intellect, the birth in a day, of a nation of Harmonial philosophers, inaugurates the Era of Wisdom. All its appeals are to Reason. All the teachings that come through Intuition, must be cast into the crucible of intellect, and until they receive its stamp of approval the true Spiritualist dares not accept them as authoritative.

We have no quarrel with the past. It was well. Brutal War with bloody hand rocked the cradle of mankind in the first dispensation. The Church has brought us many beautiful truths, but the Church has served its day. The light given to its keeping has been scattered everywhere, and Infidelity and Catholicism are casting lots for its vesture. Now comes the dawning of a new Era, "A State without a King, and a Church without a Bishop;" was it not for this our fathers fought? Who will not rejoice with us at the advent of such a time?

The law of Force and the Religion of blind Feeling gives place to the Religion of Science. A reign of discord and contradiction takes its leave, to make room for peaceful Harmony, Farewell and All Hail.

SPIRITUALISM NOT DEAD.

Good evidence of the advance of our cause is furnished in the fact that a majority of trance speakers are engaged for several months ahead. There is a demand in the public mind for the pure and elevating truths our angel friends are impressing upon the willing souls of our gifted media.

INFIDELITY.

A good man once said: "The world is my country, mankind my brothers, to do good, my religion." Those who claimed possession of the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, in his day, called him an Infidel, for the above compact summary of enlightened patriotism and generous philanthropy was the creed of Thomas Paine. The fact that blind guides have led the American people to abuse a great benefactor, should teach us to be cautious for the future. We have done wrong to many noble souls by joining in the hue and cry that ignorance has raised against them. Men who would show us "a more excellent way" of thinking, have been reproached with the epithet of "Infidel." This charge of Infidelity has at last become an honor, for it indicates that those who are obnoxious to it, are blessed with an increase of rational faith. Those who know most believe most. Those who try to believe in the fables, traditions and miracles of theology, have little real faith in those marvels, but much in the priests who recite them. When they lose confidence in those fallible guides and begin to think for themselves, they become men, and the stories that had amused their childhood vanish from their credence.

Show me an "Infidel" and I'll show you one who is ready to give a reason for his opinion upon any subject. Shrewd business men have advertised as follows:—"No letters noticed unless accompanied by the cash." Practical free-thinkers have a similar rule—"No statement accepted unless accompanied by the evidence." Facts and self-evident Principles are current through all the universe of free thought, and those against whom the charge of Infidelity is most vehemently urged, have the richest store of this mental wealth. Commend us then, to the clear-headed, free-hearted and progressive band who suffer the calumnies of the bound thinkers. We know that many of them suffer for teaching truths as bright "as the beaded bubbles that sparkle on the rim of the cup of Immortality."

Churchcraft manifest the same malignant and vindictive spirit that has darkened and crimsoned the history of the past. In reference to the spirit of persecution in our day, the Banner of Light says:

"It would not, perhaps, throw a man into a den of wild beasts to be devoured, but it does not hesitate to throw his reputation, his position in the world, his business, his family and his influence into a den of hissing and gnashing destroyers of character—traducers, villifiers, scandal-mongers and their congeners—and thus sacrifice him just as surely and effectually as if his life were made to pay the forfeit instantly."

Let those who are consigned to the modern martyrdom of penury and scorn, for freedom's sake, still cherish a hope that the good time is coming, when it will be seen that the "Infidel" is the companion of those radiant angels who herald the era of universal harmony.

ONWARD.

By the Columbian Phenix and Providence Patriot, a copy of which, dated Feb. 22nd, 1812, is before us, it is stated that the President's Message was received at Liverpool "in twenty-two days after its delivery." The London Times will soon be able to publish the Message as early as the New York Times can. If the spirit of the Editor of the Phenix were to visit his old patrons, (if any of them survive,) would he not testify in favor of Progress?

THE LAST BATTLE.

We find the following prediction in the *Spiritual Age* of Aug. 21, 1858. If the reader will consult the *R. I. BANNER*, of the same date, he will find the same thought, and we very modestly remark that we had that view more than twelve months since.—Last summer we felt full confidence, that, in the political arena, a conflict was inevitable between Reason and Authority. Last October our Spirit friends were kind enough to tell us the names of those whom they had chosen to be the standard bearers, for the hosts of Liberalism.

SUTTON, N. H., Aug. 8, 1858.

MR. NEWTON: SIR.—I write in obedience to spirit impression, of things about to happen, that it may first be published to the world from the *SPIRITUAL AGE*.

A new political party is about to arise—suddenly—like the rising of the wind. The star of its platform will be the star of freedom. It shall prevail, and rule the councils of this nation, and many things opposed to the spirit of universal freedom, shall be stricken down.

Also I am impressed to take the *Spiritual Age*, and accordingly herein enclose one dollar for that purpose.

Truly yours, FRANK CHASE.

TEST OF SPIRIT POWER.

We make the following extract from an impromptu poem by Rev. M. Higginson, of Boston. Mr. H. is a Spiritualist, and we believe has lectured in a normal state to a Providence audience. His poem was one of the spiciest that have been published on the Atlantic Cable:

A thousand tender longings shoot
Along the quivering wire,
A thousand hearts' pulsations beat
In all its throbs of fire.
The wanderer now no longer "drags
Each day a lengthening chain,"
'Tis hammered to electric links
And sunk beneath the main.

Methinks from England's shores there come
Congratulating clappings,
Old ocean's grown a medium,
We all shall hear the "rappings;"
Two continents are linked at last
By mooring strong and stable,
And hope's symbolic anchor now
Is fastened to the cable.

The following lines, showing a more excellent faith than the popular idea of a literal resurrection, were written by the hand of a medium at Central Falls. They are the closing words of a communication purporting to be from the spirit of Byron. They may be from a light of much less magnitude, but from whatever source they emanate they embody a truth that is rapidly gaining credence.

Earth claims our bodies when our race is run,
But spirits enter not the narrow tomb;
They lose earth's fetters when life's dream is done,—
Again I say to all fear not Death's gloom.

A PLEASANT FAITH.

—"Millions
Of spiritual beings walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep."
—Milton.

A LITTLE SERMON FROM A GREAT TEXT.

"What a momentous interest is given to our whole earthly life, by the thought that it is passed in the presence of the great spiritual family!"

"What form of speech rolls on with such depth and fulness of meaning as these words, 'seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses?'"

"How unspeakably solemn the thought that our daily lives, our conduct in low and sheltered scenes, our speech and walk in retirement, is felt through the universe of living souls!"

"In every worthy, generous, holy impulse, all Heaven bears a part; at our selfishness, waywardness, and crime, all Heaven recoils."

"Let the august witnesses, the adoring multitude in whose presence we dwell and worship, arouse us to a growing diligence in duty and awaken in us an increasing fervor of spirit, that we may run with patience the race set before us."

TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL.

George S. Hillard says:—"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, and a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with the living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness, or at least, excellence, which die and made no sign: there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake;—heroes without the laurels, and conquerors without the triumph."

CHEERFULNESS IN AGE.

As often as I hear the robin red breast chant as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should not we (think I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary, frosty hairs of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sun in adversity, as (like Persians) to the rising sun of prosperity? I am sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocency; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird to learn equanimity and patience; and to keep the same tenor of my mind's quietness, as well at the approach of calamity's winter, as of the spring of happiness?—*Warwick*.

—"If the spirit ever gazes
From its journeyings back;
If the immortal ever traces
On its mortal track,
Wilt thou not, O brother meet us
Sometimes on our way,
And in homes of sadness greet us
As a spirit may."

The truest nobleman of earth,
Is he who loves to be
The first companion of the good,
The hero of the free.—*Whittier*.

Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves the whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.

Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare for cannon balls.

The severest punishment of any injury is the consciousness of having done it; and none but the guilty know the withering pains of repentance.

LIBERAL LECTURE.

On the evening of July 8th, Republican Hall was well filled to hear a lecture from Mr. Whiting.—What is the object of human existence. We are told by Catechism it is to glorify God. There are various opinions of the great object of life. We will look at this question from the spiritual point of view.

All things, plants, minerals and animals, have a purpose and are of use to man as man is of use to one above him. A few have denied the existence of man, but here the exception proves the rule. We feel that we "live and move and have a being."

We look around and behold the beauteous earth, and the multitude of stars like so many eyes looking down upon us, and all we behold seems to answer the purpose of its existence; but when we look at man some are ready to tell us he is a failure,—totally depraved.

The great object of life is to be happy. All of you recognize your existence, all have knowledge, will and love, you differ not in attributes, but in degree; all of you will develop these capacities of happiness.

Out of the body called spiritualists, there is not one-tenth, not one-hundredth part believe that man is immortal; they hope for it, they pray for it, but they doubt. You will hear it preached in this city that the soul sleeps long, long years.

Moses only referred to temporal rewards and punishments.—Solomon did not think man immortal. If he did not believe it, who shall say that the majority believed. Only the fact of angelic intercourse indicates a knowledge of man's immortality in Old Testament times. If you deny, as some do, that angels are men, you take away the last particle of evidence of immortality from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Malachi.

Jesus taught the doctrine and held intercourse with spirits.—Popular religion has denied the science of immortality, but Spiritualism is both a religion and a philosophy, and demonstrates a future life. The human mind having progressed, was prepared for tangible evidence of a future state. A future life is no longer a subject of doubt in the mind of any true Spiritualist. Ask Clergymen about the soul; they don't know. We teach of the soul as a positive entity; it can be seen; there are mediums who can see the spirits. The medium who is speaking has seen them for four years, every day. If he were the only one, you might doubt, but there are thousands. All believe the Spiritual Philosophy who have evidence of its truth—no more. The Hindoo taught that man would be absorbed into the fulness of Brahma; the bad enter other bodies. The Mohammedan has an Oriental heaven, and a place which corresponds to the hell of the so-called Christians.

Man who is the ultimate of earth, who can control the elements and transmit intelligence across the oceans, must have a high object of life and no dubious existence in the future. We all feel the innate nobility of our nature, none of us would change, entirely, with our neighbors; we glory in our selfhood, and the greatest beauty of the other life is to know that that selfhood will be preserved. If we were absorbed, all would be one being, nothing to act upon.

Man must unfold in the future or the great object of life is lost. The object of our existence is progressive development; we see it in each grain of sand and drop of water or in the beautiful thought; it is the object of this and of the future life.

Man has received too much mythology or the religion of mystery, supernaturalism. He now wants a religion of facts. Knowledge is superior to truth. We are now taking the first lessons of an eternal education, and when we don the more beautiful garments of the spirit we shall continue the lessons. Some tell us we ought not to pry into the future, that we shall be better fitted for the other life if we have no knowledge of it. But you do not reason thus in this sphere.

If one is to go to France it is best that he learn the French language and much about the country; so you should learn all you can of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the spirit world. The Mohamedan's idea of Heaven is a place where they are always smoking opium, resting on ottomans and waited upon by many servants.

There are others who dwell in indolence near a mystic throne. We present an object far more beautiful. Are not the learned

the most active here in striving to lead others up? And will they be content with a Heaven of indolent ease? Oh no! In laboring for others their spirits, like golden harps, will give forth tones sweeter far than the Eolian harp when kissed by the breezes of sunny Italy. Activity is the secret of happiness.

The object of existence is to learn to make others happy. It is best to begin the lesson here. You are writing copies, as it were, in the earth beneath, you will have harder lessons in another life. It will be like leaving a primary for the principal school. Our object is to advance, and to advance forever. All adversities here, all troubles are but the troubles of the school-boy. We can hardly realize now we are men how we could have been grieved at the loss of a doll, or confectionaries. So in the future we shall regard many things we desired as we now regard those fantastic images we played with in boyhood. Labor to be better, this is the highest incident of our nature; labor to be better, and angels will come to you with lessons of philosophic lore or poetic loveliness. If there were no progress in the future, this life were without a meaning; It were of no avail that earth was fair, the bending sky, the rolling sea, the sun and stars were all in vain if they were not preparing you for the future.

None will be lost. Kingdoms and nations, forms and institutions, arts and sciences, may be lost; but a soul never. Egypt has gone, her pyramids and temples are crumbling; the favored Israelites have gone; Greek and Roman have passed away; but Humanity lives and Humanity rises. You hear of lost Arts, but you never hear of a lost soul except in the mythology of the past, or ignorance of the present. Progress is the watchword of the universe. The earth, and the form of man contains a promise of his future elevation; the desires of man contain a promise, and the lessons of the angels.

Live to make others happy; this should be the great object of existence. All apparent evils are but temporary; wars and confusion in state and church are but temporary, eternal peace succeeds. There is a holy calm in the soul when it realizes the truth of an eternal life, and that a life of prayer. Each spirit is a low note in the harmony of the universe; this life is but a prelude to a better, toward which this life ever points its jeweled finger.

We may learn from this view the lessons of toleration, breathe an atmosphere of charity, live above the chicanery and deceit of an earthly life, above the vituperative tongue of slander, and in love with one another.

Say no more that human nature is a failure; tell man he is a progressive being, and you give him the best incentive to action. Live in harmony with your high destiny and the dove of Peace and Contentment will dwell with you; you are advancing, all earth is advancing, and the onward and upward march is forever.

A committee was chosen, who selected the following for a poem: "Let there be light." Without a second's hesitation Mr. Whiting began, and spoke in a poetic strain for about ten minutes.—He referred to the request of Goethe, for "Light more Light," and said that was ever the motto of the Spirit World. He spoke of the call for light by the Poet and man of science, and concluded by reference to the divine spark in the soul,

Lighting each spirit on its way
Upward to Heaven's eternal day.

ANGEL VISITS.

Surely 'tis weak to mourn
Though thorns are at the bosom, or the blasts
Of this bleak world beat harshly, if there come
Such angel visitants at even-tide.
Or midnight's hold hush, to cleanse away
The stains which day hath garnered, and with the touch
Pure and ethereal, to sublimate
The erring spirit.

KINGCRAFT.

The law of Providence has condemned the old despotisms; Time, the shadowy grave digger, is burying them. Each declining day plunges them into nothingness. God is throwing years upon thrones as we throw spades full of earth upon a coffin.—*Victor Hugo.*

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Such treasures as with all the "yields" of modern mines may
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Have poured their golden freightage in the bosom of the main;
The bones, too, of the heroes who first sailed the unknown deep,
Amid the shells of ocean in decaying silence sleep;
There the blatant cannon, also—vengeful fires once red—
Lies—innocent of farther harm—upon its quiet bed.
But a mightier tenant, far, seeks the sea's dark chambers now,
To which all the wealth and pride of both past and present bow—
'Tis that vitalizing chain, fraught with intellectual power,
Which marks, in man's progression his most eventful hour;
'Tis the miracle of Nature! the triumph of our race!
Imitating God's ubiquity—annihilating space!

Men have mourned the lost Greek fire that within the waves could
war—

Which formed, against the Moslem might, so long, Byzantium's
bar—

But its lurid flames burned only to scatter and destroy,
While our lambent flash will bind in intelligence and joy.
The lightning snatched from out the cloud by man's aspiring hand.
Is laid, like prostrate Genii, now, upon the lowest sand,
From whence, by science's spell, we can summon it at will
Man's messages to carry and his purposes fulfill.
Omnipotence developing the great primeval plan,
Incepts, upon Time's dial, the millenium of man;
But, in this our highest triumph, let us check mere mortal pride—
Man's hand had never done the deed, if God's were not the guide!

Thoughts habitually elevated, always serene and sometimes
dreamy, impart a pure and true gayety to the soul.

Make your company a rarity, and people will value it. Men
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Perhaps the history of our race may fairly be divided into three periods. The first is the reign of Force or Law. This was the dispensation of Moses. The animal part of man's nature was predominant. All government was despotic. There were no compromises of mercy. If a man picked up sticks on the Sabbath day, kill him. Must our teachers go back to such a barbarous age, to find lessons for our guidance?

The next dispensation is one of Love. Jesus addressed the higher impulses of man, and his ministers have ever appealed to the Emotions. A blind submission, to the sway of excited feeling, is the distinctive characteristic of the religionist of that order. Its mighty inspirations have stirred the world's heart very deeply, but the staggering footsteps of its devotees have often turned them into the by-ways of error. Upon what does the popular religion play? Upon the affective portion of our nature. Fervent appeals to Fear, and the furor of Camp Meeting excitement attest this. The glory is departing from this era. We have dealt with the Steam Engine, Printing Press and Telegraph, until we have become the coolest and shrewdest people that ever were preached to. Being thus educated, to have all our wits about us, we can no more be startled into an acceptance of dogmas, that used to frighten men. We look steadily through the smoky glare of theological controversy and excitement, and find but a little fire there. We see only the smouldering embers that have consumed the reason and conscience of bigots, and we turn away with abhorrence to wait in silence for the descent of the fire that shall burn without consuming.

The present movement, this great awakening of intellect, the birth in a day, of a nation of Harmonial philosophers, inaugurates the Era of Wisdom. All its appeals are to Reason. All the teachings that come through Intuition, must be cast into the crucible of intellect, and until they receive its stamp of approval the true Spiritualist dares not accept them as authoritative.

We have no quarrel with the past. It was well. Brutal War with bloody hand rocked the cradle of mankind in the first dispensation. The Church has brought us many beautiful truths, but the Church has served its day. The light given to its keeping has been scattered everywhere, and Infidelity and Catholicism are casting lots for its vesture. Now comes the dawning of a new Era, "A State without a King, and a Church without a Bishop;" was it not for this our fathers fought? Who will not rejoice with us at the advent of such a time?

The law of Force and the Religion of blind Feeling gives place to the Religion of Science. A reign of discord and contradiction takes its leave, to make room for peaceful Harmony, Farewell and All Hail.

SPIRITUALISM NOT DEAD.

Good evidence of the advance of our cause is furnished in the fact that a majority of trance speakers are engaged for several months ahead. There is a demand in the public mind for the pure and elevating truths our angel friends are impressing upon the willing souls of our gifted media.

INFIDELITY.

A good man once said: "The world is my country, mankind my brothers, to do good, my religion." Those who claimed possession of the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, in his day, called him an Infidel, for the above compact summary of enlightened patriotism and generous philanthropy was the creed of Thomas Paine. The fact that blind guides have led the American people to abuse a great benefactor, should teach us to be cautious for the future. We have done wrong to many noble souls by joining in the hue and cry that ignorance has raised against them. Men who would show us "a more excellent way" of thinking, have been reproached with the epithet of "Infidel." This charge of Infidelity has at last become an honor, for it indicates that those who are obnoxious to it, are blessed with an increase of rational faith. Those who know most believe most. Those who try to believe in the fables, traditions and miracles of theology, have little real faith in those marvels, but much in the priests who recite them. When they lose confidence in those fallible guides and begin to think for themselves, they become men, and the stories that had amused their childhood vanish from their credence.

Show me an "Infidel" and I'll show you one who is ready to give a reason for his opinion upon any subject. Shrewd business men have advertised as follows:—"No letters noticed unless accompanied by the cash." Practical free-thinkers have a similar rule—"No statement accepted unless accompanied by the evidence." Facts and self-evident Principles are current through all the universe of free thought, and those against whom the charge of Infidelity is most vehemently urged, have the richest store of this mental wealth. Commend us then, to the clear-headed, free-hearted and progressive band who suffer the calumnies of the bound thinkers. We know that many of them suffer for teaching truths as bright "as the beaded bubbles that sparkle on the rim of the cup of Immortality."

Churchcraft manifest the same malignant and vindictive spirit that has darkened and crimsoned the history of the past. In reference to the spirit of persecution in our day, the Banner of Light says:

"It would not, perhaps, throw a man into a den of wild beasts to be devoured, but it does not hesitate to throw his reputation, his position in the world, his business, his family and his influence into a den of hissing and gnashing destroyers of character—traducers, villifiers, scandal-mongers and their congeners—and thus sacrifice him just as surely and effectually as if his life were made to pay the forfeit instantly."

Let those who are consigned to the modern martyrdom of penury and scorn, for freedom's sake, still cherish a hope that the good time is coming, when it will be seen that the "Infidel" is the companion of those radiant angels who herald the era of universal harmony.

ONWARD.

By the Columbian Phenix and Providence Patriot, a copy of which, dated Feb. 22nd, 1812, is before us, it is stated that the President's Message was received at Liverpool "in twenty-two days after its delivery." The London Times will soon be able to publish the Message as early as the New York Times can. If the spirit of the Editor of the Phenix were to visit his old patrons, (if any of them survive,) would he not testify in favor of Progress?

THE LAST BATTLE.

We find the following prediction in the *Spiritual Age* of Aug. 21, 1858. If the reader will consult the *R. I. BANNER*, of the same date, he will find the same thought, and we very modestly remark that we had that view more than twelve months since.—Last summer we felt full confidence, that, in the political arena, a conflict was inevitable between Reason and Authority. Last October our Spirit friends were kind enough to tell us the names of those whom they had chosen to be the standard bearers, for the hosts of Liberalism.

SUTTON, N. H., Aug. 8, 1858.

MR. NEWTON: SIR.—I write in obedience to spirit impression, of things about to happen, that it may first be published to the world from the *SPIRITUAL AGE*.

A new political party is about to arise—suddenly—like the rising of the wind. The star of its platform will be the star of freedom. It shall prevail, and rule the councils of this nation, and many things opposed to the spirit of universal freedom, shall be stricken down.

Also I am impressed to take the *Spiritual Age*, and accordingly herein enclose one dollar for that purpose.

Truly yours, FRANK CHASE.

TEST OF SPIRIT POWER.

We make the following extract from an impromptu poem by Rev. M. Higginson, of Boston. Mr. H. is a Spiritualist, and we believe has lectured in a normal state to a Providence audience. His poem was one of the spiciest that have been published on the Atlantic Cable:

A thousand tender longings shoot
Along the quivering wire,
A thousand hearts' pulsations beat
In all its throbs of fire.
The wanderer now no longer "drags
Each day a lengthening chain,"
'Tis hammered to electric links
And sunk beneath the main.

Methinks from England's shores there come
Congratulating clappings,
Old ocean's grown a medium,
We all shall hear the "rappings;"
Two continents are linked at last
By mooring strong and stable,
And hope's symbolic anchor now
Is fastened to the cable.

The following lines, showing a more excellent faith than the popular idea of a literal resurrection, were written by the hand of a medium at Central Falls. They are the closing words of a communication purporting to be from the spirit of Byron. They may be from a light of much less magnitude, but from whatever source they emanate they embody a truth that is rapidly gaining credence.

Earth claims our bodies when our race is run,
But spirits enter not the narrow tomb;
They lose earth's fetters when life's dream is done,—
Again I say to all fear not Death's gloom.

A PLEASANT FAITH.

—"Millions

Of spiritual beings walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep."

—*Milton.*

A LITTLE SERMON FROM A GREAT TEXT.

"What a momentous interest is given to our whole earthly life, by the thought that it is passed in the presence of the great spiritual family!"

"What form of speech rolls on with such depth and fulness of meaning as these words, 'seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses?'"

"How unspeakably solemn the thought that our daily lives, our conduct in low and sheltered scenes, our speech and walk in retirement, is felt through the universe of living souls!"

"In every worthy, generous, holy impulse, all Heaven bears a part; at our selfishness, waywardness, and crime, all Heaven recoils."

"Let the august witnesses, the adoring multitude in whose presence we dwell and worship, arouse us to a growing diligence in duty and awaken in us an increasing fervor of spirit, that we may run with patience the race set before us."

TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL.

George S. Hillard says:—"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, and a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with the living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness, or at least, excellence, which die and make no sign: there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake;—heroes without the laurels, and conquerors without the triumph."

CHEERFULNESS IN AGE.

As often as I hear the robin red breast chant as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should not we (think I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary, frosty hairs of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sun in adversity, as (like Persians) to the rising sun of prosperity? I am sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird to learn equanimity and patience; and to keep the same tenor of my mind's quietness, as well at the approach of calamity's winter, as of the spring of happiness?—*Warwick.*

—"If the spirit ever gazes
From its journeyings back;
If the immortal ever traces
On its mortal track,
Wilt thou not, O brother meet us
Sometimes on our way,
And in homes of sadness greet us
As a spirit may."

The truest nobleman of earth,
Is he who loves to be
The first companion of the good,
The hero of the free.—*Whittier.*

Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves the whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.

Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare for cannon balls.

The severest punishment of any injury is the consciousness of having done it; and none but the guilty know the withering pains of repentance.

LIBERAL LECTURE.

On the evening of July 8th, Republican Hall was well filled to hear a lecture from Mr. Whiting,—What is the object of human existence. We are told by Catechism it is to glorify God. There are various opinions of the great object of life. We will look at this question from the spiritual point of view.

All things, plants, minerals and animals, have a purpose and are of use to man as man is of use to one above him. A few have denied the existence of man, but here the exception proves the rule. We feel that we "live and move and have a being."

We look around and behold the beauteous earth, and the multitude of stars like so many eyes looking down upon us, and all we behold seems to answer the purpose of its existence; but when we look at man some are ready to tell us he is a failure,—totally depraved.

The great object of life is to be happy. All of you recognize your existence, all have knowledge, will and love, you differ not in attributes, but in degree; all of you will develop these capacities of happiness.

Out of the body called spiritualists, there is not one-tenth, not one-hundredth part believe that man is immortal; they hope for it, they pray for it, but they doubt. You will hear it preached in this city that the soul sleeps long, long years.

Moses only referred to temporal rewards and punishments.—Solomon did not think man immortal. If he did not believe it, who shall say that the majority believed. Only the fact of angelic intercourse indicates a knowledge of man's immortality in Old Testament times. If you deny, as some do, that angels are men, you take away the last particle of evidence of immortality from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Malachi.

Jesus taught the doctrine and held intercourse with spirits.—Popular religion has denied the science of immortality, but Spiritualism is both a religion and a philosophy, and demonstrates a future life. The human mind having progressed, was prepared for tangible evidence of a future state. A future life is no longer a subject of doubt in the mind of any true Spiritualist. Ask Clergymen about the soul; they don't know. We teach of the soul as a positive entity; it can be seen; there are mediums who can see the spirits. The medium who is speaking has seen them for four years, every day. If he were the only one, you might doubt, but there are thousands. All believe the Spiritual Philosophy who have evidence of its truth—no more. The Hindoo taught that man would be absorbed into the fulness of Brahma; the bad enter other bodies. The Mohammedan has an Oriental heaven, and a place which corresponds to the hell of the so-called Christians.

Man who is the ultimate of earth, who can control the elements and transmit intelligence across the oceans, must have a high object of life and no dubious existence in the future. We all feel the innate nobility of our nature, none of us would change, entirely, with our neighbors; we glory in our selfhood, and the greatest beauty of the other life is to know that that selfhood will be preserved. If we were absorbed, all would be one being, nothing to act upon.

Man must unfold in the future or the great object of life is lost. The object of our existence is progressive development; we see it in each grain of sand and drop of water or in the beautiful thought; it is the object of this and of the future life.

Man has received too much mythology or the religion of mystery, supernaturalism. He now wants a religion of facts. Knowledge is superior to truth. We are now taking the first lessons of an eternal education, and when we don the more beautiful garments of the spirit we shall continue the lessons. Some tell us we ought not to pry into the future, that we shall be better fitted for the other life if we have no knowledge of it. But you do not reason thus in this sphere.

If one is to go to France it is best that he learn the French language and much about the country; so you should learn all you can of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the spirit world. The Mohammedan's idea of Heaven is a place where they are always smoking opium, resting on ottomans and waited upon by many servants.

There are others who dwell in indolence near a mystic throne. We present an object far more beautiful. Are not the learned

the most active here in striving to lead others up? And will they be content with a Heaven of indolent ease? Oh no! In laboring for others their spirits, like golden harps, will give forth tones sweeter far than the Eolian harp when kissed by the breezes of sunny Italy. Activity is the secret of happiness.

The object of existence is to learn to make others happy. It is best to begin the lesson here. You are writing copies, as it were, in the earth beneath, you will have harder lessons in another life. It will be like leaving a primary for the principal school. Our object is to advance, and to advance forever. All adversities here, all troubles are but the troubles of the school-boy. We can hardly realize now we are men how we could have been grieved at the loss of a doll, or confectionaries. So in the future we shall regard many things we desired as we now regard those fantastic images we played with in boyhood. Labor to be better, this is the highest incident of our nature; labor to be better, and angels will come to you with lessons of philosophic lore or poetic loveliness. If there were no progress in the future, this life were without a meaning; it were of no avail that earth was fair, the bending sky, the rolling sea, the sun and stars were all in vain if they were not preparing you for the future.

None will be lost. Kingdoms and nations, forms and institutions, arts and sciences, may be lost; but a soul never. Egypt has gone, her pyramids and temples are crumbling; the favored Israelites have gone; Greek and Roman have passed away; but Humanity lives and Humanity rises. You hear of lost Arts, but you never hear of a lost soul except in the mythology of the past, or ignorance of the present. Progress is the watchword of the universe. The earth, and the form of man contains a promise of his future elevation; the desires of man contain a promise, and the lessons of the angels.

Live to make others happy; this should be the great object of existence. All apparent evils are but temporary; wars and confusion in state and church are but temporary, eternal peace succeeds. There is a holy calm in the soul when it realizes the truth of an eternal life, and that a life of prayer. Each spirit is a low note in the harmony of the universe; this life is but a prelude to a better, toward which this life ever points its jeweled finger.

We may learn from this view the lessons of toleration, breathe an atmosphere of charity, live above the chicanery and deceit of an earthly life, above the vituperative tongue of slander, and in love with one another.

Say no more that human nature is a failure; tell man he is a progressive being, and you give him the best incentive to action. Live in harmony with your high destiny and the dove of Peace and Contentment will dwell with you; you are advancing, all earth is advancing, and the onward and upward march is forever.

A committee was chosen, who selected the following for a poem: "Let there be light." Without a second's hesitation Mr. Whiting began, and spoke in a poetic strain for about ten minutes.—He referred to the request of Goethe, for "Light more Light," and said that was ever the motto of the Spirit World. He spoke of the call for light by the Poet and man of science, and concluded by reference to the divine spark in the soul,

Lighting each spirit on its way
Upward to Heaven's eternal day.

ANGEL VISITS.

Surely 'tis weak to mourn
Though thorns are at the bosom, or the blasts
Of this bleak world beat harshly, if there come
Such angel visitants at even-tide.
Or midnight's hold hush, to cleanse away
The stains which day hath garnered, and with the touch
Pure and ethereal, to sublimate
The erring spirit.

KINGCRAFT.

The law of Providence has condemned the old despotisms; Time, the shadowy grave digger, is burying them. Each declining day plunges them into nothingness. God is throwing years upon thrones as we throw spades full of earth upon a coffin.—*Victor Hugo.*