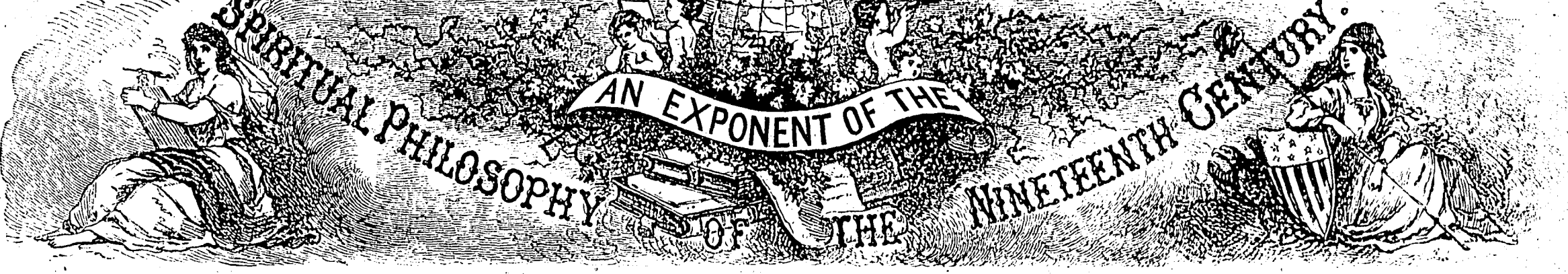


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THE HARMONIAL CYCLOPEDIA: A Repository of World Knowledge Concerning Things and Ideas. PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ARTICLE II.

Copernicus.—Poland, that glorious but unhappy country, must be credited with the production of the celebrated astronomer, whose real name was *Kopernik*, which, Latinized, makes the name so familiar to English readers. He was born at a time (1473) when Poland was one of the noblest, grandest, most cultivated countries of Europe. Compared with the Latins, or Italians, the Poles were great scholars, fond of science, advanced in art, magnanimous in statesmanship, and courageous in war. Copernicus, notwithstanding his immense acquired learning, was so much under angelic ministrations, and took such great delight in spiritual things, that in 1503 he voluntarily entered the ministry, and thenceforward divided his time between studying the stars and doing good among the poor and sick. He loved the Carpathian Mountains as much as Moses loved Sinai. The Black Sea and the Baltic—then belonging to Poland—attracted him as if they were Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. He finally selected a small city, Frauenburg, for his external and spiritual home, near the shore of the Baltic, where he erected a tower for astronomical research and interior meditation. By reasoning and spiritual illumination, Copernicus before the invention of the telescope and the demonstrations of Galileo, modestly developed the true science of planetary revolution. In his seventieth year, and over thirty-six years after writing it, he yielded to the earnest solicitation of friends, and permitted the publication of his great work entitled "The Revolution of the Starry System," or *De Revolutionibus Corporum Celestium*, which to this day marks the age when speculative astronomy crossed the great telescopic bridge into the productive territory of inductive science.

Aura.—Every principle wears appropriate garments. The life within the blood, like the sensation within the nerves, puts on an armor of many-colored atmospheres, compounded of particles derived from the constitution within, as grass grows out of the soil, or hair upon the head. These particles, which form an atmosphere about a person, are pleasing or repulsive, and can be detected by animals like horses and dogs, and more especially and certainly by impossible sensitives called mediums. It is this *aura*, going before a person or trailing along the path the feet have pressed, which makes it possible for the bloodhound to track the slave, the fond dog to find his master, or for you to realize when a particular acquaintance is near your house, or for two silent persons to think the same thought at the same moment. There is a great reality in this atomic emanation about a person, which, in progress of science, will lead to great discoveries and social revolutions. It may do far more than the ten commandments to regulate the marriage relation and the production of children. Real individuality and spiritual status can be accurately ascertained by the *aura* atmosphere which, in spite of either, will surround a person, preceding and following him everywhere. He goes and under all circumstances, indicating and analyzing him as completely as words can impart an idea to the mind.

Association.—The mind's facility and thirst for association, being truly interpreted, means that dedication to one idea, to one scene, to one profession or to one pursuit, is contrary to the laws of mental sanity and development. Change of association is demanded. This is true because we are a result of everything that ever has been, as we are a part of everything that now is; thus logically and necessarily sympathizing with the past and the present, but knowing by experience nothing of the future. Poetically, prophetically and intuitively, the future becomes a part of us, and we a part of it; but, sympathetically, we belong legitimately to all that is and has been; and he is living to but little purpose whose sympathies are bigoted and confined to a few persons, few thoughts, few scenes, and to a few sources of enlightenment. Limited associations eventually weaken the intellect and narrow the perceptions of truth. Great travelers, like Humboldt, grow great in mentality. New associations need not weaken, but should rather strengthen old ties and early friendship. The human mind is many-sided, and cannot therefore be developed by a one-sided education.

Education.—The tongue speaks by education, and does not always obey either the thoughts or the feelings. Some adults, like some children, have an uncontrollable bias to say what they do not exactly mean. Correct speaking, like good dancing, comes by frequent practice, under the guidance of wise instructors.

The habit of uttering contradictions is apt to strike in, like a suppressed eruption; after which it takes the form of mental inconsistency and dissimulation. Hypocrisy begins in the art of imitation. A false appearance is a counterfeit upon a true appearance, which is coveted. Is it not a contradiction that more people will forgive a man than a woman for the same transgression? Is it not a contradiction to forgive a person for doing a wrong, which he could help, and at the same time hold him strictly responsible for being what he is, which he could not help? I have known persons who would morally approve what they religiously condemn. Morally and medically, these persons agree that recreation on Sunday is right; but religiously and scripturally, they insist that it is wrong! Thus men talk contradictions because they were taught inconsistencies.

Contentment.—Discontent is an indispensable cause of human progress. But, unhappily, too many persons cultivate and foster the *cause* and fall in enjoying the legitimate effect. They sow to the wind, but leave to others the thankless task of reaping the whirlwind. A contented spirit is better than riches; that is, when your resignation consists in being content with what is just and good. To be cheerfully reconciled to the unavoidable, to be satisfied with the best you can be and do, is wise and beautiful; but it is worse than folly, it is criminal, to be content with imperfection and evil within the sphere of your influence or control. Men are poor or rich by what they want, not by what they lack or possess. Christians inculcate the idea that it is true and undefiled religion to be content in this world with the most humble lot—that the perfection of contentment is the happiest estate possible in this life—yet these same Christians are the last to relinquish desires for wealth, ambition for power, and strife for preponderance in society and government.

Certainty.—Exemption from doubt would prostrate enterprise and destroy the mainspring of imagination, whose first born is curiosity, whose handmaidens are investigation, experiment and achievement, resulting in universal progress. All that man can know for *certain* is what has been, and what is, and of these only items and fragments; for his mind is not capable of comprehending the whole of either past or present, even in his own little world. "I know that I know that I am," is the Alpha and Omega of certainty.

Doubt, which means uncertainty, is the mind's prime incentive to activity. The uncertainty of life keeps the soul revolving very near the orbit of its just equilibrium; it is the ballast in the hold, which saves the vessel from going over in a storm. Absolute, unquestionable certainty—the self-demonstration and incuriousness of sleepless omniscience—abolishing all reasonings, crushing all research, destroying all possibility of surprise and emotion, is happily impossible to human nature. Some Orthodox poet, (Pollok, I believe,) professed to find comfort in *certainty* at the Day of Judgment. "The good man," he wrote, "knew, in very truth, that he was saved to all eternity, and feared no more; while the bad man had proof complete that he was damned forever; and believed entirely, that on every wicked soul anguish would come, and wrath, and utter woe." But then, we must remember that Orthodox Christians have a genius for drawing comfort from wells, into which a reasonable and refined person would not even let down an "old broken bucket."

What shall we say? Do not spiritual communications make *certain* the immortality of the soul? Does walking a mile into the country give you certain knowledge of the contents of every other mile around the globe? Of future existence for you, let us agree that spiritual intercourse is a demonstration. But can immortality of your own special memory and private consciousness be rendered *certain* by any proof short of the absolute living of an immortal life? Doubt, at this juncture, is the mother of fresh thought and investigation. Imagination, which is the seer of the intellectual faculties, now spreads its wings for another flight into immensity. From the realm of *uncertainty* will now come back a flock of birds of paradise. Hope, Aspiration, Yearning, Prayer! These are faithful life-preservers for the groping millions—while to the thinking few, there are the faithful safeguards of Nature, Reason, Intuition, Philosophy. Thus, in a universe of doubt and uncertainty, the great army of fools and philosophers jog along side by side; no one quite knowing exactly in his own mind the critical spot where the foot ceases and the philosopher begins.

Character.—This is to the mind what a dwelling is to the body; it is the containing and molding superstructure. A characterless man is a homeless man; he is alone, with his enemies, without shelter and protection.

The character is the form which the affections and the faculties assume during the years of growth between childhood and maturity. A reputation (that is, what is thought and said of you by others) may be either good or bad; but, so long as this reputation is not confounded with your character, you are safe in yourself. With an unsound character, however, whatever your reputation may be, your foundation is merely sand, and cannot withstand the tempests of adversity. My character is my most valuable property; I must keep it insured against the firebrand of my own misconduct. My reputation is at best only putty and paint on the outside; so if you rub it off, or mar it in any place, I am not concerned; for I can procure a few hands to visit me with recuperative pots and brushes.

Is it not strange that so many persons would rather possess a brilliant reputation than a substantial character? Why strange? Because these same persons profess to believe in a literal, natural life, beyond the tomb, where they expect to meet their intimate friends and old associates, and be at once seen and known, by every one of them, for what they really are; and yet, from day to day, in this world, these same believers put on false appearances, habitually preferring a bubble reputation to solid character. One of two conclusions is presented: either these persons are brave, and take the terrible risk, hoping to have all their imperfections and shams overlooked by forgiving hearts, or they are real hypocrites and frauds, having no genuine faith in the idea that they shall live and be known after death.

Children.—If you would rear your child to health, industry, and usefulness, let your principal virtue be *patience*. It will clothe a large family with peace and harmony. Labor to bring a child into the world is continued in the unceasing work of patience to bring it to a period of self-protection. Children, in the constituents of their being, come from the bright and blooming fields of Nature; hence it is but natural for them to seek, at every risk, to return and enjoy their original, beautiful liberty. They yearn for the open air, and for the magnetism of the warm sunshine; they climb fences, wade the streams, jump the ditches,

run up hill and down, roam over the fertile fields, because "they find acquaintance there," being one in spirit with the soul of things, all of which they *feel*, and a part of which they *are*. To be a mother is a sacred, painful, pleasurable privilege; but to be born, to come into the world, to exist, to grow, to attain the full stature, and live forever—this is indeed sacred, wonderful, awful, attractive, beautiful!

All the little nothings about a child interest its loving mother. She accepts the great care and anxiety with a song of praise and thanksgiving. She loves its merry and wild ways, and its laughter she hears.

"Ringing out in the air with its innocent gush,
Like the toll of a bell at the tolling of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell."

Many a mother sincerely thinks she sees an angel in the cradle. She has a feeling about her little one that cannot overflow in words. The climax of perfection in love was (she thought) reached, when she conceived a never-ending attachment for her lover-husband. But what a wide garment of love is this which covers the expansion of self-existence and conjugal affection into parental devotion to the child just born!

Gracefulness.—Angels, good or evil, are known by their manners. Graceful thoughts beget beautiful movements. Spirits, of the earth earthy, jerk and slam the floors of society. The droolery of the jesting buffoon feeds upon the foolishness which it seeks to amuse. Good manners are better than fine garments. What do you think when you see an ignorant, condescending youth, or a man of inferior nature, assume an air of authority and self-importance toward persons far his superiors? Actions come out of thoughts; these flow from the feelings; thus you behold a person's real spiritual condition. Gracefulness, then, is the motion-language of the thoughts and feelings of an angel. How many angels dwell within the charmed circle of your friendships? Do you belong to the first rank in this school?

Cherubim.—A name given by the ancient Jews to any guardian influence belonging to the celestial system of government. Sometimes it signifies a spirit, next to a seraph in importance; but in general use the term stands for an emblem of hierarchical authority.

Let us, taking a like liberty, employ it to signify wisdom. Let us put into his hand a flaming sword, and station him at the entrance of society. The gates of our Eden need watching and guarding. For within them you see a corpulent, selfish Eve, manifesting grossness and cruelty to her servants, stupid indifference to the development of her children, spending her vitality on dress, novels, parade, and a pampered appetite. There, too, you see a rotund old Adam, bringing on premature decrepitude, accumulating wealth in every land, exhausting his great energies in laying the foundations for protracted lawsuits among his heirs, and in destroying what little happiness circumstances may perchance bring within his life. Let a cherubim be stationed at the great garden gate, with flaming sword, instructed to drive out these fallen parents, and to preserve the paths and fruit trees for the good angels who are surely coming.

Comfort.—The tired body and the weary faculties seek rest. Sweet repose is the paradise dreamed in the dreams of the faithful. "First pure, then peaceable," might philosophically be rendered—"first peaceful, then comfortable." The spirit of the age is bright, penetrative, restless; how much can a man do before he dies?—not how much can a man live while he lives?—is the question put by every tongue in every land. Comfortable living, like holy dying, is practically out of the question. How to thoroughly drain and crowd, current personal life with a plenitude of affecting fashionable excitements, is the problem. "To utter the greatest possible number of words in the smallest possible space of time," was the effort of a popular character. To walk with a spring; to look above the heads of your fellows; to assume an air of importance; to proceed practically to the accomplishment of your own enlightened interest to carry defiance and superiority in your gait and voice in the presence of servants; to observe all the approved rules of the best society in your neighborhood; to keep your head lightly and proudly on your shoulders; to attend an evangelist church at least once every Sunday—these, let it be remembered, are the new commandments.

Comfort, as the word is generally used, stands for a negative condition—the absence of pain, a state of relief from positive suffering and distress. How not to be uncomfortable is the problem. "Bodily ease and mental tranquility," is a popular definition, but a condition as yet unknown to the mass of mankind. "I looked for comforters," said David, "but found none." Job said his friends came "to mourn with him and to comfort him." Spiritual writers have christened the Divine Spirit a "Comforter," which would "teach all things" to its receivers. But the truth is, so long as mankind is animated with one blood, and with the same affectional and spiritual constituents, it will remain impossible for one person to be positively happy while there is anywhere injustice, disease, crime, and misery. If you would be comfortable, set about bringing and bestowing comfort upon those who sorrow and droop beneath an unmerited load of wrong and transgression. Selfishness may shield you for a day, perchance during which you may exist without suffering, be at ease, without pain and misery, be what you call "comfortable," in the enjoyment of life and its present blessings; but, anon, the condition of your friends in the world will "ring for you," sorrow is already at your doors, a beggar is this moment in your kitchen, a thief is now hiding himself among your treasures, unexpected persecution and unmerited trial are at hand, your son has become alarmingly hardened and impetuous to exalting influence, your neighbor's daughter is involved in the life of the earthy and sensual, marks of divine indignation and retribution appear upon your wrongfully acquired fortune—

alas! Where is the comforter? Who shall save you from pain? Who give you sleep amid all this ungodliness? Who unfold in you a true heart throbbing with love, contentment, and gratitude?

If you would look upon the nearest approach to the condition called heaven, you must visit a harmoniously married pair, dwelling amid the loveliness and sweet beauty of Nature, surrounded with a little family contented and happy, where, unencumbered with the cares of riches, and not hampered by too much material poverty, all participate in the pathos and poetry of communion with the departed, realize the sublimity of immortality, see the unquenchable fire and fascination of the Harmonial Philosophy burning its exalted grandeur into the world's universal reason, cherishing the pure love of benevolence amid the stunted charities and perniciences of existing civilization—*here*, in this humble abode, away from the jam and contention of cities, sheltered by the bending blue skies so rich and sacred with awful beauty, plenty of grain and fruit in the fields, books on the shelves within, true pictures everywhere in dogs and out, music in the house and in the heart—here behold a glimpse of that which is for all in the Summer-Land.

Scientific.

COSMOGRAPHY: A Description of the Universe. NUMBER NINE.

BY EVANDELL S. RICHARDS.

A short strip of wood lodges in a line locally. It decays slowly; and as rapidly as it decomposes, the line works in, retaining, as it very gradually passes into the wood, the form and shape of the fibres, and thus we have line petrification, popularly known as petrified wood, a conversion into stone, the wood having decayed and passed away. If silica or quartz, in a soft state, has worked into the decaying wood, we then have a silica petrification, or, more properly termed, silicified wood. Flesh decays so rapidly that, naturally, it is a very difficult matter to petrify a human being. Dead bodies are sometimes interred with lime, as found in the Mammoth Cave, where all objects remaining fixed are soon covered with this substance, which is constantly dripping from the roof, and gradually forming, drop by drop, those beautiful stalagmites and stalactites for which this place is so famous. Visitors to the Cave have been lost in the dark and winding paths, and their remains found interred in lime, well preserved.

A crystal is generally formed through the action of heat. Fill a porcelain dish with a solution of salt. Heat it moderately; evaporation will take place, and small crystals of salt will be seen forming in the dish. All crystals in Nature possess certain shapes and forms characteristic of the class to which each belongs; so that a good crystallographer or a thorough mineralogist can as easily detect a crystal and give one its name by the angles each presents, as the botanist can identify a phænogamous or flowering plant by the stamens, pistils, petals and other properties peculiar to its flower. Quartz crystals are perhaps the most common. Rock crystal, amethyst, rose quartz, chrysoberyl, carnelian, agate, flint, jasper and opal are included in its varieties. Among aluminous crystals are garnet, tourmaline, topaz and sapphire. The most common variety of sapphire is blue. Red is rare and very valuable, and brings at times as high a price as a costly diamond of equal size. This crystal exceeds all others in hardness save the diamond.

The diamond is a crystal found generally in alluvial washings; its composition is pure carbon, and is undoubtedly of vegetable origin. When heated sufficiently intense it will burn until most entirely consumed, throwing off smoke in the form of carbonic acid gas the while. It was probably crystallized when the rock surrounding it was formed, and as the rock decomposed and fell to pieces, the diamond crystal, being much harder, retained its form among the small fragments of broken rocks, washed or worn into pebbles and sand. When first found it resembles white glass; a novice would pass it as nothing of any value, and it is only when cut into various forms and shapes, as sold at the shops, that the great brilliancy of the crystal is appreciable. After the fact became known that the composition of the diamond was identical with charcoal, it was suggested that the former, through a certain process, could be manufactured from the latter; the experiment was made, and success attained in so far that crystals were formed, but they were so small that a microscope was necessary to detect them, and the expense attending the manufacture so great, (amounting to more, in fact, than the crystal's value,) the enterprise was abandoned, and charcoal left in its undisputed right to serve as its own useful way, instead of being converted into diamonds to cut glass and adorn the persons of our gentry. Many other varieties of crystals might be mentioned, as they occur throughout the mineral kingdom and constitute most of the rocks common to us, which are simply an aggregation of crystals; but space will not allow of further details. In the process of rock formation, today, Art and Nature are competitors. Mix sand, carbonate of lime, silicate of soda, solution of chloride of calcium, and the silicate of lime formed, cements the mixture into a hard and durable stone; add quartz and oxide of iron, and artificial granite is made; add other ingredients, and marble is formed; both grow very hard, and are molded into any shape desired, while a fine polish as one could wish is attained. By this process the manufacturer cheapens than by the stone for building purposes cheaper than the natural or usual way. Thus man becomes the master of the elements, and in place of being the created, is part and parcel of the Creator.

A generous mind does not feel as belonging to itself alone, but to the whole human race. We are born to serve our fellow-creatures.

Literary Department.

THE OLD ORGAN;

OR, THE WHITE SWAN'S DYING SONG.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY GRACE LELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Free men freely work,
Whoever fears that, fears to sit at ease."
—MRS. BROWNE.

Days glided into weeks—rich, busy, beautiful days, that filled my soul with sunshine. Each day the industrious brushes and pallet were hurrying into our service, and two or three fine landscapes already rewarded our labors. Uncle and aunt watched our progress with constantly increasing interest, and Mr. Lynde and I were each preparing a painting for a gift to them.

The acquaintance between Mr. Lynde and myself ripened rapidly. How could it be otherwise, as we were situated? Although I had known him scarcely two months it seemed to me it had been years. He seemed to understand so well my thoughts, even before they were uttered, and to appreciate so fully those feelings which I did not attempt to express. Good training had somewhat checked my natural propensity to express feeling at the expense of thought; and although this propensity at times flashed out in some outburst of feeling, setting all barriers of conventionalities aside, yet I did not make the mistake which some young ladies do, that thought belongs almost exclusively to man, and sensibility to woman. None knew so well as I the deep tides of feeling which surged ever through my nature, threatening some-times to submerge even reason itself; but I looked upon it as so much material in my hands to be wrought into use, and beauty, and gladness, as so much wealth with which to enrich, and beautify, and gladden existence for myself and for others; and I did not often allow this faculty of my nature to get the mastery over me. Nor did I carry myself espionage so far as to make myself artificial. None despised artificiality more heartily than I. I loved Nature intensely, and "artificiality" meant deeper in the very soul of Nature than many young persons do.

But few of my friends understood me, especially my gentlemen friends. Most of them thought me heartless, devoid of feeling; and, looking only at the surface of my character, imagined I should be pleased by their soft and meaningless flattery, whereas I galled and vexed me, although in some moods I was merely amused by it as by so much childish prattle. Knowing that they misunderstood me, I hid my true self from them the more carefully, and thus widened the distance between us. Thus, among all my gentleman acquaintances, I had but two or three whom I considered true and appreciative friends.

My heart *yearned* for unalloyed, with whom I had compared all men of my acquaintance, and had found them wanting, commanded the secret service of my soul. I was true to it as the needle to the pole. The metamorphosis in my self, consequent on finding the exact expression of *this* *idea* in Mr. Lynde, was quite natural, yet it somewhat surprised me. I seemed to read his soul. The little glimpses which he occasionally showed me of himself were so many doors ajar, through which I passed and entered his interior life, knowing that it was welcome there—yes, *welcome* even in his world. I read his affection for me constantly, sometimes the most clearly through his "grand repression," and this was to me a new experience. For I had never thus read other men. Even years of devotion on their part—during which time fond glances, and tender tones, and many expressions of affection had passed wholly unnoticed by me, or, if observed, had been attributed to friendship merely—had failed to enlighten me on this point; so that when, finally, I had estimated in a formal offer of marriage, I had always been taken by surprise. Some had blamed me, accusing me even of coquetry, which I despise as entirely beneath every true man and woman; a contemptible thing, indeed, of which I was never guilty at heart. If it seemed so to some of my disappointed suitors, it was only because, in my childishness, I had never dreamed of their love for me.

But I did read Mr. Lynde's affection, and took it as a matter of course. It did not surprise me. I felt that we belonged to each other. Each soul had sought its counterpart, and in this finding each other life had grown wondrously beautiful, and rich and bright.

It was a fine day in August—one of those soft, balmy days, when in the quiet haze of Nature the soul almost loses itself, as in the mazes of a dream.

Mr. Lynde and I, with our faithful "Tiger," had rambled over the hills, and adding a little gem of landscape which just suited our mood, had sketched it, intending to fill up its outlines at our leisure. We were sitting under a large tree. Beside us a busy brook hurried on its way, and as we rested there, now talking, now musing, I threw into the restless waters above us a small branch well covered with leaves.

"Here is a barque, launched on the stream of life," I said. "Let us see how it will take its course. See how it hastens down the stream, as if eager to solve the problem of existence, all unknown as yet. Now it catches on the rock in the middle of the stream. Ah! beware of rocks! they are the tempters which would stop your onward course. Now it frees itself, and sails nobly on. Ah! it is dashed by the impetuous current of its circumstances against the bank, where it is fixed. We must give it a helping hand—poor slave of circumstance! How like some people we know! There it goes now, on its way again—but, oh! be

COMPENSATION OF MEDIUMS

BY H. SCOT
