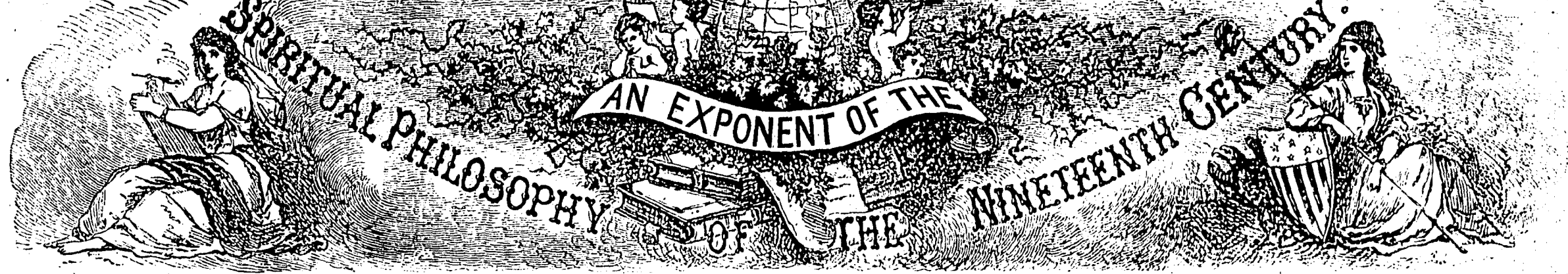


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

## THE HARMONIAL CYCLOPEDIA:

A Repository of Useful 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, Fromburg, 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 Revolutionibus Copernici Celestium," which to this day marks the age when "speculative" astronomy crossed the great telescope 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 impenetrable 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 a person's atmosphere which, in spite of either will, surrounds 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 unkindling association. 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.

**Contradiction.**—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 *ease* 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 unfeigned 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 pre-eminence 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 incuriosity of sleepless omniscience—abolishing all possibility of surprise and emotion, is happily impossible to human nature. Some Orthodox poet, (Pollok, I believe,) professed to find comfort in *certain* 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 wooden 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 fool 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 misconception. 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 soil 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.

"Things out in the air with its innocent gush,  
Like the fall of a bird at the twilight's soft blush,  
Flying out on the breeze like the tones 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 begot beautiful movements. Spirits, of the earth, jerk and slam the doors 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, conceited 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 robed old Adam, bringing on premature decrepitude, accumulating wealth in every hand, 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 peace, then peaceable," might philosophically be rendered—"first peaceful, then comfortable." The spirit of the ages 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 cram and crowd current personal life with a plenitude of fleeting 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 about the heads of your fellows; to assume an air of importance; to proceed practically to the accomplishment of your own enlightened interests; to carry defiance and superiority in your look 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 evangelized 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 tranquillity" 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 unnumbered 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 unwelcome trial are at hand, your son has become alarmingly hardened and impious 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 and all this ungodliness? Who unfold in you a true heart thrumming 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 Harmonical Philosophy burning its exalted grandeur into the world's universal reason, cherishing the pure love of benevolence amid the stunted charities and pernicious selfishness 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 ELSANDER S. RICHARDS.

A short strip of wood, lodged in a lime locality, it decays slowly; and as rapidly as it decomposes, the lime works in, retarding, as it very gradually passes into the wood, the form and shape of the fibres, and thus we have lime 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 formed, silicified wood. Flesh decays so rapidly that, naturally, it is a very difficult matter to petrify a human being. Dead bodies are sometimes incased with lime, as found in the Mammoth Cave, where all objects remaining there are soon coated 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 incased 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 phenogamous 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 alumina crystals are garnet, tourmaline, topaz and sapphire. The most common variety of sapphire is blue. Red is rare and very valuable, and being 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 us in 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, to-day, 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 some could wish is attained. By this process the manufacturer claims to furnish stone for building purposes cheaper than by 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.

From men freely won.  
Whoever fears that, fears to sit at ease.  
—MRS. BROWNING.

Days glided into weeks—rich, busy, beautiful days, that filled my soul with sunshine. Each day the industrious brushes and pallet were impressed 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 conventionality 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 fides of feeling which surged ever through my nature, threatening some times to submerge even reason itself; but I held 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 artificially more heartily than I. I loved Nature intensely, and sometimes I looked deeper into the very soul of Nature than many young persons do.

But few of my friends understood me, especially my gentleman 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 stiff 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's friend of manhood, 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 myself, consequent on finding the exact expression of this *heart's ideal* in Mr. Lynde, was a little natural, yet it somewhat surprised me. I seemed, to read his soul. The little affections which he occasionally showed me, of himself were so many doors ajar through which I passed and entered his interior life, knowing that I was welcome there—yes, *wanted* even. In other words, 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, all had culminated 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 childhood, 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 thus finding each other's 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 climbed 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 fish which 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 molly 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 knew! There it goes now, on its way again—but, oh! be

CHARTS, THE SOLEMN, Dominum tuum, (ord the God) His

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### Closing Picnic at Island Grove.

**Closing Picnic at Island Grove.**  
A more beautiful morning than that of Friday, Sept. 13th, seldom is seen in our Eastern autumn, and, as a natural consequence, the last picnic of the season, projected by Dr. H. F. Gardner, for the accommodation of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, and those of central and southern Massachusetts, was largely attended at Island Grove, Abington. A long train, well filled with expectant ones, filed out of the Old Colony Railroad Depot, at 9 A. M., and, on arriving at the ground, the outskirts of the woods, filled on the right and left with earriages, proclaimed the fact that the brethren from the country round about—in some cases, from fifteen miles distant—had come to unite in the festivities of the occasion.

silently illuminated during the evening. A committee of two was chosen to tie the medium, namely: Messrs. H. S. Williams and A. A. Wheel-  
erk. The committee, having performed this duty in a thorough manner, placed the medium in a cabinet and closed the doors. After waiting some twenty minutes, he said, "Col. Perkins [the leader of his spirit band] 'has n't arrived, and they ain't untying me." In five minutes more he said, "He's come." Instantly a rattling of the ropes was heard, and in one-and-a-half minutes the doors were opened, and the medium free from the ropes, every knot being untied, and one of the smaller cords found to be tied up in a bundle of knots that took a gentleman ten minutes to unravel. From this time, the manifestations went on smoothly for two hours.

"We pronounce the spirit of that announcement simply atrocious. It is bloodthirsty in every part. There is a deliberate calculation about it that betrays the purpose to make war on the Indians in any event. . . . The late outrages?"—what are they? A party of emigrants in the North were found massacred; and the Indians were of course credited with the bloody work; but now it comes out by the confession of one of the participants of the terrible massacre—that it was the atrocious work of white men—not Indians! Of the "outrages" now suddenly bruited-abroad, we venture to assert that the country knows little or nothing

But what, indeed, say we to this unhesitating, inhuman, uncivilized policy of *extermination* which is proclaimed with such revengeful nonchalance? It cannot be denominated in language strong enough, or copious enough, to express the instinctive abhorrence with which it is regarded everywhere. We do not pretend to say the Indians have not committed thefts and murders, and a great many of them; but have they never been goaded into it by the treacherous conduct of the whites? The Government traders have repeatedly cheated and betrayed them. Whenever they wanted to make great fortunes, they would kill an Indian and spring on retaliation, and then cry out for an Indian war. Such a war could at any time in the past be predicted with almost unerring accuracy. All this ground we have gone over many times. There is nothing new to be said upon it. If it be true that our Government has determined to pursue the barbarous policy of extermination, giving no quarter, and pursuing everywhere to kill, spare neither women nor children as the seed of the Indian race—whether such a policy be endorsed by Sheridan or Sherman, it will be sure to react with a deservedly fatal effect on the white race. The peace policy with the red men is not a mystery at all. It has but a single element in it, which is justice. Is our Government "losing patience" with that? Has the Indian suddenly shown that he is impenetrable to the influences of good treatment, truthful dealing, and fidelity to sworn promises?

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**Ninth Annual Convention.**

The ninth convocation of the Spiritualists of the United States, represented by delegates; has been held, speeches delivered, and resolutions passed. Stout hearts have spoken for truth as they understand it, and weak hands have been strengthened for duty. In last week's issue and the present the reader will find a brief and succinct account of the measures introduced, and the steps taken concerning them. Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, of New York, was re-elected President of the Association for the ensuing year, and Dr. H. T. Child of Philadelphia, again called upon to assume the duties of Secretary for another term.

Our opinion concerning the organization whose annual meeting has thus for the first time transpired within the limits of our city, has been frequently given. In all matters wherein it extends its hand to further the best interests of the cause we are with it, as all true Spiritualists should be. While inclining to the belief that organization for effective work will be best accomplished by the forming of strong Local Societies, from which State Associations will in turn be eliminated, and from which latter, in the order of natural succession, delegates may be returned to a National Association, still it is taught for the benefit of the truth, and the enfranchisement of the human mind from the grinding bondage of the past, that can be brought about in the interim of the forming of these societies, by this yearly Convention, we extend to you our hearty and wishes.

Brothers, sisters, let our highest ambition be the cultivation of charity for each other, and of spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of all. Let us remember, in practice, the strong, brave words of the late Governor of Massachusetts, Hon. John A. Andrew: "The field is too wide, the harvest too great, the world too broad, and humanity too precious either for delays, for jealousies, or for selfish strifes." As the closing shadows of time fall around the adjourned Convention, may its members, and the brethren and sisters generally, be wrapped in that broad spirit of love which fears no evil because it knows it cannot live, fellowships all truth because it knows it cannot die, and admits the broadest latitude for all. If differences have arisen, the struggle has been manfully decided, and the voice of the majority has spoken. Let all now work together to the perfect fulfillment of the new gospel, and the blessing of the great cloud of angelic witnesses will be their unfailing reward.

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**A Right Decision.**

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has rendered a just decision in the case of Mrs. A. J. Feit, who had recovered five thousand dollars damages from the Middlesex Horse Railroad Company, requital of injuries received while on the cars that Company on a certain Sunday, returning from a Spiritualist open-air meeting at Malden. The Company contested her claim on the ground that they were not responsible for damages received by their hands on Sunday, the contract on that day with passengers being illegal. It further maintained that a Spiritualist meeting was in no sense religious, and therefore that the plaintiff had no good ground for even a Sunday case.

It was held, if not worse, ground, for a public corporation to assume in its defense; and having been assessed in five thousand dollar damages the Middlesex Company thought they would resort to the last rather than pay the amount. Hence their hearing before the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth. But justice was not to be thus baffled. An appeal to its highest seat only brought out voice with the utmost possible authority. The Supreme Court has decided that the Company was obligated to carry the plaintiff, and indeed all other passengers, with as much care on one day as on any other day; and also that a meeting of Spiritualists is as much a religious meeting as such subscribe to Spiritualism as any other Orthodox.

The medium submitted patiently to the various test conditions required of him, and there was not a failure in any instance.

A wire frame was placed over his head and shoulders, and wire gauntlets over his hands and arms, reaching above the elbows. The committee pushed the wire coverings together securely, and then fastened his arms and hands to the back and legs of the chair. In this helpless condition the medium entered the cabinet, where a small iron ring was placed on a stool by his side. After an interval of three minutes the ring was found on his left wrist, which it fitted closely, and could not possibly be removed by mortals without separating it. While in this same condition, half-a-dozen other similar tests, and as convincing, were tried with equal success. The waxed thread test was also applied. The thread was wound around his wrists several times, then tied in a square knot, and his hands tied together at his back and then fastened to a bolt in the cabinet. In this position a gold ring was placed in his mouth, and as quick as the cabinet door could be closed and opened again, the ring would be found in his ear, on his nose, or on his hands. These tests in particular gave unequivocal satisfaction to those present.

**Resolved,** That the physical manifestations witnessed by us this evening, through the mediumship of Master DeWitt C. Hough, have been very successful and instructive, and were, as we believe, unmistakably the work of some occult power outside of the medium.

On motion, the resolve was adopted unanimously, and the following-named ladies and gentlemen, who were present, tendered the use of their names as a further endorsement of the resolution, for the benefit of the medium: J. Merrill, of Arkansas; Robert Harper, of Birmingham, Eng.; A. A. Wheelock, of New York; Dr. A. H. Richardson; C. B. Marsh, Clarestown; John Wetherbee, Dr. H. B. Storer, Mrs. A. E. Cutter, Mrs. H. B. Cutter, Mr. and Mrs. C. Dudley, H. S. Williams, Geo. A. Bacon, L. B. Wilson, Boston.

Released!

Physical pain and mental anxiety are ended for another of the world's earnest workers. All can not occupy the summit of endeavor in the battle for truth, but whoever discharges, according to his powers, his duty in the advancement of public sentiment along the ages, is indeed worthy of his life. James H. Powell, whose name is familiar to the American Spiritualists as one who, so far as the night, did good work for the cause, but whose failing health admonished that his labor was as nearly as possible completed, and who returned to his native land to die—passed from the scenes of earthly trial at 5 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, April 31st, at his residence, 179 Copenhagen street, E. Cateatonian Road, London, Eng., aged 42 years.

During his stay in this country, Bro. Powell was engaged in the publication of several periodicals in the interest of liberal thought, and also issued a volume of poems. His efforts as a lecturer are known in the East and the West. On his return to England—some two years since—by reason of ill health, he began slowly to sink under his disease, cancer of the lungs, and was finally so severely afflicted as to be utterly unable to move down in bed, or to obtain sleep save by aid of powerful inhalations of chloroform and morphia. An English correspondent speaks to us concerning him as follows:

"A self-taught man, and a poet by nature, he possessed the faculties, and the power of making himself a way in the walks of literature, and became in turn author, editor and instructor. \* To the last he fought sternly and bravely for home and independent support of his wife and family, but he completed the work of his life in his efforts under the title of 'The Invalid's Casket' but a few days before he bowed his exit. \*"

The 'Invalid' has escaped from us to the spheres, and the 'Casket' remains deposited in the Ilford Cemetery; yet there is a work of love to be done for the widow and three fatherless children, and that work is for friends to dispossess the 'Invalid's Casket' of its name, and place it now in the publisher's hands, (Mr. J. Burns,) to provide for those helpless ones who have been left to struggle with life."

### The Common and the Library.

The National Standard, of New York, has timely communication from Rev. J. T. Sargent sketching his reflections on the occasion of a Sunday visit to the Common in summer; and he closes them by very properly asking why it would not be far better to permit the opening of a public reading-room and library than to see a whole class of our population, which is shut out of the churches lounging and loitering about on the benches at the grass, studying how to kill time or to launch fresh schemes of vicious mischief. At any rate he justly thinks the Common and the Library ought to be re-opened and coincide.

He counted not less than a thousand persons, men, women, and children—lounging away in idleness that summer Sunday. Not a single face among them all was he able to recognize. He saw none of those whom he was accustomed to meet on his daily walk. And he asks if nothing can be done to relieve their condition, lift up their aspirations, and open to them the avenues of improvement. There certainly can be, and it is by simply opening on Sunday the Public Library, with its Reading Room. Cincinnati is every way pleased and satisfied with her experiment, and cordially recommends it to Boston. Other cities testify to a similar satisfaction. Boston—liberal Boston—alone hangs back, as if afraid. She never before wanted to be led by other cities in a measure so short. If she refuses to shut the gates of her Common to the masses on Sunday, why does she refuse equally to open the doors of the Public Library?

☞ Thanks to Mrs. H. B. Needham, of W. Newton, for a basket of elegant flowers for a Free Circle table.

After the usual congratulations, all concerned betook themselves to that class of enjoyment which most appealed to their tastes—the dancing hall, swings, lake and grove coming in for an equal share of attention, and those desiring to listen to speakers, congregating at the stand. Despite the wind, which, in utter defiance of the weather prophets, had risen till it sent almost a hurricane across the exposed peninsula on which the platform is located, Dr. H. F. Gardner made himself heard in a few well chosen words of welcome; Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, and P. B. Randolph, of Boston, considered the importance of the “social” question; Dr. H. B. Storrs delivered a characteristic address, wherein he felicitously referred to the great change for the better which theologic teachings had undergone, and the liberalizing effect of Spiritualism, which taught that man was not by nature a child of sin, but a child of progression; that all mankind were brothers; that even the “last enemy,” death, could not separate them; that the earth was not a probationary state, half way between an impossible heaven and a vindictively-kindled hell, but that it was but a rudimentary sphere, a primary department in the great graduated school of universal and eternal unfoldment. The audience united in singing “Bethlehem,” and further remarks were offered by J. M. Cheate, Dr. Gardner, and others, after which the meeting adjourned for dinner.

The noon trains brought a considerable addition to the number already on the grounds. The clouds, however, which had for an hour past, added their threatenings to the presence of the wind, now proceeded to carry out their part in the programme of exercises, and brisk showers, interspersed with fitful gleams of sunshine, filled out the afternoon—preventing further speaking and much out-of-door exercise—notwithstanding which the numerous company, gathered beneath sheltering trees, in the dancing hall and adjacent buildings, passed the time pleasantly away in conversation and friendly argument, till the whistle of the engine told them that the route for home was in order.

During the meeting the utmost harmony prevailed. The claims of A. E. Newton's new book for the instruction of the young: "Lessons Children about Themselves," were presented, and the condition of Dr. Mead's Psychopathic Institute was considered. Dr. Garber also made strong appeal for the financial assistance of the Banner of Light by the increase of its subscription list, for which we tender him our thanks.

**Brittan's Journal of Spiritual Science**

Prof. S. B. Brittan, of Newark, N. J., proposes to publish a Quarterly Magazine, bearing the above title, in which he designs to illustrate (to use his own language) "the dynamics of subliminal agents; the relations, faculties, and functions of mind; philosophy of the spiritual life and world, and the principles of universal progress." The reader may fully comprehend Mr. Brittan's cardinal idea, we quote the following paragraph from his prospectus, which, it is proper here to say, we fully endorse:

"The more intellectual Spiritualists and Reformers have long realized the want of a periodical of the first class in respect to the history, literature and questions of Metaphysics and Psychology. The chief problems of life, death, and immortality; the laws of vital mind, and the connection of the elements, forms, and phases of the visible world and the philosophy of the spiritual realm, are themes that demand careful research, profound insight, subtle discrimination in the analysis and use of material, patient thought and scientific elaboration. Hence it is now a work for the finest, analytical powers to attempt the highest exercise of our constructive faculty."

The terms of the Quarterly will be three dollars per annum, in advance—ten copies to one address twenty-five dollars. S. B. Brittan, agent, Newark, N. J.

## The Progress and Aim of the Old Catholic Movement in Germany

A Vienna correspondent writes as follows concerning the extent and progress of the "Old Catholic" movement in Europe:

"There is far probability of the Old Catholic being duly recognized by the State in Austria. They are making such progress in the number of converts which join their ranks that the Government can scarcely refuse to give them equal rights with other faiths in the land. In Upper Austria, for example, there are already twenty thousand Catholics. In Bohemia there are seven villages of every family of which is Old Catholic. Altogether that Province is said to number about one hundred and twenty-three thousand Old Catholics. In Upper Austria has about nineteen thousand, and in the other provinces of the south about five thousand single numbers. One of the chief difficulties of the Old Catholics have to contend against is the small number of priests of anything beyond the lowest rank who have joined the sect. They have no bishops, and it is probable they will not long wait for the high priests of the Roman Catholic religion to join them, but create some from among their own ranks. The chief reason for supposing this is, as the difficulties placed in the way of such governments are removed, the movement will make an advance and assume an important position. It is little expected by most observers at this moment.

### A Mammoth Picnic.

A correspondent, writing us from New York City, informs us that "the Children's Progressive Lyceums of New York and Brooklyn held a picnic at Wortentkye, New Jersey, Sept. 10th. The who participated in the pleasant affair numbered about one thousand. Mr. C. I. Thacher, conductor of the New York Lyceum, with his operators, managed with great success. The tables were bountifully supplied with all the luxuries that city and country could afford, and the contents were speedily partaken of. A song was sung by the members of the Lyceums; an oration followed, by Warren Sumner Barlow, which spoke for itself in its pioneer language; after which came songs, dialogues, and a drama—"Moralities of the Lyceums." A pleasant speech by Thomas G. Forster, and music and dancing completed the programme."

**Mrs. Woodhull in Lynn.**  
On Friday evening, September 18th, this earnest worker lectured on the financial and political situation of affairs in the United States, and outlined the measures for their amelioration, according to the views held by the Equal Rights Party at Music Hall, Lynn, her remarks being listened to by a good audience—notwithstanding a driving rain-storm then going on—who exhibited their approbation by frequent applause.

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Per order committee,  
L. B. WILSON, *Manager.*

Yours fraternally, ERNEST.

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