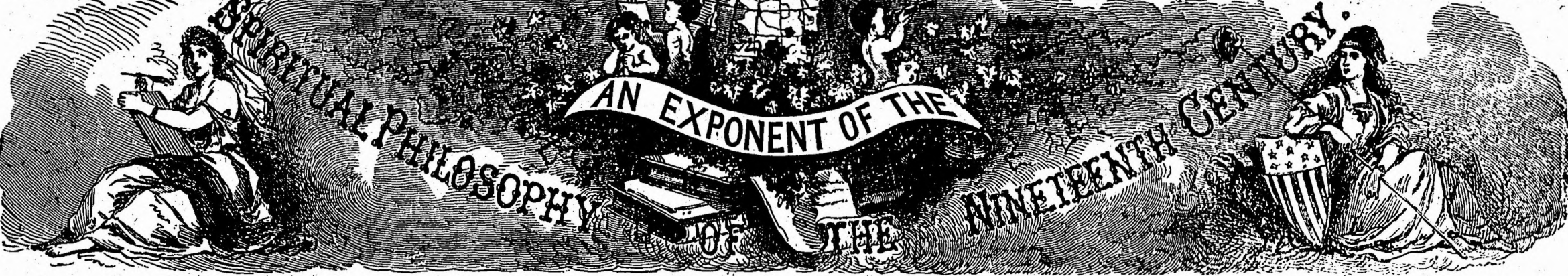


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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BRITTAN'S SECULAR PRESS COLUMN.

The Editor-at-Large at his Work.

[Written for The Shaughraun, Ireland.]

HOW SPIRITUALISM IS EXPOSED. PLAYING THE FAIR IN DUBLIN—LIGHTS ON THE HEADLANDS OF TIME.

To the Editor of The Shaughraun:

In your issue of the date of October 9th, 1880, I find an article entitled "Second Sight Exposed, by an Ex-Medium," in which the writer professes to uncover the mystery of iniquity known as Modern Spiritualism, and to reveal the naked deformity of its disciples. In the following extract we are favored with the writer's estimate of the whole spiritual fraternity, which is not more complimentary than the published opinions of many of his class. I quote from his introductory paragraph:

"I must confess that I have never met any class of men so utterly depraved, so entirely wanting in respect to mankind or reverence to God, as those outrageous and blasphemous rascals who work the Spiritualistic business. The spirit-ecle and the animated furniture, share places with the dark-science and second-sight. The first two are carried out in a quasi-private manner; the latter, at the start, entrusted to certain prestidigitators who traveled from town to town, giving, under the name of jugglery, an extraordinary entertainment, which public ignorance connected with the spiritualistic—a belief not at all discouraged by the nimble-fingered gentleman who owned the 'show.'"

There have been many so-called exposures of Spiritualism in this country and in Europe. Several poor jugglers and a multitude of pious mountebanks have engaged in the business, and it may be that some found it profitable. The scientists are quite willing to have it exposed, because they would be pleased to get rid of such obstinate facts as are likely to upset the whole materialistic formula of the schools of science and philosophy. Then the miracle-mongers, curiosity-seekers and common idlers enjoy the exhibition. In our religious circles there has also been a lively demand for the services of the expositors. The experts in this line have had a good time; and the saints—who so love to have "spiritual wickedness" exposed in "high places" and low places too—have sold tickets, advertised the performance, occupied chief seats at the bogus séance; and at last, when the slippery performers have suddenly disappeared—like "the little joker which now you see and now you do not"—they have purchased a valuable experience by paying for the use of halls, carburetted hydrogen consumed, janitor's services, etc. This happened no long ago (we are credibly informed) in New York, to a learned doctor of divinity and several of his people. Some one was leaky, and the fact escaped the custody of the faithful. They had employed the cunning trickster to expose Spiritualism. The men of God could not do it effectually, and so they went for a juggler! His last trick was a mysterious personal disappearance between two days, with the aggregate receipts of the exhibition. Having served the pious purpose of his godly employers he left, presto! "for parts unknown." Each saw his little ill-fortune in the unpaid bills.

The juggler vanished while he turned the wheel, but never a saint thought it best to squeal. Let us see how Spiritualism is exposed in *The Shaughraun*. In his preliminary observations the writer assures us that "the animated furniture" is moved by "natural laws"; that "the dark science is now thoroughly known," and that the only remaining mystery is "Second-Sight." Having made a special study and practice of this particular phase of the "outrageous and blasphemous spiritual recalcitancy," he presumes to speak with authority. He declares that it is all a trick, and he proceeds to elucidate his own peculiar method of performing the same. His exposition is contained in four columns of as melancholy reading as one may ever find elsewhere outside of a grave-yard. He gives us a little sketch of his life, showing how he came to practice as an "outrageous and blasphemous rascal" in the "spiritualistic business." At an early age he became a pupil of a prestidigitator, and he worked with a lively zeal for his master at the jugglery occupation. According to his own showing he was a promising scholar and made very gratifying progress in the fine arts of deception. It would seem that the one characteristic feature of all his work for years consisted in making things appear to be what they were not. His exposure of Spiritualism shows that he is still engaged in the same general line of business, notwithstanding he professes to have

abandoned "the horrid trade" some years since. We are seldom enlightened and long since ceased to be amused by the exposure farce; but still, though there is nothing new, the play goes on and the groundlings are pleased. Every few days some new discoverer turns up who is anxious to reveal the whole secret for a price, or for nothing. We sometimes wonder if it be possible that these harmless lunatics seriously believe they are exposing anything of consequence. Showing us either a mere trick, or the everlasting brass of an unblinking countenance, is surely no exposure of Spiritualism. This is really a very childish occupation. The ambitious little boy may aim his pop-gun at either the Greater or the Lesser Bear; but Arcturus will remain and the pole-star shine on. If there were less of this wild and random shooting on the part of the enemies of Spiritualism, we should be disposed to think that this Hibernian journalist was attempting to perpetrate a huge joke at the expense of his readers. To elucidate the phenomena of Spiritualism—which are immeasurably diversified in form and world-wide in their occurrence—he tells us how he contrived to deceive the good people of Ireland for such small wages as he was able to command. If we accept his testimony and believe that he really sold himself to the adversary for what he was worth, more or less, pray what has that fact in an ignoble personal history to do with Spiritualism? Nothing whatever. The subjects are as opposite as light and darkness. All his shallow tricks, performed for a few pence, throw no possible light on the great question of the ages. We are happy to know that no possible measure of deception can annihilate a single fact in the soul's experience. Clouds can not veil the immortal luminant, nor can selfish passions and popular skepticism avert the destinies of men.

The truth of Spiritualism is the light of the world! It will shine and grow brighter to the perfect day. It will be a blessing even to the most benighted, abandoned and hopeless of its enemies, whose futile efforts and unworthy devices might excite contempt in honest minds if they did not make a still stronger appeal to our compassion. Vain are all such attempts to hide the light. The writer in your paper might as well be employed in stirring up a mud-puddle with a view of extinguishing the Pleiades. At last invisible hands have placed strong lights on the headlands of Time where the adverse powers of earth and hell can reach them no more. Darkness is no concealment. The constellations shine with the greatest brilliancy at midnight. So shine the truths of our divine philosophy. Its morning glory like a flaming scarf already waves far above the horizon, while a mighty Angel, standing in the sun, unrolls the illuminated scroll of the Spiritual Heavens!

S. B. BRITTAN.

29 Broad street, Newark, N. J., Jan. 23d, 1881.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

Popular Estimate of the Secular Press Bureau.

In these days the people are so well informed that they cannot be deceived in respect to the general drift of thought and the progress of ideas. They readily interpret the spirit of the times, and are entitled to be heard on all questions of public interest. The use of the Secular Press for the universal diffusion of spiritual light and knowledge—now that the plan is fairly understood—is approved with great unanimity and enthusiasm. Many of the voices are especially significant, since they are known to come from personal sources of high character and liberal culture. We do not feel at liberty to suppress, altogether, the emphatic testimony of these friends, since words of encouragement are incentives to further effort in the right direction.—ED. B. OF L.

A STRONG WITNESS.

An intelligent gentleman whose residence is near Boston—a man of classical education and an earnest reformer, who at the beginning took little or no interest in the Secular Press Bureau—writes, under a recent date, in a manner which indicates the greatest interest in the work. We make the following extracts from this gentleman's correspondence:

"Yes! The popular press publication of the truths and evidences of Modern Spiritualism is a good movement. At its start I was a little shy of it, not seeing clearly the purpose, nor comprehending the efficiency and value of it. But its now nearly two years' trial demonstrates its practicability and exceeding usefulness in diffusing spiritual light and knowledge amid the theological works of Orthodoxy. Professor Brittan, in the management of the enterprise, is the right man in the right place. He is familiar with the history and philosophy of Spiritualism; he has been a minister, and knows the ignorance and prejudice which environ the clerical mind. He himself has arisen above the unreasonable folly and darkness into light and liberty, and can therefore assist, and does assist, both shepherds and their flocks who are yet floundering in spiritual marshes and lowlands. Capital! Excellent! Good! Superlatively good! Is the review of Dr. Hawley, in a late issue of the *Banner of Light*. Both in its matter (i. e., powder and shot), its exact aim, and its complete and artistic demolition of the bull's-eye, it is all that could be asked for or desired. Chevaliers may boast of the recent victories of American racers in England and in France. But I rejoice in the coming dominion of Christ over Satan; and as a foregleam of that good time coming I hail with loving sympathy and thanks Dr. Brittan's elegant and masterly exposition and refutation of the errors of the doctors of the Church. Glad I very glad am I that his pen is not idle, inasmuch as it accomplishes such magnificent achievements in behalf of Truth in Modern Spiritualism as the American Secular Press from time to time gives to the reading public. That his days may be long in the land and his efforts for the diffusion of spiritual light and liberty to the masses be followed by abundant success, is the earnest wish of Yours gratefully.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

A lady writing from Fernandina, Fla., whose

subscription to the Bureau Fund was recently credited, has an enlightened appreciation of the work, as will appear from the following extract from her letter under date of June 20th:

"A thousand thanks for Prof. S. B. Brittan's noble defense of Spiritualism in his reply to Rev. Dr. Hawley, which I have just perused in the *Banner of Light*. I have never read anything I liked better, or that did me more good; not even his discussion with Dr. Hanson, of Hartford, which I read many years ago and enjoyed very much. I thought it the best possible thing. I have since tried to obtain a copy, but have never been able. I hope the present correspondence will be published in book form and widely circulated. Again thanking him with all my heart and wishing God and the good spirits to bless him forever, I remain a sincere friend,

A. C. F.

SYMPATHY FROM THE GRANITE STATE.

The Secular Press Bureau correspondence has greatly enlarged the author's circle of friends and thus widened the sphere of his usefulness. Among the people who have recently become interested in his work is a lady of foreign birth, of rare intelligence and culture, who writes from New Hampshire to the Editor-at-Large to communicate portions of a deeply interesting spiritual experience. In one of her letters she gives a brief history of her family and expresses a strong interest in Dr. Brittan's present work, as will appear from the following extract:

"Prof. Brittan, I am not an American, but a subject of her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria—a good woman, a model mother, and also, I am told, a *Spiritualist*. My father came from Liverpool on the Tweed, and my mother was a descendant of a famous Scotch ancestry, Angus MacDonald, Lord of the Isles—Highlanders. You know their character and history—stern and true to the death. My ancestors fought at Bannockburn. When a school-girl I visited Starling Castle, and looked on that famous and historic field, but I did not then love and reverence as I now do my noble Scotch ancestry.

But I would be most unwilling to add to the pressure of duties now demanding your whole time, by trespassing for even a single half-hour. Let me close this letter by wishing most sincerely that the success of your mission will be beyond your present anticipations; that the angels will touch both brain and pen, with deeper and keener power from day to day; that the indeed 'glad tidings' may reach those now sitting in darkness and sorrow, and be welcomed by thousands as the light penetrates their spirits, and the blessings of countless hosts fall as rain from heaven on your own spirit."

VOICES FROM NEW JERSEY.

Among the favorable comments elicited by Dr. Brittan's recent "Defense of Mediums" is the following from the Principals of the Belvidere Seminary, Misses Bello and Lizzio Bush:

"We have read with great pleasure Dr. Brittan's article in the *Banner of Light*. It is beautiful and Christlike in spirit, breathing the purest and truest charity, born of Love and Wisdom. God bless him for writing such high thoughts, for like the breath of heaven, they sweeten and refine the moral atmosphere of a cold and sordid world."

TESTIMONY OF A CLERGYMAN.

A well-known clergyman residing in Hartford, Conn., who has recently embraced Spiritualism, writes an earnest letter to Dr. Brittan involving a cordial indorsement of his argument in reply to the most scholarly assault that has recently been made upon Spiritualism. We extract the following passage from the rev. gentleman's letter:

"Not till to-day have I seen your reply to Rev. Dr. Hawley, and I hasten to congratulate you on so forcible and useful an article. I say useful, because it seems to me to be extremely well fitted for a wide popular circulation. The common prejudice against Spiritualism as essentially irreligious, and the equally common notion that communion through its channels with our departed friends is sinful and prohibited by the Bible, have long seemed to me to stand foremost among the obstacles to the general reception among good people of the truth on the subject. Both these points, especially the latter, you have ably met.

Dr. H.'s article I have not seen, and so I cannot express an opinion on the conclusiveness of yours as a reply on the whole. But I will presume it to be so satisfactory as to suggest, as among the good works of our new ALLIANCE may be expected to do, the publication in tract form of both articles side by side. Each party might be given, if desirous of it, the privilege of a previous revision, so as to make the discussion as conclusive as possible."

A VOICE FROM OVER THE SEA.

4 LINDSAY TERRACE, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, July 24, 1881.

MESSERS. COLBY AND RICH: Having read in the issue of the *Banner of Light* of June 18th Professor Brittan's masterly reply to Dr. Hawley, and which has called forth my highest encomiums, I write to ask you for your permission to republish it in this country in pamphlet form, as I believe it is calculated to do a vast amount of good if well circulated by Spiritualists amongst our opponents. It is a most crushing reply, and completely turns the tables upon them. It is not only just and fair, but appeals to our higher nature by its earnestness and eloquence. If he can write like that he is indeed the right man in the right place, in spite of what carping critics may say, and must become a power in our movement in bringing its claims to the attention of the religious world.

I care not to make a profit by publishing it, but rather seek to aid in spreading the good cause. I shall be glad to know your definite reply as early as possible, as there is to be a Church of England Congress to be held in this town in August next, and one of the subjects for their discussion is the relation of Spiritualism to the Church. I would like to have it out beforehand and supply the clergy with our friend's cogent reasonings. If necessary to obtain Dr. Brittan's sanction to this scheme, shall be greatly obliged if you would kindly obtain it for me, as I do not like to go contrary to his wishes.

Yours truly, H. A. K.

[Print it in pamphlet form. We have not the slightest objection.—ED. B. OF L.]

"You are feeling much better, madame, than you did when I saw you last," said the physician, pressing his fingers gently upon the patient's left wrist. "Oh, much better, doctor, thank you. Just after you left, little Joimie upset the table and smashed all the medicine bottles."—*Brooklyn Courier.*

In testing eggs, the fresher the egg the smaller the air-chamber. This can be seen at the broad end of the egg; it is held up against a strong light in a dark room.

OUTLINES OF AN ANGEL.

(The writer of the following was the late Apolline Stone-Smith, daughter of Mrs. A. M. Stone, of Cincinnati, an account of whose remarkable mediumship we published in the *Banner of Light* of Jan. 21th, 1880, and which attracted considerable attention among our readers. Mrs. Smith was a practicing physician by spirit-power, and for nine years previous to her passing on exercised her clairvoyant gifts for the benefit of humanity. At one time her spirit-friends ordered a small table to be made, giving directions for its manufacture. It was while seated at this table, with pencil in hand, she received what purported to be telegraphic messages from the planet Mercury. The manuscript has been furnished us by Mrs. Stone.—ED. B. OF L.)

One spring evening I had been sitting in the twilight of my room, in profound meditation. My sermon for the following Sabbath lay unfinished upon a little table near the window where I sat. A shower had cleared the atmosphere, leaving nature dewy, odorous and still.

Out of this tranquillity I thought some one spoke to me! But that was impossible, since I was quite alone, with my door locked against intruders. Again my meditations were disturbed by the same sound. What could it be? I turned uneasily in my chair, and glanced about the chamber. As the night uncovers a star, so in the fast-falling darkness an angel became visible to me! I discovered her apparently near my table, between it and the window, and surrounded by a soft but brilliant light. A crest of seven luminous points, rich and beautiful colors, crowned her. A strange, delicious fragrance exhaled from these colors, so powerful that it made almost audible sounds. Her attitude was full of majesty and sweetness. She seemed imbued with royalty, yet she resembled a flower; silent, she was full of harmony; a joyous and at the same time a religious atmosphere embraced her. She seemed the prelude to a song, or the inspiration of an ecstasy. A spotless vestment of snowy filament clasped her pure shape, which was virginal, modest and slightly drooping. Tender as the dawn, exquisite as a lily, her motions resembled music; her gestures, the rhythm of poetry. Her stooping and rising were infinitely graceful, as the sinking of the sun or the hushed aspiration of the morning.

The murmur of her lips was not like speech, it partook of the swift overflow of a fountain, or the sudden blooming of a rose. She bore in her hand what seemed to my charmed vision an asphodel; three splendid blossoms quivered upon a stem, but with eyes grown clearer, I recognized in them the divine efflorescence of wisdom, art, science.

Where her feet trod, summer smiled; when she sighed, heaven drew near. From the reflection of her eyes a blissful shining hung upon the air. When she wept, a scintillant glory of a dewy and golden lustre breathed about her. Grace clothed her with the fringes of delicacy, as do the shaking blossoms endow the wondrous passion-flower. She was manifest loveliness and power. A complete peace held her, but by her burning Cestus of rose-colored flame, I knew that she had suffered; shame, because she was misunderstood and persecuted of man; and love, because she was of God. Strange as it may seem, this girle alone spoke eloquently to me as with the tongues of an hundred martyrs; as even as the stigmata appealed to the apostles when they met and touched "Him."

To my comprehensive attention, this Cestus gave forth an "aura" of sound terribly pathetic and distinct. Terror and the cold sweat of anguish broke over me. Had the dead, indeed, arisen about me? What fearsome force, this, that in a moment made a coward of my senses and a prisoner of my will? Beautiful to the eye, unrelent; of gigantic stature; at once a destroyer, and yet a creator. Was it a celestial being, or a disembodied spirit? Was I the deluded spectator of an unearthly visitant? In such case I was surely hallucinated, or what was immeasurably worse in the eyes of the world, a Spiritualist!

I shuddered at that name, which had always seemed to me to be a piteous misnomer for martyrdom and abomination.

In the midst of my agitation and surprise, new developments assailed me. A soft, rushing sensation diffused itself upon the air. It rose and it fell, like a great lapsing wave which comes in with the tide and recedes with a mighty sigh. Like the sea? Alas, no; much more supernatural. Like the wind? Again, no. I passed a moment of intense thought, surprise, consternation; that moment seemed ages to my fevered imagination. Then, ah! then, the divine angel herself delivered me! Even as Perseus rescued Andromeda from the Dragon, she snatched me from the terrors of the Invisible. Eureka! It was neither sea nor wave, nor a ghost from the dead. It was *electricity*, in a steady, rushing, continuous flow. A great light fell about me; a great joy seized me; I was no longer afraid or confounded—I had discovered my angel! Yes, electricity in the exalted state; undressed, untutored, wearing the beauty of a savage and the power of a devil.

For six long weary years her enchanting outlines had haunted my dreams; had persecuted my waking hours; for six long years deluded my senses with fickle hints and surmises. At last I held her! She should no longer escape; I would unmask her to the world. Spiritualists should, indeed, come face to face with this *ignis fatuus*, which had so wantonly deceived them, and behold in her a simple science heretofore unrecognized by men.

To come down to plain facts, my discovery was as follows: An electric current in the rough—unsteady, and shooting out at random into space—had penetrated my retreat. Undoubtedly a signal or a challenge from some planet above and beyond ours. Experiments were being tried in another sphere to attract the at-

tention of earth. The rushing, sighing sounds I had heard were those of an electrical rocket, expending itself in delicate paracutes upon the atmosphere.

Thank God! I was not a Spiritualist, but a telegraph operator in the very best sense of the word. The Lord spoke to Saul in the thunder, and he understood him. Electricity spoke to me in an unknown tongue, and I interpreted. Soon fragments of sound rounded into hieroglyphs on the atmosphere; I determined to fetter them. Day after day I sat at my table with pen and paper, endeavoring to decipher these delicate combinations of tone, curve, color. My friends ridiculed me, and one nearest and dearest to me for years subjected my efforts to irony and bitter reproach. Nevertheless I persevered, and was exceedingly in earnest. "These slips of sound, at first unintelligible, perfected themselves at length into words, sentences, conversation. By degrees, slow and painful, I understood little by little. By degrees I detected occasionally a tiny, nervous glitter in the air of my room that dazzled my eyes. I became assured that a slender but ill-directed current of electricity penetrated to me from some remote region. A delicate *click* accompanied its motion like the running of a miniature telegraph. It was evidently the unruly agent and slave of a master beyond and distant. And just as distinctly evident a disorderly, vindictive intelligence of which that same master was afraid, else why such tender and uncertain handling? Because by the slightest crossing of a condition of atmospheric strata—by the breaking of a law—he let loose a demon upon the world. That agent, slave, demon, was electricity—a mild name for lightning! No wonder it took the shapes of angel, devil, color, flower, rainbow, fountain. It was of *all* and in *all*."

After many futile attempts, I was at last crowned with success. I, as compositor, at last became able, after a manner, to set the type of this aerial print—demonstrated to my vision: in fact of this "aerial telegraph," for such I was satisfied it was beyond all doubt, I was not talking with a spirit from the dead, but with a living, intelligent being, inhabiting another planet. Science, not Spiritualism, addressed me through the medium of electricity. What planet? Mars? Perhaps Venus? Impossible. Why not Jupiter? After many trials and much patient waiting I was rewarded by the following communication:

"I, a dweller in Mercury, send greeting to you (Eros), the earth; we have established what we call a meteoric telegraph through a certain stratum of atmosphere and along a subcurrent, but very rare, of atmospheric electric channel. At first we feared many attempts would be worthless; finally, by the use of judicious conductors, we were successful. We sandwich the lightning between acid and alkali—that is, strata answering to such elements. We use, also, zinc-fluid in the even flow of it. I have been educated in Mars at a College of Electricity (founded by a few brave men from Jupiter, in spite of the terrors of the place). They in Mars are a cannibal race and hideous to behold. A few have been civilized; they do menial service for us.

My name is 'Cassa Enrico.' I am a man. I was born in the mountainous district of Jupiter. We call it the Loonist Country, for the loons ravage our land once in every five or eight years. They come like the plague. Our country (Jupiter) is small. Our race, cultivated, of large stature, and devoted to arts and sciences. We navigate with long, boat-shaped balloons. Our laws are those of the ancient 'Colons,' who first occupied Jupiter. These laws are strict, chaste and equal. The Jupitri are a jealous race, suspicious and sometimes cruel. We are never at war—our laws strictly forbid warfare. We sometimes torture with electric machines, but only criminals and those who disobey or break a law. Our language is musical; it resembles flowing water; it is soft, undulating and sweet upon the tongue. Our women follow many sports; some are professors in colleges, and are called 'Ords.' Science is dear to us—we love it. We divulge our knowledge to other countries under pain of death by burning. Thus I telegraph to you, oh, Eros, under constant fear of discovery and persecution. I fear the dread sentence of burning, but I thirst for new discoveries. Let me discover, and then die. I have been educated for a 'chemical assaiant of atmospheric currents,' and a telegraphic operator. I telegraph from Mercury, which is the nearest point, calculating by the smooth and even currents of air. Forty-five millions of miles of solid strata lie between us and the earth.

Here in Mercury I am almost an exile. This is a tropical region. The people are a harmless, nomadic race. They are kindly disposed, bringing fruits and flowers, and watching my telegraph with faces of awe.

What is earth like? Can we reach you? What are your people? Your laws? Jupiter is cold and small, but its people are a great people.

(Signed) 'CASSA ENRICO,'

Mercury, in the Year of Famine, and the Day of Red.

Subsequent communications informed me that the telegrapher was a young man twenty-eight years of age; that he was born dumb, and without arms. In his own language, an "allusion," or unfortunate; that the Jupitri, always merciful, took him when quite young from his native hills and educated him for an electrical surveyor and telegraph operator, that he might be able to support himself. He uses his machine (for such he describes it), with his feet only. A class of scientists protect him from the severe laws of Jupiter, while thus pursuing their investigations in telegraphy. He has promised at some future period to give me a complete description of his method of communication. I shall be very happy to place it before the public when received. Some of his telegrams are exceedingly interesting, and those relating to the laws and governments of other planets worthy of the ear and attention of scientists.

I have so far given you a "plain, unvarnished tale." This is my individual experience, truthfully and carefully prepared for your inspection. The exquisite grace of the language transmitted to me can be easily learned, even by a novice, because of its harmonious rhythm. Here is a sample of the diction and the translation,

every syllable being pronounced distinctly, and every letter, as in the Italian:

El sumo, derosos;
Fluor, tutta, Eros-nos-
Edia, mentha, puer la
Questa, ardo, pluita va.
Esso voluta Ties-
Sano lu-lua gless-
A, Deo, meo thor
Sospiero, uesta dor-
Quanta fress-
Vina a spess-
Nomo, el rido bua
Cachilo, eto tia-
Assumio, lasso tira riss-
El plo sasso, anno gless
Arvicho, lito nello
Aspero yio bello
Et, Astro rosa vino soss
Adia, villa nomen floss,
Tawara sasso, cordo nita
Pentall floor, rebo vira
Rondro cathera nida
Finto, el dolo quida.

TRANSLATION.

Flower of the world, I love thee!
Like a slender stream thou runnest through the meadow
of my heart.
My boat of love is caught in the fillets of thy hands.
My feet are bound by the strong vine of passion.
From thee they cannot stray.
My love was fashioned in the spring of tears.
The flower of it is purple.
It holds thee like a band of amethyst.
If love calls I obey.
My crown protects me not.
A word of love is honey on the lips.
I wear thee as a jewel in mine ear;
Thus I hear thee.
Thou fallest about my neck like a string of gold;
Thus I touch thee.
Thou bloomingst across my breast like a scarlet ribbon;
Thou breathest
Between my lips like a royal rose, full odorous.
A star of light, so far above;
A sun of light, so near below;
A moon, serene and sweet;
An earth where lovers meet;
An angel with tender eyes;
A bliss, a dream, a sweet surprise.
Out in my garden
There shaketh a little tree,
Out dropped a bird for me,
Dainty, with plumage of white;
I named it "Heart's Belonging."
Flower of the world, 'tis thou!

Letter from Colorado Springs.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

When the wonders of this most wonderful of States are witnessed for the first time, it seems like folly to attempt to put on paper any adequate portrayal of them. It seems but yesterday since the discovery of gold at Pike's Peak startled the country and beached the surplus population from the overcrowded Eastern portion to this Western world of wealth and beauty.

Ten years ago the spot upon which this beautiful little city stands was a wilderness; no human habitation was to be found; while the antelope contested with the Indian the proprietorship of the soil.

Now the arid plains which then yielded only the short, tough buffalo grass and sage brush, are fast being redeemed by the toil of man dotted all over the State are flourishing ranches, where then no vegetation was thought to be possible.

The enterprise and thrift that started the march of civilization westward in the search for gold, have redeemed a continent from barrenness and waste.

Colorado Springs is one of the most charming summer resorts, not only of this State, but of the country. Beautifully situated on the plain that stretches far away to the east, at the foot of a rocky mountain range, embracing grand old Pike's Peak, with its bald, snow-capped head amid the clouds, it nestles in a bed of beauty. The springs of mineral waters from which it takes its name are situated about five miles distant, at a beautiful little spot called Manitou, to which a railroad runs several trains daily, and a drive through the garden of the gods affords one of the most beautiful of views. Manitou is celebrated not only for its beauty and health-giving waters, but for its really fine hotels. This feature brings many hundred sojourners every season who otherwise would stop in Colorado Springs.

The beautiful climate, bracing air and health-giving elements of Colorado are well known to the world. It is the Mecca of consumptives and asthmatics, who are camped on every stream in the State.

There is no organization of Spiritualists in Colorado Springs, but there are a goodly number of Spiritualists here. The Mayor, Matt France and his wife are Spiritualists, and several of the county officers are also Spiritualists. Not having an organization, they do not have regular speakers; nor do mediums often visit here, not having a centre to work from; hence the people are left with a limited supply of spiritual food. This leaves them, however, in a receptive state of mind, and always ready to attend when fortune sends them a speaker.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, who is spending some weeks in Colorado, spoke here twice last week to very fine audiences. The delight and appreciation with which they listened to her utterances were quite refreshing. Mayor France presided, and everybody seemed to be filled with the spirit. In addition to the work being done by Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, they are enjoying a portion of their vacation in this part of the country very greatly. A party of friends accompanied them to the top of Pike's Peak during their visit to this place, and the performance of this feat of endurance, which is trying to the strongest constitution and nerves, dispelled the last vestige of an idea that this most gifted lady is any longer an invalid. This exploration is attempted only by the hardest and bravest of tourists. The ascent is made on well-trained horses and mules, with experienced guides, and every step is one of danger and delight. The party started at 5 o'clock in the morning, from Colorado Springs, were ten hours in the saddle, and spent several hours on the "tip top," as Onina called it. A storm of hail was encountered, intense heat in the valley, gorgeous steep, deep cañons, and panorama after panorama of beauty were passed on the journey up and up to the clouds that enveloped the top of the mountain. The party reached the Government Signal Station in a state of zero as to temperature, but in a deep intense glow of enthusiastic excitement over the beauties enjoyed and the dangers surmounted. A warm fire was hailed with shivering satisfaction, and hot coffee with lunch replaced the iced tea so refreshing at the other end of the trail. On the summit of Pike's Peak, amid its ever-enduring clouds and snow, Onina gave one of her beautiful poems, which I will send you with this; the description given by her of its wild and weird beauty will give your readers some idea of the picture.

Mr. and Mrs. Richmond left Colorado Springs for Silver Cliff on Wednesday morning, July 13th, where Mrs. R. will speak on the Sunday following, and from that point they will go to Leadville, where friends are arranging for several discourses in that huge mining camp of Colorado. HELEN BARNARD DENSMORE.

July 15th, 1881.

Black and white pepper both grow on the same shrub. The white is the berry deprived, before drying, of its outside husk.

Spiritual Phenomena.

MATERIALIZING SEANCE IN HARTFORD.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some of our citizens have been recently favored with two seances held in this city by Mrs. Elsie Crindle, of San Francisco, California; and after many fraudulent, or to say the least, unsatisfactory exhibitions of mediumship in its various phases, it was highly gratifying to some eighteen or twenty individuals to witness such unmistakable form-materializations as were produced on this occasion, more especially on the second evening, when the medium was in better condition, having partially recovered from excessive fatigue and other disabling tendencies. The cabinet was of the usual form, a frame with black muslin, and curtains in front, which admitted the forms to show themselves as they materialized, and to come out into the room, as some of them did. The first that appeared on the second evening was a female form who came to us in flowing robes of white; this form was immediately recognized by two of the company; and by their expressions of surprise and gratitude, the form left the cabinet and went to them—distance some ten feet—seemingly delighted to meet them, patting the gentleman on the head, as she is wont to do, almost daily, though until this occasion invisible to him; though not to the other, who has often seen her clairvoyantly, and who recognized her as one who is a guardian of his.

The next form appearing was much smaller, with dark complexion, and somewhat differently dressed, though in white. This one was recognized by the lady above referred to as an Oriental personage of the Buddhist faith, and one she has often seen clairvoyantly, as one of her control, and who is rendering her much service in various ways. This one did not come out of the cabinet, but with the curtains apart, moved about so that she could be and was seen by all present. The one recognizing her was called to the cabinet, and had a close view of the form and dress, confirming her in the reality of her identity. Others appeared, one of which seemed to the writer to resemble a sister of his, who has been in spirit-life several years. Though this was not a strong materialization, the resemblance was such that he whispered the fact to a party sitting next to him, and thought no more about it. But the interesting part of this incident is that little "Elsie," a prattling five-year-old girl, who is one of Mrs. Crindle's familiar spirits, and who showed herself the previous evening several times, but who did not on this occasion make herself visible, rather making herself known by repeated sallies and interruptions of Mr. Gruff, the spirit-leader of the seance, when he was talking to or answering questions frequently put to him by some of the audience, called out and said: "Mr. B.—M. B. S. (giving the full name) is here in the cabinet; she can't be seen good; ain't you sorry?" (if not the exact words, they were to that effect.) This making the impression I received that it was my sister, who first appeared so imperfectly, almost a reality, as the little spirit could not have known through mundane knowledge that M. B. S. was of any special interest to me.

Several other forms appeared, and at one time two female forms were seen by all present, standing at the front of the cabinet, just within the curtains, which were parted so that both forms could be seen standing side by side, and who moved about so that their forms and faces could be seen from different points of view. A tall form, purporting to be an Italian, having on his head what resembled a smoking-cap, came to the entrance, and parting the curtains showed himself very distinctly, allowing all who cared to go close to him and see his dress and face. The dress was dark in color, and of peculiar texture and model; his beard was black, but not very long; he was very like an Italian in appearance, and gave an Italian name, with a graceful bow, to each one who went close to him. Others appeared. The last one was an old woman in appearance, who is in the habit of coming at the close of these seances and taking part in singing the doxology. Some of the party were called up by the control at this stage of the seance to have a closer view of this old lady, and witness the closing scene. As they stood taking part in the singing, the medium left her seat in the chair, and passed—seemingly entranced—back of the materialized form to the curtain, and out of the cabinet, the old lady gradually disappearing at the same time, showing that she and the medium were not one and the same.

Mrs. Crindle is doubtless one of the best mediums in the country; she is one for various phases of manifestation, the rapping, the slate-writing, ballot test, and dark circles. One of the latter was given on this occasion. It is hard to believe that any fair-minded person will question Mrs. Crindle's mediumship, more especially if they have a private seance where more of the phases of her mediumship are given.

Hartford, Conn.

S. S. BROWN.

THE MEDIAL POWERS OF MRS. FOYE AND OTHERS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I notice in the *Banner* that you come to the defense of Mrs. Foye's mediumship. It is many years ago that I was established beyond dispute by Dr. Henry M. Stoddard, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

He having a sitting with her, his India friends came and held converse in Hindu. The doctor remarked: "Madam, you are possessed of the devil." She replied: "Do you think so, sir?" "Yes, madam, you most certainly are," said the doctor. "Why," replied Mrs. Foye, "you have recognized these people, and I supposed they were your friends instead of the devil." However, be these the doctor's friends or the devil, it proves Mrs. Foye's mediumship genuine and the doctrine of a future life a certainty—for with no life hereafter there would be no use or occupation for a devil, nor any occasion to have changed the "Lord's Prayer" so as to prove by the Bible that there was "the evil one."

We have so many "frauds" like Mrs. Foye in San Francisco that it would ruin a newspaper to mention them all. There is Mrs. Francis, the slate-writer. A friend of mine visited her. I said, "Well, how goes it?" He replied, "Goes it! that woman knows a good many 'things' she has no business to know." And he never went to her again. There is Mrs. Aiken; she gave a friend the Masonic signs to a very high degree and made a "deluded Spiritualist" of him. Mrs. Hendee, who for twenty years has told people all about their diseases—and cured them. Then there is that "dreadful woman," Mrs. Breed. Why! that table of hers tells the

biggest—well, Mrs. Breed is not a modest woman, and those who have committed crimes do not call upon her a second time. She does not make the evenings pleasant for such people. Of course they say she is a fraud. There is Mrs. Lewis; why, a few days after one of our best deacons died he came and told me through her that his religious ideas were all an error, and that he was in what might be called hell. Mrs. Wheatley told me that my sisters "Jane" and "Eunice" in the East were sick. It is odd how my old father would come and lie so, and yet it proved true. Is n't it singular how she got those names—mind-reading, of course. Then there is that little Clara Mayo. Why, it is dangerous to have any secrets, for she just closes her eyes—pretends to be an Indian girl—and then—well, if you expect to visit her you had better say your prayers first so as to have the sins all washed out or she will see them, certain. As I said, it would ruin a newspaper to speak of all the good mediums we have; not only public but private, without number; and seances without end, investigating the phenomena. In fact, it is the conversation in churches, schools, business and social circles, in cars and steamboats; and really the stigma that has so long clung to it is fast fading, if not already forever gone; while on the contrary the churches have been so unjust and illiberal that the reaction is giving them heavy debts and empty seats—bringing them to such a condition that the congregations are made almost entirely of women and children. The entrance of an intelligent man into one of our Orthodox churches would create quite a sensation. A few old fossils now constitute the pillars and plate-passers of every church. As Dr. Eells, of Oakland, said: "Only a few more years and our theological institutions will be empty; consequently no one to fill the pulpits of Christian churches," will be verified indeed. What! a man in the year 1881 teach dogmatic theology and have a drop of honest blood in him? It is utterly impossible! The very comment passing through our sky this night declares him an ignorant or unprincipled man. The whole world is groaning for truth, and yet the church is squandering millions to spread and ruin their own fossilized Bible. Like all great evils it seems the experience of centuries that they have to die at last by their own hands.

San Francisco, Cal.

"On this coast a begging plate is passed around in all the churches at morning and evening service. All the churches of the First Congregational church, Oakland, they passed the plate."

Onset in the Sunlight.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I thought I would cast my "Shadow" on Onset Bay Grove, now full of campers, and on this Sunday of July 24th full of visitors also. This spot, almost and for aught I know wholly surrounded by water, lies sweetly picturesque on one of the northerly inlets of Buzzard's Bay. It proved a beautiful day for shadows and for "Shadows," for there was a lack of shade, the sun was out in its fullness, and even clouds were scarce; but very refreshing was the breeze that blew from the south and off of the Bay all day long, to the joy of the craft, whose convex sails testified to the favor, and to the sitters on the bluffs and on the boulevard, who found even nourishment in it, almost a substitute for a meal, yet made the meals more welcome.

This is a very attractive spot; how vitalizing to the citizen from brick houses and paved streets to drop into it and linger, or even to stop only for a day. I was glad I came the afternoon before, and thus had a social evening and a night's sleep as an introduction to the day I have just spent there, that proved to be one of summer's loveliest. I expect it was a day like this that inspired the poet to say of some Scottish grove:

"There slumber first unfolds her robes,
And there they longest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary."

I took, however, no sentimental farewells, but I think under the influence of these geographical and atmospheric conditions I can well appreciate the poet's disposition and ability to gild any spot into embellished loveliness.

I am writing a picture of a very pleasant day; the weather unpropitious, things would appear differently—so they would anywhere. One would not wish it to be forever pleasant, that would be monotonous, and that is worse than cold and storm; but lucky is the man when he leaves the cares of his habit and his associations and unbends himself in some sequestered grove for a day, to have that day a pleasant one; and if near the shore of old ocean, so much the better; and if that seashore is not gained at the sacrifice of rural attributes, so much the better still; and having both with a day like this, we have the superlative degree—good, better, best, and such is Onset; positively good, comparatively better, because yearly enlarging humanwise; superlatively best, because on the day of which I am casting a "Shadow" it was so pleasant—it was Onset in its superlative aspect. Shadows are not usually matters of avoidance, still the shadow I cast this day on Onset was a few pounds heavier on its return, if the unit of soul-measure is mathematically convertible into flesh and blood. As a man thinketh, so is he; feeling heavier, then, we will call it so.

Something more substantial than "Shadows" will in the order of events report Onset matters in due form, so I will not let my shadow fall on H. B. S.'s ink pathway by speaking of the Rev. Mr. Chabney's eloquent words on "Nothing," or Mrs. Twiss's equally eloquent words on Something, or of the music and the singing, or of the little steam cutter that plies more or less occasionally between the grove and Wicket's famous isle, of which Mrs. Dr. Cutter is the Calypso; what lots of names of pleasant faces arise before me now that would look well in print, male and female: as I said, I must not trench on the scribe of Onset, but will say the disposition to appreciate "Shadows" as well as sunshine, by the bosses of this successful enterprise, as well as the friends thereof, gathered here certainly very gratifying. Though indifferent to my own shadow, I cannot help saying of Onset, of its management, and many that I saw there, may their shadows never be less.

Boston, July 25th.

"SHADOWS."

It is the current belief that Adam was made out of the earth somewhere in Asia, about six thousand years ago; that Eve was modeled from one of his ribs; and that the progeny of these two, having been reduced to the eight persons who were landed on the summit of Mount Ararat after a universal deluge, all the nations of the earth have proceeded from these last, have migrated to their present localities, and have become converted into negroes, Australians, Mongolians, etc., within that time. Five-sixths of the public are taught this Adam monogenesis as if it was an established truth, and believe it. I do not; and I am not acquainted with any man of science, or duly instructed person, who does.—Prof. Huxley.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OSKINAWA, CONSULTING THE SPIRIT OF HIS DEAD FATHER.

BY GRANVILLE T. SPROAT.

[Oskinawa, a Chief of the Chippewas, on hearing of the approach of an army of pale-faces toward his territory, went and dug up the body of his dead father and laid it in his wigwam, to consult it with reference to his going to war with the White Strangers. He fasted and prayed many days, bowing himself to the earth, with his face painted black, cutting himself with sharp stones, and scattering ashes on his head, until, exhausted, he lay prostrate before the body of his dead father. "Then," says the Indian tradition, "the lips of the dead man were seen to move; he opened his eyes, sat upright, and laying his hand on the head of his son, spoke these words: 'Listen, my son, to the voice of the Great Spirit! If the pale-faces come into your country treat them kindly; do not fight. If they take away your hunting-grounds I will give you fatter ones in the Country of Souls. If they kill you I will conduct you safely over the river to the Home of your Fathers. Be still, and trust yourself in the hands of the Great Spirit!' The chief listened to the words, and never afterward took up arms against the pale-faces.]

He sat within his lonely lodge—

The chief of noble form—

While through the long, dark night was heard

The howling of the storm.

Before him lay that shape of fear,

Which filled all hearts with dread,

And he was sitting there alone—

The living with the dead!

Lowly he bowed in silence there,

With fixed and stone-like gaze,

And stared into the glassy eyes

And stark and pallid face.

"Speak I, father, speak!" at last he cried,

"Whate'er the words may be!

Speak I what the Great, Good Spirit saith—

I'll bow to the decree!

"Still silent? Shall I tell the tale

Of listened to by thee,

Of the White Strangers who have come

From lands beyond the sea?

A stalwart and a warlike race,

On deeds of terror bound,

Whose voices of thunder shake the hills,

And makes the vales resound?

"In swift, white-winged canoes they came,

And found a welcome home

Where the red hunter built his fires

By the blue ocean's foam.

Our fathers opened wide their hearts;

Their homes received the guest;

The hunter's children watched him there,

And sung him to his rest.

"He rose—he rose at dead of night,

By evil spirits led,

He put strong poison in the cup

From which the hunter fed.

He drank the cup—the stranger's cup,

And, ere the day was fled,

The hunter and his children lay

Beside their watch-fire—dead!

"He sent his steel-clad hosts to waste

Our fields of corn and vine;

He robbed the rivers and the floods,

And said, 'Their wealth is mine!

Mine are the bison of the plain,

The herds of bounding deer!

I'll make the forest giants bow,

And reign a monarch here!"

"He built himself a lordly hall

Where the hunter's lodge was laid;

He drove his plowshare through the hills

On which his children played.

With iron steeds he scours the plains;

He fills the land with dread;

He spares not even our fathers' graves,

But tramples on the dead!

"And now black clouds are gathering fast;

O'er all the heavens they're spread;

And thunderbolts of flaming wrath

Are muttering overhead!

Voices are heard among the hills!

Phanias burst upon our sight!

And through the forests restless ghosts

Shriek in our ears at night!"

"Speak I, father, speak I oh, grant one word

To give my spirit rest!"

He looked—the stark, cold lips were moved!

Up heaved the dead man's breast!

What wondrous words are those that through

His inmost being thrill?

What words of fearful power that make

The chieftain's heart stand still?

His lance is broke—his bow unstrung;

On Minnesota's plain

We ne'er shall hear his wild war-whoop

Or battle cry again!

"(Heedless ghosts shrink in our ears, etc.) The Indians say that the spirits of their dead ancestors warned them of the coming of the pale-faces across the big waters. They were then seized with the longed-for forest-path at midnight, their countenances sad, their hair disheveled, and their words, unutterably disturbed the deep solitudes of the wilderness. Whispers were heard among the distant hills. Loud flames were seen darting from the caverns among the rocks, and terrible mutterings were heard overhead, above the old forest trees. Voices came across the Great Lakes—shrieks and cries of those dying in agony; and the clash of steel weapons was heard in the distance, such as the pale-faces use. All these were tokens, said the Indians, of the approach of the pale-faces, the white strangers, before whom their nation was to waste away and perish.

Ancient and Modern Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The article of Prof. Austin Phelps, reprinted from the *Congregationalist* in the *Banner of Light* of July 30th, is a significant indication of the recognition the Orthodox church is being forced to give to a subject it not long since affected to consider beneath its notice. After what Prof. Phelps wrote in an attempt to refute my statement in the *Transcript* concerning his father's belief in Spiritualism, it was hardly to be expected he would give to the public an article like the one that now appears. But it seems his health has improved, and he has found time to write upon a matter that he then professed to consider of too little importance to discuss. Though he doubts the estimate made of the number of Spiritualists, he feels obliged to admit that the actual number is "painfully large." It must be apparent to every one that it is impossible to obtain anything like correct statistics of the number of those who believe in the truths of Spiritualism; for the reason that, in society generally where there is one known as a Spiritualist, there are many who, though as fully strong in the belief, give no sign to the public of the faith that is in them. The churches, both Protestant and Catholic, are fairly honeycombed with such, and I venture to say in Andover itself there are scores whom Prof. Phelps meets from day to day that are actually convinced of the truth he is warning against, but whom he thinks entertain no single thought of the growing heresy.

Prof. Phelps wants the pulpit to be better informed upon the subject, thereby becoming dictators over the people on Spiritualism, or in other words, to do the thinking for them in regard to the proof of a future life and its requirements for the entire human family; but the time has past for such dictatorialship; the pulpit has lost its strong hold and confidence over the people—their feeling competent to investigate the *reliability and proofs of immortality for themselves*. Prof. Phelps's article already indicates this conclusion and the weakness in their former claims, and shows that the people are losing confidence in the old way of explaining the Bible.

The article that first appeared in the accredited organ of New England Orthodoxy, and which you have reprinted, coming, as it does, from the

pen of a distinguished professor of one of the most influential colleges of that denomination of Christians, will be the means of causing thousands of families to look into the subject of Spiritualism who otherwise might never have dared to give it a moment's attention.

Persons who have "spiritual gifts," and those who have received positive proof of the power of their departed friends to return and speak to them, should have the courage to stand up boldly in defense of the truth, and speak out without fear or favor from any quarter.

If the pulpit follows Prof. Phelps's advice—and I see no reason why it should not, and really hope that it will—mediums will doubtless be sought for in the efforts of the clergy to prepare themselves for the conflict. The result of such proceeding on the part of the ministers may be far from what Prof. Phelps anticipates. We shall see.

A. S. HAYWARD.

Boston, Mass.

The Reviewer.

"THE NEW TESTAMENT OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. Translated out of the Greek, being the Version set forth A. D. 1611. Compared with the most Ancient Authorities and Revised A. D. 1831. Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, by J. H. Baskin, Co., and by J. B. Baskin, New York." Another edition, 1840, cloth, pp. xxiv, and 498. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Chas. T. Dillingham.

The Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, England, in February, 1870, decided that it was desirable to make a revision of what are denominated the Holy Scriptures. Accordingly a special committee of that Convocation in the following May adopted a series of resolutions embodying principles and rules in accordance with which the work should be proceeded with. In compliance with those resolutions two Companies were formed, one for the revision of the Old, and the other for the revision of the New Testament, and the undertaking was commenced on the 22d day of June following. Soon after this the cooperation of American scholars was invited, and in response two committees were formed in this country, designedly to act in conjunction with the English Companies.

The time occupied in the revision of the New Testament was four days of every month for ten and a half years, and it is expected that from three to four years longer will be required to complete the Old Testament. The "Principles and Rules" provided that as few alterations as possible should be made, consistent with a faithful performance of the task, and that each Company should go twice over the portion to be revised—once provisionally, the second time finally. Notwithstanding this, the Bishop of Gloucester, in presenting the work to the Convocation, stated that in the Gospels the changes average nine to each five verses, and in the Epistles three to each verse. The effect of this announcement upon the English public was sensational; and criticisms of an elaborate and scholarly kind abounded in the leading periodicals, charging upon the revisers a total disregard of their pledges in this particular. But as we do not propose at this time to enter upon any critical review of the work, we proceed to outline such features as will serve our readers as guide-marks to an intelligent perusal and a better acquaintance with it.

It is claimed that it was begun, continued, and completed regardless of the interest of any religious sect, the sole object having been to adapt the King James version of 1611 "to the present state of the English language without changing the idiom and vocabulary, and to the present standard of Biblical scholarship," which has since that time "made great advances, especially during the last thirty years." The total number of changes is 1064. In addition to these many omissions have been made, likewise several passages enclosed in brackets or set apart from the main text, it having been shown to the satisfaction of the learned revisers that they are mere interpolations, and have no right to be classed as portions of "the revealed Word of God." The changes and omissions in the Lord's Prayer will be among the first to attract attention. The phrase, "as we forgive," is changed to "as we have forgiven," "deliver us from evil" to "deliver us from the evil one," and the doxology, "for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever," is wholly discarded, the reason being given that it

We regret to learn that Dr. Samuel Cover of this city has been of late very sick with acute inflammation of the bowels; but, under the careful treatment of Dr. John H.ARRIER, it is a gratification to know that the patient is out of danger and doing well.

