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In a late number of the *Banner*, I find some remarks in your editorial columns relative to the weather, and also some allusions to an idea derived from spiritual sources, relating to a general melioration of the climate of the whole earth, as an accompaniment of the great Moral and Social Revolution which it is said is about to take place throughout all the people of the earth.

I have for the last thirty-two months kept an hourly record of temperature, under your high restrictions, by means of an automatic apparatus, and have made reductions for obtaining the mean annual temperature, at successive periods of three months, and give you some of my results, which you will discover, are apparently a confirmation of your views, but only apparently.

Mean Annual Temperature, year ending—	Fahr.
May 15, 1861.	56° 22.
June 30.	56° 25.
Sept. 30.	56° 25.
Dec. 31.	56° 25.
Mar. 31, 1862.	56° 25.
June 30.	56° 25.
Sept. 30.	56° 25.
Dec. 31.	56° 25.

If the above expressions of mean temperature be plotted; there will be seen on a scale of one vertical inch for a degree, a gradual elevation of temperature from a minimum point; occurring in the year ending June 30, 1861. The maximum occurs in the year ending Sept. 30, 1862; after this a slight decline. The present indications are that the year ending March 31, 1863, will not be any lower than the last term in the above table.

Although the above figures offer an apparent confirmation of your views, as expressed in the *Banner*, you will permit me, no doubt, to offer some explanatory remarks, which will give the evidence its correct interpretation.

The principal source from which the temperature of the surface of the earth is derived is the sun, and in estimating its influence upon our climate, all other sources of heat may be safely disregarded, as their influence could not be detected except through experiments, that very few have either the skill or the patience to undertake.

Whatever may be the cause of the sun's heat, it is apparent, even to the most uneducated mind, that there must be a time when the materials that carry that heat shall no longer serve that purpose; and intelligent persons who have studied these matters carefully, have announced that there is a gradual diminution in the amount of light and heat received from the sun, and some have even announced their estimate of the mean annual decline in the temperature of the sun. Unless an entire change could occur in the sun and the nebulous matter around it on which its heat depends, this decline would continue until the temperature of that body was arrived at the temperature of absolute zero; it would then have some hundreds of degrees below zero of Fahrenheit.

Meteorologists have ascertained that the temperature of the earth's surface undergoes periodical changes. These changes are supposed to correspond to those of the periods in which the mean temperature fluctuates in the range of several centuries. It is quite probable that we have passed the minimum point only quite recently, (only about twenty months), and we have had a somewhat rapid elevation therefrom. It will, as you are rapidly aware, be a decline before we can reach the minimum. I have no doubt that within the 100 centuries (as you say) showing a falling column: The minimum point will be reached in from 50 to 100 centuries, and that there will be a rising column as



of wild and tumbled, and the fair, natural, and

of pride and malice, and the fair prospect of a general "amash up" in business and currency—all tend to turn the honest and earnest inquiry after Spiritualism as the last and only hope of the age and the world. It is fortunate that the light came before these troubles, else the whole horizon would have been dark, with no bright spot of clear sky, but now the smiling faces of angels are looking on, radiant with joy and beaming with promise for the future.

Last Sunday, Theodore Weld lectured here, and no one could have given a more correct description of the last ten years contest between Spiritualism and Orthodoxy than his description of the contest between truth and error and the modes of warfare. He tells more truths than many can hear.

WARREN CHASE.  
Providence, R. I., Jan. 24th, 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.

**WHEN IS THE HOUR OF PRAYER?**

Is it in the early morning, when the quiet, eastern gray  
Shades rosy at the coming of the fast-approaching day,  
When the midnight's dim weird stillness is succeeded  
By a song  
Of timelapses, happy music from Jehovah's woodland  
throng,  
And the joyous anthem rises with its chiming melody,  
Till the very dewdrops tremble to the echoing harmony?  
Oh, this grand and lofty psalm which all nature seems to  
raise,  
Tells us, with its glad thanksgiving, that the morning  
is for praise.

Is it when the gorgeous drapings of the sunset almost  
seem  
To unfold the very portals leading to the Great Su-  
preme?  
Or, a little later, is it when those glorious tints are fled,  
And the day, whose light is faded, may be numbered  
with the dead?  
Then the tender gloaming follows, like a mourner  
young and fair,  
Casting dim, uncertain shadows through the hush  
and rosy air;  
Can this be the hour appointed for communion with  
the blest?  
Oh the very soulful silence tells that 'tis the hour of  
rest!

We should look without cessation unto Him who rule  
above,  
And at all times keep our spirits beaming with the  
light of love.—  
With the night which, once extinguished, gleweth bright  
in the heart,  
Streaming backward and flaming all our years as the  
depart,  
Life itself shall thus become a prayer to him who li-  
veth given.  
Breathing forth perpetual incense all along the path  
in heaven,  
Gathering strength and growing grander and sublimer  
all the way,

Decer. 0., 1863.

Written for the Dancer of Light.

**LETTERS FROM THATCHWOOD COTTAGE.**

NUMBER ONE.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

JAN. 30th.—I've been sitting here in the light of the fire-stove, LUTHERA, wondering if I should write a series of letters on Country Life as I experienced it. Would any one care to read them? You know I am a mad worshiper I am of all things rural, and I closely I am allied to Nature—then wonder not I ran away from the old conservative order to scribble with gossamer in hidden grooves.

They call me odd and strange because I had rather sit on the hay-mow under the eaves in the old barn and listen to the wintry winds whistling through the mossy shingles, and the oreat of the time-worn weather-vane, than to stay in the house and be bored by the Congress news; for they know that when I am lying on the hay in the old barn-loft, gazing in rapt admiration on the pretty snow-beds forming themselves into wreaths on the dusky rafters as they blow in through the pigeon hole, that I am studying the silence which opens to our view the wondrous creations of the world.

Environed 'by Nature's loveliness, and reared among her haunts, is it strange that I feared love her? She it was that first introduced me into life; she fed me with milk when a babe, and when my eyes became strong, and my ears keen enough to hear her whisperings, she told me to look around and see that all were my brothers and sisters, and bade me love them as such. She ordered me to be cozy with my blankets, and spread down her green carpet for me to dance upon, and when my brow was hot and feverish, and my spirit sad and weary, she bathed me with her dewdrops, and sang my soul into harmony again with her song birds and streamlets. Then why should I distrust her? I may be odd and strange—Jacob says I am—but then I am not heartless, LUTHERA. If one only knew how touch the heart strings; sweet music would be discerned; when the strings are rudely swept, or should not expect to hear pleasant tones.

How sad it seems to be so often misunderstood. But then we should remember that the inward light goes out when placed in the air current of the world's breath. We should seek for simplicity at truth, however odd we may appear to others. I mean) that simplicity of true greatness, the simplicity that is inseparable from the frivolities of life, that is not attracted by its gloss and glitter, by its follies and false pretensions.

If the world likes us for this, it is a very pleasant accident; if it does not like us for being true and simple, we can well afford to do without its love; for there is ample compensation in its realities, so that we need no other reward.

**THE POWER OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.**—Is animals there is more variety of motion, but in plants there is more real power. A horse is certainly far stronger than a man, yes, a small vine can not only support, but can raise a column of fluid five times higher than a horse can. Indeed, the power which a plant exercises of holding a leaf erect during an entire day without pause and without fatigue, is an effort of astonishing vigor, and is one of many proofs that a principle of compensation is at work, so that the same energy which in the animal world is weak when it is not directed to many objects, is in the vegetable world strengthened by being concentrated on a few.—*Douglas.*

The following notice was recently issued by the French police who are stationed at the Avenue de l'Opera. *English.*—The bathing police are requested when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which sometimes is caught in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will give no themselves assistance.



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# Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt who seek to..."

"Woe through slaughter is a throne  
And peace the gift of mercy on mankind..."

but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my eyes. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see our vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm waters of the Pacific, and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the bonds of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

## When will the War End?

No question is more naturally put—none, certainly, is asked with more general or profound anxiety. We wish, from our hearts, we were able to answer such a question to our readers, and answer it obediently to their secret wishes. But we are not prophets, nor the sons of prophets. The only mode of casting calculations respecting this gigantic event, so entirely unlooked for by those who knew not how to take note of the signs and tokens in the sky for many weary years past, is the simple one which is open to every person's reason, and yet what so many persons are unable to come to any conclusion upon.

In the first place, we must all see that the causes of war among us were long brewing and that it was growing more and more certain, of late years, that the storm must burst. We have been growing rich at an accelerated pace that could by no possibility consist with the health and safety of the body politic. Our hastily gotten wealth was sure to corrupt and blast everybody and everything. It sapped the foundations of society. It worked a sure and rapid decay at the root of morals. It taught us all irreverence, and tempted us into a habit of despising and defying restraint. We outgrew the very limitations of Nature, and were fast becoming a composite character for which there was no definition in all the terminology. An old person was voted an "old fogey," to be despised because he happened to have lived longer than some others. "Young America" was almost the only thing in vogue; and that ruled all of us as with a rod of iron.

Such were the effects of our suddenly gained wealth. It did unmistakably force a deadly dry-rot through the whole social structure. It blasted the churches, making worship fashionable, rather than sincere. It raised a spurious breed of public men, who knew nothing of the principles of political economy and the silent laws of national growth, but were ambitious chiefly to gratify a vulgar ambition of "going to Congress" or "becoming President." It took away the modesty of woman, and put in its place a strange compound of morbid sentimentality and heartless selfishness. It held out cheap and glittering prizes for young men to struggle for; but ignored those solid and enduring qualities, implying culture, knowledge, and patient reflection, which had little or nothing to do with the facile reputation.

Then we lost our charity one for another. We had established of a sudden—thinking they would last—false and hollow creeds respecting class and rank, and, as we entered, back and forth, and one to another, we naturally grew intolerant. Instead of fraternizing, we were eager to govern. We were ready at any time to quarrel, and would not submit to have our bloated body of conceit wounded in any part. The universal cry was, "Get out of the way!" High pressure was the only sort of pressure that was popular, whether in education, conduct or morals. We turned our backs in affected derision upon the "slow coaches" who held fast to the rational and necessary methods of growth and culture, and spread our money around, each family for itself, as a sort of guano that would force us rapidly into importance. In education, we were devoted to the "accomplishments." In religion, we went in for shows and sensations. In social matters, modesty and sweetness of manners were overruled, and put in pillory by the loud-voiced brass which had stalked in and arrogated all the privileges to itself.

Thus we went on, sectional disputes arising and increasing at the same time, the high head being continually lifted higher and higher. In such a prevailing temper, no differences could ever be amicably adjusted; they must first be wrangled through, and then fought out. The bad blood that was in us, corrupted as it had been by our success and excess, would have to come to the surface. To keep it sequestered in the system of the body politic, was certain death; to bring it out might entail national suffering for a time, but in the end the national health would improve and the national life be saved. This rebellion opened, and immediately every ailment of our social and political state was drawn to the surface of this running sore.

When, then, will this dreadful affliction be past? Who that reflects, but can in some manner answer such a question now for himself? Will the war have served its true ends and run its natural course, until, not merely the seceded and rebellious States, but the loyal ones as well, are brought to see, through untold agonies, what their past error has been, and voluntarily to resolve to repair it? Will not all this blood have been shed in vain—will not these thousands of families have been bereft and plunged in deepest grief to no purpose—will not the national life have been put in jeopardy without the consent of overruling wisdom itself—if the great results which ought most naturally to flow from these bitter experiences fall utterly to show themselves? Can such events as now encompass us be brought to a termination, save as they have performed the thorough work, and the whole work, which is plainly allotted them?

We say, then, that the war will not be likely to end in any form or another, until, first, our conceit, and arrogance, and uncharitableness, and pride of opinion, have all been laid low; until, secondly, the same desire for money, merely for its own sake, and the thirst for power and vulgar display, which is the national manifestation of such a desire, have been completely eradicated; and finally, until the small of the two great evils, we all become Christianized.

and gentle by charity, are taught by the message of experience, and welcomed by the thousands of sympathy, and become humble through a multitude of disappointments—so that the national character will have undergone a change for the better, and the national life will have become exalted and spiritualized to a degree beyond fondest anticipations. Then will be the time for the war to stop—and then it will certainly stop of itself.

## The Spiritual Philosophy.

When new truths appear from time to time upon the earth, which those in high places cannot comprehend, they condemn without proper investigation. It was so in Christ's time. It is so now. Yet the Spiritual Philosophy of the nineteenth century is being steadily developed in various ways, among the humble and less-petentious of earth's people, as in olden times.

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform!"

and in the coming time all those who have repudiated the mighty truths that have been and are being sent to us from the spirit-world, will wonder their eyes were so dim that they could not discern these things. They expected to see Christ coming in a material form—in all his glory, "surrounded by hosts of angels," "illuminating the whole heavens with his presence," etc. But he comes in "the still small voice" to the humble of earth—not to the rich and influential—and is received by them, because their "lamps are trimmed and burning." He comes also with the flaming sword of *Jehovah*, to drive the "money changers" from their palaces; that he may set up the Kingdom of God on earth, instead of the Kingdom of Mammon. The time is even now. The great human garden needs weeding. It has grown all over with thorns and thistles. The false is to be swept away, to give place for the true to grow and expand in beauty.

The cries of the distressed have gone up to spirit-life for redress, and in obedience to the laws of nature, a mighty influx of spirit-power is descending to aid earth's children in the great revolutions that are about taking place for the benefit of down-trodden humanity.

We feel that we are doing our duty, conscientiously and truthfully, in spreading all over the land the facts of direct spirit communion, even unto the old world. And yet we are called impostors, and are reviled in various ways. But we know we are doing *Jehovah's* bidding; and we know, too, that we have *Truth* for our shield, and hence we fear not any and all opposition that may be brought to bear against us by the bigots of all like who seek to impugn our motives.

All we ask is, that the friends of our cause—and they are numbered to-day by millions—sustain us in the good work during the crisis we are passing through, and we will, in return, give them a journal whose influence shall be felt to the remotest corners of the earth.

## The Paper Tyranny.

We are let into a history of this matter of the rise in paper, by the New York Post, which is worthy the attention of the people of the country. It appears that about a year ago, a convention of the manufacturers of letter and writing papers was held in Springfield, in this State, and it was there then decided to raise the price of those sorts of paper to the highest figure. "Why," says the *Post*, "the manufacturers of printing paper concluded to try a similar experiment. Accordingly, they met at the Astor House, in New York, and debated a proposition of the same character. At first it did not work for good reasons; but at a subsequent meeting it was resolved to raise the price of printing paper, and three samples of paper were submitted as standards for the market. The resolution declared that no paper should be sold for less than twelve and a half, sixteen and eighteen cents for the three qualities. The same afternoon paper went up. There was then no scarcity of paper, nor was any to be apprehended; it was a case of clear arbitrariness and combination. But, of course, when the dealers in stock saw the game of the manufacturers, they put up their prices, too, and hence the fever. Now it is announced that Congress will not be likely to let in foreign paper and paper stock, duty free, nor even to lower the duty on the same. This places everything in the hands of a few wealthy manufacturers, who will soon put up paper to such a price as will be likely to stop the greater part of the papers and publishing operations in the country."

## The Church and Spiritualism.

Our attention has been called to a labored—not elaborate—article on Spiritualism, entitled "Neoromancy," published in a late number of the *Religious Monthly Magazine*. It was written by a person who has evidently investigated the Spiritual phenomena to a certain extent, as he admits that there is a vast amount of truth in them. But he repudiates Spiritualism, (from the old church standpoint, of course,) because, he says, "material" spirits communicate, and their influence is "pernicious." If these spirits would only come in rapport with mortals, to teach the doctrines of "our Church," it would be all right, doubtless.

Here the writer errs. These "material" spirits, most of them, are doing immense good to frail mortality. They are obliged to return, they assure us, "loaded with spiritual magnetism," (we quote from the Magazine,) to fulfill their earthly mission, by doing the work they left undone while dwelling in their temples of clay; and also to do a still higher mission, which is that of warning others from falling into the same errors which they did in consequence of erroneously earthly teachings; healing the sick; preaching the truth, and endeavoring in many ways to sow seed that shall spring up and bear fruit in due season. And this is the path that will lead them to true happiness sooner than the road traveled by old Theology.

## To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

That "Carxton," Mr. Herald of Progress, will be attended to next week. All we have to say at present is, that the statement which you publish in regard to the medium who answers sealed letters for parties who send them to this office concerning that purpose, is a gross falsehood—there is not one word of truth in it, as we shall show conclusively in our next. When a man threatens us as did your correspondent, we take our own time to answer him. It seems to us that you did at such kind of bait, Mr. Editor, very quickly. Would it not have been more just toward a contemporary to inquire into the facts of the case, before trying to injure our reputation in the eyes of our readers?

Amanda M. Spence.  
The distinguished lecturer, who had been out of the field for a long time, made her appearance in this city before the Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, on Sunday, Feb. 8th, for the first time in about three years, as a lecturer. So great was the ability to "hold" her, that the capacity of the hall was not sufficient to accommodate all who desired to gain admittance, and many were obliged to go away. She gave two able discourses in her eloquent and characteristic style. Although her lectures were long, she was listened to with great attention and satisfaction. We shall not attempt to give a report of her discourses, but briefly mention the substance. The theme of her afternoon discourse was *Spiritual Gifts*. She demonstrated that the spiritual gifts, spoken of in the New Testament—of healing, speaking, etc.—were of the same character as those manifested by mediums of the present day. She said those who possessed these gifts in Bible times, were persecuted in their day the same as the mediums of the present day; but that the ancient healers and teachers were now consecrated by the churches as saints and martyrs. Spiritualists look upon them as brethren, and not as saints.

The reason these gifts have not been better understood for the last eighteen hundred years, was that the people were not allowed to argue upon the merits of the Bible, but were obliged to take the construction put upon it by the clergy; therefore these gifts have been lying idle for centuries. Now Spiritualism had come to teach us what the clergy had failed to do. Not that there was no Spiritualism in the Bible, for it was full of it—Deborah says it is the best part of it—but the clergy could not see it, or did not understand it. Some mediums had been made to treat the Bible as a book. She had been made to do so by her public lectures, and then gone home and wept bitterly for what, according to her early teachings, she thought was sacrilege; but now that she had come to better understand its truths and beauties, and also its absurdities, she did not feel so.

A free discussion of everything will hurt no one. The human mind must ever struggle on to free itself from human bondage. The Church to-day would crush out Spiritualism if it had the power, and dared to; but its votaries are numbered by millions, and are still flourishing, so it is not so easily crushed out. It has attained a high place in the world, it has come at the right time, for the people were hungering for something they could feed upon that would satisfy their starving souls. Talented and reasoning men were taking hold of it. "It was licking up the Christianity of the churches," as the sun looks up the frost. "It has a higher mission than gathering common fruit: it will revolutionize the people; it will correct their old and erroneous ideas about God, the Bible, justice, and the rights of humanity; it will yet take hold of the Government and purify it to the core."

In the evening her discourse was in part a continuation of her afternoon lecture; but she dwelt more particularly on what is termed the *Second Death*, elucidating it in a clear and comprehensive manner what she considered to be the meaning of the sentence. She maintained, by an analytical examination of the teachings of the Apostles, and by personal experiences with the spirits of the departed, and by various facts and illustrations, that the second death was attained when we had conquered all the natural desires and propensities in our nature, and could look upon the whole human family as our kindred, and love them as such. We must get rid of all our greedy avarice for worldly gain, and all the selfish desires which so crowd upon our nature as to unfit us for the natural change called death, but which is, in reality, life. This second death we all have got to do. If we do not experience it in this life, we shall have to after our natural death. It might be properly called the first death, the better to understand how "he that overcometh shall not be hurt by the second death." We must get rid of our earthly propensities, our human selfishness, in order that we may enter upon the other life in a fit condition to enjoy its fullness and glory. Spiritualism teaches us this, as well as the immortal existence of the soul.

**New Publications.**  
*The Lady Lisle.* A Novel, by Miss M. E. Bradburn, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Anark Floyd," &c. &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale in Boston by Lee and Shepard.  
Miss Bradburn rivals Mrs. Wood, as a novelist. She is just now all the rage in England, and this is one of her most popular books. She is credited with having introduced really new characters into fiction. Major Granville Varney, of the Honorable East India Company, will be worth becoming acquainted with. Miss Bradburn is decidedly one of the stars among the female writers of light literature.

We have received the handsomely printed Thirtieth Annual Report of the Association for the Relief of Aged Indigent Females, from the office of John Wilson and Son, Boston. All who feel interested in this most praiseworthy object of "smoothing the pathway of indigent females who have become too old to help themselves longer," will be glad to read a full report of an Association so useful and active as this has been.

Oliver Ditson sends us some new publications:—*CAMP SONGS*; a Collection of National, Patriotic, and Social Songs, for the Volunteers.  
*THE SULLYSON BOOK*, No. 2.

*THE GOLDEN WARRIOR*, 220th edition, consisting of two hundred and fifty songs and exercises, and several pieces of sheet music, entitled, "Gen. Howard's Grand March," "Goldstream Guards," "To Ince, Come back to me, fair Ince," "Come, come away with me," "Friendship," "On to Richmond," and "The Child Walrus."

We have received the second January number of the "PROGRESS SPIRITUALIST," a new spiritual magazine, published in Paris by Clementine Gueprie. It contains articles upon the following subjects: Friendship; Reincarnation; The Secret of Proficiency; A Chapter upon the Theory of the Celestial Telegraph. It makes many extracts from the works of A. J. Davis, and is a very interesting number.

**THE PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM**, recently announced as about to be published, is unquestionably delayed for a short time. Due notice of its issue will be given in the *Banner*, and all orders filled out as early as possible.

**Lyceum Hall** will lecture on "The Mediums," on Wednesday evening, Feb. 19th, at 7 o'clock. Tickets 10 cents. The hall is in the city of Boston, at the corner of State and Court streets.

**Remarkable Coincidences.**  
During the recent service of a "little boy" about six years of age, at the Lyceum Hall, the following coincidences were observed:—The mother of the boy, who was very anxious that he should accompany her away to a beautiful land.

The little boy felt somewhat inclined to listen to the persuasive pleadings of the beautiful lady, but finally told her that his mother could not spare him, and he must be excused.

In about three weeks the same vision was repeated, only with more clearness and beauty. The mother endeavored to persuade her little boy, that he had been dreaming, but he could not believe this, asserting that he really saw the beautiful lady; and that her persuasiveness was almost irresistible. In about three weeks the beautiful lady appeared the third time, and renewed her earnest entreaty for the company of the little boy. He used the same childlike argument, this time asserting that his mother could not spare him.

In about three days after this latter interview the little boy was taken sick, and very soon died. He has gone to the beautiful land where sickness is never known. Strange and mysterious are the links that unite us to the spirit-world, and touchingly beautiful are the ministrations of pure spirits to the souls of little children.

**Personal.**  
Rev. T. B. Thayer's resignation as pastor of the Warren Street Universalist Society, takes effect on the first of next month. The Society have sold their old church and purchased one on Shawmut Avenue.

Rev. John Pierpont has been appointed Librarian of the new Library of the Treasury Department at Washington.

Rev. Thomas S. Bacon of Christ Church, (Episcopal), New Orleans, himself a Louisiana, has issued an address to the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Louisiana, urging them to return to the old relations with their Church in the United States.

The marriage of Tom Thumb with Lavinia Warren was celebrated in New York on Tuesday, February 10th, at Grace Church. Both the marriage ceremony and the grand reception at the Metropolitan Hotel, were attended by thousands.

Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., preached at Music Hall last Sunday. His subject was "War and Peace." Like Ralph Waldo Emerson, he is not a fault-finder.

Rev. Dr. Benj. C. Cutler, Rector of St. Anne's Church, at Brooklyn, N. Y., died in that city last week, at the age of 65. Dr. C. formerly resided in Roxbury, and was afterwards settled in Quincy, where he remained for several years.

Mrs. Emma C. Embury, the well known authoress, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 10th inst., at the age of 67.

The senior editor of the *Daily Advertiser* of this city, Nathaniel Hale, died at his residence in Brooklyn on the 8th inst. (in the 79th year of his age). He was one of the founders of the *North American Review*, and also of the *Christian Examiner*.

Dr. A. B. Child will lecture in Portland, Me., on Sunday, April 5th.

Miss Emma Harding lectures in Dedworth Hall, in New York, on Friday evening, February 20th.

**Notice to Club Subscribers.**  
In answer to our old club (\$1.50) subscribers, several of whom desire to know if they are to have the *Banner* one year or nine months, who subscribed previous to the 1st of December last, we reply that all clubs are entitled to the paper one year at the old rates. Those who remitted after that time are entitled to it for nine months only, and will govern themselves accordingly. If the old club subscribers feel disposed to remit the extra fifty cents—as we send the paper to them at a loss—they may do so, or not, as they think proper. We do not exact it of them, as we have no right so to do. But those who sent only \$1.50 after the 1st of December, when we were obliged to abolish the club rates on account of the great rise in the price of paper stock, we consider \$2.00 subscribers, and shall send the paper for nine months, unless they remit for a longer term.

## Such a Winter.

The seasons have, for once, "changed work." Our old Northern winter has been making a visit to the South, while the tropical weather has been trying its best to feel at home among us. The snow storms have been heaviest in Kentucky, Ohio, and even in Tennessee, while we have comparatively escaped them. In Canada, the season, has been of unusual mildness. Even as far as Cape Breton they have had no snow up to the very last week in January. Sheep and cattle are in the fields grazing, exactly as in the summer and fall. The weather is very much like Spring. It is true that we are having a new order of things, in the weather as well as in social and political affairs. Whether this winter's experience is no more than a freak, or amounts to a radical change, or modification of the law, is a problem which a few succeeding winters will be sufficient to establish.

**SENATORIAL OCCURRENCE.**—Upon the evening of Dec. 27th 1862, Dr. Burleigh, a lecturer upon electricity and mesmerism, gave some experiments in mesmerism, and in one of these, a boy of this town, says the *Plymouth Memorial*, was put in a mesmeric state and requested to travel over our country. He gave a very accurate description of Washington and other places, and spoke of seeing our army. He was asked if he saw any rebels. After a pause, he said he did, that they were on board a steamboat; one was tall, and another was sitting with them. The Doctor explained that certainly he never got that from his mind, as he had never thought of it, and requested the audience to remember it. Now for the coincidence. Galveston was taken upon the first of January, and according to the best of our knowledge, that would be just about the time the rebels would be embarking for its capture. Would it be a good idea for Government to keep a corps of clairvoyants to post themselves up in the movements of the rebels? We think it would be no more good than the much talked of balloons.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney, Medical Clairvoyant, 110 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.—She has been making a claim in the *Banner*, to which she has been making the also referred to on Sundays as usual.

**Clairvoyant Physician.**  
A good clairvoyant attention to the clairvoyant of Mrs. A. C. Latham, in another column. She is said to be one of the best clairvoyant and clairvoyant physicians we have among us. Her office is at 222 Washington Street, Boston.

The noble Italian patriot is a hero—he never had any statecraft in him. He may have splendidly with his trusty sword, but for the profound studies and patient reflection of the statesman's closet he has neither temperament nor capacity. But he is in his right spirit. The last of expiring Italy, which he inspired to believe in his own allotment, he was equally qualified to accomplish, nor does his heart falter, in life, or his purpose bend in any degree, though he is oppressed with grievous illness, and even feels the power of suffering judgment. He is still ready to go on and finish the work he had in hand. His fellow-patriots have recently made him President of a powerful political committee, in Rome, and he has accepted the same, improving the opportunity to issue to his countrymen another of his brief and stirring addresses. He tells them what is due for every people under the sun, that unless they shall be able to make themselves respected, diplomacy will hold them steadily in contempt.

**The Indians.**  
In the U. S. Senate, on the 11th, the bill removing the Winnabegs from Minnesota was passed. "So it ever has been. The removal will indeed become literally true which an Indian Chief once made in Washington on 'removals,' viz., that the pale faces would keep removing his people from time to time, whenever avarice dictated, until they were pushed 'into the Pacific Ocean'—what few would be left of them. No wonder the avenging hand of Justice is laid heavily upon the nation at this time for its manifold sins. We shall never have peace until the acts of our legislators are governed by more wisdom than has been made apparent of late."

## East and West.

Becher allows that the Western people hate Yankees, or "Yanks," as the Southern soldiers call them. But he declares, also, that they have the quality of making their way in the face of all prejudices, and coming out at the top, regard of the ladder in popular esteem, after all. There is a sheet printed down in Chattanooga, Tenn., which is as hard on the East as the West itself ever was. "The East and the West"—declares its editor—"are as radically different as the North and the South. The men of the East are for the most part, bigoted, illiberal, and oppressive; they are grasping and ungenerous; they are mean-spirited, dishonest, and cowardly. Those of the West are, on the contrary, rude, rough, illiterate fellows, honest enough as far as they know how, very persevering, hardy and brave." Well, it is getting quite fashionable, for each section to analyze the elements of the national character, when the last analysis is completed, it is to be hoped that a common conclusion will be reached, declaring in the *E Pluribus Unum* spirit, that though by force of circumstances and education we are many, yet by the welding power of sympathy and true fraternity we are One.

## To Farmers and Gardeners.

Ames's shovels have long had the reputation of being the best in the market, but in our enterprising land the best is sooner or later left behind for something better. The Old Colony Iron Company now make a shovel, called the Old Colony Shovel, that is still better than Ames's, and for about twelve and a half cents less price of each shovel. The Peruvian Guano has for many years past had the reputation of being the best fertilizer known. There is now a fish guano made from the fish that run in Narragansett Bay by the Narragansett Oil and Guano Company, (who, we believe, have an office in Boston,) that is superior to the Peruvian Guano, and is sold for about one quarter the price.

## Boston Spiritual Conference.

The subject for discussion on Tuesday evening, Feb. 10th, was *Soul Affinity*. Speeches were made by Mr. Webster, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Edson, Dr. Child, Dr. Lyon, Mr. Bradley, Rev. Uriah Clark, and Mrs. Spence. The subject was treated as one of great significance and interest. It was claimed that Soul Affinity had more to do with human desires and actions than is realized or admitted; that it entirely transcends the conflicting tangle, the corruptible confusions of what sensual tongues call *love* and *free love*.

The same subject is announced for the next Conference.

## The Banner in Washington.

Our friends are informed that the *Banner of Light* can be procured each week of O. H. Anderson, "Bookkeeper" and Stationer, 468 Seventh Street, opposite the Post Office, Washington, D. C., where they will also find a general assortment of books, periodicals and stationery.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

Mrs. D. J. S. Warr, Vtikon, Mass.—We should be pleased to have the "Prophecy" to which you refer. Will return it, if not used.

O. B. Clark, N. Y.—We are sorry to say we can give you no encouragement in that direction at present, if at all.

I. K. B. Walker, Ind.—The gentleman is to call for you. You can probably ascertain his exact locality there, by addressing his wife at Chelsea, Mass.

J. A. B. Mortimer, Mich.—The man is poor, and the chances are "good" for you, to make the collection you speak of.

S. R. O. Dexter, Mass.—None but a thoroughly developed medium is wanted, we understand. But it would do no harm to write to the party whose name is attached to the notice.

**A Good Clairvoyant Physician.**  
With special regard to attention to the clairvoyant of Mrs. A. C. Latham, in another column. She is said to be one of the best clairvoyant and clairvoyant physicians we have among us. Her office is at 222 Washington Street, Boston.



# SIR E. BULWER LYTTON'S STRANGE STORY

ANSWERS TO EVAN ROBERTSON'S QUESTIONS. Many letters have been accepted and some of them are being published in the following possible statement, of the way the world has been made by the author—the service demanded of him.

The friends of Progressive Ideas will find this work one of the most comprehensive and useful that they have yet seen. It is not only the personal but only of those vitally interested in the topics discussed, but of all persons capable of making a question. The book embraces a wide range of subjects and is written in a style which will reveal the author's style and vigor of method characterizing the Deplia.

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sale at this office. Price, \$3; postage 25 cents.  
May 21.

**JUST PUBLISHED.**  
**THE NEW RELIGION;**  
TWO DISCOURSES, delivered to the First Congregational Church, in the city of New York  
October 12th and 14th, 1837, by the Pastor, Rev. Howard  
Dodd, D.D., of New York.  
For sale at this office. Price, 15 CENTS.  
Dec. 1.

Remember the SOCIABLES at Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening of the present week. Some of the handsomest ladies in Boston may be seen there—are just as good as they are handsome.

**ROSE GORDAGE, HARRISON, KLINE AND FINE**  
**LINEN MACHINES**  
Rear of 18 Broadway Street, New York.

...the money and later went to ...  
...two weeks after its receipt  
...that every day ...  
...and ...  
...hold imperfect con ...

$$f(x) = \frac{1}{2} \left( \frac{1}{x} + \frac{1}{x^2} \right) \quad \text{for } x \in (0, 1) \quad \text{and} \quad f(x) = 0 \quad \text{for } x \in [1, \infty)$$



[illegible]







## Poetry.

## CUSHIA MACHREE.

BY JAMES DONNELLY, BOSTON.

Am—Pretty Maid Milking her Cow.  
My flower of all flowers was the brightest,  
That bloomed in the valley so fair;  
My heart of all hearts was the lightest,  
When the life's treasure was there.  
Surrounded by towering mountains,  
The scene seemed an Eden to me;  
Mid' rocks, gushing streams, and fountains,  
When blest with my Cushia Machree!

My darling, so graceful and slender,  
Appeared like some Seraph divine;  
Her heart was so truthful and tender,  
And spotless her beautiful mind.  
The love of that fond heart was given,  
With undivided devotion to me;  
Not purer the angels in heaven,  
Than were you, my Cushia Machree!

Her blush shed a rich balmy lustre,  
Bright as the radiance of dawn;  
And angelic ripples did cluster  
O'er a neck that was white as the swan.  
Her voice came like soft music stealing,  
Or the sound of some sweet lullaby;  
To charm and enliven the feeling,  
My own stainless Cushia Machree!

How oft beneath those glittering tresses,  
I've pillow'd my head on her breast;  
To feast on her smiles and caresses,  
With a heart so entranced and sweet;  
But alas! in a sad hour we parted,  
The angels were weeping to see;  
That land where I left behind hearted  
My own charming Cushia Machree!

Pulse of my heart.

## SPIRITUAL CONVENTION

Held in Bangor, Me., in the Pioneer Chapel,  
Jan. 30th, 31st, and Feb. 1st.

The Convention was called to order by Bro. Stockwell, of Bangor, who extended a hearty welcome to all, in behalf of the society in Bangor. Then followed a prayer through the organization of Bro. Charles A. Hayden, full of inspiration. Then, on motion of Bro. Stockwell, Bro. Isaac H. Rhodes, of Bucksport, was called to the chair, and Henry Gale chosen Secretary.

After a few remarks by Bro. Hayden, Bro. Rhodes and Sister Hollis, the Convention adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m.

At 2 o'clock p. m. the meeting was called to order. Bro. Stockwell read a poem from the Psalms of Life; then singing by the choir; then the opening discourse by Sister Hollis, on Progression of Matter and Mind, in language comprehensive and argument that could not be gainsayed.

Bro. Maddox spoke on Progression.

After singing, the Convention adjourned until 7 o'clock p. m.  
In the evening the house was filled at an early hour, showing that the good work had begun. The meeting was opened as usual by reading a poem, singing, and a prayer by Bro. Hayden. After which the audience had the pleasure of listening to a discourse through the organization of Bro. Greenleaf, on the subject, "All things are Passing Away," with such eloquence and power that no language of ours can describe. After remarks by Bro. Hayden, Maddox, Jordan, and Sister Hollis, the Convention adjourned until 9 o'clock the next morning.

Conference in the forenoon. At an early hour could be seen the people looking from all directions to the Pioneer Chapel, like doves to their windows, no Noddomes among them; open, bold and fearless for the truth, showing by their countenances as they came in, that they were anxious for the good time coming.

The Chairman, seeing the anxiety of the audience, opened the meeting early, with some well-timed remarks and reading a poem. After singing by the choir, remarks were made by Bros. Goodale, Rhodes and Ewer, interspersed with singing. Bro. Stockwell then read a poem composed by a spirit—"Ye are my witnesses, earth the Lord," through Sister Hollis. Spiritualism, she said never stood better than to-day. Bro. Luke P. Rand spoke through Sister Spinney, of Edgemoor. There was speaking through the organization of Bro. Ewer, Sisters Coble and Stordiant; then singing by the congregation. Sister Chamberlain then spoke on the "Constitution of the Church and the Bible." Bro. Chamberlain, Sister Spinney, and Sister Miller, of Old Town, followed. She could not believe in Spiritualism, for its followers were not what they ought to be, and she thought it would go down.

Bro. Hopkins, entranced, thought it was going down in the right direction, down deep into the hearts of the people. Theology had got to take it, or stop up its ears with the cotton of prejudice. Within three years we should see manifestations that would stop the mouths of all skeptics, for the spirit-world had got their forces concentrated. The people of earth were diseased morally, mentally, and physically; the positive and negative are changing all things—will change your ideas, and you can't help it.

The Chairman made some closing remarks on what good Spiritualism has done and is doing, with telling effect on the audience.

The afternoon session was opened by the reading of a poem by Sister Hollis, after which Sister Hollis delivered a discourse from the words, "Come, let us reason together," reviewing the Church; those whom they cast out; the Jewish Church; the unfolding of the human heart; the God-principle the only right principle; Spiritualism, the true Christ principle; we are our own Saviors; materialists should possess the gifts spoken of in the Bible, or else they are but hypocrites; if they have them not, let them hold their peace.

Sister Hollis was influenced by a spirit who gave us an account of her unfortunate condition in the form of a prostitute at Five Points. Nothing but darkness, poverty and death stared her in the face while on earth; her social relations had made her so. The description she gave was heart-rending; it reached the hearts of all. We would like to give her remarks in full, but space will not permit. Adjourned until evening.

At an early hour the house was filled. After singing and reading, an excellent discourse was given through the organization of Bro. Hayden, on the "Power, Influence, and Development of Thought." Bro. Hopkins, under influence, spoke on "What has Thought not done?" followed by Sister Hollis, who said, let us not fight against God, let us give this thought some consideration; we see angel hosts with banners, and inscribed on them is Freedom for all. She was followed by Bro. Jordan, with some remarks, which were well received. Adjourned to 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Sunday morning we had a conference meeting. After the singing and reading, some soul-stirring remarks were made by the Chairman, and Bro. Goodale, under influence. They were then followed by Bro. Smith, who spoke on the "Beauty of Spiritualism." Bro. Maddox, entranced, spoke on the "Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Thought and Action."

Sister Hollis, influenced by a spirit purporting to be Luke P. Rand, said he would yet conquer the world that he was honest. Said his mission was to teach dark spirits; he thanked God he now enjoyed the freedom of the spirit-world. The Chairman then followed with some thrilling and soul-stirring remarks on the Controlling Influence, the Bible, &c. Sister Chamberlain then said she had received impressions ten days ago, that Bro. Rand would speak through some medium in this meeting, and that she recognized his spirit. She spoke of

longer. Bro. Conant then spoke of manifestations he had experienced twenty years ago, before he knew he was a medium. (Sister Hollis said, The truth will make you free, Brother Conant. Many are sent to the Insane Asylums who possess mediumistic powers, and are called crazy, and the Church did not know what else to call it, although they profess to have all the spirit power committed to the Church. Sister Chamberlain said we become our own Saviors by saving others. After some remarks by Bro. Maddox, the meeting for the forenoon was closed by singing "Coronation."

In the afternoon, the house was thronged. The Chairman called the meeting to order, and perfect silence prevailed, so that all could catch the angel whispers, and have their own souls blessed. After singing and reading, we listened to a discourse through the organization of Sister Hollis, on Spiritualism and Materialism, in language so sublime, and argument so compact, that any effort of ours to convey a synopsis would be useless. The meeting then adjourned until evening.

Before seven o'clock the house was crowded to the utmost capacity, and many were obliged to go away for want of room. Over eight hundred souls congregated together to hear spirit teachings. One of the most intellectual audiences ever assembled in Bangor, remained for two hours in perfect contentment, (from all appearances) listening to instructions from the spirit world through the organization of Sister Hollis, Bro. Hayden and Hopkins. Sister Hollis spoke from the words, "If any man thirst, let him drink of the waters of Life." She was very eloquent and impressive.

Thus has passed off one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings the Spiritualists have ever held in the Valley of the Penobscot. It seemed at times as though the audience forgot they possessed material forms; having drunk so deep from the spiritual fount that they felt they had passed over, and were mingling their voices and songs with the angel-world. The Choir partook of the same spirit.

Voted, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

HENRY GALE, Secretary.

## THE WAR IN FLORIDA.

Negro Troops against the Rebels.

The following full and explicit official report of Col. T. W. Higginson, records the gallant conduct of the negroes under fire, and their successful operations in Georgia and Florida:—

ON BOARD STEAMER BEN DEFORD,

SUNDAY, FEB. 1, 1863.

BRO. GEN. BAXTON, Military Governor, &amp;c.

General—I have the honor to report the safe return of the Expedition under my command, consisting of 402 officers and men of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, who left Beaufort on Jan. 23, on board the Steamer John Adams, Planter and Ben Deford. The Expedition has carried the Regimental flag and the President's Proclamation far into the interior of Georgia and Florida. The men have been repeatedly under fire; have had infantry, cavalry, and even artillery arrayed against them, and have, in every instance, come off not only with unblemished honor, but with undiminished numbers. On the 23rd of January, a detachment of the Expedition fought a cavalry company which met us unexpectedly on a midnight march through pine woods, and which completely surrounded us. They were beaten off with a loss on our part of one man killed and seven wounded, while the opposing party admit twelve men killed, including Lieut. Jones, in command of the company, besides many wounded. So complete was our victory that the enemy scattered, hid in the woods all night, not returning to his camp, which was five miles distant, until noon next day; a fact which was unfortunately unknown until too late to follow up our advantage. Had I listened to the urgent appeals of my men, and pressed the flying enemy, we could have destroyed his camp; but in view of the darkness, his uncertain numbers and swifter motions, with our injunctions of caution, I judged it better to rest satisfied with the victory already gained. On another occasion, a detachment of about two hundred and fifty men, on board the John Adams, fought its way forty miles up and down a river, the most dangerous in the department—the St. Mary's—a river left untraversed by our gunboats for many months, as it required a boat built like the John Adams, to ascend it successfully. The stream is narrow, swift, winding, and bordered at many places with high bluffs, which blazed with rifle shots. With our glasses, as we approached these points, we could see mounted men by the hundreds galloping through the woods from point to point, to await us, and though fearful of our shot and shell, they were so daring against masonry that one rebel actually sprang from the shore upon the large boat which was towed at our stern; where he was shot down by one of my sergeants. We could see our shell scatter the rebels as they fell among them, and some terrible execution must have been done; but not a man of this regiment was killed or wounded, though the steamer was under fire for many miles, one of which shows where our brave Captain Clifton, commander of the vessel, fell dead beside his own pilot-house, shot through the brain by a Minnie ball.

Major Strong, who stood beside him, escaped as if by magic, both of them being unnecessarily exposed without my knowledge. The secret of our safety was in keeping the regiment below, except the gunners; but this required the utmost energy of the officers, as the men were inclined to come up and were tempted to be landed on shore and charged by the enemy. Nobody knows anything about these men who have not seen them in battle. I find that I myself knew nothing. There is a fiery energy about them beyond anything I have ever read, unless it be the French Zouaves. It requires the strictest discipline to hold them in hand. During our first attack on the river, before I got them all penned below, they crowded at the open end of the steamer, and firing with inconceivable rapidity and accuracy at each other. "Never give it up!" When collected into the hold, they actually fought each other for places at the few port holes from which they could fire on the enemy. Meanwhile the black gunners, admirably trained by Lieutenants Stockdale and O'Neil, (both so accomplished artillerymen,) and Mr. Heron, of the gunboat, did their duty without the slightest protection and with great coolness, and a storm of shot. This river expedition was not undertaken in mere bravado; Capt. Sears, U. S. A., the contractor of Fort Clinch, had urged upon the War Department to endeavor to obtain a large supply of valuable brick, said to remain at the brickyards, thirty miles up the St. Mary's, from which Fort Clinch was originally supplied. The War Department had referred the matter to Col. Hawley, who approved my offer to undertake the enterprise. Apart from this was the desire of Lieut. Hughes, U. S. N., commanding United States Steamer Mohawk, now lying at Fernandina, to obtain information regarding a rebel steamer, the Beross, said to be lying further up the river, awaiting opportunity to run the blockade. Both objects were accomplished. I brought away all the bricks, and ascertained the Beross to be worthless. I have the honor to state that I have on board the Ben Deford 200 bars of the best new railroad iron, valued at \$3000, and much needed in this Department. This was obtained from the English and Jersey Islands, Georgia, from abandoned rebel forts, a portion of it having been previously blown up and collected by Capt. Steadman, of the Paul Jones. I have also five large stacks of valuable yellow pine timber, said to be worth \$700, which came from St. Marys, Georgia. There is also a quantity of rice, resin, cordage, and other small matters, suitable for army purposes. On board the John Adams there is a stock of 25 sheep, from Woodstock, Florida. I have a cargo of 25 sheep, valued at \$10,000, in view of the present high prices. I have also turned over to Judge Balta, Civil Provost Marshal of Fernandina, four horses, four steers, and a quantity of agricultural implements suitable for Mr. Holper's operations in that locality. I have seen with my own eyes, and left behind for want of means of transportation, (and because brick was considered even more valuable,) enough of the choicest southern lumber to load five steamers like the Ben Deford—an amount estimated at more than \$100,000. I also left behind from choice, valuable furniture by the household—pianos, china, &c., all packed up for transportation, as it was sent inland for safe keeping. Not only were my officers and men forbidden to take any of these things for private use, but nothing was taken for public use save articles strictly contraband of war. No wanton destruction was permitted, nor being left upon the scene of war. Of course no personal outrage was permitted or condoned.

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them on parole. But in view of the ferocious attacks made upon us from the banks, this would have seemed an absurd thing of magnanimity. By the advice of Col. Hawley, I obtained a cannon and a flag, which I immediately set upon the regiment to maintain. We obtained also some trophies of a different description from a slave jail, which I shall offer for your personal acceptance—three sets of stocks, of different structure—the chains and staples used for confining prisoners to the floor, and the key of the building. They furnish good specimens of the final return at the appointed time, though there are many other objects which I wish to effect, and our railroads are not nearly exhausted. But the Ben Deford is crowded with freight, and the ammunition of the John Adams is running low. Captain Hallett has been devoted to our interest, as was also, until his lamented death, the brave Capt. Clifton. Of the latter I have to report that he was perfectly valiant but for the labors of the officers of Capt. Eldridge, and her engineer, Mr. Baker, aided by the unconquerable energy of Capt. Trowbridge, of Company A, who had the command on board. Thanks to this they were enabled during our absence up the St. Marys River, to pay attention to the salt works along the coast. Finding that the works at King's Bay, formerly destroyed by the regiment, had never been rebuilt, they proceeded five miles up Crooked River, where salt works were seen. Capt. Trowbridge, with Capt. Rogers, of Co. F, and 30 men, then marched two miles across a marsh, drawing a boat with them, and then sailed up a creek and destroyed the works. There were 22 large boilers, two storehouses, a large quantity of salt, two canoes, with barrels and all things appertaining. I desire to make honorable mention, not only of the above officers, but of Major Strong, Capt. James Co. B. Bangs, Co. G. O. Metcalf, and Dr. J. C. H. Indeed every officer did himself credit, so far as he had opportunity, while the cheerfulness and enthusiasm of the men made it a pleasure to command them. We found no large number of slaves anywhere, yet we brought away several whole families, and obtained by their means the most reliable information. I was interested to observe that the news of the President's Proclamation produced a marked effect upon them, and in one case it was of the greatest service to be in securing the hearty aid of a guide, who was timid and distrustful till he heard that he was legally free, after which he aided us gladly and came away with us.

My thanks are due, for advice and information, to Capt. Steadman, U. S. N., of the steamer Paul Jones, to Acting Master Moses, U. S. N., of the bark Fernandina; to Acting Lieut. Budd, U. S. N., of the steamer Potomac, for information and counsel, and especially to Lieut. commanding Hughes, U. S. N., of the steamer Mohawk, for treaty of coal, without which we could not have gone up the river.

I may state, in conclusion, that I obtained much valuable information, not necessary to make public, in regard to the location of supplies of lumber, iron, rice, resin, turpentine and cotton; and it would afford the officers and men of this regiment great pleasure to be constantly employed in obtaining these supplies for the Government from Rebel sources. But they would like still better to be permitted to occupy some advanced point in the interior, with a steamer or two like the John Adams, and an adequate supply of ammunition. We could obtain, to a great extent, our own provisions, and rapidly enlarge our numbers, and could have information in advance of every movement against us. A chain of such posts would completely alter the whole aspect of the war in the seaboard Slave States, and would accomplish what no accumulation of Northern Regiments can so easily effect. No slave in this region has any other key to the successful prosecution of this war lies in the unlimited employment of black troops. Their superiority lies simply in the fact that they know the country, which white troops do not; and, moreover, that they have peculiarities of temperament, position and motive which belong to them alone. Instead of leaving their homes and families to fight, they are fighting for their homes and families, and they show the resolution and sagacity which a personal purpose gives. It would have been vain to attempt to occupy the key to the region, what I have successfully accomplished with black troops. Everything, until the piloting of the vessel, and the selection of the proper point for landing, was done by my own soldiers; indeed, the real conductor of the whole expedition at the St. Marys was Corporal Robert Sutton, of Co. G, formerly a slave upon the St. Marys River—a man of extraordinary qualities, who needs nothing but a knowledge of the alphabet to enable him to the most sign-painter to read the signs of the land. I never departed from the predicted result followed, and I never departed from it, however slightly, without having reason for subsequent regret.

I have the honor to be, &c.  
T. W. HIGGINSON,  
Col. Com. 1st Regt. South Carolina Vols.

## Obituary Notices.

Born from the material, through the shadow, into the spiritual existence, Wednesday, December 31, 1810, in Winchester, N. H., Eliza RICH, aged 72 years.

Calm and contented, charitable and loving, during a long earthly existence, he made friends of all with whom he had any acquaintance; a kind husband, an accommodating neighbor, a true and faithful friend, none knew him but to praise, none saw him but to bless.

The same traits of character that he bore in life, sustained him in his long and painful sickness, and as he lay on his death-bed, he was as calm and contented as in his youth. His faith in God was a close, that spiritual faith that had been his stay and staff while he was in health, became a light to his clear perceptions of future blessedness, where he was sure of reaping the reward of his labors of love. "In his Father's house of many mansions," where he was confident that he should meet the dear ones gone before in that happy home where they should together live and love, and go on progressing upward and onward through the ages of glory.

His death was a relief to his family, and he was buried in the nearest neighbor, a clergyman of a very different faith, attended his funeral, and true friends from all the religious societies of the place were present to sympathize with the bereaved family and friends, who felt satisfied that a good man had gone home; and your correspondent feels that he can say with confidence to the friends and neighbors who loved and now mourn his departure, that if he lives up to the light within, that he is now above the world, as did the dear departed, they will enjoy a happy life, be sure of a triumphant exchange of worlds, and be permitted to meet him in that fair land that he now inhabits; where there will be no more sickness, neither parting, but where "God himself, the kind Father of all, will wipe away all tears from every eye." By request.

Winchester, Feb. 4, 1863. HERVEY BARRETT.

At a time like this, when the Great Harvester, Death, is swinging his scythe everywhere over our land, and reaping abundantly from all ranks and orders of men, it seems that we are scarcely giving a passing notice when silently and almost alone some one passes on to the bright land toward which humanity is moving. The real nature of death, as it was a event in the onward course of life, is now more apparent than ever. These were our thoughts as we stood beside the frail and withered tabernacle that had been the dwelling place of C. W. COME WATKINS, son of Welcome Watkings, late of Troy, N. Y. One of the early pioneers of Spiritualism, who was a devoted and true friend, and brought with him this youth, now twenty years old, bearing in his system the seeds of that full disease, Consumption, which has unlocked the bright portal for so many loved ones who are just entering upon manhood; and he, like many of these, was patiently waiting for the door to be opened that he might enter into that better life beyond. He passed away from our outward sight on Saturday, the 24th of January, 1863, and is now in the care of kind guardians, who will aid him to lift himself up, and be a help and comfort to his family and friends who have thrown themselves around him, and to enter a more beautiful and natural condition, wherein he can fill his life's mission and journey onward forever.

Philadelphia, Feb., 1863.

Our Sister DESHNER, wife of N. N. MILLMAN, exchanged this life for one in the spheres, on the 14th of Jan. 1863, at half-past eleven a.m. She was in the 69th year of her age.

She left in the full faith that she would join her loved ones who had gone before. Sometimes in 1836, she was converted to Spiritualism, and up to the time of her death she was a devoted and true friend, and sustained an irreproachable reputation; she was respected and beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Her health had been poor for many years, unable to perform the common duties of her household, yet she was for most of the time comfortable, until the last few months of her life, when she was taken, with inflammation on the lungs, which terminated her earthly existence. Her funeral was held on the 16th of Jan. 1863, at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of friends. Her remains were committed to the earth, and she is now in the spheres, where she will be able to do her life's mission and journey onward forever.

For which our spirit-friends passed and re-passed. In doing so, they have given us good cause, and could have been bettered still by a Spiritualist. So the world progresses. DEANE BARNES.

Passed to the higher life, of the dreaded disease diphtheria, Dec. 12th, CHARLES C., aged 6 years 6 months; also Dec. 18th, OLIMPIA, aged 14 years 10 months and 18 days; after about six days of intense suffering. Also, EDWARD M. FORBES, aged 28 years and 8 months, after four weeks of great suffering, and commencing in common cold, all children of 14 and 15, O. Foster, and the last of five sons. Truly these have been dark days indeed.

In Deerfield, Lake Co., Ill., Jan. 10th, Mrs. ROSE A. L., wife of Elias Clifford, formerly of Middlebury, Vt., departed for the higher home. Having spent in the earth-form, 55 years of a most useful and devoted life. But, suddenly, in the midst of her most active labors, as the autumn