

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

VOL. 5, No. 4.]

A. J. DAVIS & CO.,  
274 Canal St.

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING MARCH 12, 1864.

\$2 50 PER YEAR,  
In Advance.

[WHOLE NO. 212]

## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

*Editor:* A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will expire, and that he is invited promptly to renew it, to insure the uninterrupted mailing of the paper, and save extra labor at this office. Renewals will in all cases be dated and received prior to the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

## Rights of Human Nature.

"Know thyself. 'Tis the sublime of man,  
Our noon-tide majesty, to know ourselves  
Parts and proportions of the glorious whole  
This fraternizes man—this constitutes  
His charities and his bearings."

## Spiritual Development of Woman in Maternity.

We make the following extract from the forthcoming work of Mrs. Farnham, entitled "Woman and Her Era":

"TO ALL WHO IT MAY CONCERN."

S. H.—Your explanation of the "Parable of Adam and Eve" is ingenious, but we think it is not advisable to publish it at present.

S. B. S., DAYVILLE, CT.—Your articles are received, and we assure you that such will be always welcomed.

A. E. DUNLEVY, WARREN CO., O.—We cannot undertake the publishing of your book, but you have our best wishes for its success.

E. L. M., EAST HADDAM, CONN.—Thanks for your poem and the sweet hymn written for the CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

W. T. C., of BOYLAN'S GROVE, BUTLER CO., IOWA, writes that his daughter, Nellie P. Cole, has unexpectedly become a medium, and holds meetings every Wednesday evening with a crowded house.

F. H. W., TIPTON, IND.—You do well to heed your own intuitions with regard to the character and motives of the departed, for they are correct. Be not misled by false and revolting sophistries on this subject.

E. G. H., SHEFFIELD.—We make no charge for inserting a notice of the departure of any human spirit, nor do we object to a brief mention of the private merits of the deceased or the public estimate in which they are held. Such notices scarce ever need occupy more than half a dozen lines. The extended narrative of common excellencies, scriptural or poetic quotations, a repetition of the universal fact of the deep sorrow of friends, or an enumeration of the extent of the funeral train, are all particulars that may interest a very narrow circle, but cannot a wide class of readers. Hence we cannot be expected to hold our columns freely open thereto.

E. G. M., of MINNESOTA, gives the following cheering instance of spiritual enlightenment: "One of my neighbors, a very intelligent gentleman, and by profession a lawyer, came to Minnesota for his health, as he is in a confirmed consumption. The idea of death was dreadful to him; he could not believe that we should retain our identity after that event, and in fact he rather thought we should be annihilated. I kept a file of your valuable paper before him, and related what experience I had had east in Troy and Albany, and the result is, he has become a firm believer in our beautiful faith, and is very happy. He says the Harmonian Philosophy has done for him what the clergy and the Bible have failed to do. He converses on the subject much of the time. The good orthodox minister of the place says the devil has got full control over him, and his is a hopeless case."

J. M. G., of OREGON, writes: "Owing, I suppose, to a more than usually negative condition of the atmosphere, we have been severely afflicted with colds and pulmonary ailments in Oregon since the close of summer. Very great mortality, among children especially, has taken place. Yet it is encouraging to notice that a great many of the Oregonians have become acquainted with the Water-Cure, and are gradually coming up to the higher plane of the Magnetic-Cure. I have heard many persons even here in this land of fog admit that whenever they are sick and once get to believe that they will mend, their health is soon restored. The Will-Power is the best medicine in my opinion ever yet prescribed. Go on, Brother Davis; your 'Harbinger of Health' is a true friend to the suffering. Physicians tell us to keep the head clear, and the best means for securing this desirable state of the cranium which I have found is to take weekly or daily doses of the HERALD OF PROGRESS."

M. K. B. M., a gentleman of refinement and education, residing near this city, is not afraid to identify himself with those who labor for their fellow-men. We extract a few words from a letter of his: "If you have some of the Moral Police commissions ready for delivery, you will be doing me a kindness by forwarding me mine as soon as possible to my address. I shall try to be on hand next Sunday with one or two recruits for the Fraternity. I think that we Progressionists have good reason to feel encouraged. The Children's Lyceum, especially, is taking with the public. The strictly orthodox will, I suppose, object to the wing movements and the marching exercise as something out of place on the Sabbath; but all who believe as I do, that God can be best served by a sound mind in a sound body, will do what they can to help you and your good little wife in your progressive undertaking. Next Sunday I shall bring my eldest daughter to take her place in one of the 'Groups.' I am anxious to see her grow up an intelligent woman."

source of the deepest calmness in the life. It may be a help thereto. Intellect does not achieve the grandest victories. It will cooperate to gain them, but is always subordinate in the battle when they are won; perhaps nearly as ready to serve the false as the true cause. Intellect does not soften Man, and uncombined with the spiritual nature, it hardens Woman. It is a source of Pride rather than of Humility, and makes its possessor the subject of law rather than of grace.

But as intellect is the chief source of fame to Man and Woman; as whose becomes illustrious, (except the Christs and Saints,) must become so through it; and as spiritual development, the primary source of creative power in materninity, is so purely interior and private—a light hidden in the depths of the life, or at farthest rarely shining beyond the personal circle—it presence is a fact of which the outside world can take little cognizance in estimating the mother's worth to her children. To learn how a woman, never heard of, has produced a noble child or family of children like the Bronte sisters, you will go, not to libraries or philosophical societies, but to her neighborhood, her circle, her family, or better still, if possible, to herself.

What is spiritual development? I hear some sensible reader ask. I am afraid the question implies an existing state of mind which makes an intelligent, clear answer difficult at this time; but be not discouraged. If you are a Woman, repeat it every day, and on some one long hence, you will be joyfully surprised to find the answer there in your mind, though no voice has uttered it to you. If you are a Man, go straight to the most earnest, intelligent, clear-headed, and loving Woman—wife, mother, sister, or friend—of whom you can ask it, and put it to her Womanly conscience, heart and intellect, to help you if she can. In either case, you ought to know what it is—as a Woman, because it should be your possession and power in life; the instrument of your best work: as a Man, because you want to find it, and know and honor when you find it, in the Woman whose children will call you father.

It is not many years since I lived in a town where a few persons *were* often of these things. A highly accomplished, elegant woman of the world sojourned there for a season—heard these words, occasionally offered to take some part in the conversations in which they were current, but made a sad, humiliating failure as often as she attempted it. She had been in the great world, a spectator and actor in its shows, for nearly thirty years, by no means the dimmest of the stars in her little system; brilliant in repartee; prompt in reply; full of courage for the exigencies of her social sphere; always sufficient for them, here was a sheer puzzle, and defeat too, unless she could solve it. Poor soul! What an acknowledgment of poverty was it, after all that seed-time given her, to have to go to a thoughtful maiden, yet in her teens, and ask plainly, "What do these people mean by the inner-life they talk of? I hear the words, but find nothing that is real or sensible in them, since they do not refer to the lungs, or the stomach, or the heart. I wish you would tell me what it is." Yet the Church had had her under its instruction from childhood. She had never been deprived of the "stated preaching of the gospel," and had tasted the symbolic bread and wine monthly, from the age of fourteen upward.

**WHAT IS SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT?** How can I tell you? Will you tell me what gravitation is? What is the inner-life? Will you tell me what Chemical Affinity is? Gravitation draws the lesser to the greater, you inform me. Yes, and spiritual development draws the lesser toward the greater life—the poor, thin, lean souls, to the great, rich, strong ones, and these to the Great Soul. Still your question remains unanswered, and mine also. Chemical affinity draws atoms together, and binds them there, till a stronger one dissolves their union. Yes, and spiritual development draws human souls together. They are attracted and cohere in proportion as this experience has descended into them—the savages least of all, the barbarians less. Men more—Women most. Still our questions stand.

Shall I presume to answer what seems so nearly unanswerable? If I do, it is with humility which I hope may exempt the almost inevitable failure from harsh criticism, and in the hope of receiving as well as giving a little help.

"We acknowledge spiritual faculties," says some impatient reader, "and spiritual development means, of course, their unfolding into activity in the life. That is all. So that we become religious, or moral, or good, or affectionate, where before we were the opposite of these. Nothing is more easily stated." Pardon me. Spiritual development does mean these surely, or something like them but it also means more. These are features of spiritual development, but they are not *it*. Forehead, nose, and mouth do not make a face. They are indispensable to it; but the face is not complete because they are there. There are good people who are scarcely more spiritual than their maternal cows or patient oxen. There are moral people who have no more of the odor of spirituality about them than the cabbage has of the rose. There are affectionate people, but there are also affectionate quadrupeds—dogs for instance—

whose attachments outlive those of many human friends. Nay, there are religious persons—church-members of years' standing, of stainless records, who have no more spirituality than lamp-posts.

Spirituality means something more than this. It includes them as parts of its completeness; where it is they must be; but it is the higher element, the solvent, which reduces them all, and causes each individual trait to be forgotten in its own universal subtlety. It is the development of the spiritual faculties, but it is also the establishment of the one sovereignty whose reign over the life is Order, and Harmony, and Peace. It is the alliance of the being with the Divine, and sympathy and practical unity with His Purposes; the opening of communication between the Great Fountain and the little spring whose sealed margin its flowing currents has passed, but will now feed with the external waters. It is the rising of a sun upon the soul, which is not to be clouded, or clouded only for moments, that vanish away as the shadow of an April vapor from the landscape—the shadow less felt than the enhanced brightness and warmth following it.

The spiritual is the Creative power in the soul of Man or Woman. It is this by virtue of its oneness with the Great Artist and Creator. It never lacks resource—is not daunted by any array of circumstances, for is not the infinite its all-sufficing support? knows no despair, sees no failure; knows that failure is impossible, because its aims are one with the Divine aims, which cannot fail. Its object is growth, real growth into the character of the Divine, whether for self or another—not the furtherance of a creed, a system, a belief, a form, a ritual, but the opening of the inner faculties to the reception and love of absolute Truth; the inspiration of all the powers to serve humanity in the pure spirit of actual Love, of which Truth is the body; and of this effort it knows that success is an unending result, as growth from germination, maturity from bloom.

This is perhaps the broadest manifest distinction to be taken between spiritual development and action, and those of any other branch of our natural tree. The passions have their objects, but often fall in the effort to grasp them; the affections strive for what they desire, but the most earnest and persistent striving does not always win: the intellect defines its aims, and moves toward them, giving all its powers, subtlety, strategy, and skill to their achievement; not unfrequently to find itself foiled at the last step. And when failure comes, these currents regurgitate upon their centers, and create bitterness, confusion, discord, and despair in those desolate places. It is disappointment, the blight against which the human soul utters its most articulate and universal cry of complaint.

But the spiritual nature knows no such experience. Its aim is expansion, and the simplest form of power, earnest desire secures that. "Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." True language could not be employed to describe the privileges of the spiritually developed. What shall be given? Not meat and raiment, even to the most deserving; martyrs have perished by the roadside, lacking them. What shall the seeker find? Not riches, power, or ease, however he may merit them; the noblest have so seldom enjoyed these, that their possession has, through all the ages, been reckoned almost a reproach even to the good—a proof of some moral defect in the soul—presumptive testimony to some complicity with the unwholesome powers; to whose magazine of resources they are assuredly to belong. They are not the current certificates of saintliness. What door shall be opened? Not those of worldly privilege, comfort, or advancement. These "open but knock." You knock there in vain, if you do not knock. No hand but your own will open it.

But of all that may be asked or sought by the spirit for its help, growth, and more perfect action, nothing is uncertain as to its coming; nothing will be withheld. The universe is its storehouse, which the more it is drawn upon, is filled the more for its service; and its great portal of privilege will swing back to the humblest hand that presses for admission there. When the spirit acts sovereignly, it employs the whole nature harmoniously. Sense, passion, affection, intellect, have all and each their sufficient work; when the spirit is satisfied, they too are filled and content. Its perfect sovereignty is—not in their extinction; for it is cherishing, never destructive, toward anything that exists—but in their cheerful abdication in its favor. They forget themselves. Hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, are impossible as experiences in this life. They may be incidents in its career—thredain in the fair web it is weaving day by day, but not the web itself. The life is superior to them, as the tree to its blighted branch. There is a great inner fulness which comes not of bread and meat, an inner warmth, that is not of fire-side or embers, an inner radiance, which the material sun can little affect; an unfailing abundance, which no tide in outward affairs can turn to scarcity.

O heavenly state! O divine victory, which defeat can never dim! Calamity may do its worst. Poverty may come, desertion, coldness of friends, bitterness of enemies, score of

the world. They only kindle a diviner strength or pity, and throw the soul more completely into the arms of the Infinite. Assurance becomes its daily food. Not that it despises earthly helps. It despises nothing, and finds its help in everything; realizes that the universe is full of service for Man, and has no disappointment for him, save such as it is the privilege of inexperience to leave behind it—the child learning not to lay its finger on the glowing coal. For life is not devised to disappoint the human soul, but to afford it the fullest measure of satisfaction. If the satisfaction is not instant, that is because it could not, in the nature of things, be *both instant and ultimate*; and Nature, of which spirit is the essential, works for ultimates. The wise, loving mother will not give her child, for its satisfaction to-day, what will cause its pain or death to-morrow.

If I have here helped a single reader to a clearer idea of what is spiritual development, than he or she had before reading these pages, I shall feel satisfied with my share of the labor. Assuming the substance of what has been said an absolute truth of the spiritual nature, we may now hope to get a more certain view of its

## RELATION TO MATERNITY.

In the mother, spirituality is that deepest possible unfolding of the life of which only the consciousness can take cognizance. It is the opening of the heart of the rose, whence the tiny, subtle humming-bird may extract the nectar that sustains him. He does not exhaust it—never exhausts it, not though he return every hour of the day. Spiritual power is self-renewing; it increases by diffusion. Give it away if you would enrich yourself in it. Empty your soul every evening of all that you can impart, if you would find it overflowing in the morning. The more the mother is spiritual in her maternity, the more she must needs be so by the increase of the power she gives away. If in her first periods she is truly spiritual, she will, other things being equal, be more so in her later ones.

It is the spiritual which is the creative element of the human mother-nature, as of Mother Nature in the universal sense. Matter does not create. Perception does not create; neither does Passion, except in the low blind, instinctive sense of brute action. Intellect is only mechanical in creation—contriving, combining, cold, calculating, ambitious, self-moved—not realizing an intimate and instant dependence on the Divine for its motives and resources therein. It helps true spiritual creation; that is its very highest office; the finding of means and methods being chiefly intrusted to it. It is too cold and proud to be charged with their divine employment when called.

Spirituality magnifies maternity, sees its real glory, and rejoices in it, as never other sovereign rejoiced in her earthly crown and scepter. It gives the mother at once pride and humility—pride in her great office, though a manger be its theater—humility in herself as an instrument in the Divine hand for its accomplishment. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy law. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God, my Savior. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden; for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name." This is the language of the woman whose august maternity has become typical to her sex. The Romish Church has acted upon a true instinct in making Mary illustrious among women. Art, a far truer system than Papacy, has done the same thing. She has been one of its grandest and most fruitful inspirations—the typical mother and child multiplied in various forms for the eyes and souls of all Women, saying to them, "Go thou and do likewise." And the universal human heart, even though blind and cold, pays a certain involuntary homage to the mothers whose children have acted the Christ-part in their generations. When the shadow falls across the ages, like that of the Nazarene, we acknowledge with more unstinted speech and feeling, the fullness of the Holy Spirit in the mother; and have a worshipful feeling toward her, as its pure, responsive recipient; a feeling which all mothers command in the degree that they are pure, divine, and aspiring maternities; and will more and more command in proportion as they liken themselves to Mary in becoming *susceptible to spiritual aids therin*; of which susceptibility a profound humility as to herself, and gratitude for the greatness of her privileges, are always among the clearest evidences.

## Moral Police Resolutions.

At a meeting of the Providence Moral Police Fraternity, held in Pratt's Hall, on Sunday, February 7th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We are called upon to aid in charity, sewing women, who are by their unwaged labor made the defenseless class in our industrial pursuits, we have the right to call the public attention to the facts that the compensation of sewing women in our city is less to-day than four or five years since, while the cost of living is at least fifty per cent. higher. That there are many women who can earn by



The residence of this family was not only elegant, but comfortable and healthy; furthermore, they lived generously; hence it was not supposable that these children had ever been stinted in food, or served with such as was improper for them; furthermore, the country in which they lived was notoriously healthy. I saw the physician of these children, and also their respective grandparents, but neither of them could dispel any portion of the darkness that enveloped the subject; all of them regarded it as being very mysterious.

During this investigation, which was continued three days, I did not lose sight of the fact that scrofula, after invading several succeeding generations, does occasionally omit or exempt a generation or two, and then reappear; but I am entirely confident that so long as the scrofulous diathesis obtains in a family, it never exempts a generation, but the diathesis may escape the exciting causes, and thus a generation may be exempted from a scrofulous form of disease.

Having discovered a certain index of the scrofulous diathesis, so I am certain that the parents of these children did not have it, nor did their respective grandparents. In making this investigation, I do not believe that any influence or circumstance, holding any relation to this family, escaped attention; but I failed to find the remote cause of the scrofula of these children. But I felt very much assured that if the remote cause of the scrofula of these children was independent of parentage, it could not have escaped me; and as the parents of these children had good health, without any indication of the scrofulous diathesis, I was forced, as paradoxical as it may seem, to the inference that the scrofulous diathesis of these children had its origin in physiologically normal conditions of the parents, respectively; and that if this conclusion be the fact in this case, it must be so in all other cases—that the remote cause of scrofula must be esteemed the same throughout the whole range of the disease.

Furthermore, it became suggested to me as being possible to discover the physiological conditions that conspire to produce this cause, however occult it may be, by a course of careful observations of parents and children; and as I thought myself to be more practically familiar with the human temperaments than any other person was, or ever had been, consequently it seemed to me that I was particularly qualified to make the discovery, if it could be made; but I thought it very probable that the effort would require many months—possibly years—and even then a failure might be the result. Nevertheless, I resolved upon the attempt. It is proper to add that I did then, and still do regard the temperaments as being physiologically normal conditions of humanity. I will further add, that at this time, I had no preconceived opinions in relation to the remote cause of scrofula, nor did I suppose that the temperaments had any agency in the production of the scrofulous diathesis. I regarded them only as indicating *sui generis* modes of life compatible with health and longevity.

The parents of these children had, respectively, the sanguine-bilious-lymphatic temperament. I made a memorandum of this fact and as I had recovered my health and the weather was fine, I proceeded on my journey till about one o'clock P.M., when I halted at a hotel, on the roadside, for dinner. The host and hostess were healthy and fine-looking people, and had, respectively, the bilious-encephalic temperament. I informed the host that I was making observations on parents and children, and asked him if he had children?

He answered: "Yes, sir, but they are not promising. You can see them, however."

The opinion he expressed of his children I attributed to his modesty, for I confidently expected to see interesting and promising children.

He led the way to the nursery, and I followed. Upon entering it, I saw two children; one was rachitic and the other imbecile. I inquired of him if he and his wife were related by blood?

He answered: "Not in the least, sir; we have no idea of the cause of our misfortune; we are both healthy."

Upon returning to the parlor, I found the mother weeping because of her maternal misfortunes, as she was a superior woman, sufficiently endowed to have been the mother of statesmen. I deeply sympathized with her.

Dinner having been duly honored, I continued my journey; but my mind was so intensely occupied with the facts observed in the two preceding families, as to induce fever and painful headache; hence I halted at the first hotel at which I arrived.

The host was a very strong and healthy man, of the sanguine-bilious temperament, and his wife had the bilious-lymphatic temperament, and good health; they had seven children, and all of them had a sound and viable appearance, and they had lost none.

On the next morning I drove ten miles for breakfast. The host and hostess were, respectively, sanguine-encephalic. They had had seven children, but all of them were dead; four of them died of dropy of the brain and three of brain-fever, and all of them at about the age of two years, respectively. These parties were not consanguine, and had no conception of the cause of their bereavements.

Breakfast having been dispatched, I continued my travel till time for dinner, when I halted at a hotel on the roadside. The host was a fine representative of the bilious temperament and in excellent health, and the hostess was an equally fine and healthy representative of the sanguine-bilious-lymphatic temperaments. They had three very promising boys, and had lost none.

Dinner having been disposed of, I drove on till night, but not having been able to reach a hotel, I solicited and received the hospitality of a planter. He was a magnificent illustration of the sanguine-bilious-lymphatic temperament, and the hostess was an equally fine representative of the sanguine-bilious-encephalic temperament. They had had six children, but neither of them lived to the age of six years; all of them died by scrofulous forms of disease. These parties were not consanguine, and claimed to have had generally good health; they had not learned that any scrofulous form of disease had ever been in their respective ancestors.

On the next morning I drove ten miles, to an excellent hotel, for breakfast. The host and hostess were middle-aged and healthy, and said they always had been healthy; they had no children, but had been married twenty years.

Breakfast having been duly disposed of, the road being good, and the day fine, I continued my journey, but a little time caught myself reviewing in memory my observations. I found that I had made seven calls; that these seven families lived similarly well, were similarly healthy, and lived in a similarly salubrious country.

In this review I found nothing that afforded an explanation of the progenital differences that obtained amongst the several families I had visited. I now reviewed the constitutions or temperaments of the parties to the respective marriages; and found that the parties to the first, second, fourth, sixth, and seventh marriages, respectively, were very similar in constitution, and all of these families had been progenitally unfortunate. On the contrary, the parties to the third and fifth marriages, respectively, were highly dissimilar in constitution, and they had been correspondingly fortunate progenitally.

Although the cases were few, yet the generalization of the facts they presented forced upon me the inference that constitutional similitude between our respective sexes render them reproductively incompatible, and that a considerable dissimilitude between the sexes of the human species, at least, is indispensable to a normal offspring.

Since my arrival at these inferences, I have had nineteen years of constant observation, which have so thoroughly established them, as to render me as confident of their legitimacy as I am that the three angles of an equilateral triangle are equal; hence I invite all possible investigation of them. To be more special, I have the conviction that physiologically the similitude of progenitors is the cause of the scrofulous diathesis, or the remote cause of all scrofulous forms of disease—a very frequent cause of marriage sterility, of the blindness, deafness, idiocy, and imbecility of children; and, I may add, moral depravity, monstrous, and many other abnormal conditions.

Thus in five days after resolving to discover the remote cause of scrofulous forms of disease, I succeeded to a certainty that is demonstrable.

When this discovery became riveted upon my conviction, I hesitated for several years to announce it, because my *a priori* reasonings forced me to regard it as exceedingly improbable that physiological parties of our respective sexes could be reproductively incompatible, and to the extent of my reading, I have not learned that such a suspicion ever troubled the imagination of any preceding physiologist. But evidence of the affirmative accumulated to such an extent, as to force me beyond the region of doubt; and then, in contemplating the relations of this discovery to my species, I concluded that it would be incalculably valuable if reduced to a simple and practical science. I have succeeded in reducing it to such a science.

**The Spirit's Mysteries.**  
For the Herald of Progress.  
And the angel said unto them: 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'

For the Herald of Progress.  
**Interesting Spirit Manifestations.**

**FRIEND DAVIS:** Five years ago last Christmas there was in our home a being most lovely, most promising, and most afflicted. A painful surgical operation must be performed; and strange to say, our little boy fixed upon Christmas-Day for the operation. The day came, and with it the dreadful preparations and more dreadful operation; but the little sufferer looked upon and bore all with an unquailing eye. I have often wondered what sustained him, for while we wept and the surgeon trembled—for he had learned to love the child—he simply gave a sob of relief when told that all was done. To divert his mind, I told him, that at next Christmas, among other gifts, he should have a superb Christmas-tree. And so it was.

It would require the pen of Bulwer to do the faintest justice to the extraordinary exhibition which was vouchsafed that night to two humble but very earnest individuals. The appearance grew luminous as it gradually descended in our room—

"Making it rich and like a lily bloom."

There seemed to be a nucleus, perfectly round, and in diameter about that of an ordinary tea-plate; around this, and something like the rings of Saturn, seemed threads of pale and sometimes slightly golden light. As the appearance moved around the room, which it did quite a number of times, sometimes directly over our faces, it had a trail after it of fleecy whiteness, and two or three times, in turning, it seemed to double upon itself. It grew more distinct as it ascended, and as it seemed, melted through the ceiling over the foot of the bed.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings at that moment. Suffice it to say, a weary and troubled child never sank to repose with a fuller sense of security and peace than I did that night, murmuring to myself: "Where now is thy victory, O grave?"

Not less interesting, really, than the foregoing, is the following:

Myself and wife called on a Mrs. Taylor for a sitting on the 22d of January, we being entire strangers to her at the time, and are comparatively so now, as she does not even know our name. We spent about ten minutes in conversation with her before she became controlled, during which time we gave not the slightest clue as to who we were, or whom we expected or desired to hear from.

After she became controlled, she said, with a childish laugh: "There is a little boy going to crowd himself right down to this medium; pretty soon I can talk. Whoever was familiar with that little boy, will exclaim: 'How like I!'"

We received a great number of tests as to his identity, the only drawback being that he was unable to give his own name, although he gave a number of others which we recognized; when I asked him for his own name, his answer was: "I can't get my own; I can't make it; but they say theirs to me; and I can say them to you. But I will give it by-and-by."

When about leaving, he said: "Grandfather, your father, is going to talk to you?"

When my father got control, he gave his name, the medium going through the well-remembered death-scene. After uttering a few words of cheer, the influence ceased, the medium appearing distressed about the lungs and unable to speak.

She was again immediately controlled, when she said: "Father wanted to talk to you about your business; but he couldn't make the sound; I can talk better; he wants I should talk to you."

I was quite surprised at this, as the previous inquiry purported to be my father, and exclaimed: "What! who are you?"

The answer was: "I am your brother Thomas," at the same time informing me that my other brother was present also.

Now, "hereby hangs a tale;" and, being strictly true, the more you consider it in all its points and bearings, the more wonderful it will become:

In 1802 my father joined the British army, then recruiting in Ireland; the year following he was married; and, as is "the custom of the country," the year following he was a father. The child was a boy, and died within a year of its birth. Another child was born—a boy—who also died within two years after the death of the first. These children were named *Thomas* and *Richard*. Soon after the last event—in 1808—the forces in Ireland were ordered to Spain, Sir John Moore having been killed and the British army driven out of that country by the French. My father accompanied his regiment, leaving my mother behind, and was absent about six years. After his return, five children were born, myself being the fourth, and some twenty years after the death of the first-mentioned children. What I knew about them any one can easily imagine. Yet, sixty years after their little forms had been consigned to the earth in some quiet churchyard in Ireland, they come to me in the city of New York, "as familiar as a brother;" and under such circumstances, and with such proofs of identity that nothing but a bad cause will deny, and no human ingenuity can invalidate. "Can such things be, without our special wonder?"

P. W.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Mediumistic Experiences.

Amongst all the wonderful developments of mediumistic power, the phenomena occurring in dreams is perhaps as interesting as any. To me they possess a weird fascination which is not concomitant to any other manifestations of mediumship. Perhaps it is because I have been, from earliest childhood, a prophetic dreamer. Spiritual manifestations in those days were things of the past; and when prognostications of grief or evil for any of the scattered members of our family were impressed upon my mind in sleep, I learnt, after repeated commands, not to divulge them, but to lay them away in my mind and ponder upon them in silence.

My early home was situated at the foot of a hill in one of the wildest and most beautiful portions of New Hampshire. We were surrounded, at a little distance, by ranges of mountains, which, in the wild, stormy sunsets, took on the most brilliant hues of gold, purple, and blue. My childish fancy converted them into the jasper gates that open into the world beyond. Many travelers passing through those regions to the White Mountains have commented upon the wonderful, wild splendors of the sunset amongst those hills.

But a stream that flowed past our dwelling was an object to me of most fervent admiration. I spent hours alone upon its banks, fancying that I there held communion with angels; now I fully realize that I did. At last I formed too close companionship with its deep, wild water, and was rescued by a friendly hand from drowning. From that time it seemed as if the stream became an element of my life—a warning voice to me. No important event has transpired that has not first been shown to me in dreams upon its wild banks. Loves that I fondly hoped were immortal, have been swept away and engulfed by it; and friends are friends indeed who stand the tests of its waters.

No matter how far distant I may be, if trouble is about to fall upon me I am transported in dreams to its side, and there the nature of

it is made known to me by the different phases which the stream assumes.

A few years since I passed a winter in the city, enjoying health, and the happiest hospitality of loving friends. The season had nearly passed, and I prepared to go into the country to visit a few weeks amongst other friends. As I rode across the city to the cars, reflecting upon the pleasures that had passed and anticipating the joy to come in meeting my warm-hearted friends in the country, my soul was filled with thanksgiving for the sweet season of rest that had been vouchsafed to me. As I stepped on board the cars, I met a gentleman from my native town. Said he, "I saw your brother yesterday, and your friends were all well."

This happy news gave a fuller impetus to my unuttered thanks; and at rest in body and mind, I retired that night. My sleep was unbroken for several hours, when I dreamed that I stood upon the banks of the brook. It was summer, and the rain fell in pitiless measure from a rayless sky upon my unprotected head, and as I wandered up and down in the midst of darkness, the stream rose many feet, black as midnight, threatening to sweep me away in its dark waters.

At last I turned towards the house. It was autumn, and the first snow was falling. I entered, and, as I looked around, I beheld a coffin. I looked within, and my mother's lifeless face met my gaze. I turned away, and when I looked again there was nothing within the room but the old clock ticking its wonted measure in the corner; but through the storm the sunshine fell upon the floor.

I awoke, and so clearly and forcibly were these sad presentiments impressed upon my mind that the bitterness of death passed with them. I knew they would all prove harbingers of sorrow, and subsequent events proved it.

The very morning that I started for the country, my mother received a severe mental shock, which threw her into brain-fever. There were heavy falls of snow, which rendered the roads impassable, and before I could go to her I was taken sick, and months of miserable physical and mental suffering followed. The rain of painful discipline fell on me like a deluge. I went home in November, just in season to close my mother's eyes and lay her lifeless form away under the first white, beautiful snow.

The breaking up of our family became inevitable, and upon me devolved the task of disposing of all the family reliques, rendered sacred by the touch of loving hands then under the sod. I was the last one over the threshing-floor. Our old family clock it was impossible to remove, and I left it ticking a requiem over the desolation. To complete the diapason of grief foreshadowed, in a few more months my youngest and much beloved sister passed on to the Summer-Land after a season of terrible trial.

I could fill a volume with incidents which have been foretold in my dreams. Several months elapsed that I did not hear from a favorite correspondent, and wondered what could be the reason, until I dreamed that some one had prejudiced her against me by falsehoods. This was true, and she was waiting until events should decide my falsity, or that of her informant, before writing.

One morning I awoke and told my friends that I dreamed Mrs. H., living five miles away, was going to send for me by her son, whom I had never seen. She lived in a distant city, and I was not aware that he had come home. But the afternoon verified the dream—Mr. H. came after me.

Mr. W. left us one morning, stating that he was going to a certain place to transact some important business. We had not the slightest reason to doubt his sincerity; but that night I dreamed he went to another place, upon totally different business, the precise nature of which was as clear to me as if he had related it. Upon his return we told him the why and wherefore of his absence, as seen in the dream. He seemed surprised; and, while acknowledging its correctness, inquired whom our informant was. We told him, and he laughingly owned himself cleverly caught, but said if he had known it was only a dream he would have denied it.

V. W. O.

For the Herald of Progress.  
**Midsummer's Eve and Premonitions of Death.**

There is a superstition among the inhabitants of Yorkshire, Eng., that on Midsummer's Eve, or St. Mark's Eve, if one watches by the church-porch from eleven o'clock at night until one in the morning, he may behold, passing before him, all those that shall die the coming year in that parish. It is not, however, until one has watched twice that the vision is vouchsafed, for on the third time the spiritual faculties seem awakened and the watchers behold the specters pass by into the church.

This custom is thus noticed in the *Connoisseur*:

"I am sure my own sister Hetty, who died just before Christmas, stood in the church-porch last Midsummer's Eve, to see all that were to die in that year in our parish, and she saw her own apparition."

In the *Athenian Oracle* we find a similar account:

"Nine others besides myself went into a church-porch with an expectation of seeing those who should die that year; but about eleven I was so afraid that I left them; and about all the nine did positively affirm to me that about an hour after, the church-doors flying open, the minister, with such as should die that year, did appear in order, which persons they named to me; and they appeared all then very healthful, but six of them died in six



## Charles Kingsley on America.

The author of "Years Ago" and "Hypatia" won the regard of Americans, and the readers of "Two Years Ago" were ready for the noble anti-slavery sentiments uttered by the author through the lips of his characters—sentiments that seemed to spring from a true sympathy with the cause of right and of justice.

It was plain what the author of "Two Years Ago" meant when he spoke of the evils of slavery, and set forth the noble greatness of the man who was willing to sacrifice his life, or cast his popularity for principle, and take up the cause of the oppressed and the enslaved. The American character, Stangrove, embodies himself as Kingsley knew he could, by siding with right and fighting against wrong. He evidently makes Stangrove his mouth-piece for the expression of his own sentiments in regard to American affairs. He felt that the Republican party was right, and yet acknowledged that its position threatened danger to the peace of the Republic, and that that danger must be met, because when justice and right worked for the redress of wrong, consequences most follow as they would—the end was certain.

If one will now review the part of "Two Years Ago" where these questions are discussed, he will understand why all who had read the book, and beheld the gathering darkness that slavery was to bring to our beloved country, looked to Charles Kingsley as one of the workers in the then feeble cause of right. With what sorrow, then, were the vague rumors of his doubtful loyalty to justice received. No one seemed willing to believe what was hinted at, that Mr. Kingsley was a southern sympathizer; that he was contradicting his own words, and taking a position in direct opposition to his former one.

We all know that Cambridge pins its faith of America on the London *Times*; and Cambridge knows just as much of American affairs as the *Times* knows. Mr. Kingsley is Professor of History at Cambridge, and has been giving a course of lectures on the history of the United States. In the course of those lectures he says, "War is a greater evil than all the slavery which ever existed." Of the Crimean war he said, "I honor it!" In giving the history of the Kansas troubles, he considers right and wrong quite evenly balanced in the contending parties; about as much right among the border-ruffians of Missouri, as among the heroic New-Englanders who went to Kansas to carry its soil to become forever free.

In his lecture, he justifies the *suo* of Brooks, by declaring Mr. Sumner's speech insulting. In "Two Years Ago," in studing to the same Mr. Brooks, he tells what the degradation of slavery had done for him, placing him even lower than the slave himself. In his Cambridge lectures he makes the assertion that slavery is a thing with which the Southerners alone have anything to do; when he wrote for the people he called Stangrove whom that "let-alone policy" to the native laws of doing justly and acting nobly for right. As an author he told us what we could do to become a living power in the world; as a professor he is telling the youth of England how we ought to become dead-weights to the wheels of progress.

What has brought this beloved teacher of the people to take sides against their cause? Has the London *Times* greater power than an individual's intuitive sense of right? We cannot believe it; and yet perhaps the constant looking at one side of a question, even with a bias towards its opposite, can warp the judgment and give new strength to a weak and rejected argument.

Mr. Kingsley has contradicted his previous assertions, and given the lie to his past positions, and that, too, against the principles of right and justice. The English people know the right of the American question, and will their teacher show less wisdom? We have sadly learned that when we needed a friend, such as Kingsley could have been in England, we had him not.

## Mental Epidemics.

The spread of certain abnormal conditions of the mind, from one individual through a community, and perhaps even a country, creating marvelous physical and psychical effects, is among the yet unexplained mysteries. Whether the condition be wholly sympathetic, or whether it be the result of some spiritual influence, is not yet evident. Robert Dale Owen gives to the world, in the February number of the *Atlantic*, a history of one of these singular mental epidemics. The convulsions and ecstasies commenced in the churchyard of St. Medard, at Paris, where, at the tomb of the Deacon of Paris, considered a martyr, people had the most violent convulsions and visions. The epidemic spread so rapidly that in a few months the affected reached eight hundred, and finally several thousands were converted and called Janissaries.

At first the fervor attacked those who visited the tomb, but afterwards a little earth brought from the holy spot was sufficient to work miracles. The symptoms were much like hysteria: the nervous system became excited, and any diseased portion of the body became particularly affected. The majority of the cures were of paralysis; but there were cases of the restoration of the eyesight, and the making of the dumb to speak and the deaf to hear.

The most remarkable effect of these convulsions was in making those attacked perfectly insensible to and uninjured by stabs and blows with pointed poles and iron bars, and under the crush of the heaviest weights which were

years of

years and up to him for his evolution, beyond all ordinary form of education. It is the wish of the writer, who has been benefited and blessed by his manuscripts, a wish deep and earnest, as a prayer to Heaven—that he may have "the light and love which cometh from above, and the strength born of these, ever to inspire him in his efforts for the mental, moral, and spiritual elevation of the race."

Peter Parker was also recently addressed in verse, to vary speech and general acceptance, as was evidenced by his calling out on that occasion an audience only limited by the capacity of the hall.

Friends from abroad, I believe, are engaged,

and we soon expect to be favored by the presence of Brothers Willis, Cooney, and others.

The ball is fairly in motion now, and our desire is to give it increased momentum,

to the end that those now "sitting in darkness in the regions round about" may be spir-

ually quickened into new life.

Fraternally, G. A. B.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 12.

## Language—Words.

Whence came all the words and phrases by which we convey our thoughts to others? Who has not asked, and been gratified at finding, by some analogy in sound, that most words are phrases—compounds—and convey their meaning in themselves? The English language absorbs all others, and to be a chemist in this department of words, one must be familiar with ancient and modern tongues, and thus be able to separate the component parts of words, and come nearer the primates. The book before us, by Mr. Swinton, is full of curious research, and well repays attentive study. We find so many words, that had seemingly no definitive significance, can be resolved into phrases that convey their own meaning, that we begin to think word-science a necessary study for our schools' and our homes.

We will instance some of the most curious from the book before us. "Sycophant" has a bit of Greek history shut up in its composition. *Sycophants* figs, and the word alludes to persons informing on individuals exporting goods from Attica. *Gossip* has a strange history. It originally was the name applied to sponsors at baptism—literally it is *God-sib*, related to God, which is the same as saying, *Kin* together through God; finally the word came to signify related, sympathetic, and at last an intimate, a tattling person. *Parasite* was one who took his corn (*sitos*) at another's expense. *Foxglove* is good *folks' glove*, which means the monkish muddle for *Hoc est corpus Christi*.—"This is the body," &c.

*Mara* was a Finland elf, who in night-sleep came with horrid visitations to men; hence the word *Nightmare*. *Morn* has its poetry within itself. The Gothic word *Morgan* signifies to disgrace, to disgrace. *Morn* is the time when the morning star (*Aurora* or *Artemis* the wind *Anemos*) flower into which Venus changed her Adonis.

*Enclosure* was the title of the grist, *mola*, signifying mill. *Propostorous* is *pro* and *posturus*, or having that before which ought to come after. *Quandary* is a corruption for *Quon dira-t-on*, or, What will they say?

The history of *Curfew* is a little poem, or rather, the word holds the poem. The composition is *Couvre feu*—Cover up your fires—and when "the curfew tolled the knell of parting day," (and the bell rang regularly at eight,) the simple country folks raked up their fires, put out their lights, and sought their peaceful slumbers. The word is Norman, and it was William the Conqueror that established the practice. It is but a few years since many of us remember this practice to have been continued in the towns of New England, where, over the hills and through the valleys, swept the innovating tones, breaking up the singing-school or the spelling-match, bidding the farmer lay aside his weekly paper, and find his *Scot's Commentaries*, and his good wife wrap an extra blanket round the treasure in the cradle, as she transferred it to its injury couch.

In the chapter on names in Mr. Swinton's work we have given a few of those grotesque Christian names of the Puritans, in Cromwell's time: Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White, of Ewen; Stand-fast-on-high Stringer; Ich-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Dobson.

It is very pleasant, sometimes, to know the signification of a Christian name. Alfred is all-peace; Edward, one who guards his oath; Robert, one disposed to rest; William, a golden helmet; Theodore, gift of God; Eleanor, God is my light.

The causes of that marvelous identity we call the English Language lie deep in the manifold influences that have made the English Nation. The history of a language is measurable only in the terms of all the factors that have shaped a people's life. A nation's history is the result of the double action of internal impulses and external events; and language expresses the infusions from all these—subtly absorbing the ethnology of a nation, its geography, government, traditions, culture, faith.

The heart of our language is Anglo-Saxon. This is the spine on which the structure of our speech is hung." "And yethad the Saxon been left to itself, it never could ha ve grown into the English tongue. It needed a new element. This is found in the Norman-French introduced with that great political and social

\* RAMBLES AMONG WORDS: Their Poetry, History, and Wisdom. By WILLIAM SWINTON. Published by Dion Thomas, 142 Nassau Street, N. Y.

revolution, the Norman Conquest—a conquest that has been made the theme of much sentimental twaddle, but which was, no doubt, precisely the best thing that could have happened." "And here we have to mention the deep debt we owe to that illustrious nation, Italy—which for so many centuries led the van of European civilization—in operating the renaissance of Greek and Latin Language and thought. The breath of antique genius passed over the English mind like the air of spring, bursting and blossoming in luxuriant growths of thought and speech." "Of those three grand factors—Saxon, French, and Classical—is our language made up. It is the mutual influence and action of these that form the warp and woof of our English speech. Not but that other elements are, in greater or smaller proportions, present, and weave their threads into the divine web; but these are the main sources whence our language has enriched itself."

"Of course the English Language must take on new powers in America. And here we are favored by the genius of this grand and noble language, which, more than all others, lends itself, plastic and willing, to the molding power of new formative influences." "The future expansions of the English Language in America are already marked in the great lines of development this idiom shows. It is for us freely to follow the divine indications. The immense diversity of race, temperament, character—the copious streams of humanity constantly flowing hither—must reappear in free, rich growths of speech." "Over the transformations of a language the genius of a nation unconsciously presides—the issues of words represent issues in the national thought. And in the vernal seasons of a nation's life the formative energy puts forth verbal growths, opulent as flowers in spring."

A sufficient look into this readable and useful book has been given to tempt the scholar to its pages, we trust; for it solves many a question of the how and from whence came the divine gift of speech.

For the Herald of Progress,  
"Eliza Woodson," and "Woman and her Era."

MY DEAR HERALD: I have just risen from a perusal of "Eliza Woodson" with gratification of the highest order. Taking it up with a prejudice engendered by too numerous doses of many works of apparently the same class, I was charmed to find myself in a sincere, earnest atmosphere, where no weak sentimentalism or unreal views of life were inculcated, but where the vigorous efforts of an aspiring, noble young soul, struggling with the oppressions of an exceedingly real and bitter life, are pictured as faithfully as in any pre-Raphaelite painting.

Let every girl, every woman, read the book and learn what daring will and earnest love of justice may accomplish, in this story in which there is "naught extenuate and naught set down in malice."

The heroine was no beautiful damsel, nurtured by loving friends, or petted by some paragon of immaculate manhood, who always stands behind the scenes ready to lend a helping hand, as in the "Wide, Wide World," and other similar productions, but a faithful auto-grapher of a struggle for truth and knowledge which should be furnished to the child as freely as the air it breathes.

There is fire and the ring of true metal in every line, and we trust that more than one earnest, thoughtful nature, aspiring to some higher and better expression of the life she is conscious is awaking within her, may take courage by imbibing from this pure spring of living waters which a woman's hand has unsealed.

God bless the writer, whoever she may be, and may she give us, in due time, a second part, showing her as a power unto others as she was to herself!

Do you not think it somewhat suggestive—these works produced by woman and on woman? Take, for example, Mrs. Browning's glowing, impassioned inspiration, culminating in "Aurora Leigh," the greatest poem of today; Miss Muloch's "Life for a Life," and "John Halifax," which have given to many a higher ideal than they had ever possessed of woman's devotion and man's noble, inherent manhood; of Miss Evans's "Adam Bede," "Mill on the Floss," and "Romolo," of whose merit it is not needful for us to speak here; and do they not certainly suggest great possibilities?

And now that Margaret Fuller has passed to the sphere above, ere she had evolved the revelations of woman's nature, as fragrantly foreshadowed in her "Women of the Nineteenth Century," another has stepped forward, and, it seems, is about to give us the result of intuition, thought, culture, and experience.

I refer to "Woman and her Era," advertised as soon to appear from your press.

For the author to do justice to herself and to her subject, we, as women, expect there the blossoming of a spirit powerful and sweet as only a true woman's can be.

The age demands such a work, and the law of supply and demand will ever prove equal. We are dumbly, vainly yearning for expansion, and feebly groping for light to show us our true position and work, not as unwise and noisy declaimers of empty visions and evanescent impulses, but as harmonious and loving powers, the highest interpreters of the Beautiful and the Good.

And Woman must be her own savior, her own revelator. Man can only understand her true nature, as, rising quietly and gently to her own supreme height of being, she translates to the world her capabilities and position, which have hitherto been written in hier-

glyphs, and so been most bunglingly misread.

All hail, then, to our fellow-helpers and pioneers, not in telling what we may do, but in doing themselves, clearing the underbrush and letting in light from above on the tangled, luxuriant growth, needing pruning and training, but graceful, elastic, and strong!

Hence we look with eagerness for that work, and demand therefrom the knowledge of what we are, what we may be, what we must be ere humanity can hear the clear, angelic ringing of "peace on earth and good-will to man" all over our then gladdened and purified earth.

Tennyson and Bright.

Mr. Conway writes thus to the *Commonwealth*:

"There is no doubt that Mr. Tennyson sympathizes with the cause of the North as against that of the South. I have heard him, however, speak of America much as Mr. Emerson in his lecture before the Fraternity concerning England. That is, he has committed to some one somewhere the poisoning of his mind with regard to American affairs, and I have been persuaded that the New York *Advertiser* represents that country. His sole complaint is the vindictiveness and groundless antipathy felt by the American nation toward England. Hundreds of extracts from the American papers have been sent him, and if there is one word of friendliness he has never heard of it.

For the Herald of Progress.

Studio Sketches.

BY ANGELO.

NUMBER TWO.

The Artists' Reception at Dodworth's, Fifth Avenue, on the evening of the 24th ult., was quite a brilliant affair. The gay assemblage of smiling beauties provided by good old Mother Nature, and the many pictures displayed by the artists, left an impression that lingers long in the memory. As it is our province to speak of the pictures only, we therefore leave it to the pen of some ubiquitous Jenkins of the daily press to describe in full all the fairest of the fair sex and go into the nicest details concerning matters of dress, &c.

The most noticeable picture of the exhibition was Colman's "Alhambra;" full of glowing sunlight, a remarkable brilliancy of color and characterized by its fine artistic treatment generally. Clinton Ogilvie's "Among the Shawangunks" is a beautiful composition, very skilfully treated. "A View in Poughkeepsie," by the same artist, contains some fine color; the group of willows in the picture are very well rendered, and, taken altogether, the treatment of this picture betrays the possession of no ordinary ability in the artist. J. M. Hart's "Twilight" is full of poetic sentiment; it is unnecessary to state that the color was good or the drawing faultless, for every picture that leaves this artist's easel is sure to contain both. "A View in Providence Harbor," by Geo. Owen, is a very successful work; the feeling of sunlight through the fog is very good. "A View in Berkshire" is the title of a large picture by the same artist. Brevoort has some views on the Housatonic, pleasing in composition and fine in color; "A View in Orange County" is very artistically treated. Shattuck was represented by a "Moonlight" and a figure-piece. Gifford had two charming landscapes, one of them a "Moonlight." The Smillie brothers exhibited several small works, remarkable for beauty of design and elegance of drawing. McEnlee, Lafarge, T. L. Smith, Jerome Thompson, and one or two others, were represented by characteristic landscapes.

The figure-painters were but fairly represented: Huntington by a "Portrait," Pope had a very pleasing picture of "Italian Peasants." Loop exhibited several cabinet-pictures, very tender in color. A small portrait of a lady, by J. G. Brown, was remarkable for the sweet expression of the face. Eastman Johnson's picture had all the good qualities of that French painter of genre subjects—Ed. Frere. Dana was represented by a well-painted head of a dog. A water-color drawing, by Elizabeth Murray, called the "Eleventh Hour," was exceedingly well executed. Edwin White had a good figure subject. Lang, Hennessy, Hall, C. G. Thompson, and Benson, contributed one or more of their works. Ward had in his room a large statue of an Indian Hunter and his Dog—a fine conception, powerfully executed. "Freedom," by the same artist, is one of the most original subjects that have been modeled in this country. Rogers, whose works are familiar to most of us—such as his "Country Post-office," "Union Refugees," "Returned Volunteer," and "Stories of Camp-Life"—exhibited a new statuette, called "A Friend in Need"—a wounded zouave being cared for by a negro. The expression of pain in the zouave's face is truthful, and the sympathy expressed by his colored friend is something that will make the greatest persecutor of the negro race ask himself, "Is he not a friend and a brother?" Such a work does more for the negro race than all the discourses that are delivered from the pulpits by the so-called friends of the colored man. We shall give a more extended notice of some of the works we have mentioned, by-and-by.

The exhibition of paintings at the Sanitary Fair promises to be very good. It is intended to get together a collection of pictures that will greatly surpass any former exhibition.

The artists are acting generously. Each one contributes one of his best works to the fair, and many of them will give a sketch for an album. They also contributed sketches to the Brooklyn fair.





