

HUMAN NATURE:

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RESEARCHES IN SPIRITUALISM.

BY M. A. (OXON).

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY—CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

THE second specimen of Mr. Mumler's spirit photography is that in which Mrs. Lincoln is the sitter, and the spirit forms of the late President and his son appear on the plate. Mrs. Lincoln visited Boston *incog.*, for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a photograph of her departed husband. She went to the studio of Mr. Mumler, giving the name of Mrs. Tyndall. She was closely veiled, and gave Mr. Mumler no opportunity of ascertaining her identity, had he been so disposed. The picture, in fact, was taken, as he asserts, without the slightest knowledge on his part as to who the sitter was. "On printing the picture," he says, "I readily recognised the spirit as that of our late President." It is, indeed, as may be seen at once, an unmistakeable portrait. On its being shown by Mr. Mumler to the sitter, she was asked if she recognised it. She replied that she did. A lady present looked at it and said, "Why, this looks like President Lincoln." "Yes," replied Mrs. L., "it does, and I am his widow." Beside the President appears also his son. I have satisfied myself, as completely as man can who did not personally test the operation, that this photograph is one the evidence for which is perfect. It is manifestly easy to reproduce upon the photographic plate the features of some well-known man whose picture has figured in shop windows. The clumsiest cheat can do that. But in this case, the character of the sitter, and the circumstances under which the picture was taken, preclude all idea of collusion.

But, indeed, such idea is out of court in face of the evidence



PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. LINCOLN,
with spirit of Abraham Lincoln and Son.

BY MUMLER, BOSTON, U.S.A.

Copied by HUDSON.

See "*Human Nature*," December, 1874.

which centres round Mr. Mumler's photographs. Before me lie now a packet of attested photographs, each one clear and distinctive, and testified to by sitter and friends in a manner that leaves a critic but one alternative to belief—that, namely, of refusing to credit the evidence altogether. That is, as all the world knows, a ready way of disposing of inconceivable testimony. Any one who elects to follow that short and easy method will have his hands full, for the evidence for the genuineness of Mr. Mumler's photographs, and for the integrity of Mr. Mumler himself, is as strong as can well be conceived.

Amongst the packet before me is one of Captain R. Montgomery, of Hodgdon's Mills, Maine, U.S.A. His daughter stands behind him, and places a rose before his face. The picture is fully recognised, and was the means of converting him and his household to Spiritualism. The left arm, *which is in front of the sitter*, is most clear, and can only have been produced fraudulently by connivance of Captain Montgomery. I shall not deal further with such allegation—if, indeed, any one is found to make it—than by saying that it is impossible for me to attempt it in face of my present knowledge. I know that such phenomena exist. I have tested and proved them; and I do not waste my own time and my readers' patience in putting forward evidence that can be so readily disposed of.

No. 2 is a photograph of Mr. John J. Glover, Quincy, Massachusetts, U.S.A., with his mother. The picture of the spirit is fully recognised by all who knew Mrs. Glover in the flesh, and the likeness is one which is seen at once to be recognisable. A portrait, moreover, exists which puts the likeness beyond dispute, and Mr. Glover has attested the likeness for Mr. Mumler's benefit.

No. 3 is a likeness of Mrs. Cottrell, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. Her spirit-child appears sitting in her lap, holding a wreath of flowers, in the midst of which appears the child's name, "Millie," distinctly legible. The likeness is recognised and attested, and the photograph is another instance of one which could be fraudulently produced only by the connivance of the sitter.

No. 4 is a photograph of Mrs. Charter, E. Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. She went a perfect stranger to Mr. Mumler, to sit for a spirit photograph, and placed on the table by which she sat articles which had belonged to her child, while in her hand she held a bouquet, on which she mentally requested that the spirit would place its hand. The plate shows a very clearly defined spirit form, the features of which the mother recognises as those of her departed child, and its hand rests upon the bouquet,

the fingers being clearly traceable over the flower. A more conclusive test can hardly be imagined.

No. 5 is a picture of Mrs. Sawyer, a lady residing near Boston, and shows her spirit-husband placing their spirit-babe in her arms. This was according to a promise made by her husband before he passed to spirit-life, which was some three months previous. Mr. Mumler says:—

I placed the lady in the usual position of persons sitting for a photograph, but while adjusting the focus, she requested the privilege of changing it, which I readily granted. She then *placed herself* in the position seen in the picture, and requested mentally that her husband would fulfil his promise, which he has done to her entire satisfaction, as she and all her family fully recognise the picture.

No. 6 is a picture of Master Herrod, of N. Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and shows three spirits standing behind him—a European, an Indian, and a Negro. Respecting this remarkable picture, Mr. M. testifies:—

When the above picture was taken, the young man with his father called and desired a sitting—not stating who or what he desired or expected to have come on the plate. After developing the negative, I brought it into the room. On looking at it, Mr. Herrod exclaimed, “Mr. Mumler, that is the most wonderful picture you have ever taken.” I asked him to explain. “Well,” he continued, “my son has been controlled a few months, and before coming here a spirit took possession of him, and said if he would come to your studio, three spirits would show themselves, representing Europe, Africa, and America; and there they are,” he said, excitedly, “a European, a Negro, and an Indian.” Subsequently the young man called on me for another sitting, and received on the negative an elderly lady and gentleman, which, he declared, was his grandfather and mother, as had been promised. It then occurred to me to take his picture while entranced, to see if I could get the controlling power, and to that end I asked, if there were any spirit present, to please entrance the medium. In a few moments he threw his head back, apparently in a deep trance. I then adjusted the focus and exposed the plate, and took the picture as represented in No. 7. The spirit seen here is undoubtedly “*his double*,” as it is unmistakeably a true likeness of himself.

In addition to these are some remarkable photographs of Mrs. Conant, the medium of the “Banner of Light” Circles. In one a little spirit, “Vashti,” appeared as the camera was being unstopped. Mrs. Conant saw the spirit, and turning partially, held out her hand to the apparition. The picture shows Mrs. Conant in this attitude, while the spirit responds by placing a bow and arrows in an outstretched hand. In another, spirit hands and flowers are seen over her head. And in a third appears her brother, Charles H. Crowell, fully recognised by all who knew him.

But it would be wearisome to multiply evidence. The whole series of thirty pictures is a most remarkable one, and should be studied consecutively in order to gain any idea of the cumulative force of the evidence.

One singular case may be stated as typical of the remarkable results that are obtained. "A soldier of the South called upon Mumler one day, and wanted to know if he could have a picture in a hurry. The artist told him he would try—but spirit-pictures did not come in more than one half the instances, and he had no control over them. The soldier sat down with a very few minutes to spare. To his great astonishment, when the photograph was presented to him, there was not only a fine picture of himself, but one just over him of a lady to whom he was formerly engaged to be married, but who died before the marriage. Of this the artist knew nothing. The soldier was not looking for it. On inspection of the picture, it was observed that in the hands of the lady was a plain, singular-looking bonnet. It was a Quaker bonnet. This, undoubtedly, was also for recognition, for the lady had been of the Quaker persuasion. More than this—on a further inspection, a small oval figure was observed in the picture, of the size of a locket, and in the centre of it was distinctly seen in print letters, the word *HAIR*. The truth was, the soldier had in his vest pocket a locket of that kind, with some of the lady's hair in it, and the word *HAIR* printed on it just as it appeared in the picture. Of all this the artist knew nothing till the soldier explained it to him."

Many will be glad to read the subjoined evidence from Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Brittan, published in the *Medium* of Dec. 17, 1871:—

About a fortnight ago I called upon Mr. Mumler for a sitting, impelled to do so by the remarkable accounts of tests furnished to me by reliable persons who had obtained through this channel unmistakeable proofs of their spirit-friends' presence and identity. The result of my first sitting was the production of a female form, bending over me in the attitude of affection; but, although the spirit bears some resemblance to a dear departed friend, it is not sufficiently obvious to constitute a likeness. At my next sitting a large and remarkable-looking head appeared on the negative, but ere the prints were taken I could not trace clearly any well-defined likeness. I remarked to Mr. Mumler that the negative appeared to present the appearance of some musical character, as there were indications of a lyre shadowed forth in the negative. Upon this Mr. Mumler immediately wrote on a slip of paper, backwards, the name of "*Beethoven*." When the prints were at length produced, they clearly showed the portrait of Beethoven hovering over me, and holding a faintly-defined musical instrument in his hands, so placed as to present the shadow *between my dress and the watch-chain which falls across it*. Now, the circumstances which render the appearance of the great musician upon my photograph singularly significant are these:—My principal occupation during my late residence in England was to write certain musical criticisms in which the life and works of Beethoven formed the chief theme of my analyses. The very last piece of musical writing which I executed was an essay on the Beethoven Centenary at Bonn, celebrated just as I was about to return to America. Whilst engaged in these writings, I have the best of reasons for believing that the spirit of the noble German was frequently with me, and by a variety of test-facts convinced me and others that he was in-

terested in what I wrote, and not unfrequently suggested ideas or dictated corrections upon points of his life and musical intentions. The inspired and venerated spirit assured me, moreover, that he had constituted himself my musical guide, and purposed, in the bright communion of the better world, to reward my unbounded admiration of his character and compositions by assuming the office of my instructor. I think there must be several of my friends in London who will bear witness that I occasionally alluded to communications of the above-named character from Beethoven, but I can most positively assert that I never mentioned them to anyone in America; and I am confident that Mr. Mumler neither knew anything of my musical writings in England, nor that I was in the least interested in the appearance of Beethoven. These circumstances considered, I think the remarkable resemblance of the spirit-portrait to the well-known head of Beethoven may be taken as a striking and conclusive test of spirit-presence. A vast number of persons with whom I am well acquainted have received admirable portraits of their spirit-friends from Mr. Mumler, and that when they themselves were strangers to him, and no possibility could exist of his procuring any likeness or knowledge of the spirit-friends represented.

To leave definite facts, it may be well to take a general view of the evidence respecting Mr. Mumler's spirit-photographs. So far back as 1863, at the time when Andrew Jackson Davis was editing and publishing the *Herald of Progress*, he engaged Mr. William Guay, a practical photographer, to investigate Mr. Mumler's process, it being stipulated that Mr. Guay would himself prepare the plate and develop the picture, and use any means that might suggest themselves to him for careful investigation. The result of his investigation is best told in his own words:—

Having been permitted by Mr. Mumler every facility, I went through the whole process of selecting, cleaning, preparing, coating, silvering, and putting into the shield the glass upon which Mr. M. proposed that a spirit-form should be imparted, never taking off my eyes, and not allowing Mr. M. to touch the glass until it had gone through the whole of the operation. The result was that there came upon the glass a picture of myself, and, to my utter astonishment—having previously examined and scrutinised every crack and corner, plate-holder, camera, box, tube, the inside of the bath, &c.—*another portrait*. Having since continued on several occasions my investigations as described above, and received even more perfect results than on the first trial, I have been obliged to endorse its legitimacy.

(Signed) WM. GUAY.

Another photographer, Mr. H. Weston, 31 Province Street, Boston, gives similar testimony. He found on the plate figures for whose presence he could not account.

Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, a careful and exact investigator, records his opinion thus:—

Mr. Mumler invited me to bring my own glass, to examine the camera, its tubes and lenses, his chemicals, to see him apply the collodion to the glass, and immerse it in the silver bath; to see him take it out of the bath, and put it in the shield, then in the camera, and then to go with him into the dark closet, lighted only by a little lamp, and see him take the glass from the shield, then pour on an iron preparation, wash it under a stream

of water, and then hold it to the little lamp, which alone lighted the room, and see the picture of a mortal and spirit on it. I carefully observed the above operation in detail.

Having spent one hour each day on four consecutive days in making a careful and thorough examination and re-examination of the whole process, and conversing freely with Mr. Mumler during the whole time; and also having seen many of the pictures, which exhibit a peculiarity *which deceptions I believe could not produce or imitate*, I freely confess that there is no appearance of deception, and that the pictures are real pictures of spirits.

Mr. Joseph Hall, of Portland, Maine, records an experiment most carefully conducted, which resulted in the production of the spirit picture of a young friend, some three years dead. He forwarded the picture to the sister of the young man, and received a letter in return, saying, "I received the photo. *It was my brother F.* The likeness nearly overcame me, it was so plain. His collar and cravat are precisely as he used to wear them. It is as plain a picture to me as the one now hanging in my room. We all see it alike, and any one who knew him must see the likeness at once."

Dr. H. T. Child of Philadelphia, so well-known as an accomplished man of science and careful observer, paid a visit to Mr. Mumler, the result of which is sufficiently important to be quoted *in extenso*.

Having previously made arrangements for sittings with Mr. Wm. H. Mumler, on the 18th of December, 1862, I came to Boston. I had heard that Mr. Mumler was becoming very tired of the repeated investigations, and in a letter to me, in which he declined furnishing an opportunity to Mr. Rehn—a well-known photographer of our city—he said, "Ever since I have commenced taking these pictures, I have been constantly dogged forward and back from my camera to my closet by *investigators*, till I have become sick of the name. I have been harassed enough by self-appointed investigators, and find there is no end to it."

I was not discouraged by this, nor by another significant fact, to wit:—The learned philosophers, who constitute the American Photographic Society, as I was informed, at their regular meeting in the city of New York, had solemnly resolved that the "spiritual likenesses are a fraud and a gross deception." The shade of old Galileo, the spirit of Columbus, and a host of pioneers in art, bear testimony in reference to the delusions of such *learned* bodies, that led me rather to infer that these pictures were real, because of this decision. I knew there were several processes by which shadowy pictures might be taken—the one suggested by Sir David Brewster, of diminishing the time of sitting for a part of the picture, has become quite familiar; another, in which a faint picture is made by using a second negative plate and a small lamp, placing them in such relation to each other that the rays of light from the lamp will pass for a few seconds through this negative, on to the prepared plate. I have seen a picture taken in this manner, which had some resemblance to the pictures taken by Mr. Mumler; there was, however, a very marked yellow tint in this, the result of the artificial light of the lamp. It differed also in this, that the picture, as in the case of Sir David Brewster's "ghost pictures," was entire, the head and feet being equally well printed. Under these circumstances, I was introduced to Mumler by my friend, Mr. E. Haynes, of Boston, at Mrs. Stuart's

Photographic Gallery, No. 258, Washington-street. He received me very kindly. I remarked that I had come to have sittings with him, and that I had brought a glass with me from Philadelphia, with a private mark upon it, (the mark was my own name and residence, written with a diamond on the glass, in phonographic characters,) and if he had no objection, I would like to have the picture taken on this. He replied, "Certainly, and I wish you to witness the whole process." He then took me into his operating-room, and I saw him clean my glass, pour the collodion upon it and dry it. After which, both of us entered the dark room, and he put it into the bath of iodide of silver; the door was then closed, and it was entirely dark, there being no lamp or light of any kind in the room. While waiting for the plate to become coated in the bath, he conversed very freely with me about his method of preparing the chemicals, &c. When a sufficient time had elapsed for the plate to become coated, he took it out; and I know it was the same plate, although I could see nothing in the dark, because it had my private mark upon it, and I saw this when it was put into the bath, and I noticed it again when it was taken out of the shield. Having placed it in the shield, he gave it to me while we were still in the dark room. He then opened the door, and I carried the shield to the camera, and sat in the window near it, where I could see it all the time.

I then took my seat, and Mr. Mumler adjusted the focus, placed the shield in the camera, took off the cover, and counted thirty-five seconds, then covered it again, and requested me to take out the shield and carry it into the dark room. On entering this room he opened the shield, and I examined it carefully to see that there was nothing in it. He then lit a small fluid lamp and put it upon the edge of the sink, about eighteen inches to the left of the plate, and in a position very nearly level with the glass which was held in a horizontal position all the time, with the edge of the plate toward the lamp. In this position he poured the developing fluid on it, and in a few seconds we perceived two forms on the plate. After washing it, Mr. Mumler handed it to me, and I took it out to the window, when I saw my own figure and the head of a male person, whom I could not recognise, on this plate.

My daughter, who was with me, also had a picture taken, and on this plate there is the head of a female. The weather having been cloudy, I have not been able to have any of the pictures printed yet. I will send them to you as soon as I get them.

So much for my observations. Now for the theory that the spirits have given me. There are three forms of matter. First, tangible matter; second, the imponderables, well-known to science as heat, light, electricity, magnetism, the od force and the life principle. These become more refined in the order in which I have named them, and thus approximate toward the third realm of matter, which constitutes spirits, and the home they dwell in, in the spiritual world. Photography, or the art of printing by light, is the most spiritual of all the arts, and by it any substance that is sufficiently dense to set in motion the rays of light, may have its form and character printed on the plate, being received there by the delicate and perceptive chemicals which are used. But spirit forms are so much more refined than light, that they cannot set in motion or reflect its rays. To do this, they require the aid of the life principle—the od force—magnetism and electricity. These may be obtained from certain mediums, and the atmosphere around them; and when thus obtained and properly placed, either around a spirit form, or combined and formed into such a model as to represent the form itself, either of which will be enabled to set in motion the next form of matter, which is light, and print an image upon the glass. It does not require as much light to print this as it does to make an image on the retina of the human eye, and hence these forms are not visible

This model process is the one which will be first introduced, and hence the forms of spirits and objects will not be very perfect.

I am frequently asked, "Do you really believe there is no deception about this matter?" I answer, that, so far as I could see, there was the utmost fairness and candour, and I have, therefore, no reason to believe that there is deception. If there cannot be any other explanation given of the present phenomenon than the spiritual one, I shall wait hopefully for the introduction of this beautiful manifestation of the continued existence and identity of our loved ones who have gone to dwell in the inner temple. My impression now is, that the pictures and objects that have been taken are models made by the spirits.—HENRY T. CHILD, M.D., 634, Race-street, Philadelphia, Dec. 25, 1862.—*Banner of Light*, 3d, Jan., 1863.

The *British Journal of Photography*, in commenting on Dr. Child's evidence, prints a long letter from its correspondent in Philadelphia, to whom Dr. Child is known, in the course of which he says:—

Dr. Child said he had desired to investigate the matter thoroughly, and having no more knowledge of the photographic art than he could gather from the *Encyclopædia*, he applied to various practical operators here and elsewhere for information; and he had had prepared ghost pictures by all the well-known processes. Armed with these, and the information received with them from their makers, he wended his way to Boston. He found this medium very willing to give him every opportunity of investigating the matter, and, as he said, earnest himself in wishing to find some rational solution of the mystery. He permitted him to watch him in all his manipulations in the dark-room and out of it, and allowed him to examine all his apparatus. Dr. Child showed me pictures of himself made at that time, and while he and several friends were watching the whole process from the plate-cleaning to the fixing; and he said, too, that he had taken the precaution to mark each plate with a diamond before it was used; and yet on each is this spirit friend, sometimes near and sometimes more remote, but in no case had he been able to recognise in the image any former friend or acquaintance. He had, however, failed *in toto* in discovering any human agency concerned in the formation of the picture.

Now as to the pictures themselves, *they differ very materially from anything of the kind I have ever seen, and I know of no way of imitating them.* The spirit is never a full-length portrait; always the bust or three-quarter length, and yet you cannot say positively where the figure disappears. The first impression on many is that the whole figure is very plain, and then it seems not to be so distinct when examined in detail. I have not seen the negatives, but from the appearance of the print I should say that, judging from the general whiteness of the image, the "spirit" must have been the first object to appear in developing the plate. The features are not at all distinct. There are general features pretty well marked, but in all parts, except the very intense part of the face, the surrounding objects are distinctly seen through the image, *and yet there is none of that clearness of definition usual in the under-exposed figure in ghost-pictures.* They seem very much out of focus when they stand at the back of the sitter or in front of the sitter, more distinct when on the same plane, but in all cases very much over-exposed; and, if my memory serve me right, I saw none to the left hand of the sitter—all were on the left side of the picture, *i.e.*, to the right hand of the sitter.

I have written to Boston to the gentleman who gave Mr. Hull the statement as related to us, and in mentioning his name to Mr. Broadbent, he said he knew him as an able photographer. Dr. Child corroborated the

story as told to Mr. Hull, stating further that the medium had agreed to repeat the experiment at the gentleman's own room.

Dr. H. T. Child himself adds important testimony in a letter about the same date :—

It is now over four months since the first photographs were taken, and no one has detected any fraud or discovered any means by which pictures similar in all respects can be taken. Several hundred pictures have been taken by Mr. Mumler. I have seen over a hundred, and more than half of these have been recognised by respectable persons as pictures of deceased friends.

The crucial test of the reality of these photographs was reached when Mr. Mumler was summoned before Justice Dowling in the Tombs Police Court, on a charge of having, "by means of what he termed spiritual photographs, swindled many credulous persons." The whole trial is so important, and so germane to the issue with which we have to deal, that it is well to record the gist of what was elicited. It is impossible, with regard to fair limits, to transcribe much that is interesting and important, but the outcome of the matter, as recorded in the American papers of the time, and transcribed partially into the *Spiritual Magazine* (to the able summary contained in which I have again to express my obligation), is as follows :—

The defendant, Mumler, was represented by Messrs. Townsend, Baker, and Day; the prosecution by Mr. Eldridge Geary. Marshall J. H. Tooker furnished the evidence for the prosecution to the effect that—in consequence of information from Mr. P. V. Hickey, of *The World*, the Mayor had ordered him to "look up" the case, which he did by assuming a false name, and having his photograph taken by Mumler. After the taking of the picture, the negative was shown him, with a dim, indistinct outline of a ghostly face staring out of one corner, and he was told that the picture represented the spirit of his father-in-law. He, however, failed to recognise the worthy old gentleman, and emphatically declared that the picture neither resembled his father-in-law, nor any of his relations, nor yet any person whom he had ever seen or known. The other portions of Marshall Tooker's testimony were published in *The Tribune* at the time of the first discovery of the alleged swindle, and therefore it would be useless to recapitulate. With this testimony the prosecution rested.

For the defence came first Mr. W. P. Slee, a photographer, of Poughkeepsie. He could not detect any imposture on the part of Mumler, and believed his pictures to be genuine.

Mr. W. W. Guay, whose experiments have been before alluded to, gave evidence the tenour of which was to show that as an expert he believed Mumler's pictures to be genuine.

Judge Edmonds testified that he had known Mr. M. for two or three weeks; had had two photographs (produced) taken, one recognised, one not. He further deposed—

I know a great many persons who have visited Mumler, some of whom have met with astonishing success in procuring spirit pictures of departed friends. Mr. Livermore, of Wall Street, has been peculiarly successful.

(Another photograph shown, this time a fine-looking young man, seated in a pensive attitude, with his eyes cast downward. Behind his chair, and leaning over his head, is the spectral white-clad form of a lady, whose hands rest on his shoulder. This is the most remarkable of the photographs exhibited in court, from the fact that the photographers present declared that by no means known to them, other than the bodily presence of some one behind the chair, could the picture of the lady's hand be produced). Spiritualists reason that these photographs are actual pictures of disembodied spirits, but they do not know. I am myself not prepared to express a definite opinion. I believe, however, that in time the truth or falsity of spiritual photography will be demonstrated, as Spiritualism itself has been demonstrated, and I therefore say it would be best to wait and see. The art is as yet in its infancy.

Cross-examined: They charged me 10 dols. for the first sitting, and 5 dols. for each of the others; at the time my picture was taken there were present Messrs. Grey, Hunt, and Mumler. I watched the operator closely while he was taking the picture, but could detect no fraud; of course, with my limited knowledge of the photographic art, I would not have been able to tell if he had used fraudulent means to effect his end. I have no definite opinion as to these pictures, having many years ago made up my mind never to form an opinion without knowledge; invariably, when I have done so, I have made an ass of myself. I believe that the camera can take a photograph of a spirit, and I believe also that spirits have materiality—not that gross materiality that mortals possess, but still they are material enough to be visible to the human eye, for I have seen them.

Several other persons having given similar evidence, Mr. C. F. Livermore responded as follows:—

I reside at No. 227, Fifth Avenue. I was formerly a member of the firm of Livermore, Clews, & Co. I know Mumler; I knew him from the early part of March last; I knew him at his gallery in Broadway. The circumstance which led me to go there was that I had earnest inquiries from friends in England to go and see about the spirit manifestations.

Q. Did you go as a sceptic?—A. I did; but as a stranger to Mumler. No promises were made to me. I told him that I had come to sit for my photograph, to determine if there was anything in it. He gave every facility for the examination. I do not pretend to be an expert, but I went there with my eyes open; but as a sceptic. He and his wife accompanied me up stairs, and I went into the dark room with him, and saw him put the collodion upon the plate; and then sat and saw him subsequently develop the plate. I looked at the glass first, and saw that it was clean. When he developed the picture he held it up before the light, dripping with the water. There were two pictures upon the plate, one of which I recognised thoroughly at the time. Then I had a little quarrel with Mumler. I refused to pay him, as they were so entirely unsatisfactory to me. He then said that he would give me an opportunity at another time. I left the place; but to provide against the case of substitution, I had pictures taken off the negative. I showed them to a friend of mine, Dr. John F. Gray, a physician, who immediately recognised one of the pictures as a relative of his; then I recognised it myself. I then went again to Mumler's, and made arrangements to go again on the following Tuesday, but went on the Monday morning following early, so as to take him by surprise. There was no person there except him and his wife. I did not give my right name, though I think that on the second interview he knew who I was. When I went there he said that I had expressed so much dissatisfaction on the previous occasion that I might sit until I was satisfied, consequently I sat five times in succession. I think that the first two sittings amounted to nothing but

a shadowy background. I made the same examination that I had previously. I found a screen, made, I should think, of white cloth, standing about two feet from the side of the wall. I went behind it, but there was no one there. The screen was a foot or less than the ceiling in height. The screen was directly behind me when I sat down. Mumler was in the room; I accompanied him before the operation into the dark room, and saw him pour the collodion upon the plate. I changed my position each sitting. This one—it showed the picture of a lady standing behind him, bearing a bunch of flowers in her right hand, which was resting upon his right breast; being in the same attitude as the woman occupied upon the picture of Judge Edmonds, mentioned in Thursday's report. He then showed another which, in answer to the Counsel, he said he recognised; (continuing) I examined the camera after this, but could see nothing out of the way. Mumler, when he took the picture, held the cloth in his hand, and stood near the camera. I do not think that he had his hand upon it on one occasion. I have made a study of electricity and magnetism. I also made a study of the spectroscope; in these instances I did not discover any fraud or deception, or anything that looked like it. I was cautioned against him as a trickster by some friends in Boston. Mr. Mumler was very polite, and gave me every chance of investigation; he said he could not guarantee anything.

To Mr. Geary: I paid Mr. Mumler 20 dols.; he only charged me 10 dols., but I gave him 10 dols. because I was so satisfied; I gave it to him on account of his politeness, not on account of his taking the spirits. These pictures, so far as their identity goes, are satisfactory. It is a very remarkable phenomenon.

Q. Who is this figure on the picture? A. It is my wife; she died eight years ago. I have a picture of her in my possession, and may have seen the picture every day. It is hanging up in my bedroom; but not in that form. It is a plain figure. I have two portraits besides. I see them every day.

Q. Do you see anything to cause an identity, except the faces? A. Nothing, except the general size.

Q. Do you recognise any peculiar expression about the face? A. Nothing more than the general one—nothing more than the general outline; the third picture was taken a few minutes after the others.

Q. What do you recognise in this? A. It is unmistakeable; the recognition was perfect, not only with myself, but with all my friends.

Mrs. Ann R. Ingalls, 243 West Seventeenth Street, deposed that she went to Mumler's and sat for a picture, getting indistinct figures only. Six months after, she sat again and procured another picture, recognised by all who saw it as her son.

Many others came forward to detail their experiences. Space forbids further quotation. Sufficient to say that the evidence produced was overwhelming. Such evidence ceases after a time to be cumulative, and Mr Mumler's own statement, read by him to the Court, possesses more claims. It is as follows:—

In 1861, in the City of Boston, while engaged in business as an engraver, I was in the habit of visiting a young man who was employed in a photographic gallery kept by a Mrs Stewart, in Washington Street. Occasionally I would experiment with the instrument and chemicals. One Sunday, while entirely alone in this gallery, I attempted to get a picture of myself, and then it was that I first discovered, while developing it, that a second form appeared on the plate. At this time I had never heard of spirit pictures, although I had been somewhat interested in the doctrine of Spiritualism. At first I laboured under what is now the general impression,

—that the plate upon which the picture was taken could not have been clean, and that the form which showed itself beside my own must have been left on the glass; and I so stated to my employers and others. Subsequent attempts, however, made under circumstances which preclude such a possibility have confirmed me in the belief that the power by which these forms are produced is beyond human control, and the experts that have been called by the people have failed to produce a picture made in that manner. I wish to state that at the time I developed the shadow or form above alluded to, I was a complete novice in the art of photography, and had no experience whatever in the art of photography, and had no experience whatever in the composition of chemicals used in the business, and that my use of them in my experiments at that time was simply in conformity with what I had seen my friend do, while himself engaged in his business. After getting the form of the plate, at the suggestion of several friends to whom I showed the plate, I made other attempts, and generally with most remarkable results; I then determined to leave my own business and devote myself to photography; before long the subject of spirit-photography, and particularly my success, became the theme of every tongue, and I was overrun with people of enquiring minds, and obliged to go through over and over again, for their pleasure, the routine of taking and developing the pictures. For a long time I never refused any person who came to investigate: it soon became apparent, however, that I must either stop it or cease to support myself, for, as a general thing, these *savans*, while greedy themselves for intellectual food, seemed entirely oblivious to the fact that I myself was a material body. (Laughter.) However, I can truly say that I have never refused, intentionally, any persons who desired to have a picture taken from making every examination or inquiry they chose to make, and had I been allowed in this examination to have produced evidence from abroad, I could have shown by scientific men, whose names would have satisfied every one, that the most careful and minute examinations have often been made into all the details of my business while I have been engaged in taking pictures. I solemnly assert here that I have now but comparatively little knowledge of photography, or chemicals, or science of any kind, further than is absolutely needed to take ordinary photographic pictures. I positively assert that in taking the pictures on which these forms appear, I have never used any trick or device, or availed myself of any deception or fraud in producing them; that these forms have appeared in each and every instance when they have been presented without any effort, except my will-power to produce them.

At the close of the addresses of Counsel, the Judge ordered the prisoner to be discharged, the prosecution having, in his opinion, failed to make out a case to go to a Jury.

Professor Gunning, one of the most distinguished geologists in America, comments on the whole question thus in the columns of the *New York Tribune*. The letter is valuable in more ways than one at the present juncture, and carries with it weight quite independent of the name of its eminent author.

SIR,—It is sometimes a thankless task to expose villany. It is always a thankless task to throw yourself against a popular belief with nothing in your hand but a new truth. Mr. Mumler may be a villain. I do not know the man. I never saw him. If he is a trickster his villany is of the darkest hue, for he speculates on the holiest instincts of men. I have nothing to do with Mr. Mumler. He may be honest or the Court may find him a

swindler. The questions raised in this trial do not turn on the innocence or guilt of one man.

Can a spirit be photographed? Whether Mumler be acquitted or convicted, most intelligent men will say "No." Ask them why, and they cannot tell you. They have certain vague ideas of a spirit as something incorporeal. They dismiss the question with an *à priori*. One day, in a conversation with Herbert Spencer, I told him of certain facts which had led Alfred Wallace to a belief in the nearness of a world of spirits and the communion of spirits with mortals. Mr. Spencer met the facts by saying that he had settled the question on *à priori* grounds. Wallace is one of the first naturalists of Europe. He tells me he has seen and heard certain things, and I, making my own experience a measure of the universe, dismiss his testimony as contradicting nature. Is that the method of modern philosophy?

I have brought to the investigation of this subject no wisdom above that of common sense; but I have not followed the Spencerian method. In common with many others, I have sought only to find the truth, and have been content to keep the results I have reached to myself. Some of these results I will now give to the public. Gentlemen of the *à priori* method may dismiss the subject now and here.

In February, 1867, I formed the acquaintance of a photographer living in the Connecticut Valley. I had gone to his rooms for a photograph. While sitting for the picture, I saw that the artist was strangely agitated. When the plate was developed a bright but vapoury female form appeared, standing at my side. I had never heard of Mumler or spirit photography. I asked the photographer how that form got on the plate; he did not know; he could only say that while he was photographing me he saw that woman standing at my side. He did not want the picture taken from his gallery, and wished me not to speak of it. He told me that now and then, for years, he had taken such pictures; that they came through no agency of his; that he could take them almost any time by yielding to the control of beings which he believed to be spirits, but he wanted nothing to do with it. "He would not have his name mixed up with Spiritualism in any form."

I had such confidence in my friend's honesty, that I wished to make an investigation of this strange power. It was only after many interviews and much urging that he consented to give me sittings, and yield to the "invisibles." I offered to pay him generously for his time, but he declined any consideration, saying that he could not be tempted to use this mysterious gift for gain. He gave me every facility in making the investigation. I took a friend to assist me. We had his time for four afternoons. We had the utmost confidence in him, but made the investigation as if he were a trickster. I assisted in preparing the plates, and stood by while the pictures were developed. We took every precaution to prevent or detect trickery. At almost every sitting we got the photograph of a woman—the same bright, vapoury form that appeared when I went alone! And at almost every sitting the photographer was partially entranced. What shall we say? He is a man of position and character. I would as soon think of flinging the charge of falsehood against the Chief Justice. He had no motive to deceive. He would not sell his gift for money. If I believed him capable of falsehood, still I should be unable to account for the pictures. I know of only two ways by which a photograph can be taken. It must be taken either by *reflected* or by *transmitted* light. To get a picture on the sensitized plate, something capable of reflecting light must be placed at a proper distance before the lens; or the plate may be sensitized and covered by another picture, and then exposed to the light. A dim picture will be printed on the sensitized plate by *transmitted* light. These are the only methods by which a photograph can be taken. The artist may use an

old plate, and a picture may appear, the result of a latent impression left by an old photograph. This last is a solution proposed by a writer in Saturday's *Tribune*. My artist did not use old plates. He must find the solution in one of the other alternatives. Now I know that my artist did not hold an old negative to the sensitized plate and get a ghostly impression by transmitted light. We have one more alternative: was an object placed before the camera? This is the way the bogus Shenstone ghost was photographed. A sheeted man flitted ghost-like before the camera? Were *these* pictures taken so? The photographer, myself, and my friend were the only persons in the room. Could we have been deceived for four days by such a shallow trick? And if we were deceived, how did the confederate who personated the spirit make herself transparent? How did she suspend herself in the air? for one of these photographs is the picture of a woman floating down through the air. They are all as transparent as gossamer. How then were they taken? I was in no haste to form my conclusion. Another case came under my notice.

A young girl in Chelsea called on one of the leading photographers of the city to have some tintypes taken. He was about to close his rooms for the day. The girl sat, and while the picture was taking, she felt a blur coming over her eyes. She spoke of it to Mr. A., who was standing by the camera. He told her she might wink, but she must sit still. When he developed the plate, a pair of hands appeared on each face! There were eight faces on the sheet. This photograph is very remarkable. I have examined four of the impressions, and have one of them in my possession. The hands are clasped around the girl's neck. They are shown up to the wrist, where they fade away into a formless vapour. They are transparent. One hand comes down over the girl's chin. There is a wonderful family likeness to all these pictures. Judge Edmonds testifies that the spirits he sees are transparent; and one of the leading Doctors of Divinity of New England (Orthodox) tells me that he sees spirits in the same way.

Now you cannot suppose that these hands had been photographed on the tin before. The photographer tells me that he used a new sheet. Suppose I do not believe him. How, then, did the hands appear *over* the face? Can you suppose the hands were photographed *after* the girl? You will see that the little finger and ring finger on the left hand are thrust under the girl's collar. You must say, then, that girl and hands were all taken together. And now, did some one steal in and clasp her hands around the girl's neck, and still elude the eye of the artist? He tells me that no one was in the room but himself and the girl. Suppose some one did steal in—how did she make her hands transparent, and conceal the rest of her body? The photographer is a man whose word no one will doubt. He tells me that he had never thought of spirit photography; that he has no theory; that he only knows the hands came through no agency of his.

Now, gentlemen—you who have not settled these questions on *à priori* grounds—can you escape the conclusions to which I have been driven?

First: That the sensitized plate may be more sensitive to light than the human eye.

Second: That men and women—spirits, but not incorporeal—can, under certain conditions, clothe their person with elements sufficiently tangible to reflect light.

If these things are true, the world had never such need of knowing them. We are losing our faith in immortality. We cherish a vague belief that the dead are still living; but we think of them as gauzy abstractions, without form or substance. The men who give precision to their talk of the after life, and tell us their faith that our loved ones who have gone before are *real* human beings, with human forms and human affections—we call them dreamers. Hallucination is the mildest word we apply to them. While

reading a report of the trial of Mumler, and finding lawyers trying to break the testimony of witnesses because of their belief in spirits, I thought of the words of a living German philosopher: "No one who has eyes to see can fail to remark that the belief in the immortality of the soul has long been effaced from ordinary life." We swear a witness on the Bible, and then impugn his testimony if he believes in spirits!—believes that the writers of the New Testament were not mistaken when, on almost every page, they speak of spirits, and admonish us "to *try* the spirits!" Whither are we drifting?

W. D. G.

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the sworn testimony given at this trial of Mumler. The opponents of Spiritualism are not holden from hurling the gravest accusations against the "faith which is everywhere spoken against," and amongst the charges most freely used is this—"It is easy enough for a few credulous fanatics to fancy things: let us have them in the witness-box, and see how a cross-examining Counsel would turn them inside out." Well! here is what our friends so much desire. A series of cross-examinations failed to shake the evidence in favour of distinct, well-recognised spirit photographs, or to convince an evidently unfavourable judge that any good end would be served by sending the case for trial. In fact it broke down utterly; and in "the day of small things," when every man's hand is against us, and a little comfort goes a long way, let us be thankful that, on one occasion, when justice was invoked justice was had. It is not always so: but at any rate it was so then.

* * * *The Photographs of Mr. Mumler, alluded to above, are deposited at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Road, Holborn, for inspection by any one who desires to see them. The next number will deal with Mr. Buquet.*

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL AND ITS POWER.

By MRS. J. W. JACKSON.

IN reviewing a work entitled the "Celestial Drama," which appeared in the July number of *Human Nature*, I was led to make a few remarks upon the origin of evil. These ideas were penned in the performance of duties little calculated to induce a philosophical frame of mind, and, now that the subject-matter under consideration has excited some little notice, it may be advisable to go into a more exhaustive analysis of the principle called Evil.

One rather startling fact confronts us at the outset of our investigations, and that is, the unanimity with which all writers, ancient or modern, persist in ascribing *evil* to be of heavenly birth, to emanate from the one who was called the Light Bringer (Lucifer); to the archangel whose wisdom was acknowledged amongst his

comepeers as the most profound, whose intellect was the clearest, and whose insight was the deepest. Why should evil have originated from an intelligence so gifted? There must have been a reason for this element thus evoked into existence at a period when, according to the orthodox authority, earth was chaos, "without form and void," man had *not* yet appeared upon the stage of time, and when assuredly he had not partaken of that bitter fruit

"Whose mortal taste

Brought death into the world, and all our woe;"

Why should the harmony of the heavenly hierarchy be imperilled by the introduction of a foreign element? If you accept and believe the biblical account, the whole story seems absurd and unnecessary. What use or end was there in creating man at all if such an amount of misery was entailed upon himself and his posterity by the short-sighted policy of a God who put temptation in the way of ignorant and unsuspecting creatures, and at the same time neglected to provide those creatures with the proper means of defending themselves against the designs of a subtle enemy who had sworn their destruction before they were created, showing clearly that their Creator knew exactly what would happen, because he had, not without considerable difficulty, expelled this apostate band from heaven, compromising matters afterwards, and pacifying his conscience (for he repented him of the sufferings of the man and woman he had expelled from their quiet abode in the Garden) by offering up His only Son as a human sacrifice to appease his—what—offended justice! What a comment upon the biblical record and human gullibility! That the Intelligence, whose volition called into being this wondrous earth of ours and spread the starry skies, the skill of whose handiworks transcends man's shallow comprehension, could perpetrate such a travesty upon Himself, is too monstrous for credence. How long are the trammels of antiquated creeds and dogmas to obscure the light which science is trying to shed upon our path—Professor Tyndall's oyster mania to the contrary? To give anything like an explanation of the origin of evil, it is clearly evident we must discard the narrative contained in the Book of Genesis, and also the Miltonic version of that myth.

Older far than man himself came the principles of good and evil, of heat and cold, of light and darkness, the positive and negative, of edification and disintegration. The creative and destructive forces are at work throughout nature, and this because of the duality we find everywhere, and from which we cannot escape. These forces may be termed masculine and feminine; the male, or positive principle, was called God, or Good, by the ancients, who early recognised their different attributes; while the negative, or feminine principle, was termed Darkness and also Evil. Yet neither can exist without the other; they have a mutual interdependence. So that there can be really no evil; it is a grand impossibility to believe in this fallacy. What we term evil, is simply the law of compensation, or the Nemesis, the punishment for broken laws—

natural laws, which are God's laws. Priests tell us that God sent his only Son into this world to suffer the penalty due for those broken laws; but there never was and never can be any escape by vicarious suffering from bearing the full measure of our iniquity—that is, the full amount of pain or compensation. Violate either the moral or physical laws, and see if there is no suffering. If we put our hands into the fire, they are burned. No matter if it were done in ignorance of the effects, no one can bear the pain for us; they may, indeed, prescribe remedies, but the intense suffering remains for you to endure with what fortitude you can.

This principle, called Evil, which man bemoans so dismally, is due in a great measure to himself; his folly, his ignorance, his caprice, his tyranny are constantly working it into action. Read any history whatsoever, and what is the burden of the tale? Grasping ambition, stumbling on to self aggrandisement, regardless of the interest of others, while following in terrible proximity stalks the Nemesis of retaliation and compensation. Tyrants shed the blood of nations like water to gratify their passions and satisfy their *honour*, bringing death, ruin, and the pestilence of famine upon the hapless people over whom they ruled; but behold the result, from out these appalling tragedies there has arisen good. National sufferings are the advent of great deliverers—of a Moses to Israel in the land of Egypt, a Mohammed to the Arabs, a Christ to Western Europe. The abuses of the Church called forth a Martin Luther; France has had a Napoleon, England an Oliver Cromwell, and Italy a Garibaldi, while in the Church and Schools we are waiting for the master. Unmixed good would be a terrible evil to humanity constituted as it is at present. Progress would be at a standstill, the arts and sciences would languish and decay, the world would be reduced to a state of stagnation too frightful to contemplate. But for this principle of Evil there could be no progress. Evil is the great Pioneer, Reformer, and Educator, just as death is the bright winged messenger of life. The untold sufferings of mankind in all ages of the world's history, what pen can chronicle! Who shall prevail to inscribe upon the tablets of time the agonies and fiery baptisms each individual man and woman has endured, from those first dwellers on this earth, down the long, long ages until this present hour. "The milleniums wax old and die;" but the combined experiences of humanity during all these epochs have not been able to overcome this power we call evil or sin, which is of heavenly birth—one of God's best gifts to man, and will only be recalled to its native habitat of the skies when humanity is so far progressed as to no longer require its bitter but salutary lessons.

Error is not yet vanquished; Hercules has not yet crushed the Hydra, nor Apollo the Python, nor St. George slain the Dragon, neither has Michael bound up that old Serpent the Devil. None of these things will be accomplished until the new truth adapted to a future age is fully revealed.

For this is the reason that seers and prophets have invariably represented the destruction of the evil as a process of conquest,

over which they sang their songs of victory. Error is the real evil, and man has mistaken the effect for the cause. The men of old slew their hydra-headed errors, they had their Hercules of super-human strength, and their Apollo with his arrows of light; so have we, and so shall our posterity. That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn is no idle myth, but contains the uncontrovertible truth that the conflict between the past and the present is ever going on—the battle between the old and the new; and Jupiter, as you are all well aware, long since gave place to Christ. Systems follow each other like individuals in generational succession, the older giving way to the younger. The fine gold becomes dim, and the light is turned into darkness; then the Phoenix is thrown into the fire to be again reborn into new life from out her own ashes. On the time plane this is inevitable, and absolutely necessary. The purest faith becomes corrupt and effete, and then arises the deep necessity for the slaughter of the Hydra. Was not the Reformation the Hercules who overthrew that seven-headed Hydra, Catholicism, which grew so corrupt, so vile, and sensual—the modern Jupiter Capitolinus, whose bulls and sacerdotal thunders once shook the thrones of kings, but are now laughed at as the idle threat to scare women with. And so it goes on, the good springing from the evil, and the evil from the good, the neap and ebb of the great tidal movement in human affairs.

Let us take comfort in this great fact, there is no death, there is no evil. We dwellers in the time-sphere are cheated into the belief that these things are. Fear not ye who are mourning your loved and lost; they are not dead, but live. From every tomb there is a resurrection, and the spirit of heaviness will eventually succumb to the angel of joy, who will enter your house with healing under his wings.

To better explain our views as to the origin of evil, let us briefly glance at the history of those early nations of antiquity, and see from what standpoint they contemplated this malign force. Their primitive ideas were at least untrammelled by any views of a theological character. Priestcraft was not, until some centuries later, a science—albeit the clerical institution was early established amongst the sons of men. The beneficent, or principle of good (God), they called Ormuzd; and the evil principle (Devil) they designated Arhiman. Ormuzd, God, (the sun really) ruled the day, whilst Arhiman held his revels during the hours of darkness or night. We here clearly perceive these early denizens of the earth were acquainted with the positive and negative conditions of life, and also understood their bipolar action on each other. To the god of day they ascribed the power of bestowing life: He was in every way the Saviour of the world—the day-star on high, whose animating presence made glad the dark places of the earth. Arhiman was also prince of the infernal regions, the god of fire. And I would here ask, what is fire? and what in estimation did these ancients regard fire? Fire, as you are aware, is an imponderable force generated of light and heat. The vol-

canic fire burning at the earth's centre was at one time part of the sun—in fact, a sunbeam. Besides being considered a destroyer, fire was also regarded as a purifier and regulator. The baptism by fire is an old traditional and time-honoured institution our enlightened forefathers were ever ready to confer upon the discovery of new truths or inventions. The ordeal by fire, where there was a doubt of the innocence or guilt of the person accused, was nothing more or less than a remnant of the ancient belief in the purifying properties of fire; because if the accused passed the searching element scathless, he was considered in the sight of God and man to be innocent of the crime of which he was charged. That men have passed through the ordeal of fire is abundantly proved both by ancient and modern testimony; and without going back to antiquity for proofs, let us take D. D. Home's extraordinary manipulation of glowing embers, or, as our grandfathers would say, "live coals." Mr. Home can put those hot coals upon the thinnest fabrics without them being as much as scorched; and he also puts them on the head, and draws the hair over those burning coals, and not so much as a single hair is singed. Mr. Home is a powerful medium, and to him has been given dominion over the fire. Just so with the biological influence possessed by many persons condemned to fight the wild animals in the arenas of Greece and Rome. But viewed through the light of Mesmerism and Spiritualism, the immunity from the effects of the fire, or escaping the jaws of the lion, would not be sufficient evidence to acquit a man. Neither, on the other hand, would his destruction by either of these agencies be indicative of his guilt: it would simply amount to a superabundance of the biological power, or a deficiency, as the case might be.

But, to return to the matter under consideration. The origin of evil has been variously accounted for, both by ancient and modern theorists. Theologians have expended oceans of ink and mountains of paper to little purpose in the elucidation of this important subject matter for investigation; and, under ecclesiastical patronage and nurture, the principle we term Evil became a personality, and looms largely out upon the mundane stage, taking an active part in the affairs of man—Proteus-like, assuming many shapes. When the serpent had ceased to be regarded as an object of adoration and worship, it was reduced to the position of Devil, because of its wisdom and subtlety. In the guise of a serpent this Power insinuates itself into the good graces of Mother Eve, who is talked over into eating the apple by his very cogent remark, that if she *did* partake of this forbidden tree, the wisdom of the gods would be hers and her husband's, giving them the knowledge of *good* and *evil*, for it seems hitherto they had made no inquiries respecting their origin, nor speculated as to their possible future—vegetating rather than living, being on a level with the brute creation by which they were surrounded.

In fact, the whole myth appears, to our thinking, as an allegorical way of conveying to the student that this eating of the fruit

was the first faint indications of man's intellectual and reflecting faculties awakening from the torpor of savagery, because, if we come to investigate the matter closely, we are presented with three distinct subjects of consideration. First, the principle of Evil takes the form of a serpent, whatever that may mean, indicative of cunning subtlety, and—on its own plane-wisdom—the serpent talks to the woman, which, I take it, means that the negative condition of man's faculties were being quickened, and man studying by minute observation the habits of this reptile, or the power of knowledge of which it was the recognised symbol, drew his own inferences from this investigation. The talk with the serpent taught him to *think*, to reflect; and reflection brought *experience*, that, no doubt, was sometimes painful and dearly bought, from his daily conflicts with the rude denizens of the earth.

The initial type of man could have no great degree of intellect, and it is not difficult to conceive that the cunning of the serpent in some respects would appear very marvellous to him. The head of a serpent does not convey the impression of its possessing remarkable attributes, either intellectual or moral; and we know that the snake has not changed materially in its construction, physically or otherwise, for long ages.

Man's conflicts with nature, and the terrible necessity to eat, taught him experience which was both good and evil to his dawning faculties, for these principles would soon assume the condition of personalities. It is not difficult to imagine his untutored soul bowing down with unutterable adoration before the rising god of day, when his effulgent beams illuminated the lofty mountain tops, or penetrated the dark recesses of those primeval forests with a golden glory; or when regal night took possession of the heavens, and set her shining camp fires in the ebon vault. Does not the holy peace of early morn fill the heart with strange thoughts? Instinctively the spirit of adoration speaks to us. Then the rudest and most debased feel the influence of that hour. What must the awakening mind of man have experienced when his perception and reason realised the diurnal marvel of sunrise? Who shall embody his feelings—his awe and his instinctive prostration before this glorious revelation? Or who shall pourtray the horror and affright which seized his savage soul when he first fully realised and reflected upon a midnight tempest? Would not the loud pealing of the thunder strike terror into his breast, when, amid the lurid flashings of the lightning, he saw the fall of those gigantic trees, the sons of centuries, swept and rent like saplings by the fell fury of the swift cyclone—while the piercing blast of Euroclydon chills and stupifies him with his biting hail? Can we, the heirs of millenniums of successive civilisations, wonder if, with so terrible a spectacle before our primal forefathers, they should have instinctively recognised these two opposing principles at work—the one so radiantly beautiful, so revivifying in its matutinal splendour and peaceful in its nocturnal repose, then all this calm suddenly changed into conflict, dismay, and de-

struction—in very truth, appearing as the work of devils to the terrified race ?

Once impressed with the stupendous potency of this seemingly malign power, the whole succeeding superstructure of evil and its origin is of comparatively easy belief ; and as man progressed from the savage to the barbarous stage, a profound belief in, and propitiation of, these infernal agencies was inevitable. What were these propitiatory sacrifices we read of but the divinest part of humanity trying to overcome evil with good, the positive principle overruling the negative ? Rude, and often brutal, as the sacrifices were, we here clearly perceive the underlying principle at work, the grand motive which prompted the “*why* they did it.” For, bear in mind, all Biblical and allegorical myths of antiquity must be read by the *spirit*, and not by the letter. Instruction in astrology, theology, philosophy, and in medicine was invariably conveyed, or wrapt up, in allegory. Therefore, to find out the origin of evil, we must not look for its source or explanation either in the Bible or in “*Paradise Lost*”—great and good as both these are ; but in the wide domain of nature, and in man himself. In nature we see the sunshine and the shade, the tempest and the calm, and in man we perceive the same principles at work ; we have both moral and social revolution going on—the cycle and epicycle repeating themselves—the ebb and flow. Explain and theorise as we may, the dual principles are eternal, and only change their time, shape, and name. The ancients believed in the golden age, which they represented as an age of unmixed good—an age of perfect harmony and peace ; but, might we add, of no progression—an age, or cycle of time which was rounded, finished, in fact. Poets sung hymns in praise of this blissful time, and deplored its end ; for after the golden age came that of silver, which was a time of mixed good and evil—an age of education, of experience—an age of thought, of action, and consequently of progress. Following the silver age in succession came the brazen epoch, which, to our perception of the meaning, ushers in the dawn of mechanical ingenuity—an inventive age, an age of architectural development, where the matured thought of the preceding was fully realised, where the sublimest conceptions of the human soul became embodied in stone, and graven on marble. We people of to-day live in the iron age. And our genius has drawn the lightning from the cloud to become our sure-footed Mercury, to transmit our messages to the ends of the earth—to tunnel our mountains and unite vast continents—to annihilate space. Our feats in engineering, we have every reason to believe, never have been rivalled by any nation of antiquity.

So much then as to the origin of evil. Correctly speaking there is no evil, and the principle thus denominated would never have an adverse influence were man so far advanced in the scale of being as to obey implicitly the natural laws which govern himself and the world he inhabits. Only does the negative pole assume an antagonistic position when the ego of selfhood unduly predomi-

nates. Then the conflict begins—the moral equipoise is deranged—the harmonious balance destroyed—and in Humanity's instinctive desire to right herself, revolutions ensue. The tempest is necessary, and it comes.

Study the world's history from its earliest chronicles, look deeper beneath the surface than its battles, its victories, its defeats, and successes. Empires have risen into splendour and died in senile decay, and in each case the eternal Ego, in its good or evil form, has been the arch cause. Prophets, priests, and kings have been its disciples and exponents, history records their works. Where is the evil of the last millennium? Who knows? Can we find it to-day? Has it not become the very highest good of our own day? Evil is the world's pioneer; a reformer, a civiliser, and a teacher because it gives experience, and experience gives knowledge; knowledge gives power, and power the position to confer benefits and raise mankind; to enlighten his mind, to create within a new heart that is to implant the spirit of the beautiful and sublime in his soul; to bring him nearer to his heavenly home and loving Father.

CONCERNING A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.

By F. CLAVAIROZ.

Translated from the French by J. H. Gledstones.

BOSSUET has said, "Man works and struggles, and God leads him." It is fortunate for man that he is so led, for assuredly more troublous times have never been seen, when falling rubbish is knocking violently against tottering ruins, and society, out of its perpendicular, clearly perceives that its foundation, hitherto considered firm, must now be changed. We are assisting at the incubation of a number of contrary opinions (all having the pretention to symbolise a new truth) which are to replace a belief imposed by force and accepted by ignorance. Is it, then, a matter of astonishment that men's minds are troubled with doubt, and that the old dogmatic edifices are cracking preparatory to falling to pieces under the weight of the present phenomena with their logical deductions?

The day for social reconstruction does not seem yet to have arrived, there is so much to be first cleared away. Nevertheless, observant men are picking up some of the waifs of the past and collecting materials for the new temple wherein Reason inspired by God will hold supreme sway. It may have been thought that humanity was about to sink under the materialistic wave which was rolling with increasing force upon it from all parts of the horizon; but let us take comfort, for humanity is immortal, and God is leading it to happiness. So, in the midst of this glorification of matter, Spiritualism has appeared as a life-boat to cross the yawning gulf. While discoveries in science have marked this century with a stamp of ineffaceable grandeur, humble individuals—divine inter-

mediaries—have performed more astonishing prodigies by the sole power of prayer to the supreme humiliation of this arrogant science, as powerless to produce as to explain these miracles. This power on the one hand, and this inability on the other, spring from the great law of action and re-action which governs nature and which appears to be one of the pivots of universal life. God being one, it is perceived in all that emanates from Him, from the atom to immensity. Matter, like spirit, is a modality of that unity, and is also a part of God. Matter, like spirit, also, is increate and eternal, each possessing its own peculiar life, impulsion and irresistible energies. Matter is the instrument of divine action, the manifestation of God's thought. It represents the feminine passive element, while spirit represents the active masculine one.* Nothing exists without their union, and everything lives by their mutual effort.

But although these two energies are equally part of God, they have each a separate mission as shown by their different faculties. They are connected by a universal law, common to every thing that lives, viz., the aspiration to complete development. Expansion is the centre of attraction to them both, and humanity, which is formed after God's image, in whom are combined these two elements, is subject to the double impulsion indispensable to its progress. History records this remarkable alternation. The refinement of societies invariably ends in the predominance of matter over spirit; then at the culminating point of its expansion a catastrophe happens which casts down matter from its proud position, and makes way for the spiritual element which, in its turn, then ascends a step. It is thus (to confine myself to a single example) that the spirituality of Jesus shone upon the earth, at the required time, to save humanity which was imbued in a belief in annihilation. Then, as to-day, the established religions were sapped by doubt, turned into ridicule by science, and publicly denied by the bold. Material enjoyment, selfish pleasure deified, had absorbed every other sentiment. What is called corruption of manners, mental debasement, is nothing else than the unfoldment of sense superseding mind, which seems annihilated. This is the inevitable consequence of the separation of these two elements, and if this separation were to continue its divergent course the unity would disappear. But divine law presides over the destinies of the universe, and the hour of reaction always strikes at the right moment.

An unrecognised prophet is born of obscure parents; the fact of his existence is unknown beyond the borders of a small country; his death is but an ordinary event without apparent importance or significance, and yet from his tomb his fame resounds, and a shining light proceeds, whose growing gleam mounts to heaven—resplendent beacon—whose rays transform the world and permit regenerated humanity to raise itself to the level where it is to-day.

The birth of Jesus, then, is the prophetic date when matter

* Mrs. Tappan indicates this in her invocations to God—*Father and Mother*.
—*Translator*.

having accomplished one of its evolutions, must descend to an inferior rôle, and leave to spirit the supremacy of souls. It is to be observed that the effort is never simultaneous. One would think that humanity had not sufficient breath for this double ascension, and that it is obliged alternately to concentrate all its energies to bring successively to the same point the two modalities of which it is formed.

During long ages after Jesus the history of Christianity and Humanity is blended. The work is all spiritual, and progress begins in earnest. Slavery ceases to be a natural law; woman, although slowly, rises from the bondage which the ancient code imposed on her.

A new sentiment, that of equality, springs from the baptism which consecrates them to God. *Solidarity*, the herald of the realisation of the evangelic word, dawns here and there; and although its germs are choked by the invasion of the contrary reaction, it is none the less doomed to become the pivot of future regeneration. Judicial decisions have replaced appeal to arms. Everywhere, since Jesus, the action of spirit is felt penetrating humanity for its revivification. But in its bound it overshoots the mark, and, ignorant of the great law of which it is but an agent, spirit execrates matter, whose rôle it does not understand, and rebels against all its manifestations.

Spirit, in its turn, had accomplished the cycle reserved for its energy. It had caused humanity to ascend the destined step, and the law of alternation was about to take off the preponderance, in order that the material element might, in its turn, freely unfold itself. Indeed, we see it percolating all human combinations, turning man's attention towards the useful and practical; while despising the ideal, it attains the greatest social height, and shines with an unwonted halo. This century, the product of the efforts of its predecessors, is the unfoldment of the glory of the material element. Science seeks, sounds, probes, discovers. Sensual enjoyment and selfish well-being increase, and are participated in by the masses, who hitherto have been disinherited. What necessity is there for God, when the brain discovers steam and electricity? What necessity for prayer, when the mind combines and the hand executes? Count the useful labours for material development—behold the striking wonders for the transformation of the globe! See, on the other hand, the division, the degeneration of established religions, the doubt that gnaws and the passions that tear them, and then compare the majestic calm of nature (accomplishing its work by the sole force and innate energy of which it is composed) with the childish utopia which, claiming God's authority to do so, stupifies men, and renders them the slaves of dogmas which they do not understand, and for which they kill one another.

This language announces the culminating point of the material cycle. Science, which represents it, denies God because the senses are unable to discover him. Spirit is about to take a signal revenge. Now is its turn to guide the world; but as matter is an

instrument of manifestation, and as spirit has been purifying itself during the period of incubation which has been imposed upon it by the law of alternation, instead of execrating matter as before, it now blesses it, and draws from it the necessary elements to bring to God the souls ready to abandon him.

The present evolution may be called *the proof of God*. Hitherto sentiment and logic—leaving aside revelation, which implies servitude to the soul that bows to it—were the arms which spirit used. But humanity has moved on. Material evolution has, without knowing it, accumulated rich discoveries, which spirit intends to use. Revelling in its expansion, matter has ignored everything beyond itself; and now from its arsenal, spirit means to borrow its arms, and it is by material means that it intends to prove its existence.

Newton had discovered gravitation; spirit shows centrifugal law, the ascent and movement through space of solid bodies. Franklin, by his application of electricity, had opened the miraculous road for the transmission of thought upon the globe. Spirit puts in movement invisible electricity a thousand times superior. It goes and comes again in a few seconds, laughs at distance and temperature, and gives the most intimate and precise details, and the most faithful messages. A spirit carries a photograph (*vide Medium*, Feb. 6th, 1874) into a circle of adepts, he takes it again, cuts it in two, puts it into an envelope, on which he writes the address, and sends it with a letter written by himself from England to America, where it arrives duly stamped, thereby showing that it had passed through the post. There we have a series of material manipulations of which there is indisputable proof were all performed by a spirit.

The savans parade their knowledge of therapeutics and chemistry; every day they announce the discovery of some new substance, unknown before they found it. But disease laughs at doctors, and dark mystery disconcerts the materialistic investigators at every step.

During this scientific eclipse the unlearned—children, well-meaning souls—inspired from on high, cure the most pertinacious maladies, set at nought medical condemnations, and open a boundless horizon to the health of man. Spirits decompose and recombine matter, render solid bodies fluidic, carry them where they choose, and instantly close the parts of a material substance through which they pass.

Before such manifestations science (not being able to ascribe them to miracle) is silent, or takes refuge in denial. Childish denial and ignominious silence, a double proof of its impotence. But the day is at hand when the accumulation of the irresistible phenomena which are being produced upon the whole surface of the globe will become so overpowering, so majestic, so radiant, that materialistic science, defied and vanquished, will have to acknowledge its failure. This day will be the first of the onward march of spirit in the evolutions reserved for it, and human intelligence, divinely impregnated with inspired fluid, will rise a step in the infinite ascent of which God makes the summit.

Matter has endeavoured to govern the world, and now spirit revenges itself by taking to itself the direction of the world with the aid of matter.

One of the marvels of our age is doubtless the discovery of the property possessed by solar rays to print images. The spirits have used this power as a *machine à conviction*. They have determined to prove their power of materialisation, and everywhere photographic mediums arise whom the spirits favour with their presence.

The super-terrestrial world is the counterpart of ours. Its inhabitants have carried hence their tendencies, their habits, their tastes. We must not, then, be astonished that they occupy themselves with human discoveries, and that they take advantage of photography to present their incarnate friends with a lasting *souvenir* of their affection. Giafferro,* the faithful soul who has been my constant companion for the last five years, and of whom I have already spoken several times, said to me one day, "Clementina (that is his wife's name) and I wish to be photographed for you. Make an appointment in London, let us know the day and the hour, and we will try.

Difficulties having arisen, my worthy friend, Mr. Gledstanes, suggested that I should make use of the mediumship of M. Buguet, a powerful spirit photographer in Paris. I agreed, but Giafferro made some conditions to ensure success. He demanded the presence of three mediums and ten minutes' exposure of the plate. The first condition could never be complied with. Three séances were held, spirits were photographed, but not Giafferro and Clementina.

The resemblance of the two worlds is certainly one of the most interesting questions to study. The certainty of this forcibly leads to the conviction of the continuance of our individuality after death. Now, we have hitherto had it unanimously asserted that all communications received are from souls who have left the earth. The logic of good sense teaches us that intelligence which thinks like us, which perceives like us, must proceed from beings like ourselves. Experience shows us that the manifestation is in direct *rapport* with the faculties of the organ. Races, whose brain differs, differ equally in their mode of perception and expression. The similarity of the mode of manifestation is a proof of the similarity of the organ. The reason why spirits perceive and express themselves like us is because they are furnished with organs essentially like ours, although the elements of which they are composed may be differently combined. These data receive a new light from a knowledge of the private life of the invisibles. We see in the first place a remarkable persistence in their tendencies, a lapse of time which appears to us extreme is necessary to bring about the slightest modification. We can then remark a singular

* For a full account of this spirit see "History of a Spiritualist," by the same author, in *Human Nature*, vol. vi.

impulse which induces them to occupy themselves about our life and existence. It is not only affection that influences them to aid us in the onward march, for the partially purified understand that the work of material elimination is as profitable to them as to us. The great mass are attracted to earth by an instinct which prevents them from rising. The spirits whom death has surprised in an advanced state of dematerialisation escape from this attraction, and they are out of the reach of our evocations. They go where God sends them.

These reflections are suggested to me by the spectacle—certainly touching—of two spirits endeavouring to give those they love not so much a proof of their identity, as a mark of their affection. It appears to them that the feeling one has for them will be vivified by the contemplation of that which they were; by a specialisation of their being, and so they are desirous to have recourse to human inventions.

Now, it is necessary to state that Giafferro had presented to us a spirit called Alfonso Brunetti, of Turin, formerly a great friend of Cavour. This spirit, good but frivolous, appears not to have changed his way of life. He was a buffoon, and a good liver, who avoided serious conversations, and declared that he lived and died laughing. Formerly a military man, he still retained the frankness and roughness of that class. The inclinations of his past life remained with him in his changed condition, and, as upon earth, the serious side of things was unbearable to him. This mixture of qualities appeared to Giafferro to provide the necessary state of materialisation to bring about the result he desired, so he applied to him for help in collecting the molecules and affecting the condensation required in order to animate the plate. Nevertheless, there was no success. I called Alfonso, and asked him the reason. Here is his answer—"The currents did not combine properly, and this was an obstacle. I should, however, have surmounted this difficulty, but for the state of our friend Giafferro. Impossible to obtain complete condensation. As fast as I materialised one side to produce his original form, the other became decomposed; when the face was prepared I had the intention of putting a beard to it; but he vehemently objected, and this caused the disintegration of all my molecules. It was the same with Clementina, who is so fluidic that I could not succeed with her; besides, she knows nothing about chemical combinations. The next time we will materialise the head only."

I may be allowed, in relating this history, to remark that the material state of the spirit's envelope appears to be an important consideration in the possibility of condensation. Clementina is more purified than her husband, and so Alfonso finds a greater difficulty with her than with Giafferro, whose fluidic state is also too advanced. It follows, then, that it is only possible to photograph spirits whose fluidic bodies are still impregnated with material vapour sufficiently intense to serve for the combinations necessary to be impressed on the plate. It can only be spirits of

an inferior order, or those not entirely disengaged from matter, who can thus be photographed. A similar observation, perhaps, may be applied to spirits who manifest themselves as apparitions. The state of their fluidic bodies permits the chemical manipulations necessary for the image, and this must prevent spirits from a high order from coming. What confirms this is that superior spiritual intelligences exhibit the greatest contempt for all physical manifestations, only attaching importance to moral teaching and manifestations.

To return to my photograph.

Some other sêances did not succeed better. With Mr. Gledstanes appeared an old man, and at a second attempt a charming young lady, neither being recognized: but there was no sign of Giafferro or Clementina, who were disconsolate.

Mr. Gledstanes thinking that his fluid attracted only spirits sympathetic to him proposed to photograph my *carte-de-visite*, and informed me of the arrangement. Giafferro and Clementina accepted this proposal with joy, and the latter undertook to prepare the chemical ingredients necessary for the operation. I was forbidden to speak of this to Alfonso, who, they were afraid, would play them some trick: they said they would perform the operation by themselves. I trembled when, two days before the proposed sêance, Alfonso suddenly said to us, "Giafferro and his wife have intended to deceive me; but I know all, and they shall pay for it."

The trial took place: a spirit covered with a veil, with bright eyes, energetic features, and flowing beard, has his hand on my photograph, which any one may see at Mr. Burns's.

I showed it to Giafferro as soon as I received it, when he exclaimed, "It is Alfonso! the thief! the wretch! We had scarcely arrived at the photographer's, when he joined us, and, under the pretext of helping us, he took charge of the entire manipulation. He stole our fluid and all the molecules he had gathered, and it is *his* portrait that you have before you."

So then, to sum up this curious history, we see spirits employing their time like us. Some more purified, like Giafferro and Clementina, have charitable missions to fulfil—the former practises medicine for the benefit of the living, while his wife assists at the departure of souls from this world, consoling and fortifying them, and facilitating the always critical transition. She prepares them during forty days for the reception of that light which is to guide them in their new existence.*

Others more material, like Alfonso, only find in the phenomena they produce a source of amusement. Unable to do harm, they are equally incapable of doing the good they might if they chose. The more we examine into this superior world, the more we find it

* It is curious to observe this number of forty days, which corresponds exactly with the period generally necessary for the newly-born before they perceive objects.—*Translator*.

analagous to the one in which we live. This resemblance is complete in the case of spirits recently departed or little dematerialised, showing us again how slowly all progress takes place. This might discourage us did not we behold (far different to these stationary spirits) the purified of all gradations like a hope-inspiring beacon, whose ascending column starts from man, and leads to God, thus marking with their glory the route still so obscure that we have to travel.

TO INVESTIGATORS OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

THE longer I live the more clearly I see that the maxim of Jesus, concerning *little children*, affords the only safe rule by which investigators of the phenomena that occur through spirit-mediums can arrive at satisfactory results. Next to pharisaical spiritual pride, the pride of intellect, and that which too often attaches to superficial or mere mechanical learning, offer the most impenetrable barriers to the acquisition of spiritual knowledge, especially if they be coupled with contemptuous feelings toward the medium, and, above all, with spiteful suspicions of their honesty. In the early stages of my investigations, I confess that I was very much addicted to suspicions of this kind, and so long as I indulged in them I obtained but little satisfaction. My constant desire was to obtain *tests*, which I *somehow* fancied I had a right to demand, like the Pharisees of old, rather than thankfully receive, in the spirit of the little child, as a free gift. Whilst in this state of mind I seldom received much that was satisfactory. Finally, through what I learned from multitudes of mediumistic experiences, and the forbearance and kindly reproofs and teachings of my spirit friends that I was so spitefully treating (though, perhaps, unconsciously), I was gradually led to adopt a course more in harmony with that laid down by the great teacher of spiritual truth, Jesus of Nazareth, and to superadd to this a line of conduct in my investigations, something like what may be gathered from an early maxim of the Calvinistic churches, viz., "That, in order to be saved, we must first become willing to be damned." Or, in other words, when applied to Spiritualism, in order to get the truth an investigator must first become willing to be cheated. Under this change of procedure, I was soon made to understand how infinitely the "wisdom of babes" exceeds that of the *wise*, conceited man in what relates to the acquisition of truth. No longer asking for tests, but willing to receive, in the spirit of the little child, whatever might come, unmistakeable tests were now showered upon me by the score, and almost always at seasons when I least expected them, for then (the water in the well was least disturbed) the negative conditions of the medium's mind were least psychologised or influenced by the positive *thoughts* or demands reflected from my own. Willing to be *cheated* for the *truth's* sake, I soon learned that a vast proportion of the tricks and frauds that I had hitherto charged upon the poor, sensitive medium had either been reflected from the mundane sphere, or attracted

from the spiritual by the elements that existed in my own or other minds in the circle. No longer making pharisaical demands, the very gates of Paradise seemed opened, and gems of spiritual truth, surpassing in beauty and loveliness all that my soul had ever dreamed of before, were superabundantly reflected to my material vision from the mediumistic minds, now no longer disturbed by the impatience, doubt, distrust, or lack of sympathy that had formerly found place in and been reflected from my own.—*Thos. R. Hazard.*

MR. CROOKES'S NOTES ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE sensation will not be readily forgotten which was caused by the appearance, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for January, of Mr. Crookes's "Notes of an Inquiry into the Phenomena called Spiritualism during the years 1870-3. Extra impressions of the *Quarterly Journal* were quickly exhausted, and ultimately the testimony of Mr. Crookes appeared in a separate form. This also was extremely popular; and now we have pleasure in announcing a new edition, issued by the Spiritual Institution, on which Mr. Crookes has been so kind as to confer the privilege of republishing his various treatises on Spiritualism. The edition before us forms Part III. of the series, two of which have been already offered to the readers of *Human Nature* as premium publications. It is, however, enlarged by the addition of three very valuable letters, which appeared in the weekly papers during the course of Mr. Crookes's experiments with Miss Cook, in the early part of the year. The letters are respectively entitled—"Miss Florence Cook's Mediumship;" "Spirit Forms;" and "The Last of Katie King; the Photographing of Katie King by the aid of the Electric Light."

No stronger testimony to the phenomena of Spiritualism in their most wonderful forms could be furnished than that given by Mr. Crookes in this work. It has long been looked for in a cheap and popular form; and now that it is placed in the hands of the friends of Spiritualism at a nominal price, it will, no doubt, be extensively used to extend a knowledge of these new facts, by Mr. Crookes's testimony elevated to a position of scientific importance.

The work is published at 1s., but arrangements will be made for supplying the friends of the cause at a much reduced price. With this Number of *Human Nature* a specimen copy is offered for 4d.; post free, 5d. Parts I. and II. are now in print.

NATURAL RELIGION.—Come quietly away with me, and we will walk up and down the narrow path, by the sweet-briar hedge; and, as we listen to the low song of the blackbird, the fresh air will cool our aching brows, and we shall find comfort. In these things, fresh air and the bird's song, and the fragrance of the lovely flowers, God has given a blessing; like sleep, they are His medicines—"balm of sweet minds." We will walk to and fro under the shade of those elms, and we will be calm; bitter recollections shall be made sweet by the thoughts of His mercies; and, in the midst of the sorrows we have in our hearts, His comforts shall refresh our souls, and our minds shall be stored with many thoughts, sweet, like the perfume of these flowers.

L I F E .

The winter's gone, and carried in his train
 The biting wind which bound the glowing streams,
 And turned the falling tears upon the trees
 To icy drops. The tender roots that bud
 Beneath the frosted snow now sally forth
 To hail with welcomes glad the new born spring,
 Whose birth's proclaimed in universal strains
 By all the children fair of mother earth.
 The meadows wear their newest shades of green,
 And peeping up between the em'rald blades,
 Ready to catch on outspread leaves her breath,
 Are tiny cups of gold. The stately oak
 In homage bends before the virgin fair ;
 And at her touch the budding leaves burst forth,
 And cover with their fresh young life the trees.
 The turf beneath so calm and shady is,
 That e'en a passing violet has been coaxed
 To rest upon the dewy grass, and waits
 In perfumed dress of blue the spirit bright
 Nearing with tripping feet her cool retreats.
 Sweet flow'rets spring where'er her light foot falls,
 And ope their gentle eyes at her soft call ;
 And as she bends above the petals gay,
 Her breath is wafted deep into their hearts,
 And there remains, to fill, when she has gone,
 With fragrance sweet the balmy air around.
 The brook leaps on refreshed by the long sleep,
 And rouses with its talk the slumb'ring woods ;
 And with a mocking laugh flees far away,
 To lave the hilly slope with crystal dew.
 Beside the sparkling stream a maiden sits,
 And in her arms a lovely infant holds ;
 His chubby hands are buried in her hair,
 Loosed from its azure band in merry play,
 And in its stead a daisy chain supports
 Her tresses brown. The blossom's gentle eyes
 Watch, with a tender smile, the joyous child ;
 His lips are parted in a gleeful laugh,
 That rings out clear as chime of fairy bells ;
 His dimpled cheeks are flushed a rosy red,
 As, gaily tossed upon her knee, he tries
 To catch the flies that soar above his reach.
 The grassy bank, sprinkled with tiny flowers ;
 The rippling brook, whose waters hide the fish
 That sport among the reeds ; the whisp'ring trees,
 Whose heads are crowned with leaves of tender green ;
 The laughing babe, whose limbs are full of health ;
 The pretty nurse, who chides with loving speech
 The noisy romping of her happy charge—
 All speak of life, when in its first young rays
 It gilds with gold the dream of youthful days.

D E A T H .

The house is still, the blinds are closely drawn
 To shut the light of day from out the rooms ;
 The oaken walls are draped in clouds of black,
 As if they, too, the feeling shared of grief.

A harp, whose trembling strings made warblings sweet
Beneath her touch, stands voiceless, where she sat
And carolled forth her hymns of praise. The books
Bear still her markers on the unturned page.
The flowers that grace the stand of marble, droop,
As though they missed the hand that plucked dead leaves,
And poured the clear and limpid water-drops
Upon their thirsty roots. Where'er you turn,
Her presence still is felt. The music sheet,
Left open on the rest, speaks of that voice
Whose waves of song will echo never more
In witching strains upon material plane.
In yonder chamber dark, reclines the dead—
Yet lovely, though the gem within has fled.
The marble form is draped in garments pure
Of snowy white, which fall across the limbs
In graceful folds. The slender hands are laid
Upon the breast, and taper fingers clasp
The snow-drops sweet and glossy leaves placed there.
She ever loved the first-born flowers of spring,
And they have brought the pure and tender buds
To deck her body for the chilly grave.
The golden hair is parted on the brow,
And falls in rippling tresses down her neck ;
A pale camellia nestles in the curls,
As though content to pass its fading life
Amidst that shining crown. The deep fringed lids
Droop on the cheek, tinted with palest pinks,
From whence the witching dimples quickly sped
At death's cold touch. The lips just ope'd in smiles
Reveal the pearls beneath. So beautiful
The girlish form, that one might almost say,
As did the Master great, in days long past,
"She is not dead, but sleepeth."
But, ah ! she ne'er will gladden in this life
Her parents' hearts. In a more perfect form,
Unseen, but not unfelt, she seeks her home ;
And who will mete the comfort she can bring
To grieving friends ? When anguish fills the breast,
A hand steals gently o'er the mother's brow,
And tender whispers linger in her ears ;
She cannot tell what soothes her aching heart,
And why the storm of grief's so quickly lulled ;
She does not see the spirit bright beside,
Performing still the loving, duteous work
From which she was recalled.

London.

EMMA C. BICKELL.