

HUMAN NATURE:

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DECEMBER, 1875.

ANOTHER YEAR'S MEADOW-SWEET.*

By GEORGE BARLOW, author of "*Under the Dawn*," &c.

"Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter, which we in our ignorance—and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator—have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life. . . . And if, still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith, . . . in opposition to all the restrictions of Materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the knowing faculties, may be called the creative faculties of man. Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past."—*Professor Tyndall's address at the meeting of the British Association, as reported in the "Daily Telegraph" for August 23, 1874.*

YESTERDAY, through the silent woods I walked
Where once Love sang and sunned himself and talked,
And I beheld white flowers of meadow-sweet,
Like those which clustered round my fair love's feet
Five years ago—as white and soft and fair
As those which then I gathered for her hair,
Crowning her bright brown locks with ferns as well.
Swift thoughts seethed through me that I may not tell;
But of this one thing I was keenly aware—
No blossom of that meadow-sweet was there.

Introduction.
The speech
and the
sadness of
the flowers.

No blossom of the former meadow-sweet
Now curled lithe scented branches round my feet;
No face now met me that I loved or knew;
Yet flowers and faces many came in view.

No former
blossoms, nor
faces.

* This poem is intended to exhibit the more beautiful and imaginative side of modern scientific teaching; which is hardly yet apprehended by the general religious thought of the day. It is not intended for a complete poem: its clear but sad outline needs to be filled in and enriched by the produce of the spiritual sense. It does not pretend to do more than express one side of thought; the deficiencies in which side can be detected the more readily the more amply and fearlessly it is expressed. No reserve in expression tends to noble caution in action: over-reserve in speech to undue impetuosity in act.

[It is not to be supposed that this poem expresses either the personal senti-

The mournful
voice of
Nature.

No conscious
God. Man
has toiled into
consciousness
by upward
struggle
through lower
forms: the
only God
besides
himself is the
unconscious
but formative
spirit of Fate.
He is the
supreme
self-conscious,
intelligent,
and moral,
result of the
workings of

Where we once wandered, other lovers walked;
Where we once whispered, youths and maidens talked;
The music and the pleasures of our past
Are given to others: shall their glory last?
Not so—the hollow ocean seemed to say:
Not so—was echoed loud from every spray
By robins (not the robins who adorned
The bower where love was mad, and love was scorned):
Not so—the simple meadow-sweet did sign:
Not so—laughed yellow wanton eglantine:
Not so—the pale wild roses in the hedge:
Not so—the willows and the gleaming sedge:
Not so—the wandering waters, and the moon,
Still playing in heaven that marvellous soft tune:
Not so—the swallows fluttering in the blue:—
Rather (they said) all loves and gods are new.

There is no conscious God above the race;
No bright skies show the likeness of his face;
The sceptre of Jehovah doth descend,
And with this God all deities see their end.
Outside our souls no lordly God respires,
Heard in the thunder, seen in glittering fires
Of lightning: only our whispering selves we hear,
And only our own selves we seek and fear.
We are God. When once a man has reached the goal,
And stood before his own uncovered soul,
Seeing from the beginning how that soul began
In widespread flame that was to be a man,
Then slowly gathered clear consistent form,
And, hurled through many a change and many a storm
Of red tempestuous molten matter, burst
Into a conscious essence, dim at first,
But slowly, as the slow dim ages crept

ments of the author or of the editor of *Human Nature*. It is intended as a poetical summary of the scientific philosophy of the age, with its attendant atheism, materialism, and sensuousness. That it is a true picture few will doubt, and, as the author expresses it, a "sad" one. Yet it pushes the materialist's position to conclusions which the cold diction of the essayist fails to reach. With the warm enthusiasm of the poet, the author makes a God, a religion, a morality, and an individual aim out of the matter so desperate and repellant as to show up to all the incompleteness of the materialistic form of thought. It remains to be seen whether the school thus dressed in the garb of verse will thank the poet or denounce him. Since "Holy Willie's Prayer" was written there have been few satires so exhaustive. But another view of the situation may be taken: this sensuous physical passion of the hour, with its godless night of despair, is, in plain fact, the condition of the great body of mankind unless illuminated with the light of Spiritual inspiration. This thought ought to impel all true anthropologists and lovers of truth and of mankind to labour more earnestly than ever to teach those higher views of man's existence which tend to elevate his aims and extend the sphere of his happiness. The Poem is true of man on the material plane, and therefore defective as a perfect picture of man when viewed in the whole as a spiritual as well as a physical being.—Ed. H. N.]

Onward, and many suns arose and slept,
 Widening its power, until the conscious man
 Stood forth, live, godlike—weary still and wan
 With the long struggle into conscious life,
 Sweat-stained from this his immemorial strife,
 Hot with the breath of serpents, damp with dew,
 Sweet with the breath of roses and the hue
 Of many trees through which his spirit was passed,
 Till it sprang forth the spirit of man at last—
 When once a man has reached the goal, and sees
 His past life swept before him on the breeze
 Of memory, like a panorama fair
 Expanded on the quiet summer air,
 Himself the centre, and his spirit alone
 The live God sitting upon the ages' throne,
 Then is there no more need that he create
 A God in his own image: God is fate.
 The unconscious Fate by which the ages ran
 Their silent course, to emerge in vocal man—
 The unconscious Fate by which the rivers leap
 With silver wings adown each glimmering steep—
 The unconscious Fate by which the seas are bound,
 By whose laws they give forth one tidal sound—
 The Fate which rules the grass upon the hills,
 And every white cascade of foaming rills,—
 This Fate is God—unconscious till in man,
 Reaching its ultimate and highest span,
 It shines for ever as a conscious king.
 This God I am; this lofty God I sing;
 This God thou art, O reader of these lines,
 If thou wilt note the inevitable signs
 That mark the progress of the ages to
 The vision of God which is not false but true.
 At last we have the truth: dark God recedes;
 On the last altar the last victim bleeds;
 The last church gathers with dull hymn and psalm;
 The last priest lifts a ministerial palm;
 The last sad woman lifts to God a cry
 Most dolorous—asking that he may not die.

Lo! it is done: man stands alone at last.
 The age of prayer is ended: doubt is past.
 We need not cry, for there is none to hear.
 There is no listening and tender ear
 In the heavens; no self-conscious God is there
 To gather up and answer groans and prayer.

The bright blue shines without a shadow now;
 No God with his imperial starry brow
 Divides it. Tyranny and fear are o'er;
 The last shrine falls and crumbles on the shore.

this spirit,
 carried on
 through
 dateless ages.

The dénouement.

The shadow-
 less, godless
 sky. The end
 of fear and
 tyranny.

If immortality exists for each,
 It is by some transfiguring of speech
 And feature—'tis by some transcendent growth,
 That lifts us higher than the past we loathe.
 It is by some new power that shall descend
 On noble souls and bodies in the end—
 Some fresh access of force that shall expand
 Us into gods of sea and sky and land,
 Lifting us higher than God, who failed and fell.
 With all souls in some fashion it shall be well,
 For, now that man is strong, self-conscious Lord,
 He rules by love, and snaps Jehovah's sword.

The thoughts
 the new
 flowers
 brought.

Such thoughts the simple meadow-sweet brought nigh;
 Such dreams took form beneath that summer sky;
 Such sadness lurked within the dainty flowers,
 And peeped from woven honeysuckle bowers,
 And loitered in green avenues of the woods;—
 The golden, glorious corn-fields stretched for roods—
 The purple heather flamed upon the hills—
 The white foam-bubbles wantoned down the rills—
 All was to outward seeming as of yore—
 Yet not one flower of these was here before.

What is left?

I could not but in pain and terror ask—
 Now that man's strong hand tears aside Life's mask;
 Now that we see our features underneath,
 And no God hidden in reverential sheath
 Of self-made awe, contributed by souls
 O'er whom the agony of the ages rolls
 —Souls pious and sublime; now that we see
 Ourselves the only God in verity—
 Ourselves the sole inhabitants of heaven;
 Now that the armies of the Lord are driven
 Aside by the yet stronger armies raised
 By Thought—what hope is left? who shall be praised?

Who shall be
 praised?

Who shall be praised of all the sons of men?
 What altars shall we build on hill or glen?
 To whom shall we in terror and sadness turn,
 If fierce advancing Thought aside must spurn
 The ancient temple where the Lord of hosts
 Sat rigidly triumphant? Only ghosts
 Inhabit this once-glorious temple now—
 So saith King Science, with victorious brow—
 Only the ghosts of lovely gods of Greece,
 Only the shades of goddesses who cease
 To walk with living lustre on the earth,
 Now that the new sweet Goddess yearns at the birth.

Where are the
 spirits of the
 innumerable
 dead?

Woman is this new Goddess: man is God;
 Destined to wield a merciful pure rod—
 But where are all the human spirits who ran

Like specks across Life's light since Life began !
 Where—where is Dante ? where is Petrarch ? where
 Are Laura, Beatrice, Helen, whose soft hair
 And snow-white bosom led a world astray ;—
 Yea, where are all the queens of yesterday ?
 Are we compelled, now that God is destroyed,
 To yield up all the hopes we once enjoyed ?
 If no bright sceptre of a Personal King
 Flames in the ether—what is there to sing ?
 What glories to record beyond our own ?
 What hint of any vast eternal throne
 To solemnize in music ? or shall we
 Sink under foul annihilation's sea ?

Do we but last a summer, like the meet
 White crowns of clustering waving meadow-sweet ?
 Will lovers tread upon our graves and laugh,
 And we know nothing, as their red mouths quaff
 Nectar from living lips ? is this the end—
 Towards this cold hopeless faith do the ages tend ?

If this be so, how sad and yet how fair
 Is every breath we inhale of summer air :
 How lovely is each petal of pale flowers,
 Seeing that each petal's life we count by hours :
 How brilliant should the utter embrace of soul
 Be to each loved one—seeing that 'tis the whole !
 Seeing that no heaven shall follow bringing straight
 The crooked things that found untoward fate—
 Seeing that there is indeed no heaven at all
 Save that which each man makes—for past skies fall ;
 Seeing that the utter embrace of woman and man
 Is heaven—the only heaven since heaven began ;
 Seeing that there never is a second kiss,
 Nor any increase of insufficient bliss ;
 Seeing that the sacred thrills that lovers know
 When manly bosom meets a breast of snow
 Are perfect—and the craving for more fruit
 Of love is in itself leaf, blossom, and root
 Of passion's tree ; seeing that each purpose brings
 Its own reward, and sinks among dead things ;
 Seeing that the hope of further kisses, when
 Love's lips dissatisfied with seven or ten
 Yearn for remoter joys of sweet desire,
 Is in itself fulfilment of its fire.

The hope of heaven is heaven ; the thought of joy
 Is that same pleasure perfect from alloy :
 Anticipation is its own reward—
 The sense of God is verily God and Lord.

Then where is Christ ? where art thou, noble soul,
 O'er whom the billows of our longing roll—

Only a
 summer !

If this be so,
 how splendid
 is the short
 visible life !

The hope of
 joy and heaven
 is, on this
 theory, the
 nearest ap-
 proach to the
 fact.

Most of all,—
where is
Christ?

Art thou in us? what consciousness remains
In thy spent body and sundered bleeding veins?
None, we are sure; for body and veins have past
Into the fire of earth and breath o' the blast
Of circling storms; what glory of Christ is left?
What flower of personal feeling in the cleft
Of Death still blooms, as if around my feet
I marked with wonder last year's meadow-sweet?

The new sure
hope, based
upon experi-
ence; not upon
signs and
wonders.

We cannot tell: but past experience shows
That not a petal flutters from a rose,
That not a lily's leaf doth e'er descend
Without some worthy and eternal end.
Marking, in history, the steady sway
Of greating Intellect from day to day;
Marking the assured triumphant path of Art
And the superber triumph of the heart
Of man—we hope the individual soul
Shall also reach some glad majestic goal.

Having such
hope, we have
God's secrets
open to us.

Such hope is ours: now God's white limbs are cast
Along the bitter and autumnal blast
Of this our bitter century which devours
The limbs of gods as winter slays the flowers—
Now that we pray no longer save by might
Of perfect confidence in endless right,
We have before us all the temples where
Of old Jehovah sat with brodered hair.

And all the
secrets of past
gods.

Yea, more than this; we have the temples high
Of every former god beneath the sky;
Each god and goddess Man in turn becomes,
Exploring places where faint flutes and drums
Heard with mysterious dread and wonder of old
Proclaimed the worship of some god of gold.
All powers of these past deities man assumes—
He writes their epitaphs upon their tombs,
And then he takes their trinkets and their stores,
And quits their palaces, and slams the doors.

Just as when a
city falls, and
is pitilessly
sacked, so man,
laughing and
triumphant,
sacks the city
of God.

Not otherwise than when a city falls,
Burnt by red fierce shot hurled upon its walls,
And the wild soldiers hurry, grimy and grim,
To tear that prostrate city limb by limb,
As a fierce tiger tears before the dawn
Some soft-limbed delicate soft-dappled fawn.
So these men sack their city—even so—
Not sparing any woman's body—no—
Nor any grey-haired grandsire nor a child—
Whoever steps before them is defiled.
And just so—only with a clearer brain,
Not mad with battle's bloody burning rain,
Man sacks the splendid palaces where God

Once spilt the heavenly bright wine on the sod,
 And where with his son Jesus he caroused,
 Above the sorrows of this world—safely housed.
 Man sacks these palaces—he takes the rings
 And bracelets of Jehovah, and his soft things ;
 The changes of God's raiment, and his lyres,
 And incense from the perfumed altar-fires,
 And many a clean-limbed, red-mouthed virgin host—
 The wives ecstasie of the Holy Ghost.

These treasures of the Holy Three Man sacks ;
 He takes without compunction what he lacks,
 Desiring honestly to make earth fair
 With what was wasted formerly on the air ;
 Desiring honestly to make earth shine
 With flowers whose supple stems were wont to twine
 Only around God's palace-windows—these
 Without repentance man doth sever and seize,
 The lovely women whom adulterous God
 Has torn from man, whether by present rod
 Of his own flaming force or hands of priests,
 To be fair flower-bearers at heavenly feasts—
 These man discovers ; and he brings them back
 With shouts and laughter sounding round his track.
 All pale sad languid women who forsook
 The joys of earth for God—all saints who shook
 The dust of earth aside—these man redeems,
 Giving them fairer joys than those of dreams.
 Ah, poor saints ! they wandered far and found
 No sweeter grass than earth's grass—no soft sound
 In high heaven softer than a woman's speech
 Or wavelets plashing on a moonlit beach.
 The jewels of heaven were not so bright as those
 Which our earth's grimy darkling depths disclose :
 The flowers of heaven were not so rich and red
 As many a rose that decks a poor man's shed :
 The women of heaven were not so soft and sweet
 As those whom in our daily walks we meet :
 And God was not so noble as those who gave
 Their conscious life that consciousness to save.
 The broad blue sea that washes round our shores,
 In which our lusty seamen dip bent oars,
 Is fairer than the marvellous waves that groan
 With hollow voices round the great white throne,
 And better are the breezes on our heights,
 And purer the pure lustre of moonlit nights—
 And fiercer the red blaze of earth's noonday,
 And gladder a robin singing from a spray
 Of green curved ash—than breeze or bird or moon
 In heaven, or heaven's sultriest midday swoon.

Man brings to
 earth the
 flowers seized
 by God and
 conveyed to
 heaven. He
 begins, at last,
 to understand
 the riches of
 his own soul,
 and perceives
 that he has
 woven creeds
 and theologies
 perpetually
 from within it,
 and has
 himself made
 them cruelly
 binding upon
 himself. Now
 he rises, and
 spreads his
 plumes, and
 puts an end for
 ever to this
 inverted and
 harmful
régime of
 things.

It was a grand mistake, so now we find,
 We built up heaven according to our mind,
 And in that heaven we placed a Deity whom
 We crowned with mingled wreaths of earth's best bloom:
 We looked within ourselves, and when we found
 Some trait of feeling noble and sweet and sound,
 This must be God's—we said—but better still;
 And so created Deity to our will.

Not God created man, but man made God;
 Man raised his temple on the pearly sod
 Of heaven and gave to him his sceptre high,
 And told him surely that he should not die.
 In Paradise man placed God for a time,
 Even till the sudden unforgiven crime
 Of snatching our fair women for his flowers
 Made God's life countable by years and hours.
 This is the apple that Jehovah took—
 Therefore no longer shall he hear the brook
 Of Eden rippling by his heavenly home;
 God is cast forth, as he drove man, to roam.
 God is cast forth: his tender snowy hands,
 Like Eve's, wave pitifully o'er the lands—
 God is hurled forth: like Adam and Eve he seeks
 New soils, with shame's flush burnt upon his cheeks
 God is cast forth—'tis plain that year by year
 We made a God, and then bowed down in fear
 To that strait terrible Image we had set
 With blood-red forehead on a ground of jet.
 Oh, jet-black ground on which we painted God!
 Oh, thunders, lurid flames of his abode!
 Oh, fearful mountain-tremors of his voice;
 Depart, be hidden; and let us rejoice.
 Free, we are free: no God upon the hills
 Flames terribly, and hurls upon us ills
 Insatiable, and feeds upon our woe,
 Changing our summers into mist and snow,
 And mocking all our soft delicious things
 With the black plumes of pestilential wings—
 Destroying us—creating us again
 For livid access of deliberate pain,
 Plunging our human bodies white and fair
 Into dark pits where desperate dragons tear
 Their beauty piecemeal—casting us below,
 And piling over us vast towers of snow,
 Still tantalising us with vision of joys,
 Then snatching these aside, like sundered toys.
 This God, with bright light, as a falling star
 Cleaves the blue down-pressed air-depths from afar
 And with a horrid splash the seas divide

To swallow within their gulfs his shuddering side.
 Man who created him shall pull him down;
 Man who bestowed its glory shall wear his crown;
 Man who invented heaven shall find it here;
 Man who discovered hell shall slay hell's fear.
 See, see how every noble attribute
 Man, generous man, has given, both flower and fruit
 To God—and what return has this God made?
 He has taken the sun, and left us nought but shade.
 All nobler thoughts have been ascribed to God:
 From man, 'tis said, the base depraved thoughts flowed;
 Evil continually is mankind's heart,
 Base, slavish, foul, degraded in each part;
 Man of himself can nourish no design
 Of good, saith God—all good desires are mine.
 Lo! what a change has come upon us now;
 We see the truth at last; we mark the brow
 Of this fair God denuded of its power,
 And man's head wearing the eternal flower.
 Man—seeing that God misused the gift he gave
 In tenderness, content to be the slave
 Of God for a season—man, aroused at last,
 Takes for himself the garland of his past.
 Man—seeing himself despised and God renowned;
 Man—seeing himself rejected, God's hair crowned
 With kisses of many women and with flames
 Of various sacrificial odorous aims;
 Man—seeing himself put underneath the foot
 Of time, with many phantoms in pursuit;
 Man—seeing himself brought underneath the sway
 Of many beings he ought not to obey,
 And seeing that all the flowers he first bestowed
 Are named by God as if those flowerbuds glowed
 For the first time within the garden of God,
 Instead of being cuttings from the abode
 Of man—man seeing and sorrowing o'er these things
 Rises at last, and spreads his quiet wings,
 And gazeth not at God—but simply kills
 The Lord God by the breath from quivering quills.
 For God is fragile: when the great wings shake,
 All strengths the languid limbs of God forsake,
 And he sinks lifeless on the grassy ground,
 Even at man's pinions, and their plummy sound.
 God is man's creature—man's creation high—
 Man's tower of Babel level with the sky—
 Yea, God himself is the true tower of Babel,
 By the tall peaks of which its maker is able
 To touch and test the sky: man, making God,
 By God the ladder, reaches God's abode,

It was a grand mistake, so now we find,
We built up heaven according to our mind,
And in that heaven we placed a Deity whom
We crowned with mingled wreaths of earth's best bloom:
We looked within ourselves, and when we found
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 By God the ladder, reaches God's abode,

And by the steps of God himself he climbs
 To God himself—exhibiting his rhymes
 And noble passionate hopes and thoughts and love
 I' the form of one gigantic Figure above
 The suns and moons and tremulous planets and stars;
 This God man made : this God he unmakes and
 mars.

Thus man
 reaches him-
 self—the true
 God. This
 God I sing;
 and all his
 possessions
 amid the su-
 perb wealth of
 nature.

The true God—man himself—man reaches thus,
 The true God built o' the bones of all of us,
 And of our sinews and our flesh as well,
 And all the sighs with which our bosoms swell,
 And all the tender and yearning thoughts of years,
 And the eternal fountain of sweet tears
 For ever shed by women—this strong King
 O' the spotless endless Universe I sing,
 Showing how he resumes to-day his crown,
 Placing it on his own bright locks of brown,
 Removing it from those locks withered and grey
 Where he himself once set it, as in play—
 The flowers of all the Universe I sing,
 The honey of every insect and the sting
 Of every insect—both the glory of snakes,
 And splendour of spotted tigers in thick brakes,
 And fiery radiance of each summer rose,
 And sheeny shadows of mute mountain-snows,
 And beauty of blue gentians on the hills,
 And foaming cataracts, and splashing rills,
 And terror of austere summits and lone lakes
 Whose blue-black water the chill north wind rakes,
 And every beautiful sweet woman's bloom,
 And every fibre of moss on every tomb:—
 All these, the new God's property, I sing.

But history,
 too, belongs to
 divine man—
 even all the
 terrors and all
 the glories of
 his remote
 past, now re-
 vealed to him
 by science for
 the first time.

Nor only these—the splendid past I bring,
 The wonders of all history, and the wreaths
 Of human effort lingering Time bequeaths.
 The flame of all inventions, and the skill
 Of man, still forcing good from strenuous ill :
 The tales of universes that are past,
 Poured in strange fragments on the hoary blast,
 And all the wild development of man
 Through intermediate stages fierce and wan
 And terrible, when creatures half sublime
 Fought with incestuous creatures in the slime
 Of pre-historic rivers, struggling hard
 To keep the growth their brothers would retard;—
 Then women half-developed out of apes
 Gleamed through the woods in strange impetuous
 shapes,
 Sought eagerly by all the apes, because

The horrible
 beauty of
 man's fierce
 development.
 The old sweet,
 and the new
 sad vision of
 death.

Smooth ivory fingers shone instead of paws *
 Upon the ends of their fast-changing limbs—
 Our present glory our pale beginning dims,
 Yet in primeval forests these things were—
 Yea, then began the splendour of golden hair
 And loveliness of women white and smooth
 Emerging from the hairy tribes uncouth,
 Still sought the more in that the more they shone,
 And choosing lovers lovely as their own
 Increasing beauty, that they might hand down
 To us their children Beauty's spotless crown.
 Oh horror of those times—oh splendour as well—
 When close to perfect heaven flamed putrid hell;
 When perhaps a woman just becoming fair
 And soft, with locks of tender trembling hair,
 Might meet within the woods some creature yet
 Harsh, undeveloped, with grim jaws of jet,
 And in a screaming space become his prey,
 Hurl'd back into the ape-soul from that day.
 These awful things we must consider—we
 Who know that Nature worketh pitilessly,
 And that no loving Deity superintends
 These horrors, moulding them to seemly ends,
 But that the sole redemption lies within
 Ourselves of our sad race from sorrow and sin.
 Oh mark these horrors in the early woods,
 The vast primeval pathless solitudes—
 Oh mark the agony of the growing race,
 Mark the deep pain-stains furrowed in its face—
 Then ask for what we have to thank the Lord—
 We who are conquerors by our own good sword.
 No pity, but perpetual progress—this
 Has been our history—herein lies our bliss;
 No pity, but perpetual movement on
 Towards a new fate that we must face alone,

* I need hardly say that this is not intended for a strictly accurate scientific statement of facts. It is merely intended for a distant shadowing out, upon a purely poetical basis, of what may really have occurred. With regard to another charge—that of bathos—which may be brought with some show of reason against the above line and against this portion of the poem generally, I would answer that the intense reality of the horrors and synchronous grandeurs accompanying the dim early period of man's development must remove any attempted delineation of them, *at any rate for those who have once felt the grim depth of the subject*, to a region the farthest possible from bathos. Most of us have never yet truly realised the essential significance of the discoveries and theories of Mr. Darwin and his followers. In this direction there lies a field for poetic imagination and poetic utterance hitherto almost wholly unexplored. Feeling that the ideas suggested in that field *are beautiful*, though often with a strange lurid beauty which, to ordinary minds who look only at the surface, savours of bathos and the ludicrous, I have, at the risk of being so accused, attempted to break ground there.

Meeting with no companion the cold stream
 Whose wavelets on the lone horizon gleam.
 Oh perfect pleasure of the early hours,
 When all that river's banks were lined with flowers;
 When hosts of angels seemed to us to wait
 Ready to lead us through the golden gate
 Of glimmering heaven that shone and trembled afar,
 Like the faint luminous tremors of a star.
 Oh pleasant looking forward to the end,
 To happy visions of many a long-lost friend
 Who should be ready, eager, so we thought,
 To welcome us across Death's ripples brought
 By the pure hand of Christ the steerer true,
 Who guides Death's boat across the waves of blue.
 Oh heaven, the golden coronet, the palm,
 The endless glory, the triumphant calm,
 The beatific vision of the face
 Of God, and his pure lustrous ladder of grace,
 By the safe steps of which we hoped to climb
 To saintly mansions sacred and sublime—
 Our eyes are opened now; we see instead
 Of these, black coffins of a host of dead.

The infinite
 dead.

The faces of the infinite dead we see
 Instead of those glad sights that used to be
 Before us, when we gazed upon the end—
 Faces of many a living loving friend.
 Where are they, all these dead—we know not—now,
 The fruit once fallen is nothing to the bough;
 The seed once shed is nothing to the flower;
 We are fruit, we are seeds—we love but for an hour.

The origin of
 spiritualism,
 demonology,
 etc.

But plainly we can understand the tales
 Of ghosts and spectres with white-woven veils,
 And apparitions, seen in many lands,
 With horrid faces and foul waving hands—
 These sprang like God's face from the human soul
 That ever strives (in vain) aside to roll
 The hollow-sounding gateways of the tomb,
 Past loves and passionate friendships to resume.
 Man made the whole: yea, out of our own mind
 We wove the wondrous spiritual web designed
 To clothe the naked wondering spirit that goes
 Away from us towards Death's unfathomed snows.
 Our ghosts, our spectres, like our God repeat
 The thought of our own hearts we find so sweet—
 They but exhibit in their personal forms
 The hope whereby the human spirit still warms
 Its cold old wrinkled hands, that shudder and shrink
 At Death's inevitable desperate brink.

We simply

We but repeat ourselves; we cannot pass

Beyond the sweet faint smell of earth's sweet grass :
 If heaven has grass, we paint it emerald green,
 Because such grass on mountain sides is seen :
 If seraphs carry wings, we hasten and gird
 Upon them plumes plucked from our humming bird :
 If heaven has jewels—rubies, diamonds, shine
 Within its palaces ; these we combine
 In glittering garlands, powerless to invent
 Beyond the powers that Life's experience lent.
 So we give harps to heavenly harpers—meet
 God throned on a perpetual mercy-seat,
 And round about him crimson robes we draw,
 And on smooth marble tablets write his law,
 And speak of God's white forehead, and his back,*
 And purple thunders quivering round his track,
 And angels flying on messages through clouds,
 And spectres dressed in their grim burial shrouds,
 And Jesus risen and showing in his side
 The marks of those same wounds by which he died,
 And afterward ascending like a swallow
 Those airy heights where man's foot may not follow—
 Thus testifying at once to man's bold dream,
 And to the fact that these things only seem.
 For never has a poet yet withdrawn
 The veil of death ; we mark no crimson dawn
 Succeeding to that final fearful night—
 But only our own fancies loom in sight.

And these we kiss in lack of better things,
 And robe and crown them, and we give them wings ;
 Then, when the flush of life upon them is shed,
 We say—Live souls are risen from the dead.

And so it is with God : we make a King,
 Then to that Monarch's purple skirts we cling,
 Saying—Hear us, we implore Thee, O our God.
 Lift off our bosoms evil's poisonous load,
 Relieve us—heal our sorrows, dry our tears,
 Assuage the pangs of immemorial years.
 Then, when the sorrow is in some way relieved,
 We think that by God's mandate we are reprieved,—
 We hasten to his temple, and return
 Thank-offerings wherewith our glad bosoms burn.
 When once a man has risen in soul to see
 That nobler 'tis to die than death to flee
 If haply he can save another so,
 His God must do the same thing—blood must flow
 From the most holy body of God to save
 Coarse, hardened sinners from a heated grave.
 Man—noble man—himself would do this thing,

clothe our own
 hopes and
 fears and af-
 fections and
 fancies in arbi-
 trary external
 forms.

And then we
 passionately
 cling to these.

Just so it is,
 only on a
 superbly
 exalted scale
 with God.

So, nobly unselfish, God's deed he must sing,
 Forgetting that he himself led the way,
 And that God had no option but to obey.
 For God must follow whither mankind goes,
 Whether the path be over sands or snows,
 And just because man now hath grace to see
 The power of sacrificial purity,
 God's nature is self-sacrifice—he saith;
 In Christ God died a sacrificial death.
 The Christian system all was woven from this—
 In Christ God underwent the traitor's kiss,
 In Christ the Deity hung upon the cross,
 Saving the world by his own being's loss.
 'Tis now we see the origin of these things—
 How from the soul of man each new creed springs,
 Like flowers and leaves that from one hidden root
 Spring yearly, ripening yearly to red fruit:
 The tenderness of God that we besought
 Lived in the tender yearning of our thought—
 It lived not elsewhere; and the eyes divine
 Were human orbs, my brother—yours or mine.
 Because we longed to perish that man might live,
 Christ came, and, like a lamb, he would not strive,
 Yielding his body to the bitter death
 That man might draw clear everlasting breath.
 Did we feel pity? Then that pity came
 From God who felt it, but with lordlier flame
 Of aspiration—had we strength to seek
 The poor and needy? God in Christ was meek—
 Did we desire our sins to be destroyed?
 In Christ God's nature flourished, unalloyed—
 Had any one of us a tender ear?
 God was more pitiful, and he would hear—
 Was any mother's bosom passing sweet?
 God's bosom throbbed with even softer heat—
 So every gift with which our bosom glowed
 On God, destroying our manhood, we bestowed.

Now we see
 this. But,
 seeing it, shall
 we forsake our
 self-created
 morality? Not
 so. The re-
 verse of this
 must be the
 case.

But now man stands alone, his manhood won,
 Woman his moon, himself his glorious sun;
 With all before him, weakness left behind,
 All doubts and tremors scattered to the wind.
 And what shall be his life now he can choose
 What to adopt, what diet to refuse,
 What laws to undergo, what creeds to make
 Now for his own and not for Deity's sake?
 Now that he knows that Evil cannot be,
 That 'tis but a cloud-shadow on the sea
 Of endless heaving life, shall he abjure
 The moral codes that he himself made pure?

Not so: with added tenderness he views
 The world he feels that he may shortly lose
 For ever, since the immortal heavens shine
 But vaguely upon the remote horizon line—
 With doubled longing each man loves his wife,
 And the sweet flowers and fruits of daily life,
 Since separation, when it comes in death,
 May verily be severing of the breath!
 Oh hard it is to say the tender calm
 That comes with tender wings, like even's balm,
 Upon the souls who, feeling this life all
 It may be, do not tremble like some and fall
 Prostrate before the lusts of every day,
 But proudly re-assert their personal sway!
 Happy for them it is—no heaven now gleams
 Upon them with delight of rapturous dreams,
 But earth's fresh grasses quiver round their feet
 And glad the scent of this year's meadow-sweet.

Being God themselves, they send no daily prayers
 To climb with weary steps the golden stairs,
 But all strong labour brings its own reward,
 A purer joy than past joys of the sword.
 Oh sweet is love to those who feel it may
 Subside for ever with the closing day—
 Oh sweet the timid accents of a girl
 To those who know fast coming death may whirl
 Her shape into his waters ere the morn
 With flushed face shows another day is born.
 Oh rich is passion to a man who feels
 That every flitting moment as it steals
 Away, departs for ever—sweet the rose
 To each, but doubly sweet to him who knows
 That those soft petals, once hid by the night,
 Shall never again, on that same stem, be bright—
 Oh sweet are women to man's newer thought,
 The women of previous times before him brought
 In fancy, make the women of this day
 Thrice sweet, for these, too, soon shall pass away.
 Sweet is the earth, but trebly sweet to all
 Who, loving, honouring the brave old ball,
 Know that an end may come to all her growth,
 And that her wheels may rust for very sloth.
 Sweet is the violet—sweet to him who picks
 With careless hand the purple flower to fix
 In his gay sweetheart's bosom—sweeter still
 To him who knows that when to-morrow's chill
 North wind is blowing roughly o'er the banks
 Death will be busy 'mid the violet ranks.
 Pleasant are past remembrances to all,

All things are
 sweeter for
 their brevity.
 The brief un-
 returning
 kisses are yet
 more intense.

Pleasant tho' bitter 'tis when our steps fall
 Upon the meadows where we walked when first
 Love's face upon our young fierce fancy burst,
 Pleasant it is—but pleasanter far to him
 Whose eyes with deeper, softer feeling swim,
 In that he knows that heaven has come and past,
 And hopes for no love equal to the last.
 He builds not on the future—weak and frail—
 He sets not for high heaven his clean white sail
 Of manly aspiration;—but he drinks
 The passionate cup of life, and then he sinks
 If need be calmly, not upbraiding Fate,
 Nor grasping madly at heaven's imagined gate.

Angels have
 ample time to
 dally with
 pleasure: we
 have not.
 Sweet there-
 fore to me is
 all nature at
 the spot where
 Love came—
 and passed.

Sweet is the world; but sweeter far to these
 Who know their life is but a summer breeze,
 Who, travelling, leave no single flower unsmelt
 Lest from before their gaze that flower should melt.
 Angels have ample time to turn and smell
 The flowers they left behind in many a dell,
 When they reach endless heaven, but 'tis not so
 With mortal lives—they shine—then shudder, and go!
 Sweet, therefore, unto me is every ash
 And oak, and all the blue blind waves that dash
 Their trembling teeming weight upon these shores,
 And the white foam that flashes from the oars
 Of strong-armed northern seamen, and the sun
 That sinks o'er purple hills, its journey done,
 And the great moonlit night, and odours fair
 That fill the fields, and all the keen good air
 Of this long lofty coast—since here Love came
 Upon me, robed in roseate richest flame—
 Since here Love gleamed deliciously,—and fell.
 Therefore I look not any tale to tell
 Of future love, but passing 'mid the throngs
 Of present lovers, I charm them with my songs,
 Telling of her whose snow-white fragrant feet
 Once shamed the cream-white fragrant meadow-sweet.

Sweet is the
 world to hope-
 ful lovers:
 even sweeter,
 sometimes, to
 the hopeless.

Sweet is the world to lovers who discern
 That o'er the grave all pleasures shall return
 With speedy wing—who when they part can say,
 After life's night-time comes eternal day.
 Fair is the world to these—if they must sever
 Their happiness, it is not marred for ever:
 We shall not meet on this side of the grave,
 They sigh—but all their hopes for heaven they save.
 Glad is the world to such—but even more glad,
 More solemn, unto those who never have had
 This high ecstatic hope, but have foreseen
 Love's utter ending with white brows serene,

Calm as the yearly white flowers whose young throng
In the green August woods awoke this song.

So, when I feel that I may never see
In this or any world the form of thee,
Sweet Margaret—when I feel that those fair eyes
That I have sung in lone soliloquies
May shine upon my lonely track no more,
This world is even sublimer than before.

Despair increases the sense of this world's bitter sublimity.

And, when I think of thee, my well-loved wife,
And of the bitter yielding up of life—
When I recall to mind those violet orbs
Whose beauty and brilliance faithful love absorbs,
And feel that this our union never may
Extend beyond the pleasure of to-day,
To-day's calm pleasure is a grander thing
Than if its shoulder bore no tremulous wing
Whose plumes already shiver with a sense
Of cold departure towards hills far from hence.

Personal feeling in relation to this.

So, ever, doth the pang of possible loss
From passion purge away the lingering dross,
Cleansing and purifying until we hold
Within our hands a love-cup of clear gold.

The fear of loss purges passion.

Therefore I am not envious when I see,
In the soft meadows where we used to be,
The feet of fresh fair lovers. These shall sign
With footprints all the flowers that once were mine,
And wander through the woods where once I went,
Following my lady's guidance right content—
Yea, laughter ringing loud from silver lips
The echoes of our old laughter shall eclipse,
And one shall even crown brown locks and neat
With fern, and feathery sprigs of meadow-sweet.

So I envy not present lovers.

But I care not: I love them one and all;
They tread behind me along the golden hall
Of youth and fire and passion; they shall lie
In the calm sober ending as low as I.
Now that my spirit is free from those bronze wings
Which fancied God above believers swings,
I feel a large relief—I seek no more
My soul in piteous craving cries to pour
Out at his feet—I tarry till the end,
Fearlessly waiting what the fates may send.
My spirit doth pierce the spaces of the stars,
Arrested nowhere by the golden bars
Of the old gate of heaven—it shines no more,
Deluding, as a false light on the shore
Has many a time deluded tossing ships
Right into ruin's ravenous white lips.
The great sweet dark spreads over me—this last

Rather I love them all—now that I am freed from a tyrannic theology.

Song-wreath I twine while yet the odorous blast
Of these broad meadows plays upon my mouth,
Before I seek the arid, scentless south.

Strange is it
how sweet
memory is
quickened,
when the
dream of
heaven has
passed.

Strange is it
how early love
comes back.

Strange is it how the old sweet times return
To those whose quiet spirits have ceased to yearn
After ecstatic heaven—its waving palms,
Its incense, and its thruribles, and psalms ;
Strange is it how the simple flowers of old
Shine with an added radiance as of gold :—

Strange is it, Margaret, how thy black brown hair
Waves, like an aspen's leaves, on memory's air,
Now that I look not for angelic loves,
Nor any bright imperishable doves—
Strange is it how the simple pleasures we
Enjoyed—our walks, our talks beside the sea—
Become transfigured by the holy sense
Of loss that makes each trifling boon intense :
Now that I look not for a heaven to keep
Open the wound wherein thy shaft struck deep,
I feel that heaven was mine ; that heaven is past ;
And that 'twere no heaven if that heaven could last,—
For 'tis the sense of losing that bestows
The power whereby the endless yearning grows,
And 'tis the aching pain that drives us back
To gather lost flowers strewn upon the track.

I look not for-
ward : so my
present is
thrice-sweet,
and the earth
is as a bride.

Most men look forward to a happy day
When fresh loves in some fresh delicious way
May beam upon them—I do not deny
Each chamber of their vaunted golden sky—
I do not say that some obscure recess
Of conscious heaven may not with glee redress
The bitter wrongs of earth—but, taught by these
Fresh yearly flowers that bloom upon the leas,
I say that 'tis by putting heaven aside
That this earth gleams in likeness of a bride.

My immor-
tality is here:
therefore the
cliff-top clover
is dearer to
me, and fairer,
than the
flowers of
heaven.

Oh purple glorious seas—by whose swift waves
Lovers have strolled who now lie low in graves—
Fairer ye are than any seas that shine
In heaven, and fairer is this eglantine
That glitters on the hedge with yellow flowers
Than all the amaranths in the immortal bowers
Where God with endless trickery wreathes his locks :—
Richer this scarlet sea-weed on the rocks
Than all the crimsonest pond-weed in the pools
Where angels plunge, in glittering gauze-winged schools ;
There is not any dim green bud but brings
To me the memory of immortal things
Because my immortality is here,
Whether time's skies be thunder-stricken, or clear.

Forget-me-nots in heaven a man may pluck,
 Bright-coloured savoury fruit his mouth may suck
 In heaven, and he may sip the saintly smell
 Of lily and rose, and amorous asphodel;
 But better, softer, sacreder to me
 Is the fresh scent of clover near the sea,
 And ruddier the red clover mixed with grass
 Than rubies reddening on the floors of glass.

Some men rejoice to think that endless time
 Still looms before them, to complete the rhyme
 Of life: but somewhat weak there is in this:
 Let us not labour to extend a kiss
 Beyond its fitting struggle of gasping lips,
 Lest faintness fall upon us, and meagre eclipse.
 Once is the red-ripe fruit supreme in taste;
 Once rounds the full-moon of a woman's waist;
 Once are a girl's red lips in perfect flower;—
 Oh, let us pluck the blossom at its hour,
 And seek not weakly, wantonly, to plant
 In heaven the flowers that stern fate will not grant!

Nor let us, further, plant the tree of God
 By sweet Humanity's fruit-tree on the sod
 Of this world,—saying, when emotion burns
 Within us, that a God outside us yearns
 For recognition—seeing we only know
 Our own warm spirits and their internal glow:
 Nor let us clothe with golden sinewy plumes
 The fiery wish that inwardly consumes
 Our hearts—the hope that we may see our friends
 Beside us when life's sultry journey ends.

These hopes are all within us: all the throng
 Of my own hopes I pour into my song,
 With some faint expectation that it may
 Survive when I the singer have lived my day,
 And gone to join the dead departed flowers,
 Whose cheerful silvery bloom filled last year's bowers.
 For truly a singer's life is in his verse;
 Therein he gives his blessing, there his curse
 Sounds and resounds—therein he waves his wings
 Of true existence, smiling as he sings.

Oh ye who read these lines when I am dead,
 If any there be on whom my song is shed
 Then from afar, like some strange autumn leaf
 Intruding with a savour of tears and grief
 Into the fiery feast of summer—I pray
 Ye live with fervent souls your little day.
 Love; pass among the milk-white meadow-sweet
 With tender pressure of soft living feet:
 Laugh; scatter ferns and grasses in these bowers,

Some men
 rejoice in
 vague endless
 hope: I rejoice
 not: I rejoice
 in passionate
 present
 fruition.

The faith in
 God, like
 other hopes
 and faiths,
 springs from
 within.

All my own
 hopes I pour
 into my song.

If any read
 this song when
 I am dead—
live vividly!
 That is my
 message to
 you, future
 maidens and
 lovers. Soon
 you will have
 to join me in

the grave. Live
intensely, kiss
intensely,
gather blossoms
joyfully
—till then, I
hail, and
gravely but
gladly greet
ye!

Pluck, twine, inwreath the perfumed playful flowers!
Mix with the loose coils of your ladies' hair
The flowers ye find of a thousand flowers most fair;
They will not be less ample amid the fields
In that no singer now his sceptre wields
Among them—nor less lovely upon the hills
In that their loveliness no longer thrills
This idle weak-voiced singer who is dead—
For you, for you, live souls, the rose is red,
For you the languid meadow-sweet is bright,
For you the large stars glimmer across the night,
For you the long waves wanton on the sands,
The flowers of future periods fill your hands,
The bloom of future roses dyes your palms,
Yours are the sunlit noons, the moonlit calms
Of even, and all the peace upon the deep
When all things save you sleepless lovers sleep.
Oh lovers of the future! unto you
I give the morning air, the nightly dew,
The beauty of all women whose fragrant breath
Shall fill you and thrill you when I am chill in death.
Their loveliness shall be no whit less sweet
That I am lingering underneath their feet,
And, ah God, forms of women fairer far
Than any of those forms that around me are
Shall shine upon the earth in man's new day,
When I am portion of the mouldering clay.
I hail you all: I greet ye in my song:
To me, the poor dead poet, all ye belong,
For I first hailed ye—though ye be not born,
I sang your beauty, I sang the beauty of morn,
Though yet the stars are shining over me,
And no live voices sound upon the sea.
I sang your tender beauty, maidens all,
Oh let a tender tear or two downfall
Upon this page in that I loved ye well,
And worshipped with the soft sonorous swell
Of this prophetic music: every rose
That shall shine, every crystal woven in snows,
Each petal of each coming flower I hail,
From the first crocus to the last lone psle
Convolvulus upon the autumn hedge,
Or the last blossom of the salt sea sedge.
Oh, women with divine loose golden hair
Or with long dark-brown ringlets even more fair,
Take ye the utter worship of my song!
For your sweet sakes it lingers over long.

Time's soul is
fickle—love

Remember, all ye lovers, that ye live
As though Time's soul were fickle and fugitive,

And, when ye weave a maiden's locks a crown,
 Of your intensest richest work lay down—
 And, when ye kiss a maiden on the lips,
 Be not like one who drinks in paltry sips,
 Afraid to taste his pleasure, afraid to lose,—
 'Tis terror rubs the bloom from off the rose.
 Once, once love comes; and then he flies to seek
 The roses on some other lover's cheek;
 Therefore, when love approaches, hold him fast—
 Each love is more than love; each is the last.
 Each is the last love of the dying days—
 Not twice are foreheads circled with the bays;
 Not twice are gold crowns given in any land;
 Still less the rose-crown of a woman's hand,
 Still less the lily-garland of her breast—
 No man can twice be perfectly caressed.
 Oh lovers, lovers, lovers! when I think
 Of honeyed draughts in store for you to drink,
 And when I know that in contemptuous haste
 Ye will o'erturn the gifts before you placed
 By the calm gods—I am sad—I sorrow and cry—
 I can but warn you, for I have to die.
 Pleasures inestimable gleam and burn
 Before your wayward steps at every turn;
 These ye will squander as I have squandered all,
 Till to your graves, defeated men, ye crawl.

But be ye mindful of me when I am dead,
 Give me one petal laughing rose of red,
 Give me one blossom creamy meadow-sweet,
 Spare all the rest for that girl's milky feet,
 But let a blossom sink upon my grave—
 Then all the other blossoms she may save
 To fling at her glad lover laughingly
 When he pursues her with impassioned glee.

And, Margaret, should I die before your breath
 Is strangled in the icy stream of death,
 And should these frail songs flutter to your gaze,
 Give me your tears, they are sweeter gifts than bays.
 Shed one tear, sweetheart—yea, a tear or two
 Let fall, to shine like larger silvery dew
 Among the lonely dew-drops on my grave,
 Over whose arch the solemn night-winds rave.
 For you I have sung this song of summer and heat,
 For you and her who has trod the meadow-sweet
 This sunny year in company with me,
 And walked beside our ancient moon-lit sea.
 Forget me not—or if you must forget
 First let the grass with some soft tears be wet
 For him who once plucked from around your feet

and have come
 but once—
 therefore grasp
 and enjoy
 them when
 they come.
 This warning
 I give you.

Forget me not
 quite, O ye
 flowers and
 lovers!

And Margaret,
 grant me a
 farewell gift of
 tears. I have
 not asked
 much of you.
 I ask this.
 Such tears of
 thine may
 blossom into
 meadow-
 sweet!

HUMAN NATURE.

Ferns for a crown, well mixed with meadow-sweet.
Yea, it may be that these thy tears may bloom
As silvery gracious flowers upon my tomb,
And that the wild wet winds that wail and beat
Above my tomb, may touch fresh meadow-sweet!

*Thou art the
meadow-sweet
—and, wife,
thou art the
blue forget-
me-not!*

Thou art the meadow-sweet, my lady fair,
The sweet o' the meadows, filling all the air
With the still lovely odour of thy breath,
So sweet it almost ought to vanquish death!
Ah! so lone love exclaims—but what love reaps
Is little, when beneath the grass love sleeps,
Therefore it is that I must dally long
With the live cadences of this last song,
For not one sweet last love-word can be said
When once a soul is numbered with the dead,
Nor can a spirit then send a message back,
To loved ones lost upon the lonely track,
Nor can a dying man by cunning cheat
Death even of one poor petal of meadow-sweet—
Thou art the meadow-sweet, and, wife, thou art
The blue forget-me-not pressed next my heart,
Faithful and true to me thou hast ever been,
Making a wild life somewhat more serene,
Somewhat more hopeful—yea, a little more still,
Removing by soft hands some fruits of ill.
I write this song that if indeed there be
No heaven at all, no fair futurity,
Herein some joys of heaven we both may taste,
Before we enter upon death's dolorous waste.

*Bring tears,
loved women
both, to my
tomb.*

Shed tears, loved women both, upon my tomb,
That flowers from these (before the ivy-bloom
Has time to spring and climb) may rustle there,
Shining upon the pleasant evening air.
Oh golden tresses—ye are truly mine;
Oh black-brown locks that I so longed to twine
In passionate fingers,—which have never yet
With one soft passionate tear of mine been wet,—
At any rate I crown ye with the strong
Pure rhythmic tremors of my dying song.

*Oh that this
last song—like
a swan's death
song—may be
sweeter than
any living
songs that pre-
ceded it.
Oh that this
song—this
song, if no
other—may*

Oh that this song might sweeter be than all
That in glad previous epochs I let fall—
Oh that this song might softer be than those
That blossomed with the budding of the rose—
Oh that this song might louder be than each
That laughed in concord to love's silver speech—
Oh that this song might grander be than they
Which leapt to heaven in love's ecstatic day—
Oh that this chant may please my lady more
Than those I sought, and softly brought, before.

They say that dying swans breathe sweeter strains
 Than ever when the approach of death's quick pains
 Stings them to higher effort—so would I
 Breathe one supreme large death-song ere I die;
 Telling of all the old flowers and all the old days,
 Winning a funeral wreath of flawless bays.
 Oh that this song might reach my lost love's feet
 With odour and brilliance of the meadow-sweet—
 Oh that within her tresses it might twine
 Like lingering leaves of the purpleal vine—
 Oh that within her dark locks like a star
 It might gleam, wonderfully, from afar!
 Oh that this song might in the morn be heard
 Before her, lovelier than the night's lone bird—
 Oh that at even this song might touch her feet
 With lavish fragrance of loose meadow-sweet—
 Oh that this song might sink upon her breast
 Like a lost bird, and therein sink to rest.
 Oh that this song might move her if nothing yet
 Have moved, nor made her tardy to forget—
 Oh that this song might be to her a crown
 To wear for ever, bright amid black-brown
 Sweet tresses, sweetest that were ever sung,
 Or lisped melodiously by poet's tongue.
 Oh, Beatrice, Laura,—ye were not so fair,
 As this my lady who bindeth black-brown hair,
 And seeing that golden locks are mine as well,
 A double lovely jewel I have to tell,
 A complex cunning garland I must twine,
 For both these shades are lovely—and both are mine!

reach my lady,
 and be to her
 as a crown
 eternal.

It is keenest
 pain that urges
 into softest
 song. I sing,
 and sing the
 loudest when
 bitter sorrow
 smites me.

The death-song of a stricken bird is sweet,
 So say they—and a bard's most glowing heat
 Of fiery fancy is stricken into flame
 By arrows which prosaic bowmen aim,
 Straight at his heart:—when I see foolish men
 Praised highly and loved and highly honoured—when
 I mark fair women bending low before
 Some paltry priest they reverence and adore,
 Or when upon a Sunday all the bells
 Ring lustily, and the thick meeting swells
 Its numbers—then I am stricken into tune,
 And sing as glad birds sing in leafy June.
 But 'tis not joy that drives me along the track,
 Rather the hope of reaching what I lack,
 Rather the pangs of wild indignant fire
 That leap, with fervid strokes, along my lyre—
 Rather the pleasure of turning quite away
 From the dull weary round of every day
 And merging all my burthened soul in song,

Personal re-
miniscence.
My visit to All
Saints' Church
Margaret St.

Till it arises, glad, renewed, and strong.
Indignant sorrow is as a dart to sting
A poet, forcing him to test the wing
New-born that glitters on his shoulder—joy
Might make him deem his gift a trifling toy.
Well I remember how when that divine
Soft lady of love whose early heart was mine
Chose rather the cold road of living creeds,
Not noting that warm cross that burns and bleeds
With the red blood of sufferers who shall bring
The future faith whose first frail buds I sing—
Well I remember how I sought the place
Where she bestowed her lovely maiden grace
Upon a priest devoted to the past—
The church wherein their union was made fast
And firm and close and endless—where they stood,
While priests in robes well-wrought and gay and good
Surrounded them, and incense rising high
Choked back the last half hidden woman's sigh—
Where the great organ pealed and the white choir
Sang chants far fairer than my feeble lyre
Can lift:—well I remember how I stood
After some weeks therein,—and saw a wood
Wave through the aisles, and fancied round the feet
Of white-robed boys bloomed whiter meadow-sweet.

How my heart
went out in
passionate
sympathy to a
wild modern
poet—even in
that sanctified
place.

Well I remember how within that shrine
Where they break bread and drink the holy wine
Continually—a strong-hold of the Lord,
Where many a right hand grasps a good keen sword
Devoted to his glory and his fame
And the undying homage of his name—
Well I remember how my whole soul went
(Though then with loss of love 'twas sorely rent)
Out in a passion of yearning unto one
In whose great chant the future has begun.

How Christ
seemed to
leave the holy
and narrow-
minded
temple.
How Christ
seemed to me
to speak in the
rejected poet's
song.

Oh, brother poet! in that sore distress
Of mine, I sought thee with a fond caress
Of sympathetic thought—I saw the gold
Of the grand Christian temple—the canopy rolled
Aside—the sacramental cups that shone
Upon the altar, and I heard the tone
Of the sweet singers—but I only thought
Of thee, disdained, rejected, set at nought,
Cursed and reviled,—and fancied that the floor
Rang with Christ's feet fast-hastening to the door!
Deemed that I heard Christ speak within thy song
In accents clear and God-like—tender and strong!

How I left my
lady,—and
love.

And then I left my lady to the part
That she had chosen with the uncertain heart

Of woman; and I passed to meet my fate,
Closing for ever love's impassioned gate.

But ever and anon some foolish face
Stings me to singing for a little space,
Or some uncouth coarse woman passing by
Drives me to seek in fancy's spotless sky
My fair Ideal—all true chants are wrung
Forth from the soul by torment; thus they are sung.

The tenderness that once was God's I give
Back to mankind who firstly bade it live:
The glory of Jehovah I return
Back to mankind who bade it blaze and burn:
The wonders of that false heaven I restore
Back to mankind who built it upon the floor
Of fervent fancy:—now I show the gold
Of heaven from earthly mines was upward rolled,
And that the roses round God's garden-gate
Are flowers that bloomed on earth, but bloomed too late,
These I transplant: I bring them back to man:
I give to him the sceptre he began:
I take God's glittering crown from off his head—
Lo! with those flowers man's fairer locks instead
Shall be with exultation glorified—
They fell to man the giver, when God died.

And, this being so, we know not what may be
In the far future—what joys man may see:
He who created God, can do good things;
He who created God, and gave God wings,
And set God over man who placed him there,
Can do things yet more wondrous, yet more fair.
When earth is heaven, when every lover knows
A perfect joy, when every bosom glows
With the calm sense of true divinity,
When power to rule the air and earth and sea
Is given to man—when women lovelier far
Than those who live upon our present star
Move gracefully upon life's pleasant grass,
Then shall the meaning of this song come to pass.

Then shall the people wistfully look back
To early blood-prints on the beaten track,
And say—there some dead singer helped us on!
There some clear flame of inspiration shone!
There stood a poet who pressed with eager feet
The white foam-waves of long-past meadow-sweet!
There dwelt a poet who sang of black-brown hair
Long since mixed softly with the memorial air!
There sounded voices gleeful as our own—
Yea, many a woman's unforgotten tone!

Just as I, living, singing, look behind

Yet ever and
anon, tortured
and sorrow-
stricken, I
seek my ideal
in the realm
of fancy.

Summing up
Man's attain-
ments I restore
to man; and
earth's attain-
ments to earth.

Man, having
done so many
and so great
things, may
achieve things
greater than
we can yet
imagine.
When
Humanity
becomes per-
fect, and the
earth becomes
perfect, the
spirit of this
song shall be
fulfilled.

Then shall the
people look
back, rever-
ently and
wistfully,
towards early
singers and
sufferers.

Just as I,

alive, look
back,—and by
fancy hold
communion
with the poets
and lovers of
the past,—
who died, not-
withstanding
that they de-
sired life as
we, not yet
dead, desire it.

Yet is there
something
immortal in a
true poem:
and something
immortal in
true unselfish
love. The
poets and
singers of
love, of the
past, are not
dead: their
words delight,
and will de-
light for ever.
The endless
crown is the
crown of bays.

And hear past voices borne upon the wind,
And listen to strong singers who are dead,
For whom once many a laughing flush flamed red
On woman's cheeks—just as I seem to know
In fancy how sweet flowers in many a row
Glittered in Eden's groves, when first a wife
Bestowed on Adam her own blossomy life.
Yea, all the loves of the immemorial past
Flit by me on imagination's blast—
They sought to live for ever—yet they sank,
And over their still graves the grass is rank—
The grass that once waved round their steps survives,
Though it be frail, their frailer finished lives.

And yet there surely is something in a song
Which hath no ending, though Time's curse be strong,
And something there is in unselfish love
Which lifts the heart that feels it far above
The thought of death and melancholy decay—
Some flower there is in these things which shall stay,
And, when Time's scythe sweeps wildly through the grass,
This flower shall linger uncut, and shall not pass.
The songs of Dante live, and Shakespeare's songs,
Which yet shall thrill innumerable throngs,
And Petrarch's living Laura is as green
As the bright endless laurel whose serene
Foliage defies the winter—whose bright leaf
Gave many a thought to assuage his endless grief.
The glorious unforgotten songs of Greece
Still live and flourish; and they shall not cease:
Still, still, we listen to our Keats and Burns:
Still the great human heart is stricken and yearns
With the great German minstrel's wise wide song:
In every land the shadows of bards are long.
Still Wordsworth walks among the purple hills;
Still Southey marks the cataracts and the rills,
Though foaming wonderfully-white Lodore
Keeps time to his slow living step no more.
Still Coleridge weaveth for us mystic verse;
The Mariner delivers, yet, his curse,
And Christabel delights us—Kubla Khan
Whispereth a strain unknown to living man.
The glories of our Tennyson shall not die;
His knights shall struggle, and their plumes shall fly,
Through the far future: the Republic waits
To bring tempestuous Swinburne through its gates,
And some one of whose beauty I may not speak
Still lives, to kiss strong Browning upon the cheek.
Shelley and Byron are not dead at all;
They live wherever, whether in bower or hall,

Their words are listened to by eager ears—
 The poets speak to every man who hears,
 The golden tongue of Chaucer is not still;
 The tender fancy of Spenser works its will
 Even with us in these busy latter days—
 The only endless crown is woven of bays,
 For these shall still be green when love's crown goes
 With tears to seek the tomb of last year's rose,
 And these shall still be budding when the gold
 Of kings is withered—black, and rusty, and old.

My chant is hushed: I cast it forth to seek
 Like a song-bird my lady's rose-flushed cheek—
 I send it forth to flutter at her door,
 Till she shall open, as tender as of yore,
 Till she shall listen, as eager as of old,
 To these melodious thoughts I would unfold,
 Telling the lessons and moods I seemed to meet
 In the white tufts of odorous meadow-sweet.

Now I cast
 this song forth
 —this hymn
 of the mea-
 dow-sweet—
 to find and
 thrill her who
 is the living
 fragrant Mea-
 dow-sweet;
 even my lady,

THE DOUBLE.

As the interesting phenomenon of the Double is now attracting the particular attention of Spiritualists, and is likely to do so for a long time to come, it is well that every student of Spiritualism bring his mite of experience, that light might be thrown on the subject. It is this consideration which induces me to send you a few jottings on facts obtained in this direction.

You are aware that Naples possesses a trance medium of very great power in the person of the Baroness Cerrapica. Through this medium, with whom I have frequent sittings, our spiritual circle has often been placed in communion with spirits yet in the flesh. I might fill many pages of the interesting conversations we have had with some of the greatest living mentalities of the world, who one and all have established their identity by propounding or enlarging upon their philosophical, scientific, or political theories. But as it would not be advisable to give their names, and without these it would be uninteresting to relate their conversation, I must confine myself to one case alone.

About six weeks ago there manifested through our lady-medium the incarnated spirit of our mutual friend, Dr. Nehrer, who is now staying in his native country, Hungary. The personation could not be more satisfactory; the gesture, the voice, the pronunciation were through the medium perfectly represented, and we could not help feeling we were in the presence of Dr. Nehrer. He said he was slumbering on his couch after the day's work, and related many particulars of a private nature

entirely unknown to every sitter in the circle. The next day I wrote to the doctor, telling him of the phenomenon, and transcribing what his Double had told us the previous evening. In reply, the doctor informed me that the particulars given by his spirit were perfectly correct in every point, and sent me a relation of similar facts, met by him in different works and manuscripts in the course of his spiritual studies. These facts, seeming to me possessed of some interest, I send them to you herewith for the advantage of your readers. G. DAMIANI.

Naples, 31st July, 1875.

DR. NEHRER'S RELATION.

"In the course of my studies about the important and highly interesting subject of the Double, I perused a notable part of German literature on Magics, Daemonology, Theurgy, Deuteroscopy, on Divination, Visions, Second Sight, and Pneumatology, which helped me to find out numerous cases and facts confirming this wonderful endowment of the human spirit manifesting itself apart from his living material envelope. By far the richest and most reliable source for my investigations was my friend Mr. Henry Stratil's diary, commenced in 1856, and continued till now with the most scrupulous exactitude. This authentic report of all the spiritual séances, partly in Vienna and partly at Mödling, was opened to me with the greatest liberality, and with a pure and noble intention to propagate spiritual knowledge. Our zealous and indefatigable representative of Spiritualism in Austria, at the age of 82 years, shows the same interest in the great subject which animated him in younger years, and though not a medium himself, he is eminently gifted for developing mediumistic qualities in other persons, several of whom have attained a high degree of power. In his circle manifestations were obtained generally by two mediums sitting opposite and placing their hands on a planchette, furnished with a lead pencil; sometimes through one medium only. Mr. G. B., a gentleman of learning and high respectability, is one of the best of the mediums, developed by Mr. Stratil, his peculiarity consisting in drawing and writing mechanically with a pen or pencil. He usually does not place his hand on the paper, but keeps it free from every support. No intuition of what he is to write ever pervades his mind. He declares himself quite incapable of conceiving that which he writes down. This involuntary action, however indubitable, he would never attribute to the influence of an invisible intelligence present able to impress his hand and use it as an instrument. In my presence he repeatedly declared his incapacity of accounting for this involuntary drawing and writing; yet the only reasonable expla-

nation he obstinately refused to accept. In vain, during the lapse of 15 years, did many of the spirits who controlled him, and amongst them his own grandfather, endeavour with arguments and strong proofs of their identity to persuade him that he was an instrument in the hands of the spirits. He would only accept the fact of his own existence.

"On the 1st of November, 1874, Mr. G. B., on putting his hand on the planchette, wrote as follows:—'It is I, thy own double, facing thee now, free from thy material substance. Be not afraid, and bear thy own presence, which thou feelest like a cold, coming from a blast, on thy forehead. It is thy spectral double that produces it. We shall associate very soon and work together for a result, which is not easily obtained. Take care to keep thy actions above my criticism. I shall be an inexorable and incorruptible judge of them, as well as of thy words and thy undertakings. Remember this! adieu! Thy own double.' Mr. G. B., quite astonished at this severe and unexpected apostrophe, asked whether he was allowed to put some questions. Answer:—'I have spoken to thee very often, but thou hast not comprehended me. Poor G. B.! thou wishest to converse with me now? Abstain; if ever thou hadst an exasperated and implacable enemy on earth, that is I.' 'Being my own double, how mayest thou be my enemy?' 'If thou art unable to understand this, ask the Dualists, and they will explain it all to thee. Examine thy mind and thou wilt see what offence thou hast given me. I was deprived of many a blessing on earth, and of some true heavenly aspirations by thee—mind that.' 'Pray be more explicit; I never would offend thee.' 'Do not tease me any longer. I return to thee, into my own dwelling. I am the substance which, through thee, sees, hears, smells and feels. I am sucking on the breast of our holy mother, Nature, whereas thou art spoilt by art, distorted, and thus very much estranged from me, a true mundane being, with whom I can deal no longer.' 'Is not this an arch trick of my witty friend Stratil?' 'Thou art blind and silly, though coupled with me like a Siamese twin. Enough; I must join you. Our abnormal separation can last no longer; it might injure thee.'

"Mr. G. B., the Medium, desired to have another question answered; but in vain; all communication was at an end. Next séance, his grandfather, a most benevolent and learned spirit, was evoked, and requested to give some explanation respecting this surprising phenomenon. Strange to say, the evocation was made by that same G. B., whose scepticism in spiritual communion would have induced him to deny the next moment that he had dealings with the spirits. However, the following communication was obtained:—'I ought to renounce the task of

making you understand these things by means of regular deduction. Perhaps a parable may serve to give you an idea of it:—Fancy a portion of quicksilver, which is reflecting your own portrait—your bodily double—like a mirror. Suppose you hit the quicksilver globe, it will divide itself into many smaller ones. Compare man's body to the globe in question. Each little part of it reflects your whole frame. Now, pray, rise a little higher, and consider my own individuality abiding now in the seventh sphere or region. I am living in a body, seemingly as I lived on earth before death. If you could see me now, you would find me surrounded by the same persons that composed my household, when I was here. There you would meet my wife, my children, old, peevish Tom the footman, good, old, stupid Catherine, and Kate the servant-maid, and even thyself, as a boy nine years old. Consider also that these spirits belong to different spheres, and like you, some of them are now on earth, and in the flesh, and yet they live with me. Furthermore, that although dwelling in a high spirit sphere, I am on earth, being your guardian spirit, fulfilling besides some other missions, imposed on me by the Supreme Being, in consequence of which I am called to several other places.' 'How can this ubiquity of the spirit be understood?' 'Only by the above-mentioned parable of the shivering to pieces of our individuality, which during earth-life is kept together *apparently* by the bodily frame. After death our spiritual fragments may be shattered, according to divine and eternal laws. Even during earth-life cases may occur, where the same manifold manifestation of our spirit is to be observed, together with an inconceivable antagonism to itself. You were experiencing a specimen of this antagonism not long ago, and I advise you not to court a repetition of it, nor to resist it, if it takes place spontaneously. By all means do not make the intercourse with thy own double, or manifold selves, periodical. There is something abnormal in it, and a repetition of it could not but prove injurious.'

"Some months after this remarkable communication, at another séance with Mr. Stratil, medium, G. B. got another message, signed: 'G. B.' Inquiring about the meaning of these initial letters, the following answer was obtained:—'Do not feign more ignorance than thou really possessest. Thou knowest the writer very well, but choosest to disown him on purpose. Thy soul is unveiled before me. My knowledge of the uncomfortable dissension within thy mind, which enables me to step before thee, for the sake of lecturing thee like a stranger; the same knowledge of the deep gulph, never to be replenished, between mind and spirit, head and heart, will and skill, wish and hope, doubt and conviction, gives thee so much uneasiness, thou

foolish man, who art disposed to persuade thyself of the non-existence of these facts. Look into thy own mind, and tell me whether I am mistaken?' 'What shall I do to make this antagonism cease?' 'But very little is required of thee, in order that thou mayest be in harmony with thyself. Above all, do not be so obstinate, and cease shutting up thy heart so wantonly against a sounder and better conviction. Cease in thy pretensions to a strong mind, whereas thou art only stubborn; do not believe thyself to be an honest sceptic, whereas like a wilful and capricious child, thou art simply in opposition with positive facts, which will exist, whether sanctioned by thy understanding or not. Thy own body is crowded by all sorts of spirits; the various strata of the atmosphere are filled with the atoms of the world unseen, and I am sojourning amongst them. If thou couldst see with my eyes, which are not veiled by matter, thou wouldst wonder and worship, marvel, and exult like myself. The great fact of the existence of God is now leaving the region of faith, and entering that of knowledge, through the revelations of the Spirit World, by the means the Almighty Ruler thinks best fitted for the capacity of a benighted generation.' Our baffled medium nevertheless ventured to ask for some material proofs of the existence of a realm of spirits, desirous to effect his utter conversion. But no answer was given, and Mr. G. B. was advised only not to detain his double any longer, for it might injure him.

"This extraordinary manifestation was occasioned, no doubt, in order to impress Mr. G. B., whose state of mind required the application of a powerful remedy. Anyhow, coming as it did from an incarnated spirit, it serves to illustrate our subject, which through further investigations and researches in different quarters may confirm the reality of the statements obtained through that medium, and the authenticity of which I warrant."

ANOTHER MANIFESTATION FROM AN INCARNATED SPIRIT AT MR STRATH'S CIRCLE.

"It was the spirit of an Austrian actor, who, after a night's orgie, during his sleep wandered and came to our séance, keeping up an hour's conversation with the circle. Requested to give his name, he signed it in full—G——. Being asked what his calling on earth was, he answered—'I was not; I am.' 'Who are you, then?'—'One of those who move on the stage, representing the world.' 'We suppose you to be the famous actor G——?'—'Even my adversaries must say so.' 'By what reason are you here?'—'You were speaking of Würzburg this afternoon. Well, I like that place very much, for it reminds me of my dear Z——. The very mentioning of it attracted

me. My body is slumbering now ; but the name of Würzburg awakened all my energies, and made me come here. It is not Dr. N——'s personality which attracted me ; nothing of the sort.* I was dreaming of a railroad ; and hearing you talk of Würzburg, I came here.' 'Can we do anything for you?'—'I do not want anything.' 'Can you materialise yourself?'—'By no means.' 'Will you, then, kindly retire, that we may have more profitable intercourse with other spirits?'—'Wait till I am awakened.' After this, the medium was made to write for a quarter of an hour ; and, on evoking the spirit of a deceased friend, the medium wrote—'G—— is still in Morpheus's arms.' All attempts of conjuring this spirit away proving unavailable, we continued the séance some time longer, during which he advised the circle to make a great noise, to hiss him, and to make mesmeric passes in order to arouse him. All in vain. He went on discoursing of his adventures of that night, to the moment when his wife, Z——, brought some medicine to soothe him. He gave her family name, and how their acquaintance was made up, &c., &c. Inquiries having been made about the statements of G——'s spirit, it was found that they were all perfectly true."

"G. Conrad Horst, in his 'Deuteroscopy,' vol. ii., p. 147, mentions a case of a young lady named Seraphina, daughter of a German statesman. She was subject to fits of the momentary loss of her senses from the age of 15 years. In her childhood she used to tell her sisters of her having been called up to heaven, and that she had played with angels. Nobody could say whether she was relating a dream or a vision. For her it was a reality, for she often refused playing with earthly children. Her eldest sister, aware of Seraphina's peculiarities, returning one day from a visit, found her standing like a statue in her father's study, before the window which faced the garden. Fearing to startle her, she approached very gently, and embraced her without uttering a word. But, on looking into the garden, she saw the double of Seraphina walking at the side of her father. A sudden exclamation caused the double to disappear from the garden, and the rigid frame of her sister began to move in her arms, until she came to full consciousness. It was afterwards ascertained that their father thought he had been walking for some time in Seraphina's company, who suddenly disappeared from his sight. Some years after this event, Seraphina, one day looking in her mirror, was addressed by her own image—'Be not afraid of thy own double, which is speaking to thee to inform thee of thy approaching death'—a prediction which was verified for she died soon after this event."

* Dr. N—— came from Würzburg to be present at the séance.

"At vol. ii., p. 133, we find in the same author:—'Mrs. St. ———, a relation of mine, whilst residing in the town of D——, and in perfect health, appeared at my house, sitting and reading the Bible. My wife and the servant saw her as well as myself. Having mastered the first impression, which was a sort of awe, I resolutely approached the phantom, and looked in the open book. Whilst I did so, the apparition disappeared. Immediately after, we resolved to visit Mrs. St. ——— in her own house, at an hour's distance from ours, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and the inclemency of the weather. She was in bed, suffering from a slight hysteric attack. We never told her the cause of our unexpected visit, and she lived many years after this strange event. The impending death of her husband was predicted by her; but how this was revealed to her she never would tell.'

"The narrative of these events is accompanied by the following remarks:—'There are many instances of a sudden and temporary separation of the spirit (or the ethereal form, or whatever you may choose to call it) from the body, and of its manifestation in the outer or physical world during real animal life. But this sort of Deuteroscopy has hitherto remained unexplained, and therefore every well authenticated additional fact bearing upon it is of the greatest importance.'

"The natives of Lapland are well known for possessing the gift of second sight. A Lübeck merchant came to Bergen, in Norway, where he met a Laplander, who told him he could give him news of his family at Lübeck. A wager was proposed and accepted. The Lapland man, in presence of the merchant and others, threw himself on the floor, and remained senseless for a time. Having recovered his senses, he rose and began to give particulars, referring to his wife, her personal appearance, her occupations at that moment in preparing for the wedding of a relation, and concluded with producing a large bread-knife, used shortly before, which was acknowledged by the astonished Lübecker to belong to himself, and to have been left at Lübeck, and he paid the wager to the Laplander."

WILLPOWER.

"A lady, well-known for the gift of second sight, became one day very desirous to be with a friend living in the same place, but at a great distance, and where she could not go without neglecting urgent family affairs. She, therefore, resolved to impress her far-off friend, by a powerful exertion of her will, to make her come. The other, not at all disposed to leave her house on account of the bad weather, felt nevertheless compelled to go and see her friend forthwith. When in her presence, she

was received with a smile, and informed of the experiment, which she readily excused.

"Justinus Kerner relates:—'My grandfather went to visit his native place, to see a distant relation of his, known to be a very ill-natured woman. He was received by her at the door of her house, and she introduced him to her apartment. She wore her usual house dress, and a bunch of keys hung at her side. She then showed him into her bedroom, when behold! there was lying in bed that very same woman, oppressed by disease and weakness, who, a moment before, was at his side apparently full of health. Shortly afterwards, she died in his presence. He attended her funeral as a mourner. On the way to the cemetery, my grandfather and another attendant saw the figure of the deceased sitting on her coffin, dressed in the same way mentioned, and with the bunch of keys at her side. The removing of the coffin from the hearse did not disturb her, who remained sitting still, but the apparition vanished after the coffin had been lowered into the grave. From that day, the house she lived in was so signally haunted that it had to be demolished.'

"In Wieland's *Euthanasia* (vol. 85, p. 217, Vienna, 1814, Bauer,) we find the following story:—Mrs K——, a charitable, kind, self-denying creature to the uttermost, was subject to fits of somnambulism. Whilst asleep she would leave her bed, dress wander about the house, and attend on some household business, of which she had no recollection when she awoke. Oftentimes she was seized with a sort of catalepsy, suddenly coming upon her, even when sitting cheerfully talking to her family. These fits would produce a complete loss of her senses, and rigidity in her limbs, making her look like a statue. On recovering from this condition, she used to relate extraordinary things, which seemed to have been impressed on her mind. A Father Cajetan, a Benedictine monk, had been for a long time an intimate friend of the K—— family, but being removed to a distant monastery, continued his friendly intercourse with the family by writing. Some time after, on recovering from one of those cataleptic fits, Mrs. K. informed her only daughter, a girl of 18, that she (Mrs. K.) would die, giving the day and hour when the event would happen; forbidding her, however, to reveal the prediction to anybody. At last the day foretold arrived. Mrs. K. was quite cheerful, and seemed in much better health; she conversed with her daughter about her approaching death, but with much calmness and indifference, and giving her child good advice. Towards midnight, whilst sitting in her bed, she said with a graceful smile to her daughter:—'I will go to pay a visit to Father Cajetan, and bid him farewell.' After these words a sweet slumber came

over her, and she slept for a little while ; then opening her eyes, she looked with calm and love upon her dear daughter, and closed them again for the last time. At that very hour father Cajetan, who was then residing at Bellinzoa, 150 miles away, whilst sitting in his study preparing a mathematical problem, was aroused by a noise, as if proceeding from a musical instrument, suspended from the wall of his cell. On looking in that direction, he saw the form of a woman, dressed in white, looking at him in a friendly manner, and whom he recognized as his intimate friend, Mrs. K. The apparition soon vanished, leaving in the monk's mind the impression of her death, especially when, on looking at his musical instrument, whence the sound had proceeded, he found it broken. The next post informed him of the melancholy event in the K. family.'

"Dr. J. E. Nürnberger, in his 'First Love,' at p. 73, relates :— 'It was about half an hour after midnight, the moon stood in the meridian, and shone bright upon the high road, which ran in a straight line across the forest. Except the sound of my horse's hoof, all was silence around me. At one of the crossings of the road, all at once my steed startled, and then stood still. Somewhat frightened myself, with spur and bridle I excited him on ; but in vain : the horse trembled and refused to proceed, and on my further forcing it to go on, rose on his hind legs and nearly fell backwards, a thing quite unusual in this quiet animal. At last I saw the white form of a female crossing the road, and as it approached, I could not help, by her shape, demeanour, and easy light step, recognizing Eliza. I felt my senses leaving me, and when I recovered them, the phantom had disappeared, and my steed had resumed its pace. But Eliza was not dead, for I met her that very day, and such must have been the affinity of our souls, that she manifested at a distance to the partner of her love. Our meeting, however, was, alas ! but very transitory. Seized by a fever, and reduced to a sick-bed, within four weeks of her apparition in spirit, that once blooming girl lay a corpse.'

"During the war with Prussia, in 1866, Count W., a cousin of the medium Adelina, was amongst the Austrian officers. On May 25th she felt impelled to write, and she wrote as follows :— 'I am your cousin W., and although my spirit is near you, my body lies safe and sound amongst the soldiers in the camp. Pray for me. I am glad to converse with you in this strange yet charming way. What you learn in Spiritualism, I learn also. Whilst my body is now lying in Moravia, and fast asleep, my spirit dwells here, attracted by your affection, and linked to you as by a long cord. I can now see you all in spirit. Over your head I observe a golden cloud. May it be the fluids of your spirit guides ? Your small room is resplendent with a

golden light. I see, besides, luminous forms of sublime appearance. Oh! how delighted I am at the contemplation. They must be the guardian spirits of our family. But I see others surrounding you, decked in dark grey; they seem to me not much advanced in knowledge, and wishful to learn. An unhappy spirit tries to get into your room, and this seems to disturb you, but I see others who keep him back. Other spirits of a darker hue are hissing or grumbling. Fluidic emanations from your spirit-guides are pouring down upon these unhappy ones, like water streaming from the rose of a watering can. How marvellous! How wonderful! Pray, pray for me.'

"June 15th.—Here I am again. A battle is imminent. We are expecting the orders to march. Do not mourn if I should fall. We only gain by the change of existence, and death will be all profit to me. Were I freed from my body, my intercourse with you would be much easier. Would that I could express to you all I feel of gratitude towards you, for having initiated me in the spiritual doctrines! I shrink not from death now.'

"July 4th.—Have no doubt about the presence and identity of my spirit, which is still at the other end of the string which attaches you to me, living as I am on earth. The sight of a battle is something frightful. I am so tired. Oh Lord, Thy will be done.'

"Letters subsequently received from the Count, dated from the camp in Moravia, confirmed the messages received from his double."—*From Adelina Vay's "Studies on the Spirit World."*

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF THE MANIFESTATION OF THE DOUBLE.

"Madam G. B., medium, without evocation, received at a séance the following message:—'I am Sophia S., now fast asleep, and have come to remind you of your promise—the photograph.' Other things were dictated besides, known only to the medium, and a request that the sitters should investigate the circumstances connected with this manifestation. On making inquiries, it was found that Miss Sophia S. was, at the time of the manifestation, taking her siesta; and she affirmed that during her sleep she dreamed of being amongst the sitters of the séance mentioned above."—*Mr. Jos. Henry Stratil's Diary*, vol. xiii., May, 1866.

"We find in J. C. Colquhoun's work that St. Augustine, St. Ambrosius, and St. Hildegard could manifest in spirit at a distance. In times of more remote history, Empedocles, Aristarcus, and Hermotymus of Clazomene, were known to possess the same faculty; and Cardamus affirms that he had himself the same power."

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?*

THE work before us occupies a useful position. There has been for a long time a continuous demand for some handy volume, moderate in price, perspicuous in style, and useful for the purpose of giving enquirers a general idea of Spiritualism. Some time ago, a gentleman in Manchester published such a work, the title of which is at the head of this article, and it would appear to have met this demand, for it has now reached a third edition, with copious appendix and latest information.

Mr. Binney does not place himself before his readers as one who professes to lead them away into realms of thought quite foreign to their usual intellectual experience. Being at the time of writing an investigator himself, he presents the subject in that form most alluring to the inquiring mind, and necessarily calculated to influence the investigator favourably. He begins at a point which few will care to deny—"Unsatisfactory state of our Knowledge of the Future Life"—which he discusses from the platform of modern thought. The second chapter treats of "Spiritualism confirmed by Scripture and History." Numerous biblical texts are quoted, besides allusions to other ancient writings, to show that the mediumistic faculty has been exercised among mankind from the earliest dawn of history. In the third chapter, the author proceeds to treat on Spiritualism proper, describing its origin, and explaining the nature of mediumship. He then gives the "Progress of Spiritualism in England, quoting many eminent names as friendly to the investigation. Extraordinary manifestations are described, showing to what phenomenal position the investigation has arrived among us.

The sixth chapter discusses "Spirit-writing and Spirit-photographs;" and a whole chapter is devoted to "Trance mediumship and Mr. Morse's mediumship." Many statements of Mr. Morse's guides are adduced as specimens of Spirit-teaching. "Andrew Jackson Davis," and the great work "Nature's Divine Revelations," occupy a chapter. After which the author gives an account of "Other trance and writing mediums," with numerous specimens of "Spirit messages" on all kinds of questions relating to the Spirit-world. Mr. Harris' poetry is freely quoted.

The remainder of the work is composed of chapters on "Painting and drawing mediums;" "Mrs. Olive's Trance-speaking, Miss Hudson's mediumship;" "Clerical opinions and objections dis-

* Or Spiritualism explained. An account of the astounding phenomena of Spiritualism, affording positive proof by undeniable facts that those we mourn as DEAD ARE STILL ALIVE, and can communicate with us; that Spiritualism is sanctioned by Scripture, and consistent with science and common sense; with specimens of communications received, extracts from its literature, advice to investigators, addresses of mediums, and all useful information. By Fritz. Third edition, 3s. London: Simpkin. To purchasers of this Number of *Human Nature*, 2s., post free.

cussed ;" concluding with the " Principles of Modern Spiritualism, Advice," &c.

Many of the facts are derived from the *Medium*, and others from this magazine. The work has been of considerable use, and that it may be more so in the future, the author has placed a number of copies at our disposal at a reduced price. And, availing ourselves of his kindness, we offer it to the purchasers of this number of *Human Nature* at two shillings, post free. It is printed on good paper, well bound, and extends to 228 pages.

RESURRECTION OF THE FLESH.

THE subject of the resurrection was a prominent theme in the theology of the Middle Age. Only here and there a dissenting voice was raised against the doctrine in its strict physical form. The great body of the Scholastics stood staunchly by it. In defence and support of the Church-thesis, they brought all the quirks and quiddities of their subtle dialects. As we take down their ponderous tomes from their neglected shelves, and turn over the dusty, faded old leaves, we find chapter after chapter in many a formidable folio occupied with grave discussions, carried on in acute logical terminology, of questions like these:—"Will the resurrection be natural or miraculous?" "Will each one's hair and nails all be restored to him in the resurrection?" "When bodies are raised, will each soul spontaneously know its own and enter it? or will the power of God distribute them as they belong?" "Will the deformities and scars of our present bodies be retained in the resurrection?" "Will all rise of the same age?" "Will all have one size and one sex?" And so on with hundreds of kindred questions. For instance, Thomas Aquinas contended "that no other substance would rise from the grave except that which belonged to the individual in the moment of death." What dire prospects this proposition must conjure up before many minds? If one chance to grow prodigiously obese before death, he must lug that enormous corporeity wearily about forever; but if he happen to die when wasted, he must then flit through eternity as thin as a lath. Those who have had the misfortune to be amputated of legs or arms must appear on the resurrection-stage *without* those very convenient appendages. There will still be need of hospitals for the battered veterans of Chelsea and Greenwich, mutilated heroes, pensioned relics of deck and field. Then in the resurrection the renowned

"Mynheer von Clam,
Richest merchant in Rotterdam,"

will again have occasion for the services of the "patent cork-leg manufacturer," though it is hardly to be presumed he will accept another *unatoppable* one like that which led him so fearful a race through the poet's verses.

The Manichæans denied a bodily resurrection. In this all the sects theologically allied to them, who have appeared in ecclesiastical history—for instance, the Cathari,—have agreed. There have also been a few individual Christian teachers in every century who have assailed the doctrine. But, as already declared, it has uniformly been the firm doctrine of the Church and of all who acknowledged her authority. The old dogma still remains in the creeds of the recognised Churches, Papal, Greek, and Protestant. It has been terribly shattered by the attacks of reason and of progressive science. It lingers in the minds of most people only as a dead letter. But all the earnest conservative theologians yet cling to it in its unmitigated grossness, with unrelaxing severity. We hear it in practical discourses from the pulpit, and read it in doctrinal treatises, as offensively proclaimed now as ever. Indeed, it is an essential part of the compact system of the ruling theology, and cannot be taken out without loosening the whole dogmatic fabric into fragments. Thus writes to-day a distinguished American divine, Dr. Spring:—"Whether buried in the earth, or floating in the sea, or consumed by the flames, or enriching the battle-field, or evaporated in the atmosphere,—all, from Adam to the latest-born, shall wend their way to the great arena of the judgment. Every perished bone and every secret particle of dust shall obey the summons and come forth. If one could then look upon the earth, he would see it as one mighty excavated globe, and wonder how such countless generations could have found a dwelling beneath its surface." This is the way the recognised authorities in theology still talk. To venture any other opinion is a heresy all over Christendom at this hour.—*Alger's Doctrine of a Future Life.*

EFFECTS OF VACCINATION.

MR. HUTCHINSON (London), author of "Constitutional Venereal Diseases," and other works, says:—"I have seen five instances in which local venereal diseases were induced by duly qualified men."

Dr. Whitehead (Liverpool), Mr. Martin (Bristol), Dr. Fleming (Glasgow), give similar additional testimony.

Mr. Stortin, surgeon to the London Skin Hospital, affirms thus:—"I have seen the venereal disease inoculated by public vaccination, even from unintentional vaccination!"

Dr. Lever, late Physician Accoucheur at Guy's Hospital, declares, in the most emphatic manner—"Yes, the best of lymph may convey, and does convey, and has conveyed, constitutional infection to children."

Dr. Barlow, Senior Physician to Guy's Hospital, assured Dr. Hitchman—"I have long suspected the horrible truth of poisoning children by means of vaccination."

Dr. Bennett, one of the examiners at the London College of Physicians, informed Mr. Simon that he himself has now begun "to suspect vaccination" of being thus guilty.

Dr. Hitchman (Liverpool), formerly a public vaccinator, in a lecture "On the Prevention of Smallpox," said:—"I have seen hundreds of children killed by vaccination. Morbid phenomena of a most fatal nature are roused

into activity by the vaccine lymph, which but for it might have remained 'latent' in the human constitution for ever. Abscesses form in the scalp, chest, loins, legs, or arms, accompanied by the pathological condition called pyogenic fever. Eminent American physicians confirm this testimony."

HEALTH, DISEASE, AND CURE.

HEALTH, in those who have the blessing of a good constitution, is maintained by a simple nourishing diet, pure air, exercise, cleanliness, and the regulation of the passions. Men cram themselves with the impure flesh and fat of diseased animals, heating condiments and spices, spirituous drinks and poisonous narcotics, injuring their digestive powers, and filling their systems with morbid matter; and to these are but too often added vegetable and mineral poisons, given as medicines, not one grain of which can be taken without more or less injury to the human organism. We inhale poisons in filthy streets and unventilated buildings, and these poisons are retained in the system. The skin—the great purifying organ of the body—is weakened by a neglect of personal cleanliness, which cannot be maintained in perfection without daily bathing in water. The poisonous matter thus brought into, and kept in the system, weakens its powers, interrupts its functions and produces a state of disease. Nature makes a violent effort to cast out these evils—and we have pain, inflammations, fevers, and the whole train of acute diseases. The poisons in the system, and the bleedings and drug-dosings of the doctors, weaken the powers of nature, and we have the less violent, but more protracted agonies of chronic disease. Such violations of the laws of God have filled the world with disease and misery. Diseased parents bring forth sick and short-lived children, half of whom perish in infancy, and not one hundredth reach old age. Thus, "sin came into the world, and death by sin." The struggle of the system to cast out its diseases goes on as long as the vital power remains. Every effort of nature is for health; all pain is remedial; and all the symptoms of disease are caused by the reactive powers of the system. It is the work of the physician to assist and facilitate these efforts; but this cannot be done by drawing out the vital current, and thus weakening the reactive powers of nature, nor by giving additional poisons to task still more the vital energies. Doctors with lancets and poisons have joined disease in a war upon nature, instead of aiding nature in its struggle with disease.—*A Woman's Work in Water Cure.*

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END OF VOL. IX.