

# The Spiritualist.

A RECORD OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCE AND ETHICS OF SPIRITUALISM.

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## PROFESSOR MAPES'S EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.

THE American papers, when announcing the death, some time since, of Professor James J. Mapes, "the model farmer," spoke in the most eulogistic terms of his great genius and high literary and scientific attainments. "He was a permanent member of the New York Lyceum, honorary member of the Scientific Institute of Brussels, the Royal Society of St. Petersburg, and the Geographical Society of Paris; and one of our state universities conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

"As a farmer Professor Mapes has given hundreds of useful discoveries to the world. The subsoil plough and the rotatory digger and spade, now in such common use, are his inventions, while his advice was sought and accepted in regard to chemical manures all over the country. He organised the Franklin Institute at Newark, and became its first lecturer; and so early as 1844 he was President of the Mechanic's Institute at New York.

"Professor Mapes was one of the most agreeable of men, possessing great geniality and no small share of wit and humour, and was gifted with an extraordinary flow of language," &c. &c.

Such is one among many complimentary notices of Professor Mapes which appeared in the American journals soon after his death; but we have sought in vain to find any mention of his being an advanced and confirmed believer in Spiritualism. This fact, however, is furnished in Mr. B. Coleman's *American Spiritualism*, from which excellent book we make the following extract:—

"On the first day of our acquaintance, Judge Edmonds did me the favour of introducing me to his friend, Professor James J. Mapes, who, as a chemist, holds a leading position in the scientific world both in America and Europe. He is a man of varied attainments, possessing a brilliant intellect, and extraordinary conversational powers. He has mastered, after most careful study and examination, the philosophy of Spiritualism, and would help, were he to publicly identify himself with the subject, almost more than any other man, to inculcate and spread its truth and doctrines.

"Professor Mapes' history in connexion with Spiritualism teaches an instructive lesson, and answers in itself two of the most prominent questions which have been put by its opponents in this country; namely—If Spiritualism be worth consideration, how is it that no man eminent in science has ventured to investigate its claims and expound its philosophy? And, admitting the reality of the phenomena—*Cui bono?* Well, the answer is that Professor Mapes, of New York, like his compeer, the late Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, a man of science, undertook the investigation several years ago, with an entire disbelief in its reality, and a determination to expose 'the delusion;' and, like Dr. Hare, he was driven step by step from his original position, ultimately converted to a full belief in spirit intercourse, and, as a consequence, to a belief in a life hereafter, which he had previously denied. Can men, in the face of such facts, consistently go on asking what is the good of it; and asserting that if it is really true, it must be all of the devil?

"The Professor is largely engaged in agriculture, and has a farm at Newark, New York, where his family reside; whilst his professional pursuits oblige him to remain a great portion of his time in New York. He was (as he told me), a materialist, up to the age of forty-five, and in the early start of the modern manifestations, now thirteen years ago, he set to work earnestly to investigate Spiritualism, without saying a word on the subject to his family. Shortly after, he discovered that one of his daughters was also engaged in a somewhat similar way. She had in fact become a writing medium, without knowing it. On one of his usual weekly visits to his family, this daughter said, 'Father, I want to show you something very curious. Don't laugh at me, here are pages that from time to time I have been influenced to write, without my will or my mind being engaged in the work. It has been going on for weeks, and I should not have named it now, but that I saw in the *Tribune* newspaper yesterday, that others had been similarly influenced; and it is said to be the work of spirits. I want to know the meaning of it.' Curious to obtain evidence from such a source, though anxious to avoid explanation and encouragement, the Professor asked her to take a pen and let

him see what she meant. Her hand was moved excitedly, and she at once rapidly dashed off a long message purporting to be from the spirit of his father. The Professor said, 'If there is any meaning in this I should like, if possible, to have some proof of identity.' Miss Mapes' hand again wrote, 'You may recollect that I gave you, among other books, an Encyclopædia; look at page 120 of that book, and you will find my name written there, which you have never seen.' The book alluded to was with others in a box at the warehouse in town. On his arrival in town, Professor Mapes opened the case which had been fastened up for twenty-seven years, and there, to his great astonishment, he found as described his father's name written on the identical page 120.

"This incident awakened a new interest in him, and he accordingly determined to conduct a serious investigation, and at once secured the services of Mrs. Brown, the eldest daughter in the Fox family—a well-known and very reliable medium of great power. His next step was to obtain a party of friends to join him, which was, however, a very difficult task. He first invited his son-in-law, Mr. Dodge, a Member of the Senate, who laughed at the request, said it was too absurd, and hoped the Professor was not going to sacrifice his time and his fame to such a delusion. And in this way he was met by others, until at length making it a personal favour and to oblige him, he got a party of ten together; having, as he said, purposely selected one half of *positive* minds who would believe in nothing, and the other half of *negative* minds who might be induced to believe in anything. They agreed to meet every Monday evening for twenty sittings, and up to the nineteenth evening they had not elicited anything sufficiently satisfactory to carry conviction, or to be worth recording; but on the twentieth evening some very curious and striking phenomena were displayed. The spirits who purported to be present gave peculiar names, such as Pierre Wilding, Deliverance, &c., insisting, against the belief of those present, that they were their ancestors, and indicating in the most definite manner their relationship. Upon subsequent inquiry, each of these statements was verified, and a previously hidden page of family history being thus unexpectedly revealed, it excited a natural interest in the minds of all to continue their sittings, which Professor Mapes assured me were prolonged uninterruptedly for FIVE YEARS, during which every conceivable test was applied, *resulting at length in the entire conversion of the whole party.*

"At that period, Spiritualism was spreading in America in all directions. Mediums were developed in numerous families, and daily the press announced, on the testimony of more or less reliable witnesses, the most marvellous accounts of new manifestations of spirit-power. Professor Mapes having become satisfied that a great truth lay at the root of it, though mixed up, as he thought, with fanaticism and some charlatanism, determined to see everything for himself; and wherever he heard of new wonders, he packed up his portmanteau, and without regard to time or expense, started off to make a personal investigation. In this way he visited, among many others, the Davenport Boys at Buffalo, and the spirit-room of Jonathan Koons, situated in the mountains of Ohio; and he fully corroborated the extraordinary statements made respecting them.

"Whilst Professor Mapes continued his own investigation, he felt it necessary, from its all-engrossing character, to restrain his daughter from pursuing her mediumship, fearing that her health, which was delicate, would suffer, though he said some of her writing was brilliant and powerful, and much beyond her natural capacity. An arrangement was accordingly made for her to visit some friends, with a view of weaning her from the fascination which occupied so much of her time. Mrs. Mapes was at this period altogether opposed to the whole subject, and unacquainted with the fact that her husband was so deeply interested in it, said to him one day, 'I am very much distressed to think our daughter Sophy should deceive us; I have written a strong reproof to her, as I feel sure it is most improper conduct.' Professor Mapes dissuaded his wife from sending the letter, telling her he had his own motives for wishing her to delay doing so. In a short time after Mrs. Mapes herself was impelled one day to write, and became at once developed as a writing medium. Fascinated with this new power, she continued day by day almost exclusively occupied with her writing, until at length Professor Mapes felt it necessary to interfere, and said—'Wife, you and I have been

married thirty years, and I have never before interfered with your personal liberty, but now I have seriously to request that you will not, at least for the present, give any more time to these influences, and that you will consent to destroy all you have written.' With many protests Mrs. Mapes at length consented, and tearing the leaves from a large manuscript volume, she consigned them page by page to the flames—the understanding being that she would not put her hand to paper for twelve months to come.

"Months having passed, and the tendency to yield to the influence having been effectually repressed, her husband and family were surprised one day by her making preparations for drawing, and declaring that she believed she could copy plants and flowers. They smiled at this announcement; they were incredulous, as she had never been instructed, and had never shown the least talent for the art. She went, however, into the garden, plucked an apple blossom, and sat down to copy it. In a few minutes she made, greatly to the surprise of all around her, a most excellent copy of this very delicate flower, and thus spiritually influenced, she commenced a series of coloured drawings, which, as they proceeded, increased in beauty, and have now become most perfect specimens of the art.

"On referring to the date of their compact, Professor Mapes found the drawing had commenced exactly twelve months to the day on which Mrs. Mapes had promised him not to write any more. The Professor has not attempted to interfere with this development; on the contrary, he appears to encourage it, and is highly interested in her progress; and as a portion of each day is devoted to drawing and painting, and as they do not part with many, a large accumulation has taken place, comprising now a great number of very interesting volumes. These drawings, which are produced with great rapidity, unlike most mediumistic productions, are of natural fruits, flowers, and birds, and this extraordinary fact attaches to the birds, that each bird, without study or any knowledge of the natural history of the subject, on the part of Mrs. Mapes, is placed in the accustomed associations of tree or plant on which it builds or feeds.

"I am indebted to Mrs. Mapes for two specimens of her work, which she kindly presented to me, and which have created the greatest admiration in all to whom I have shown them; one is an iris, and the other a collection of American autumnal leaves. They are both pronounced by connoisseurs to be works of high art, and the marvellous fact remains to be told, that both paintings were commenced and finished in little more than one hour. No artist, I believe, could copy them in less than two days."

"During the last conversation I had with him, Professor Mapes summed up his argument for Spiritualism thus—'If, after making every allowance for the incongruities, false theories, fanaticism, and the common errors attached to Spiritualism only ten per cent. of the whole should prove pure and impregnable, it is still as sound a science as chemistry was at the beginning of this century, which has thrown aside ninety per cent. of the teachings then received as truths.'"

## CANON CALLOWAY ON PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

No. 1.

Two interesting papers by the Rev. Canon Calloway, M.D., of Natal, on psychological phenomena, have been read before the Anthropological Institute; and from these documents we make the following quotations:—

### INTRODUCTION.

"There are certain extraordinary mental phenomena, which have occurred at all times and in every stage of human culture and condition of society, in which all have more or less believed, but about which there have been the most diverse opinions. Some have been disposed to treat all such phenomena as delusions or a something bordering on insanity. Many have sneered at them and tried to laugh them down. Some have ascribed them to imposture, and have refused to believe in them at all, whilst others have most devoutly believed in them, and supposed them to be occasioned by visitations from the spirit-world; and the witch has been supposed to have communion with the devil and to have obtained from him in barter for her soul some worthless power of doing evil for the mere sake of doing it, notwithstanding the utter impossibility of understanding the value of such a bargain to either of the contracting parties. The diviner has been supposed to be indebted for his knowledge to good or evil spirits, according to the character of his divinations.

"The disposition to believe in spiritual agencies as a means of escaping from the necessity of patient observation, and





Moab (xvi. 6), of the "burden of Moab" (xv. 1-9), and of the bringing down of Moab (xv. 11). The latter, together with the captivity of Moab and Chamosh in the latter days, is evidently copied in the imprecations of Jeremiah (chap. xlviii.), who wrote between B.C. 638 and 586, when Jerusalem and Judah fell under Nebuzadan the Chaldean.

On the other hand, we hear nothing, as might be expected, about the devoting of Mesa's son to Chamosh, which, by-the-by, suggests the unconsummated sacrifice of Isaac and Jephtha's horrid vow; nor do the Moabites mistake for the blood of the allies who had slain one another, the water miraculously supplied to Elisha. Do we not freely own to our desire for a supply of that "double evidence which so often tantalises the student of ancient history," especially in one of the most ancient of all histories? We sorely long for more Moabite Stones, which will cry out to us *audi alteram partem*. It is only the conflicting version that can explain such legends as that of Lot and his daughters, possibly, as in the case of Ammon, the result of some blood-feud, and that of Balaam, which may have been borrowed from a Moabitish chronicle. We would willingly also see the test of an *altera lectio* applied to the raid of David against the Moabites so laconically told (in 2 Sam. viii. 2, and 1 Chron. xviii. 2), an apparently causeless onslaught upon a people connected with him through Ruth by blood-ties, and to whom his father Jesse owed so much gratitude.

To measure the amount of difference, let us compare the statements found in 2 Kings iii. with the Moabite Stone, this chapter of realistic local history; the collation will prove how much the latter corrects and supplements the former.

2 Kings iii. Lines 4 and 5 mention only despoilers, enemies, and Omri, his son and his grandson, the oppressors and destroyers.

6-9. And King Jehoram went out of Samaria the same time, and numbered all Israel. Lines 7 and 10 mention only Israel and the men of Gad.

And he went and sent to Jehoshaphat the King of Judah, saying, The King of Moab hath rebelled against me: wilt thou go with me against Moab to battle? And he said, I will go up: I am as thou art, my people as thy people, and my horses as thy horses.

And he said, Which way shall we go up? And he answered, The way through the wilderness of Edom.

So the King of Israel went, and the King of Judah, and the King of Edom; and they fetched a compass of seven days' journey.

17. For thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink, both ye, and your cattle, and your beasts.

22-24. And they rose up early in the morning, and the sun shone upon the water, and the Moabites saw the water on the other side as red as blood:

And they said, This is blood: the kings are surely slain, and they have smitten one another: now therefore, Moab, to the spoil.

And when they came to the camp of Israel, the Israelites rose up and smote the Moabites, so that they fled before them.

25. And they beat down the cities, and on every good piece of land cast every man his stone, and filled it; and they stopped all the wells of water; and felled all the good trees: only in Kir-haraseth left they the stones thereof: howbeit the slingers went about it, and smote it.

26. And when the King of Moab saw that the battle was too sore for him, he took with him seven hundred men that drew swords, to break through even unto the King of Edom: but they could not.

27. Then he took his eldest son that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall. And there was great indignation against Israel: and they departed from him, and returned to their own land.

No mention of this terrible loss to the tribe of Gad.

No mention of this terrible loss to the Israelites.

Ditto.

Ditto.

The "strong remark" that the Moabite Stone reads like a page of the Bible might have been made stronger. It is evident that in the Book of Kings we tread upon enchanted ground, whereas, in the stele, we find a chapter of realistic, local, and contemporary chronicles. The former offers, in a single chapter, a "prophet," a miracle, and a phenomenon so inexplicable as to be *quasi-miraculous*; the latter deals throughout with the world as we still know it. And the unprejudiced will find no difficulty in answering the question, Which is history, and which is the romance of history?

RICHARD F. BURTON.

#### MRS. HOLMES'S MEDIUMSHIP.

A NEWSPAPER advertisement recently called our attention to the arrival in London of Mrs. Jennie Holmes, who was stated to be a good American physical medium, who sometimes had large iron rings put upon one of her arms, while the hand of that arm was held by one of the persons present. On Monday, last week, our reporter attended one of Mrs. Holmes's public *seances* at 50, Great Cumberland-place, Hyde Park, W., and the following is his account of what he witnessed:—

"About nine or ten persons were present, including Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. Daw, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, Mrs. Burns, and myself. The observers sat round three sides of the room, in a horse-shoe curve, and Mrs. Holmes sat at a table by herself on the other side of the room, two or three yards from the other persons present. She requested that during the dark *seance* all the members of the circle should join hands and not unclasp them on any account, also that the hands of Mr. Holmes, who sat at one end of the circle, should be held.

This being promised, she asked me to tie her hands together with a piece of rope about half an inch in diameter, and rather more than two yards long. I first tied the rope round one wrist with a double knot, then round the other wrist with a double knot, and saw that she could not possibly slip her hands through the two loops thus made. The length of rope connecting her hands was then five inches. I next placed her two hands together, and tied the wrists together, securing them with a double knot. She then asked me to tie her hands to the leg of the table, on which guitars and other musical instruments were placed, in order that she might not be able to touch the instruments on the top of the table. I told her I preferred tying her down to her own chair, and did so accordingly, placing the final double knot under the bottom rail of the chair. All the hands of the sitters were then joined, and the lights were put out. At once there was great clatter and noise among the instruments on the table. A guitar flew all round the room playing a tune, and tapped each sitter gently on the head as it passed round. The room was a large one. A voice then told Mr. Holmes to strike a light, and requested me to examine the knots. I found the medium tied exactly as I had left her. The light was put out again, and she was instantly untied.

"She then, entranced by a spirit, called me to the table, and placed a chair for me, asking me to hold both her hands, and on no account to loosen my hold of them. This I did, and she passed my left hand down her head, shoulder, and left arm, again and again, telling me to make sure she had no ring on it. A welded iron ring, about 4½ inches in diameter, and two tambourine rings, had been given us to examine before the *seance*. When I said that I was satisfied that she had no ring on her arm, she began to sway about in her chair, saying that the spirits were collecting power from the members of the circle; all this time, at her request, I held tightly on to her hands, and she moved my left hand to feel the three rings lying upon the table. Suddenly the iron ring was upon my right arm at the elbow, and Mr. Guppy called out, that one of the tambourine rings was upon his arm, although he had been holding Mrs. Guppy's hand all the time the lights had been extinguished.

"A light was then struck by Mr. Holmes, but shaded from the face of Mrs. Holmes, who was in a deep trance, with the whites of her eyes only exposed. He was on the point of putting out the light, when I said I should like to examine the ring on my arm, to see whether it was the same one we had looked at before the *seance* began. He told me not to let go of Mrs. Holmes's hand, and when she woke up he would strike a light again, and I could examine the ring. This was done. I examined the ring, and could find no joint in it; the weld was perfect; and when I suspended it on one finger and struck it with a key, it rang with a clear musical sound. There was then no other iron ring on the table.

"The only non-spiritual explanation that occurred to me was, that some covering upon her arm might have made my hand slip over the ring on her arm, without feeling it. But, from the large diameter of the ring, and the complete way in which I felt her arm, this theory carried no conviction to my own mind.

"All the time I was holding both her hands, a guitar was flying over me, playing tunes, and every now and then touching my head and shoulders. My face was also repeatedly stroked by soft hands.

"On Friday, last week, I was at a private *seance* with Mrs. Holmes. Twenty or thirty ladies and gentlemen were present, several of them well known, and eminent in literature, science, and art. One gentleman present—a leading officer of the British Association—had a ring placed on under the same conditions as myself, except that no guitar played about his head, and that a wooden tambourine ring bound with iron came upon his arm. He was touched upon his head, shoulders, and side, while he held both hands of the medium. He said that perhaps she did the touches on his side with her feet—he could not, however, see how the touches on his head and shoulders could be done in that way. He, too, thought that perhaps something on her arm might have prevented his feeling the tambourine ring, but from the enormous diameter of the ring, this supposition was beset with more difficulties than in my case, where the iron ring was used.

"Shortly afterwards another gentleman was called up, and told to place his feet on the feet of the medium, and to hold both her hands. He did this, and held her knees between his knees. He also thoroughly felt her left arm. Then he was touched all over with hands, and the tambourine ring came upon his arm. Directly this was done, the spirit Rosa, who had entranced the medium, said to a lady sitting next Mr. Holmes, 'Have you been holding Mr. Holmes's hands all the time?' 'Yes,' was the reply. She then said to the gentleman holding the medium, 'Have you been holding the medium's hands and feet all the time?' 'Yes,' was the answer. Then she said to the members of the circle, 'Have you people been holding each others hands?' A general chorus of 'Yes,' was the answer. 'And have you been touched all over?' she said to the

gentleman holding the medium. 'Yes,' he said. 'Well, then,' said Rosa, 'Who dood it?'

"The question, 'Who dood it?' was felt to be a clincher. Nearly all the members of the circle were well known to each other, and the one or two who were less known had their hands held.

"In both these cases the tambourine rings were very carefully examined. In the first case the gentleman said that it felt as if the ring came upon his arm from near his shoulder.

"At this *seance* nine or ten of the sitters at one side of the room had a guitar flying over their heads, playing, and gently tapping each head in turn, but this was not done all round the circle."

Mr. Burns has published the following account of his experience at a *seance* which was held three or four weeks ago:—

The medium, still entranced, and sitting in complete darkness, was used by "Rosa" to ask me to sit forward on a chair which stood near to the table and close to the medium. I groped my way to the vacant chair as desired, when the spirit extended the arms of the medium to meet me, and directed me to sit right in front of her. I was then made to pass my hands down the medium's arms, and thus satisfy myself that she had no rings on her arms. I did so most thoroughly, from which moment I held one of her hands in each of mine till the accomplishment of the manifestation. Still holding the medium's hands, the spirit made me feel about the table, to make certain that the iron ring and the two tambourine hoops or frames were on it—particularly the stout one bound with iron. I did so repeatedly, the medium's hand accompanying mine as I held them tightly. The spirit then shook the medium's, and mine also, to show that there was no tambourine on them, or it would have been heard to jingle. The audience was then told to sing, when Miss Nisbet struck up a melodious ditty, in which the others joined. As this proceeded "Rosa" ceased her prattling, her last words being more solemn and measured. I felt my head and arms being touched all over gently by soft hands. The seers saw the spirits making passes between the medium and myself, to unite our personal spheres, so that we were encompassed in a halo of light. At this stage came the crisis. The medium convulsively intensified the grasp in which she held my hands. She shivered and fell back as if lifeless, and at this instant I felt the tambourine frame or hoop on my right arm above the elbow, and heard the jingle as it was shaken up and down. Mr. Holmes lost no time in bringing a light, the rays of which he carefully shaded from the medium's face. There, sure enough, was the stout wooden hoop, strongly fortified with an iron ring, suspended from my arm—the very tambourine hoop which we had identified before the *seance* began. I had still hold of the medium's hands, which held mine with a death-like grip, her body apparently lifeless, and her exposed eyeballs turned up, so that nothing but the white part was visible. The strain upon her nervous system had evidently been a severe one, and it was quite apparent that Mr. Holmes considered it so; but the lamp being extinguished, she soon came round, and "Rosa," through her, prattled away as lively as ever. The spirit urged me to be certain that the manifestation had occurred under satisfactory test conditions, which I gladly admitted. I was also asked by Mrs. Tebb and Mr. Leighton as to whether I had allowed the medium's hands to pass from my grasp. I said I had not, neither had she made any effort to detach them; but, on the contrary, seemed as if afraid I wanted to release my hold.

Mrs. Holmes has favoured us with the following statement about the development of her mediumship:—

"I was born in the year 1842, at Aurora, New York. In my younger days I knew nothing about Spiritualism, but from my infancy could see spirits at intervals daily; I also possessed the gift of second-sight, and often saw events connected with our family, weeks or days before they actually occurred. I saw my father's death two weeks before he entered the spirit world; I saw the whole scene, including the two men who laid him out, who were entire strangers to our family, and towards the close of the vision my sister, who was with me, saw the scene too. I often turn out of the way of spirits in the streets, not for the moment being able to distinguish them from mortals. When a child I was in the habit of playing with spirit children; my mother often scolded me for it. She told me that I was out of my senses, and talking to devils. This often made me ery a great deal; and I would go and play with them at the end of the lane, where my mother could not see me.

"At the age of fifteen, while living at Toledo, Ohio, I was taken ill with the dropsy, and at the age of seventeen was so bad with it that the physicians gave me up; I had then been seventeen days without anything to eat, and only a teaspoonful of water to drink now and then. The doctors were much perplexed at the fact of my living so long without food. I could not lie down, and sat all the time pillowed in an arm chair. When I was declared to be at the point of death, the minister and some of the members of the Methodist Church to which I belonged, came in to pray for me. The minister was Elder Pratt, one of the most eminent preachers in America, and known to some extent among Wesleyans in England; he died about two years ago. As he knelt with his arms on a chair, praying for me, the chair withdrew from under his hands and travelled half across the room; he looked at it as if doubting the evidence of his senses, brought it back to its first place, and at once it travelled away again. He said that he had heard speak of omens and forerunners of death, though he had not believed in them, but he had no doubt that that was one.

"I then felt many hands passing over me. I was conscious at the time, but could only speak in a whisper. The rubbing and passing of hands pained me, caused me to perspire, and made the water run

from me like rain. I said to my brother, 'If you don't take those people away they will smother me.' He said that no one was touching me, but I persisted that I felt the hands. The next night Elder Pratt came again, and my chair ran away from him across the room, carrying me in it. On the third night he came again; several chairs moved, there were rappings about the room, and I felt hands touching me. On the fifth night the dropsy was entirely gone, but I was too weak to walk.

"A little orphan German girl, who had been adopted by me, Sophy Slide, aged sixteen, was with me on the ninth night, when I requested my brother to get me some water, as I felt like fainting, after which I lost consciousness. When he returned he found me talking German to Sophy, who remarked to him, 'I think Jennie's real mean that she didn't speak German to my mother before she died.' My brother told her that I could not speak German. Sophy replied, 'She's been talking German, and she says that she's my mother.' That was my first control as a trance-medium, and in the course of it Sophy's mother told her that she had hidden seventy-five dollars away in a particular part of the roof of the house she last lived in, and that Sophy was to get the money, and pay it to the Sisters of Charity, who were then taking care of two little babies, Sophy's twin brothers. The child went there and found the money in a little buckskin bag; directly she returned I was entranced again. Her mother told her to keep ten dollars herself, and to give the rest of the money to the Sisters of Charity.

"This was all noised abroad among the Germans in the town, many of whom came to visit me; sometimes I was entranced in their presence, and they would ask to have their fortunes told. Sometimes my brother would come in and find me sitting at the table entranced, talking to a circle of Germans making themselves at home with beer and pipes. At last these visits became a nuisance and were stopped.

"Shortly afterwards I was controlled by 'Rosa' as she now calls herself. In earth-life she was a little Chippewa Indian girl, who was killed by lightning when only four years old, while pulling up roots in the woods. Now, she is well-known among Spiritualists all over the United States. Although I could not then walk unassisted, when she controlled me she would make me run out into the woods, and gather roots; these she steamed and dished up at home and made me drink. My brother thought that I was mad, and ought to be locked up, but the roots cured me.

"All these things made a great commotion in the Methodist church at Toledo, where everybody knew me. When I went to church the rappings and moving of furniture sometimes began there, and once the minister's chair was moved; Elder Pratt at once invited me to go home, which made me weep bitterly, as it was not my fault. He, Mrs. Ware, the Kelsey's, the Collins's, and others, then visited me, to pray with me, and get rid of the noises about the house. Elder Pratt told me to repeat a short prayer, and say, 'Satan! get thee behind me!' But instead of obeying the commands they would make more noise than ever. He was sure it was the devil, and I then thought so too.

"One night while he was alone with me, I went into the trance state for nearly half-an-hour; when I awoke again he was weeping bitterly. He said—'Mrs. Ferris'—for that was the name of my late husband—'I do not wish you to fight against this power any more; it is not evil, for my wife has been here talking to me. She died twenty years ago, a good Christian, and must now be an angel in heaven. If one pure angel can come this way, I believe another can come too.'

"All this time we knew nothing of Spiritualism, and first heard of it from Mr. Henry Breed, a leading merchant, well-known throughout Ohio; he is living at Toledo still. He had, while travelling away from home, been at some seances with Miss Kate Fox and her sister, and he was then the only person in Toledo who knew anything about Spiritualism. He asked me whether I knew what the powers were? I told him I believed that it was the Devil, or evil spirits. Up to that time it had never occurred to me that my deliverance from the dropsy had been effected by spirits, and through spirit influence. He told me about Spiritualism; so we held regular seances at which Elder Pratt and others attended, and began to investigate. Three Roman Catholic priests came and said that they could banish the spirits; they threw holy water over me, and the musical instruments we had bought for the seances; they offered up a prayer, and made many incantations; then we put out the lights, and all tried to stop the manifestations. The musical instruments flew about the room in the most furious way, the pictures fluttered against the walls, and we never had such strong manifestations before. One of the priests was touched by the spirits, and so thoroughly frightened that when the candle was lighted once more, he would not allow it to be put out again, the whole party being thoroughly convinced of the spirit power.

"Gradually I began to have more confidence in the manifestations and in the spirits who produced them. At that time trance manifestations and table motions were usually given through me, and I used to be con-

trolled by all kinds of spirits, mostly the friends of the sitters present; and nearly all the Methodists in the place became Spiritualists in consequence, Elder Pratt included. He admitted the facts sometimes from the pulpit, and unreservedly announced his belief to private friends; he said that he did not think that it was evil.

"The manifestations after a time worried me, and three years after they first began, I resolved to leave the neighbourhood, and to break them off if I could. I went to visit my sister Mrs. Lyons, at Monroe City, Michigan. She is now living at Coldwater, Michigan. She belonged to the Presbyterian church. I hesitated to go to church with her, lest the noises should follow me; but she assured me that the noises would not take place in her church. Directly the minister finished his sermon I was entranced by the spirit of my father, who made me rise and criticise the sermon which had just been delivered. It is a very common practice in many parts of the United States for gentlemen to rise and comment on a sermon at its close, but it is more unusual for a lady to do so. My father closed by saying that he would give through me a public address that evening in the open-air, from the verandah of my sister's house. That evening crowds of people assembled in the street. My father entranced me, and gave an address to them for three-quarters of an hour. Lawyer Tilden called in at the close, and said that it was one of the best and most logical sermons he had ever heard. That Sunday was the first day on which I was ever entranced in public. Sometimes I am entranced now, and made to give an address at the close of a seance. I am entranced so quickly as to place it beyond my power to prevent it.

"About this time a number of spirits organised themselves into a band to control the manifestations at my seances; since then I have travelled in all parts of the United States, Canada, and Central America, and am well-known among Spiritualists from one end of the country to the other.

"Every day I see spirits, now and then, while in my normal state, but at seances I never see them in my normal state; I then only see them when I am entranced. When in my normal state I see spirits by indirect vision only; when I turn my eyes and look straight at them, they vanish. When I shut my eyes, I see them better than with my eyes open; they stand before me like a picture seen on the ground glass of a photographic camera. When my eyes are open, I see objects in the room in addition to the spirits, who look just as real and solid as mortals, and cut off my view of objects behind them. An object, say a table, between me and the spirit, cuts off my view of a portion of the spirit; if I then shut my eyes, I see the whole of the spirit, but not the table or other objects in the room."

After Mrs. Holmes gave us the foregoing narrative, she was entranced by the little spirit Rosa, who said, "I want to tell you a little about the spirits who give the manifestations. First, there is Belle, an Italian girl, and the controlling guide of the medium; then there is John, a Spaniard, and Marie Lavoix, a Frenchwoman. Richard and Clarence are two spirits who make their voices audible to the sitters at seances, and Maria Higgins sings beautiful poetry through the medium when she entrances her. I talk sometimes, too, with the direct voice in a childish whisper; I get into your pockets and steal everything you have got; I have very little hands, which go right down into the bottoms of your pockets; but I always put everything back again. [Here Rosa stopped to laugh.] There are twenty-four spirits altogether in our band; the others not named by me are higher than we seven who do the work; the others stand in the room to see that everything is correctly done, and we are 'under the balance' of these spirits. There are spirits who try to interfere with the manifestations, but our outside band stops them; sometimes, near the close of a seance, our band will let some of the spirit friends of the sitters come in. Many spirits come to the seances and try to form faces so that their friends can recognise them. Sometimes they so crowd in the room, and are so anxious to make themselves known, that it materially interferes with our manifestations."

In the course of the next few weeks more information will be collected about Mrs. Holmes's mediumship, which, from the little we have seen, appears to be of a valuable description.

**SPIRITUALISM IN DALSTON.**—The following resolution was passed at a meeting of the council of the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism held last Thursday evening:—"That a Special General Meeting be summoned for Monday evening, the 16th September, 1872, at 8 o'clock precisely, for the purpose of confirming an alteration of the prospectus and rules. That the above meeting, after transacting the business, take the form of a conversation, to commemorate the establishment of the association."

**RISE IN THE AIR.**—The following appeared in the *Christian World* a week or two ago:—"Sir,—I have been informed that at some church meetings in Devonshire, during religious excitement, several persons have been seen rising off the floor and floating in the room. Can any of your readers confirm the assertions made? During the present year and no controversy respecting 'Spiritualistic phenomena,' the place and date of so public an evidence would be useful to ministers and deacons, if given through the columns of the *Christian World*.—I am, yours truly, Enmore Jones, Enmore-park, S.E."

Poetry.

THE SPIRIT'S MESSAGE.

The following lines, given through the mediumship of a lady, have been sent to us for publication:—

Go in thy simple seeming,  
Robed round with pure delight,  
And carry our written message  
To those that dwell in night;  
Tell them that joy awaiteth  
(Yea, even here below)  
All who can hear our words of love,  
And bid us welcome now.

Go, tell the toiling mother  
Who earns her children's bread,  
She need not curse existence,  
Nor wish that life were fled,  
Above her stand bright angels  
With comfort for her ear,  
Would she but lift her weary head,  
And listen without fear.

Would she but hear us nightly,  
When other sounds are hushed,  
Voices would whisper lovingly  
To soothe the heart now crushed;  
More rest it were than slumber  
To wearied limbs ere given,  
To feel the guardian spirit's hand,  
Or hear her speak of heaven.

Go, woman, to thy sisters  
Who sink beneath their toil,  
Whose loving deeds are answered  
By words that seem to soil;  
Say these shall strike them harmless  
If they can only feel  
The spirits waiting close at hand,  
To comfort, save, and heal.

But most of all go seeking  
Thy sisters lost to shame,  
And show them all they forfeit  
By dishonouring woman's name;  
Tell them that heaven is near them,  
If they will enter in,  
And follow those bright messengers  
Away from paths of sin.

When women shall have finished  
The work we wait to give,  
When they have shown men rightly  
How they shall rightly live:  
Then will they ask no longer  
For "equal" rights and place,  
For woman's right is love and light  
To all the human race.

Correspondence.

[Great freedom is given to correspondents, who sometimes express opinions diametrically opposed to those of this journal and its readers.]

SPIRITUALITY.

SIR,—An intelligence once expressing itself through the organisation of another said to me—"It is most desirable, for the sake of happiness, to cultivate spirituality. There are those even in the spirit world with varied powers, and possessing force for their impulsion, yet who are ill at ease, feeling the lack of something in their natures. The lack is that of spirituality."

I asked—"What is spirituality?"  
The Intelligence answered thus—"It is that seeking of the soul to go forth and identify itself with the elements from whence it sprang."

It is nearly three years since this question was answered me. I have often pondered over it. I cannot now define spirituality. I deem it a fascinating mystery, never clearly to be defined. But it is a mystery I have felt. It is an effect coming to me at times from all visible and tangible matter. It comes with most force when the mind is in repose and the body healthful and vigorous. It is in such conditions I can best feel the beautiful influence of sky, cloud, and sunshine, of tree, leaf, and flower. It is in the varying shades of forest green, refreshing the eye and sending their softly-tinted and warming rays into the dark chambers of the brain. It comes like a breath of new life from the ocean, swept by the morning breeze and flecked with caps of white; it is like a soothing opiate in the hush of some landscape slowly being shut in by the evening shadows; it is in the atmosphere of association and history which is felt about old monuments, tombs, and ancient churches; it is in the air of mystery surrounding structures built by unrecorded races; it is a languid voluptuousness under the palmy and warm breath of the tropics; an awesome and majestic strain in the cold splendour of the Poles. It brings a sense of mystery, and a wonder almost akin to fear as I gaze into space with its stupendous machinery, whirl and interwhirl of worlds, while at vast intervals comets seemingly dash madly into the intricacies of their orbits, yet all governed by the perfection of order and regularity. It is a wonder as great when I regard the anatomy and life of the tiniest insect—it is a wonder which reaches its climax when I contemplate myself—the consciousness of all these things, when I ask, "What am I? Whence came I?" and can only answer, "I am seemingly of all that is."

I repeat again the spirit's answer, "That seeking of the soul to go forth and identify itself with the elements from whence it sprang." Perhaps force or matter—call it what you may—meeting and combining with force, at last evolved consciousness. Words are feeble to attempt conveying a vague, perhaps mistaken sense of being's mystery. We feel that spirituality is the ever-increasing sense and consciousness of our assimilation with all nature. As it becomes fuller, every day is a day of new, fresh, and friendly recognition and discovery of our relations to the visible and invisible universe. We see the visible, we feel the invisible; all that meets the eye is the flower; what is felt is the fragrance. With the fuller spirituality we pine no longer for a single home, for home is felt everywhere. In the clear mirrors of memory we carry all past scenes, remembrances, and absent faces. All pain and bitterness fade out; a token that all evil is but crudity; which must, in time, slough off and be forgotten. In the private park of memory there must be no unwelcome intruders. It banishes all envy or hatred of others, for each one shall realise the ever-increasing richness of his own powers. It allows no slovenly haste, for every act, thought, and minutest detail of daily life shall be known as one of the notes in the eternal melody of existence which we would not slur over; no excess, for temperance in every exercise of being's attributes shall be recognised as the corner-stone and foundation of all lasting pleasure; no despairing grief at parting with our dearest, when it is clearly seen how life is interwoven with life in the endless strand of being; no weariness of existence, for it is the realisation of the Divine mind whose day is as a thousand years, whose thousand years a day.

Spirituality seems the richest sense of pleasure, yet the most





