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MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM:

A PAPER BY MRS. BERRY,

READ AT THE

SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION, 15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW,  
LONDON,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 27, 1872.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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MRS. BERRY desires that the circumstances under which she was induced to write the following paper be stated. On the evening of March 13, 1872, George Harris, Esq., F.S.A., Vice-President of the Anthropological Institute, &c., &c., read an essay on "Supernatural Visitations," at the Spiritual Institution, which was published in *Human Nature* for April. An interesting discussion ensued, in the course of which, Mr. Harris suggested the desirability of hearing what the ladies might have to say on the subject. Mr. Burns took the liberty of mentioning the name of Mrs. Berry as a lady who had given much attention to the subject of Spiritualism, more particularly in eliciting the phenomena. The proposition that Mrs. Berry should give her experiences, was so warmly seconded by the audience, that she was ultimately induced to prepare a paper to be read at the succeeding meeting. Another lady also prepared a statement which appeared in the *Spiritual Magazine* for May. At the close of the discussion, Mr. Harris very handsomely testified to the fact that the phenomena discussed by the ladies satisfied the requirements of the "tests by which the truth of apparitions can be ascertained," as proposed in his paper.

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# MY EXPERIENCES

IN

# SPIRITUALISM.

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My first introduction to Spiritualism occurred in the year 1864, when I made the acquaintance of Miss R——, a lady of great talent, and who with her brother was engaged in literary pursuits. I had just returned from Vichy, where I had been staying some time for the benefit of my health. She called to see me about a poor woman she had taken great interest in, who, she said, was a splendid clairvoyant. The next day, by appointment, I went to this lady's house, to see the woman. I should here, perhaps, state that I had never seen, or scarcely heard of a clairvoyant. I sat chatting a few minutes with my friend, when a servant announced that the mesmeriser and her subject were ready to receive me. When I entered the room I was silently motioned to a seat, a chair being placed for me close to the clairvoyant. The latter sat on a sofa opposite to her magnetiser, who then asked me to put some questions to the clairvoyant. This I declined to do, preferring to wait the result. The woman appeared to be suffering great agony; her face became very much distorted, and altogether it was a most painful exhibition; but I had no pity. I felt convinced that she was an impostor, and it was on this account that I would not put a question to her, determining to give her no loop-hole to creep out at. After sitting and witnessing her antics, for so I then called them, for some time, I rose and left the room. I saw Miss R—— as I came out, and cautioned her from compromising herself with such a woman.

The next day Miss R—— again called upon me to tell me of the scene that took place after I left. The woman was so ill and so deeply entranced, that no means employed could bring her to her normal condition. At last they were obliged to send her home in a cab, her mesmeriser going with her. I heard all this, but I was then so satisfied that the woman was an impostor, that had Miss R—— told me that she had died there and then, I should not have altered my opinion, but that it was all assumed. And now let me pause and offer an apology to that woman for the wrong I did her, unknown at that time by me, but sorely felt by her. It appears, and this is from my after experience, that my presence exercised a

very powerful influence over her, and the two magnetisms—that of her magnetiser and mine—were the cause of the failure and her being made so ill. I never saw her again, but should I meet her now, I should act very differently towards her.

I now return to Miss R——. She was about to leave me, and taking my hand to say “Good-bye,” she remarked—

“I should think you are a *medium*; there is something peculiar in the touch of your hand.”

“Medium!” I said, “what is a medium?”

“What! have you never heard of table-turning?” she asked.

I answered: “I cannot say I never heard of such a thing; if it has been referred to in my presence at all, it has only been in ridicule. Surely a woman of your talent and abilities could never put faith in such an absurdity. It is something of fortune-telling, is it not?”

“No,” she said, still keeping my hand; “I believe in it, and I think if you were to see what I have seen, you would be a believer also, and a greater one than I am.”

Still thinking of the poor clairvoyant, I said—“I hope no more deception. But do tell me what a medium is?”

She replied, “I cannot tell you more than that I think you are one; and I should not wonder if you became queen of the tribe.”

After this I had no alternative but to know for myself, and it was arranged that on the morrow I should accompany her to witness the phenomena.

It was one day in the autumn of 1864, at 2 P.M., that I found myself in King Street, Bloomsbury, following my leader through a cabinetmaker's shop, up a flight of stairs, and without any ceremony, entering a small back-room. I must confess appearances did not give me much faith. But I had come fully armed, determined to find out any deception, be it what it might. There was no one in the room when we entered, and before I took a chair, Miss R—— requested me to examine the table—a small round one—also to look at the carpet, to see if any machinery was hidden under it, and so forth. Presently in came a very stout woman, walking rather lame, but with a kind, good-natured expression on her face. She began talking to Miss R—— and appeared to know her very well. To me she only imparted the information that she did not sit at tables, she only spoke through the spirit, and then gave a few instances of her power, which were really amusing; but being advised not to repeat them here, I sacrifice half the charm of my first introduction to this extraordinary woman, who, I need not say, was the celebrated Mrs. Marshall.

Just then her niece and husband entered. They looked at me very hard, seeing I was a stranger, sat down at the table, and asked if I would join them. I was directed to place my hands upon it as they were doing. I soon felt the table vibrating, and heard some gentle raps. I was now told that spirits were present,

and that I might question them. I must say that I experienced a peculiar solemnity of which I had never been conscious before, and hesitatingly, and with trembling, put the question—

“Is there a spirit here that knows me?”

Three raps came in response, which, as it appeared, signified “Yes.”

“Will you give me your name?”

One of the party then took the alphabet and a sheet of paper, writing down the letters as they were given, and in less than twenty minutes I was as strong a believer in this manifestation as a disbeliever of that exhibited before me a few days previously.

Two names were given, so uncommon that no one could have guessed them; a verse of a favourite poem repeated; many events related—so that the identity was placed beyond a doubt. I felt I was now in the presence of that being from whom I had parted in grief and sorrow, with the full assurance that in this sphere we should never meet again. From that time to the present my faith has remained unchanged. I am as firm a believer in what are called “miracles” as were the disciples of old; and I have yet to understand how men and women, who place such faith in miracles recorded in a bygone age, should refuse to accept those of the present day. I believe that the power was, and is, and will be; and if others will only do as I have done—take every opportunity of investigating, I am sure they will not be disappointed. All may not be able to accept so readily as I did, but all and every one will be rewarded with the full certainty that those who have lived in this sphere and passed away, can return and communicate with us, and are ever ready to come again amongst us. I do not say all spirits can; my idea is, that there are mediums in the spirit sphere as well as here. Spirits who have not mediumistic power cannot communicate, and this is the reason why we do not always get those spirits around us that we wish for, and our nearest and dearest friends are kept away while strangers take their place. I believe also that many who have inhabited this sphere were, while upon it, so spiritualised, that after leaving this life our earth's magnetism cannot attract them; and it is only when they arrive in higher spheres that they find the telegraph at work between the two worlds. Some spirits will come and stay a short time, clinging to an object they have left behind. I have had them come to inform us when they were leaving one sphere for another; and on one or two occasions they have given the precise time, and asked us to sit in silence. Many also have come to ask for our prayers, and I always find, however low the development of spirits be, if you receive them kindly they will appreciate it; but it does not do to speak kindly to them, and think unkindly of them. I could, had I the time, give some very interesting experiences on this subject. On some other occasion I may be able to do so.

Such, then, was my first introduction to Spiritualism, and ever since I have faithfully clung to it. Indeed, life to me without it

would be a dark and dreary shadow. Spiritualism is the beacon that lights me on. From that time I made it a rule to attend a seance at Mrs. Marshall's once a-week. I cannot tell you how I looked forward to those days; and I ever look back upon them as some of the brightest I have passed.

Saturday evening was selected by Mrs. Marshall to receive me, and any of my friends who wished to investigate with me came. We had some interesting seances, at which physical manifestations were witnessed. I have seen a table coming from the far end of the room, rushing upon us with great force, but never touching us. I have seen sticks and umbrellas come out of corners where they had been placed by their owners. I have seen ladies' chairs turn completely round while the ladies have been sitting upon them. I have seen a bell taken off the table by a hand, certainly not belonging to one of those present. I have heard this bell ringing under the table; and after, by request, I have had it put into my hand. I have placed the rings off my finger on to the ground, putting a tumbler beside them, and have heard the rings dropped into it, one by one. I have repeatedly had my boot taken off; but never could induce the spirits to *put it on again*, for they generally threw it to the far end of the room. I have heard the banjo played, the guitar played, the keys of the piano struck; and this not in a dark room, but either by daylight or gaslight.

Soon after I knew the Marshalls, my power began to develop itself. I have seen a dozen persons all under my influence—some affected one way, some another. At this time I was developed for spirit-drawings. I also developed Mr. Marshall as a drawing medium. But here I would remark that, as in everything connected with spiritual manifestations, each medium possesses his or her own identity. His drawings were totally different from mine; I believe if the productions of all drawing mediums were brought together and examined, they would all exhibit single links in one great chain; and I am sorry that such a collection has not taken place, and should be glad to give my assistance to such an object.

At this time I was developing as a healing medium.\* In these

\* It is to be hoped that on some future occasion Mrs. Berry will dwell more lengthily upon her own individual powers and experiences. The following letter from Mr. William Overton, dated October 16, 1866, and addressed to Mrs. Berry, gives some idea of the nature of that lady's powers as a spiritual healer:—"At a sitting with a few friends a communication was given, that if you were to magnetise a medium then present, and who has become deaf through magnetising others, she would be cured. I was selected by the 'intelligence' at the time to write to you, and the reason why I did not do so sooner was, that I did not know your address; but I remembered that you were in the habit of visiting Mrs. Marshall, and calling there I obtained it. I once sat at the table with you about three months since, and was thrown on the floor by your power, and which I have no doubt you will remember. Mr. Avery was present. Please reply to me or to the medium, Mrs. Clark." We desire to refer very briefly to what Mrs. Berry calls *her* power, which is illustrated in a very characteristic manner in the letter now quoted. Mrs. Berry has the power of causing persons with a medium-

cases I exhibited no will of my own—no electro-biology. I was simply a passive instrument in the hands of the spirits.

In 1866 I was first introduced to Miss Nichol, now Mrs. Guppy. The first evening she came she was entranced, described a home scene very faithfully, which was afterwards corroborated by her father.

That year I was also introduced to Mr. Champernowne and his nephew, Master Turketine. The latter and I went into the back drawing-room, to try the experiment with rope-tying. But it was not very successful, although there was something done.

I was likewise introduced to Mrs. Powell. Her Indian spirit gave us some interesting manifestations. I held many seances in 1866, but nothing very extraordinary occurred.

In 1867 I went through a severe illness. I was holding seances at the time, but by order I had to give them up. I had sent out invitations for a seance; Miss Nichol was one of the ladies invited. When she received my letter, she and the lady with whom she was staying, and who had developed her, went to the table to get a message. The spirit requested her to come to me directly, and told her not to leave me until she was impressed to do so, which she did. A pretty manifestation took place directly she entered

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istic temperament to fall down, or reel about, by the simple motion of her hand. At times, in her hands, a stick becomes a "magic wand," causing objects to move in a surprising manner. We have sat with her in our office while Messrs. Herne and Williams were holding a dark seance overhead, and the instant before each thump of the table on the floor, Mrs. Berry would exclaim, "There it is!—there it is!" and give other indications of her knowledge that a physical manifestation was about to take place. She felt the power leaving her like a jerk, or discharge of some pent-up force. This, no doubt, accounts for the fact that the manifestations take place with greater force in Mrs. Berry's presence than with most persons. Those of an opposite temperament, and who are not successful in their attempts at witnessing these manifestations, think that the accounts of what takes place in the presence of Mrs. Berry are exaggerated. Such a charge cannot be sustained. In Mrs. Berry's presence, and more particularly in her own room, and accompanied only by those mediums who are in the habit of sitting with her, the manifestations occur with a force of which ordinary investigators can have no idea. After sitting with Mrs. Berry, a medium has more power to cause the phenomena at any other circle he may have to attend. Messrs. Herne and Williams have been known to visit this lady for the purpose of getting a supply of power when they had a special seance to give. Mrs. Berry is therefore successful in developing mediums, and has conferred the spirit-voice manifestation, as well as other gifts, upon several mediums. In a public meeting, a speaker or trance medium is benefitted by having Mrs. Berry sitting near him. These facts have not been arrived at hastily, but after years of patient investigation. Mrs. Berry elsewhere observes, "I am sure I am speaking within bounds when I say that I have witnessed more than 200 physical, and other manifestations, and no two were ever alike. I certainly try the spirits to see what they can do, and if they give me a new manifestation, I never ask them to repeat it, but request them to do something else; for I think they are very like ourselves—never know what they can do till they try." Aided by such power, and guided by the motives just stated, Mrs. Berry witnesses at her sittings an immense variety of marvels, such as are seldom reproduced elsewhere. We have taken the liberty of supplementing these remarks, seeing that the author of the paper has almost neglected to mention this most eventful part of her subject.—Ed. H. N.



the breakfast room where I was sitting; a flower was seen to fall from the ceiling upon me. After this I was informed by the servant that a magnificent bouquet of flowers had been placed on my dressing table. It could not have been Miss Nichol, as she never, to my knowledge, had been in my bedroom, nor did she know where it was situated. At the same time, I believe it was done through her power. This was on a Tuesday. I will now pass on to the Sunday following. About 8 a.m. I was impressed to send for her to my room, and tell her that she was to go to the Serpentine, that she was to walk there and back as fast as she could, to speak to no one on her way either going or coming, and when she returned she was to throw off her bonnet and cloak outside my door, then to come in and stand by my bedside. All this she implicitly did, and I was impressed to take one of her hands and draw the magnetism from her. About an hour after this I was again impressed that she was to come and sit with me and to put her chair two feet from the bed, on the side where I was lying; she was to cross her hands over her breast and not to speak. I then partly closed my eyes, but I could see that she sat motionless. In a few minutes I gave a faint scream, for I felt something had fallen upon me, appearing to come from the canopy of the bed or the ceiling; and upon the attendant coming in, which she immediately did on hearing me scream, there was my pillow and part of my bed covered with white camelias. A few days after this the spirits told Miss Nichol that her work was done; she was wanted at home and must leave me.

For some time after this I held no more seances. When I began again the manifestations were very powerful. On one occasion a large party was invited to be present. Miss Nichol was impressed that she and I were to walk the room an hour before they arrived; the room was then to be shut up until the company came. As many as could took their seats round a large table. Another circle was then made. After this the lights were extinguished, and a shower of flowers came on the table and with them a shower of water. The quantity of flowers was so great that every lady took away as many as she could carry in her hand, and yet there appeared as many left behind. After a few minutes we again sat, the lights being extinguished, and in the far corner of the room, where my easel was standing with a spirit picture upon it, and no person being near it, three lights burst forth from the three points like small lamps. These lights remained nearly the whole evening. Previous to this a number of articles were brought from different parts of the room and placed on the table; and a number of other manifestations took place.

At another seance, a party of eight being present, we were desired before we commenced, to sit close to each other and to pin our dresses together, and we were not to be disturbed should anything fall upon the table. Here again we had flowers,—the iris, water lilies, geraniums, pinks, and ferns. The lily was desired



to be given to a lady named by the spirits. A bird came fluttering and chirping—one present saw it. A lady who had been impressed to put something in her pocket before she came to the seance was now told to put it on the table. In a few minutes the phial which she brought empty was found on the table full, and the message was given that she was to drink it at once. It had the perfume of otto of roses. One of the party and myself had our hands on a roll of paper that had been placed on the table by direction. We both distinctly felt the spirit-hand removing it from us. This the spirits made a trumpet with, as one of the ladies had just come from the Marshalls, where the spirit voice had been heard for the first time. We certainly heard sounds but could get no words. The spirit was now asked to walk across the room, which we heard it do. We were then desired to sing, and the spirits accompanied us, playing on what appeared to be glasses, but there were no glasses in the room.

On another occasion, five persons being present, when the dessert was on the table, not thinking of a manifestation, the table rose from the ground, certainly two feet, and literally floated, going to each person as I gave the name. Mr. Nichol, who was a great sceptic, was present, but he confessed it would have been an impossibility for any one present to have moved it, it being a large oak dining table, weighing, he thought, 300 pounds. Unfortunately we cannot command these manifestations, so much depends upon the conditions. More than likely, had a stranger been present, we should not have had this manifestation; for I have often found where the mediums desire the most they get the least result. I had many more of this class of manifestation take place, but it is needless to mention them.

The latter end of that year I was introduced to Miss Price. She was a trance-medium. I had seances with her all the winter. I remember on one or two occasions she gave evidence that she was under strong foretelling power. She told a friend of mine much of his future life, nearly all of which has come to pass. I gave this medium the spirit-voice, that is, the power the spirits could use to speak audibly without using the medium's vocal organs. On the first occasion a very interesting little boy-spirit came. He represented himself as being the child of a slave, and gave his name Ambo. He gave an account of the cruelty he had to suffer on this sphere; but the details were so painful that I sent him away, for which I was afterwards very sorry. He came back after a few seances, and is now the constant attendant of his medium; and here I will remark that I find the spirits out of the flesh much more faithful and constant than those who are in the flesh. The former never appear to leave their mediums when once they are able to speak through them; and at a seance I held only a few weeks since, a spirit came and cried bitterly, wanting to know why his medium was not there, and reproached me for my unkindness in not having him, at the same time saying he did not like the

medium he was now speaking through, which appeared to be reciprocal from the reply. This little spirit once brought me a beautiful shell, which unfortunately was sometime afterwards broken. I had not seen his medium for some time. She therefore knew nothing of it. But he told me of it in her presence, much to her surprise. That year Mrs. Everitt frequently came to my house. Her spirit, John Watt, manifested and talked very freely in the direct spirit-voice, although she had not long been developed for this manifestation. It would be quite impossible for me to enumerate all the spirits I have heard talking, every one keeping his or her identity, so that no matter where I am or what medium I have with me, I can always distinguish the spirit who speaks. To some here this will appear hardly credible. These I ask to go back with me to my first introduction to Spiritualism. They will see that I was quite as unprepared for anything that afterwards took place as any one here can be. If what I have stated be not accepted as truth, I do not blame, for as in bygone ages there was one Thomas, so in the present I am prepared to find many.

I was called upon to give you my experience in Spiritualism. To give you the whole of it would take a volume. I have, however, given as much as I could for the short time allowed me. What I have here stated is not hearsay; it is not a belief; but it is a knowledge. I *know* the manifestations that I have here spoken of did take place, and the reason why I know it is that they took place in my presence. I have not really given the grandest manifestations I have had. The time would not allow of my doing so. To give an idea of the seances I have been holding for the last two years I must refer investigators to the *Medium*. I generally send an account to that publication for insertion, thinking they may interest some of its readers. Between the time referred to in the foregoing narrative and the publication of any of my seances in the *Medium* I had some wonderful manifestations, more striking than any I have herein recorded. Yet I think I have related quite enough to encourage those who are desirous of investigating this great and mighty power.

At the conclusion of the paper, the meeting expressed an eager desire to hear an account of some of Mrs. Berry's special manifestations. A number of instances were given, of which the following are selections:—

#### PAINTED FACES.

A large party present. After sitting round a table and having fruits of every kind desired given by the spirit, a proposition was made that the company should go into the cabinet. This cabinet was really a corridor, but the opposite entrance being closed, it answered the purpose very well. I had placed my easel, brushes, paints, and pictures in it, not thinking it would be required for that evening. Accordingly, as many as could, went in, but came out much quicker! I can only compare their appearance to so many wild Indians. Their faces were literally tattooed with the paint. They laughed with astonishment, but I was vexed, and determined to go in myself to ask why the spirits had treated my guests so rudely; but before I had time to speak, a brush, filled with paint, came into my face, and made my eye smart fearfully. I can only account for it in this way, that the

party who first went in was rather excited and boisterous, and this produced a powerful magnetism, and the spirits lost their control, as in no single instance have they ever treated me before or since so roughly.

Since the above occurrence, another such manifestation took place, about six months ago, but not quite so violent. Mr. Benjamin Coleman had his head painted in a most extraordinary manner. He, unknown to anyone, had asked the spirits to paint him something. This, we concluded, was the fulfilment of his request. Mrs. Guppy, also, one evening had her face painted, and really done very artistically.

### FLOWER (FLOUR) MANIFESTATION.

At another seance, some ladies came with their heads highly dressed with flowers. I suppose it was very bad taste, but I did not admire the style, and, on the following evening, I asked the spirits if they would decorate my head with flowers, asking them to let me see how much prettier they could do it than those I was thinking of. I had only one medium with me, and he is a reverend gentleman, and one of the finest physical mediums I ever sat with. Presently we both exclaimed, at the same time, "They are pouring something on my head; now, they are putting some dust on me; oh, it is powder!" And when a light was struck, there we sat in full powdered hair, fit to have gone to a masquerade.

### FRUIT CUTTING, &c.

At another seance, the spirits brought, at the request of a lady, a pear, but they put it into my hand. I was offering it to her, when my arm was drawn back, and presently I felt a piece of the pear in my hand. Candles were lighted, when it was found cut into the number of pieces there were persons at the table, and though every piece was cut through, the knife never touched my hand to hurt me. On another occasion, an apple was brought, and this was cut so geometrically that Mr. B. Coleman, who was present, took it away with him, promising to have it modelled; but I have not heard of it since. On still another occasion, I saw coming from the ceiling, at the extreme end of the room, the branch of a tree about three feet in length. At the end was a large bunch of white blossoms. This was, I think, in the month of November. A gentleman present took it the next day to either the Botanical or Horticultural Gardens, but they could give him no opinion about it, except that they did not think it was grown in England. I should perhaps say it appeared, in descending, like a flash of lightning. At this period of my mediumship, I always saw a blue light upon the table, before anything was produced by the spirits.

### PICTURES CARRIED.

On another occasion I had given Miss Nicholl, at her request, a pair of my pictures. They were in oils. I had them framed, and sent them to her. A few days afterwards she came to tell me that those pictures were a serious trouble to her. The spirits had taken them out of their frames, and were putting them in all kinds of unlikely places. That morning she had found them at the foot of her bed.

"Well," I said, "I dare say the spirits do not wish you to have them, so send them back."

"Oh, no," she replied, "that is not at all likely, if the spirits want them, they must fetch them!"

On the following Saturday evening I was sitting for a manifestation, when we heard something fall heavily upon the table; light being struck, there were the pictures, but without the frames. At the same time a message was spelled out—"You must not give them away; they are not to be scattered!"

### FRUIT—THE WAGER.

On another occasion a friend of mine, Captain Musgrave Watson, late of the 7th Fusiliers—I have no objection to mention his name, as he is in a position not to care for it. He was a most fearful sceptic, although he had witnessed a great number of manifestations. He still thought it was all deception, and that I was being made the dupe. So one day I determined he should

not sit at the table with me again, as this opposition affected my magnetism. He was not pleased at this, and consequently made a proposition, and offered to lay a very large wager that such and such things, telling me what they were, would not be done. I said—"If I had not more respect for you than you have for the mediums, I would take your bet; but as I know it can be done, I will only take the bet of a pair of the best gloves that can be produced, and these you shall present to Miss Nichol after she has won them, and which I know she will do." The conditions were these:—He was to go into the cabinet and see that it was quite clear of everything; he was then to lock it up, and take the key with him; in the evening he was to be there to receive Miss Nichol; he was then to open the door and put a small table in; then to take the lady by both her hands and walk her in backwards; I was to lock the door after them. If then anything came, he would become a convert. He carried this plan out to the letter; but I had scarcely locked the door, when he called out and begged me to open it again, saying that something had fallen on the table. I did so, and there he was, still holding the hands of Miss Nichol, and on the table was a large bunch of grapes, certainly weighing a pound. He was never again a sceptic, and were he here to-night, would stand up and acknowledge it.

### FRUITS, BIRDS, AND BUTTERFLIES.

Miss Nichol generally held a seance at her house once a-week. I have been present at a party of twenty, when, at a suggestion of Miss Nichol that we should all ask for fruit, we have each had, without any exception, the fruit we have asked for, either placed in our hands or on the table before us. In this way I had a bird fly to me, and I kept it afterwards for some days. They say it had been taken too young from its nest. I have been present when a shower of butterflies came, and went home with certainly a dozen about my head and shoulders, and the next morning they were flying about in my room. I have sat with a party of seven, when each lady was requested to put her handkerchief on the table. My little niece had forgotten to take one, although I believe this was so arranged purposely by the spirits, for she remembered having it in her hand only a few minutes before she left home; but when the lights came every lady had her handkerchief before her, and the little girl was not forgotten. She had one, and where it came from no one had any notion, as it did not belong to any one of the party. The handkerchiefs were tied in very pretty forms. Mine, which I kept for some time under a glass shade, in which I have many gifts from my spirit friends, was in the form of a lady with her train. The handkerchief being trimmed with deep lace, I have no doubt suggested the idea. The face was the most perfect thing I ever saw. How it was managed in so short a space of time, there having been seven tied up at the same time, I cannot imagine. At nearly every seance, we had perfume showered upon us. On one of these occasions, after a large party had left, Mr. Guppy, Miss Nichol, her sister, and myself, went into a small cabinet, and the spirits began to magnetise me with such force that it sounded, at every pass they made, like the explosion of a percussion cap. They then took a fan away which I held in my hand. Nothing was seen or heard of it for some time. I then had a letter from Mr. Guppy, to say that while he and his wife (formerly Miss Nichol) were going to an evening party, the fan was put between their arms.

On another occasion, we were at a seance given by Miss Nichol, when the guitar was asked to be placed on the table, whereupon the spirits began playing it, when a severe blow was struck at one of the party, and the blood flowed from the temple. The gentleman, one of the most eminent naturalists, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, said "It was my own fault entirely, I broke the conditions—the orders were to join hands; and I was very curious to know what sort of hand was playing the guitar, and that was the cause of the blow." We again sat, and saw no more of the wound, the spirits having used their endeavours to heal it.

### THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

One evening I was sitting alone, when some friends came in, all of whom were endowed with mediumistic power, and we sat at the table. It presently began rolling in a most extraordinary manner, so that we could scarcely keep it down.

We asked what was the matter, and it spelled out—"We have buoyed the cable, and shall be home in three days." We did not know what this meant. Some one suggested that we should ask the name, which it gave. A gentleman then present at once said: "Are you Alfred." Answer: "Yes." "Then you're on board the Great Eastern?"—"Yes." "Then you are all safe?"—"Yes." At this time, I should say, the vessel had not been heard of for ten days or a fortnight; and exactly at the end of the three days the vessel arrived. This spirit, "Alfred," was in the flesh at the time, and is now; and though he has been questioned; he has no knowledge of the circumstance, or of having desired to send us such a communication.

## CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CLERGYMAN.

[The following correspondence was read with much *éclat*. It presents a very graphic and well-attested description of physical phenomena, particularly those witnessed at Mrs. Berry's seances. The reverend correspondent resides in the most aristocratic district of the west end of London; and the rev. gentleman to whom he refers was the medium through whom the phenomena took place.]

DEAR MADAM,—In answer to your request, that I will relate the phenomena which were produced by your visit to myself and sisters on Tuesday last, I have to say that our party consisted of eight persons, viz., yourself, myself, the Rev. Mr. ———, curate of this parish, and five ladies, relatives of my own; that we sat during nearly two hours in a small library; that as soon as we had put out the lights a variety of strange phenomena began, and continued with hardly any intermission during the whole time; bread was produced and thrown about in fragments; water was sprinkled over my hair; powder scattered all over the room; a chair, a candlestick, and book placed without noise on the table; blows given in every direction, not slightly, but with great force; and a child's voice heard to sing, and to keep up a long continued conversation with us. That these phenomena were not done by myself I am as certain as of my own existence. That they were not done by my relatives I have that degree of certainty which so closely approximates to demonstration that it is accepted for it in all human affairs. That they were not done by you I believe, because many of them took place whilst I held both your hands. And that they were not done by the Rev. Mr. ———, I infer both from his position as curate of this parish, and from the impossibility as it seems to me of any one person carrying on so many operations without his motions being detected by the others sitting close to him. That there was no one besides our eight selves in the room I am certain, because it was previously searched; and after we entered it servants were placed outside the doors to prevent their being opened. Nor indeed could they be opened without my observation, in as much as they abutted on a lighted hall.

I will only add that the house in which all this happened, and from which I write, is not mine. It is my sister's. But it is the one in which I am now living, and which I have known thoroughly from childhood. And that all the servants who were in it on that evening have lived in the family many years, and of a character which cannot be suspected of collusion.

My sisters beg to unite with me in compliments and many thanks for the agreeable evening you afforded us. And trusting that as time passes some clearer light will be afforded as to the cause of such wonderful and increasing manifestations taking place, I remain yours faithfully, ———.

Feb. 11, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter of this morning. But I want more. I want the particulars of what took place at the *supper table*, when the lamps were on the table and sideboard, and men-servants waiting. Whether you believe it was I, or Rev. Mr. ——— that took so much trouble to amuse you, is not the question. I simply want from you the statement of what did take place in the dining room, and witnessed by all present.—Yours faithfully,

CATH. BERRY.

DEAR MADAM,—I was prevented calling on you this morning; but I intended to do so in order to express my regret at not having mentioned in my former

letter the facts which took place at the supper table, which are of course all the more remarkable owing to their having taken place in the light.

The same voice which had been heard previously in the dark library was heard again from the corner of the lighted supper room; the long table was turned and shaken, and continued raps heard under it; and from a tray of provisions comprising an orange, an apple, a ramequin, and a glass of wine, the orange and the ramequin had disappeared when we looked at it a minute afterwards.

Several of my friends are very anxious themselves to witness what I have told them. Would it be too much to ask you to fix another day to repeat them? My sister begs me to make this request. Any day but Monday would suit her for that purpose. For these marvels fill all minds with astonishment and reflection. And with our united compliments, I remain, dear Madam, yours faithfully,  
Feb. 11, 1870.

DEAR SIR, —Your second letter is more satisfactory, and I thank you for it. With regard to your invitation for an evening to “repeat” the manifestation at your sister’s residence, I must call your attention to this fact, that neither myself nor Rev. Mr. — have it in our power, either to repeat or call forth a manifestation. We are simply passive instruments in the hands of some intelligent and mighty power, consequently of ourselves can do nothing. If you will look in the *Morning Post* of to-day you will see the departure of the Rev. Mr. —; when he returns it is possible that we may be induced to visit you under certain conditions. But I do not make this a promise. With kind compliments to your sisters, I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

CATH. BERRY.

I shall be very happy to give the names of persons who were present on these occasions, if required. I have not introduced my experience in spirit drawings, as they belong to a class of manifestations not presenting the same kind of evidence as those I have related.

At the conclusion of the meeting some of Mrs. Berry’s spirit paintings were shown, and elicited much interest. Another paper was read from the pen of a lady who did not give her name. It appears in the *Spiritual Magazine* for this month.

**SPIRIT AUTOGRAPHS.** *Human Nature* for March contains an Illustrated Sheet, bearing facsimiles of the following Autographs of Spirits, through the mediumship of Charles Swan, a boy of 14 years of age, while in the unconscious trance. A number of them are accompanied by pen-and-ink illustrative sketches by VANDYCK :—

#### PAINTERS.

W. V. Prento,	with a sketch—	Pineapple.
A Vandyck,	„	A Lady's Hand.
J. S. Ruysdael,	„	Waterfall.
W. M. Turner,	„	Landscape.
J. Simpson,	„	Negro's Head.
C. L. Eastlake,	„	Lady's Portrait.
J. Di Credi,	„	Moonlight Scene.
Edward Williams,	„	Portrait.
W. Hogarth,	„	The Beadle.

#### CONTROLLING SPIRITS.

Mary Wilson,	sketch—	A Hand Writing.
Wm. Wilson, (Dr.) „		Medicine Bottle, Skull, and Crossbones.
John Wilson,	„	Plane, Nail, and Hammer.
H. Seymour,	„	A £5 Note.
Henry Angus,	„	A Tin Teapot.
William Angus,	„	A Coffin.

#### ALSO, THE AUTOGRAPHS OF

William E. Channing.	Robert Hare.	Isaac Newton.
J. Wedgwood.	F. Jos. Gall.	Cuvier.

The signatures of the Boy Medium and his Uncle are also given. A Descriptive Article in *Human Nature* gives full particulars as to the signification of the Sketches, and a list of Fifty Paintings done by the Boy in the trance in a few months. The whole complete for 6d.; post free, 7d.

In *Human Nature* for May appeared a beautiful heliotype print of a very humorous and characteristic

### SPIRIT DRAWING BY HOGARTH,

Through Charles Swan, Trance Medium.

The Purchaser of any number of *Human Nature* is entitled to obtain a valuable work at a greatly reduced price. A certificate for this purpose is given with each number sold.

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