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EXPERIENCES
IN
SPIRITUALISM.

EXPERIENCES
IN
SPIRITUALISM:

A RECORD OF
EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA

WITNESSED THROUGH THE MOST
POWERFUL MEDIUMS,

WITH SOME HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS RELATING TO

SEMIRAMIDE,

GIVEN BY THE SPIRIT OF AN EGYPTIAN WHO LIVED CONTEMPORARY
WITH HER.

BY CATHERINE BERRY.

SECOND EDITION ENLARGED.

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P R E F A C E

THE first edition of "My Experiences in Spiritualism" having met with a favourable reception, and the demand having arisen for a reprint of the same, it has been suggested to me that the usefulness of the work might be enhanced by an enlargement. I have had no difficulty in carrying out the suggestion, my experience having been so extensive and varied.

The matter contained in the following pages has passed unimpeached, so that it is not asking the reader too much to accept it as a veritable statement of facts. I do not pretend to treat the subject from the special position of the scientific investigator, who generally expects the public to believe in his statement unsupported by the testimony of other observers. In most cases treated of in the following letters the circumstances are stated so fully as to enable the reader to judge for himself of the genuineness of the phenomena

Tests of the most stringent kind are also introduced, and in many instances the phenomena are so definite as to declare unmistakeably in favour of their spiritual origin.

As the testimony here presented is on a subject of the highest importance to mankind, I have decided to present it as nearly as possible in its original form. Each document has to stand alone and on its own merits as a separate piece of evidence, and therefore I have decided to give them entire as they were addressed to the editor of the *Medium*, and appeared in the columns of that journal.

My aim is not to amuse—to excite curiosity or gratify it, but to answer the very prevalent demand to know in what the phenomena of Spiritualism consist, and how their investigation may be satisfactorily accomplished.

CATHERINE BERRY.

BRIGHTON, 1876.

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MY EXPERIENCES

IN

SPIRITUALISM.

[*A Paper Read at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row,
London, on Wednesday Evening, March 27, 1872.*]

THE circumstances under which this paper was written are as follows:—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 the April number of *Human Nature*, a monthly journal of zoistic science. 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 my name as a lady who had given much attention to the subject of Spiritualism, more particularly in eliciting the phenomena. The proposition that I should give my experiences was so warmly seconded by the audience, that I was ultimately induced to

prepare this paper, which was read at the succeeding meeting. At the close of the discussion, Mr. Harris very handsomely testified to the fact that the phenomena described satisfied the requirements of the "tests by which the truth of apparitions can be ascertained," as proposed in his paper.

My first introduction to Spiritualism occurred in the year 1864, when I made the acquaintance of Miss Roe, 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 Roe as I came out, and cautioned her from compromising herself with such a woman.

The next day Miss Roe 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 Roe 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 could I meet her now, I should act very differently towards her.

I now return to Miss Roe. 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 Roe 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 Roe, 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 spirits; 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 séance 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 the subject with me. We had some interesting séances, 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 any one 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 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 develope 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 own 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 also developing as a healing medium.* In these cases I exhibited

* 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 they 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 mediumistic 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 séance 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

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

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 séance 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.—
EDITOR Human Nature

In 1866 I was first introduced to Miss Nichol, now Mrs. Guppy-Volekman. The first evening she came to my house she was entranced, and 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. The Indian spirit controlling her gave us some interesting manifestations. I held many séances in 1866, but nothing extraordinary occurred.

In 1867 I went through a severe illness. I was holding séances at the time, but by order I had to give them up. I had sent out invitations for a séance; 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 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 by 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, and 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 séances. When I began to hold them 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 about the room for an hour, and then the room was to be shut up until the company arrived. As many as could took their seats round a large table, and the rest formed an outer circle. 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 séance, 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 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 person present saw it. A lady who had been impressed to put something in her pocket before she came to the séance was now told to put it on the table. In a few minutes the phial which she had brought empty, and put on the table empty, was found to be full, and a message 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 speaking-trumpet with. 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 by 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 and we were not thinking of a manifestation, the table rose from the ground, certainly two feet, and literally floated 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 saw many more manifestations of this class, but it is needless to mention them.

At the latter end of that year I was introduced to Miss Price, now Mrs. Perrin. She was a trance-medium. I had séances with her all the winter. I remember on one or two occasions she gave evidence of being 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 as "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 séances, 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 séance 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 controlling 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 sustaining 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 present 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 anyone, 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 occupy many hours. I have, however, given as much as I could in the short time allowed me. What I have stated is not hearsay; it is not a belief; but it is actual 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 spoken of some of the grandest manifestations I have had. For notices of the séances 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 it may interest some of its readers. Between the time referred to in the *foregoing* narrative and the publication of any of

my séances in the *Medium* I had some wonderful manifestations, more striking than any I have herein recorded. But I think I have related quite enough to encourage those who are desirous of investigating this great and mighty power.

INSTANCES OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

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 were 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) MANIFESTATIONS.

At another séance, 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, to let me see how much prettier they could do it than were those I was thinking of. I had only one medium with me, and he 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, ETC.

At another séance, 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 the pear 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 geometri-

cally 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 branch 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 could get no opinion about it, except that 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 Nichol, at her request, a pair of my pictures. They were oil paintings. I had them framed and sent to her. A few days afterwards she came to tell me that these 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, was present—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 duped. 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, offering 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 they can be done, I will only take the bet of a pair of the best gloves that can be procured, and these you shall present to Miss Nichol after she has won them, as I know she will do.” The conditions were these:—He was to go into the cabinet and see that it was 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 séance at her own 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. 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 imitation 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 séance, we had perfume sprinkled 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 there was a sound 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 séance 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 his temple. The gentleman who was struck, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, the eminent naturalist, 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 received with much *éclat*. It presents a very graphic and well-attested description of physical phenomena, particularly those witnessed at Mrs. Berry's séances. 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,

J. EDGELL.

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 'side-board, 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,

J. EDGELL.

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 my spirit drawings were shown, and elicited much interest. Some account of them will be found in a section of the present work specially devoted to that purpose.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

SEANCES AT HOME.

My knowledge of Spiritualism, has, for the most part, been gained by experiences in my own house. I have devoted years to the investigation of the subject, and have spared no expense in securing the aid of the most powerful mediums. Having satisfied myself of its reality, I have done all in my power to convince others. Whenever I had a séance with a good medium, and that was at intervals of only a few days, I made a point of inviting my friends to participate in it, and also received enquirers who were introduced to me. The sitters at my séances have been neither few nor unimportant, so that my experiments have been in reality conducted in public. By carefully selecting my sitters I have ensured the best manifestations. Sometimes when the conditions were particularly favourable, the spirits were able to do almost everything desired of them, and the power exercised by them has astounded all who witnessed

it. Some of these séances were of such a marvellous character that I think reports of them could not be otherwise than interesting to the reader, and in presenting them in the following pages I may first observe that the reports originally appeared in the *Medium*. As a reliable record of facts these communications addressed to the editor of that paper, assume an importance which I think it well to point out. They were written immediately after the incidents occurred, and while all the particulars were fresh in the memory. The greater number are from my own pen, but those letters which are written by others are, with a very few exceptions, certified by the name of the writer. It may be truly said that these narratives have been written and published within a week of the time at which the incidents therein reported occurred. This ensures a freshness, accuracy, and reliability which could not have been otherwise possible. The reports have not, in any case, been made up from faulty notes, aided by memory and influenced by subsequent considerations, nor have the records been retained for years after the occurrence of the facts, and just given to the world after all

the witnesses thereto were either dead or scattered abroad, so that all wholesome scrutiny was lost. On the contrary, these accounts were drawn up often within a few hours or minutes of the occurrence, and given to the world in a public journal within a few days at the utmost. This course has placed the letters under the criticism of all who attended the séances, and given them the opportunity of correcting inaccuracies if any were observed.

The following accounts are given in the order in which the séances were held, extending from July, 1870, to the end of the year—1873.

INSPIRATIONAL WHISTLING.

To the Editor of The Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—After sitting for a short time in darkness, we heard raps on the table and on our chairs, after which the whole room vibrated powerfully. The medium, Mr. Herne, was entranced, but was unable to speak. Mr. Kent then described a female spirit as standing behind Mrs. Berry, with arms extended over her head. Mr. Kent took a concertina from the table, and after playing a few airs, Mrs. Berry requested our invisible friends to whistle an accompaniment, which they immediately did through Mr. Kent in the most magnificent manner I ever heard. Every air which was asked for was at once played, and cadences and shakes were whistled in the most finished style. "Home, sweet home!" was the last air played, and a lovely accompaniment

42 MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.

like the singing of birds was given by the invisibles. This terminated a most interesting séance.

July 5, 1870.

M. PEARSON.

The following letter is from the pen of Dr. Dixon, as also are all the letters signed with the initials "J. D." :—

AN EVENING WITH MR. JESSE H. B. SHEPARD, AND MR.
FRANK HERNE.

To the Editor of The Medium and Daybreak.

July the thirteenth, Mr. and Mrs. C. Pearson and myself met at the kind invitation of Mrs. Berry to be present at a séance with the above gentlemen as mediums. On assembling, Mrs. Berry led the way to an inner room, which she is happily able to appropriate to such meetings, furnished simply with chairs, a circular table, and a piano. From the room light can be excluded by well-arranged curtains. Absence of light having on the present occasion been thus secured, after sitting a few moments we had ordinary table sounds, then tiltings and levitations of the table, then detonations in the air, and finally the phenomena which we had been informed have recently been produced in the presence of Mrs. Berry. These were warblings as of birds, one, two, and sometimes three together, with gradually-increasing fervour and intensity. Some present saw birds from whom warbling, singing, and whistling proceeded. The warbling of one, Mr. Shepard said, came from its being perched on his shoulder, and another in like manner from Mr. Herne's shoulder. While this bird-singing was going on we all perceived waftings of cool air over our hands and faces, accompanied by delightful odours. These were repeated at various times during the séance.

Then some attempt was made to sing in a female voice through Mr. Herne. Mrs. Berry said she thought she recognised the voice as one she heard through the same medium more than a year previously, the spirit-singer then giving the name of Mrs. Honey. The voice said, or rather chanted, "Yes, I am Laura Honey, and, Doctor, my mother is also here and greets you." Only known to myself in the party was the fact that the mother of Mrs. Honey, the charming singer of more than thirty years ago, was a patient of mine. I used sometimes to see Mrs. Honey when I visited her mother, Mrs. Young, at her residence in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

Mr. Shepard seemed now to be entranced, and began speaking in some wild tongue with much volubility and with many curious guttural sounds. On our asking for an interpretation, in another voice, with measured accents and quaint phraseology, it was said, through the same medium, that the speech was from an Indian developing spirit, who said that very many spirits had brought their power to bear, through the present harmonious circle, upon the medium—not the medium through whom speech was then being made, but the other, who could be developed to be a great one. Mr. Herne's breathing sounded as if he were in deep sleep, and to or at him the Indian, through Mr. Shepard, again spoke with great vivacity and energy. There was some wonderful play of vocal sounds, articulate and inarticulate, between the two mediums, both entranced, and we heard other spirit-voices also, not through the mediums. When Mr. Shepard came out of the trance, he said he felt he had to go to the piano, and then through him was executed dance music. The door had been opened for the sake of fresh air, and the half-light of the adjoining apartment enabled us to see that the other medium had glided into the open part of the room, and was

there going through intricate, agile, and graceful dancing. On the musical medium ceasing, the dancing one seated himself on the floor and made guttural sounds of satisfaction, as the Indians are described to do.

Mr. Shepard, having taken a turn in the fresher air of the adjoining rooms, seated himself again at the piano, and then through him was executed as brilliant music as I ever heard come from his mediumistic hands, and then rushed from his wonderful throat contralto and bass singing in alternating passages. He said he was told that the influences were those of Madame Grobelli and Signor Lablache. I have heard the singing and playing through Mr. Shepard a dozen times, but none excelled this in power, variation, and finish, before an appreciating audience of four in the body, for I do not reckon the other medium as one, seeing that he was in trance all the time. As soon as our exclamations of wonder and delight were over, Mr. Herne rose to his feet, and through him was dramatically executed a *scena* in English verse, expressing much emotion: this was also a duet, but the man's part was rendered so vociferously that we were glad when he returned to the normal state.

We then composed ourselves for some manifestation of the direct voice. After one or two indistinct spirit-voices through the cardboard tube placed upon the table, we heard, in loud, distinct whispering, but in French, perfect in accent and intonation, spoken in the name of "Le Premier Napoleon," comments and answers to our questions upon the present political crisis of Europe. The voice said that war was inevitable—that in the coming events the Bourbon family were interested—that if the present circle would sit daily, he would be able, through it, to send messages to the Comtesse de G ——— at Paris for Isabella—that he could influence thousands of spirits, and should do so in the

interest of progress and equality. "Le Premier Napoleon," upon our assuring him of our regret that we could only meet occasionally, gave us all an impressive adieu.

After this, we obtained only strong manifestations, such as playful blows with the speaking tube, liftings and drivings of the table, detonations as by cracks of whips and shots of pistols, and so we adjourned.

While at supper we had strong vibrations and liftings of the table. At the close of the supper, the table was raised off the ground and dropped with a jar that made all jump in their chairs, but it made no impression upon Mr. Herne, for he had passed into trance, in which he was made to go through two of those personations which a year ago used to be regarded by so many with interest. One was that of "Catherine of Arragon," whose voice confirmed the view of "Le Premier Napoleon," as to coming events bringing the Bourbon family again into prominence. The other was "Mary Queen of Scots," who quoted lines which she alluded to as having been inscribed by her on the wall of her prison chamber the night before her execution, beginning, "Mortal! this day is thine. To-morrow, immortality is mine!"

8 Great Ormond Street, W.C.

J. D.

A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION—SPIRITS DRINK ALE.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Some of the facts of Spiritualism are so astounding that those who are favoured with them are somewhat loth to give them publicity. But, Sir, if that timid example had been followed from the first, no person would ever have heard of Spiritualism at all, for the simplest of the phenomena are equally wonderful, unaccountable, and improbable to the inexperienced mind, as are the most extraordinary.

Besides, I consider it the duty of all observers to publish without abbreviation or addition everything that takes place, for only by such practices can the science of these wonders be constructed, and the full significance of their appearance amongst us determined. Well, then, in obedience to the spirit of truth, and that of a growing cause to which I feel deeply devoted, I beg to narrate to your readers facts, which some may discredit, but facts nevertheless, and, running the hazard of being laughed at or censured, I cannot escape the duty of making them public. The circumstances were as follows:—After the farewell soiree to Dr. Newton, on the 30th ult., Mrs. Berry returned home, accompanied by Mrs. Mary Marshall, Mrs. Mary Oliver, and myself. We sat down to supper, the lamp burning brightly as usual. “John King,” the spirit who often manifests there, announced his presence by raps, and he was invited in a jocular way to partake of supper. He declined. Then he was offered some wine, chicken, tongue, beef, and jelly, all of which he refused; but when asked to have some ale he assented. A glass of ale was placed under the table by the servant, in full sight of all present, and the party proceeded to supper, with the ale glass under the table. No one moved. When the servant returned to the supper-room, Mrs. Berry asked the spirit, “John, have you drunk the ale?” “Yes,” was the reply. Then she said, “Look under the table, and see if the ale has been taken.” The servant was closely watched in this operation, and the ale was found to be all gone, except a sip in the bottom of the glass! The white drugget which covered the carpet was quite dry, and no evidences of the ale being scattered were observable. Such are the facts; and all who were present can vouch for their accuracy.—I am very truly yours,

FRANCIS G. HERNE, *Medium.*

Mr. E. Ellis, the writer of the two following letters, who is by profession an artist, became a convert to Spiritualism through seeing one of my spirit drawings. Further mention of the circumstance will be made in a subsequent part of this book.

MUSIC UNDER INSPIRATION.

August 16.—Being invited, with a few others who take an interest in Spiritualism, to attend a séance at Mrs. Berry's on Wednesday, the 16th August, I went there at eight o'clock, and, after a short time, Mr. Gray, a friend of Mrs. Berry's, joined us; soon after, Mr. Herne, the medium, and Mr. Ellis arrived. Mrs. Berry showed us several of her spirit-drawings, which are really most surprising, the details of the drawings being exceedingly minute and accurate. Having inspected several of these, Mrs. Berry took us into a small room, in which was a handsome cottage piano. The lights being extinguished, we sat in a circle, holding each other's hands, two paper tubes being placed on the ground. We waited a few minutes. Mrs. Berry requested us to sing some air; we did so, Mr. Gray accompanying us on the piano. Whilst we were singing, we heard a deep voice join us, which we knew could not come from anyone in the room. Mrs. Berry now asked the spirit if he would converse. The reply came like a long-drawn-out note, "Yes." Several answers were given to subsequent questions in a similar manner. Whilst this was going on, several of us were touched on various parts of the body, and a table, which stood at some distance, was suddenly pushed into our circle, startling us not a little. The piano at which Mr. Gray sat was moved from the wall about fifteen to eighteen inches.

We felt one of the tubes about this time floating over our heads, some of which it touched very gently, then was thrown against the wall violently—this whilst we held each other's hands. Mr. Herne, the medium, was entranced. While in this state he seized one of Mrs. Berry's arms, and began to play some imaginary airs on it, while her other hand touched Mr. Gray's shoulder; we immediately perceived a difference in his style of playing, and did not know the reason until, the lights being called for, Mr. Ellis, who held the matches, at once struck a light, disclosing the three in the positions just mentioned. During this time Mr. Gray was executing an extremely rapid piece of music, which he afterwards declared he never heard in his life before, and said that he could not play in that style in his ordinary state. The séance lasted for two hours and a half, and impressed us with a belief that Spiritualism is an absolute fact. Our sitting being over, it only remained to return our thanks to our kind hostess for the very agreeable and intensely interesting evening she had afforded us.

This communication was intended to have been sent for insertion a fortnight back, but owing to illness I was unable to do so. I have been authorised by the other gentlemen present to append their names.

H. C. MAYER.

W. GRAY.

E. ELLIS.

FRANK HERNE.

September 3, 1870.

August 27.—Strong evidence felt of spirit-power. The table, after a gentle vibration, became unmanageable, and was lifted two feet from the floor, the united strength of the company present being inadequate to force it into its proper place. The battery was strongly felt; spirit-forms and stars

were visible; also a spirit-voice conversed with us some time, and answered a number of questions. A candlestick was removed from the table, and put under the chair of one of the gentlemen, and after being replaced on the table was thrown down and broken. Raps were heard on the table and piano, cold currents of air were felt, and sharp explosions like a succession of pistol-shots. Mr. Herne was repeatedly entranced, and went through several remarkable impersonations; and during the latter part of the evening Mr. Gray played, under spirit-control, several very charming compositions on the piano. A bird flew about the room with tender chirpings, and spirit-forms were seen and heard by several present. Before concluding the séance, a circle was formed round the table; the battery was very strong, and the table, without being touched, was turned top downwards, and, after futile endeavours to keep it down, was replaced in its upright position by the spirits.

E. ELLIS.

TEST MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—On September 7th, I was one of a company of six at Mrs. Berry's. The action of the spirits seemed chiefly in developing three of the circle who were new to the subject. They were affected in various modes—in sight, hearing, and movements. In the early part of the séance, there was great power and vivacity exhibited in the motions of the table round which the circle sat. In answer to an observation of Mr. Henry, who was next me, and who thought the movements did not denote intelligence, I said that the table was sometimes moved in definite ways, and I related to him what I once witnessed, when, for the satisfaction of a

mathematical cousin of mine, I asked that the table might be moved in some way that was impossible to those sitting round it. On that occasion the table was raised, or, as a great scientific authority once said, *seemed* to be raised, all our hands being flat upon its surface, and was waved circularly, so that each of its three feet was brought in succession to the floor, and so it went on, alternately depressing and raising its feet with increasing rapidity, until my mathematical relative confessed that that was done with the table which could not be done by any or all at the table with any amount of practice. As I described the movement to Mr. Henry in words, the table under our hands began the movement, and as I moved my hand in illustration of the progressive horizontal undulating motion, the table before us adopted it, and kept time to my hand, and continued it until we were all satisfied. The table was then moved about and raised in any direction that our new inquiring friend asked for. Mr. Herne is having the musical faculty developed, and, in an apparently semi-trance condition, he went to the piano, and brought out melodies and harmonies the ideas in which were infinitely above the rendering through his fingers, which are at present deficient in flexibility. He also sang, or, rather, through him was sung, a very original melody, the words of which might be called an Invitation to the Spirits' Home. This gave so much pleasure that a repetition was asked for; the melody was accurately repeated, the words being varied, but to the same purport. He became more deeply entranced, and several spirits who speak through him successively addressed us, giving an unasked-for test to each. For instance, he described the persons of spirits about the circle, giving even the names of some, and notably of one attached to Mr. Henry, who had never before been at a *séance*; but each

one recognised with astonishment the spirit thus described as in association with her or him. As we understood it, the earthly name of the spirit seemed to be written above the spirit; but this signature appeared only in connection with two spirits who had not long left the body. It was a séance of uninterrupted interest to all. Others present might be struck by other points; but these latter appear to me most suitable for record, as illustrating test-mediumship.—
Yours, &c., J. D.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

A party of seven met, at Mrs. Berry's invitation, September 22nd; among us Mr. Morgan and Mr. Ellis, artists. The latter gentleman told me that he had been attracted a few weeks ago to some "spirit-drawings" in the window of 15 Southampton Row, which led to his seeking an introduction to Mrs. Berry, the medium of their production, who, he said, had not only kindly explained the mode by which they were produced, but had facilitated his inquiries generally into the subject of Spiritualism and mediumship. With respect to the drawings, he said that, although they conveyed no definite ideas to his mind, from an artist's point of view they were inimitable for technical manipulation. Mr. Morgan, the other artist, agreed as to the inimitability of the work in the drawings, which Mrs. Berry placed numerously before us.

In the séance which followed, a concertina was played by Mr. Kent, in accompaniment to wonderful whistling, clear, brilliant, and loud, like the notes of a bird. Mr. Kent said afterwards that he could whistle in the ordinary way as play the concertina, but not as he could while sitting in circle; he seemed there to have the whistling and playing

come on him spontaneously, and appeared to be carried away by it beyond his ordinary self. His is an instance of mediumship with conscious participation in the spirit's action so common among mediums for music, writing, drawing, and speaking. There is every degree of actuation of spirit upon mediumistic individuals; in some, one finds spirit *plus* to medium, in others *minus*, the medium being correspondingly more or less a conscious participator in the spirit's actuation. If it is not impossible, it is difficult for observers of phenomena to determine the amount or degree of this participation. One must depend partly upon the character of the medium, in the absence of intrinsic evidence, or of tests spontaneously rendered.

We had, in addition to the ordinary manifestations through Mr. Herne in an harmonious circle, the direct spirit-voice through the paper tube. The spirit, who gave the name of George Turner, and whose voice and cleverness of repartee reminded one of "John King," gave a test in the form of a criticism upon a picture which Mr. Morgan is painting. The spirit not only stated the subject of the picture in Mr. Morgan's studio three miles off, but criticised it in an essential part. Another spirit addressed Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, giving evidence of identity satisfactory to them. The spirit said he would be with them at Nottingham. Mr. Ellis told me afterwards that he and his wife intend visiting that place, but had not spoken of it. I also received a test personal to myself.—Yours truly,

8 Great Ormond Street.

J. D.

SPIRIT VOICES.

In the dawn of modern Spiritualism, communications from the spirit-world were made by

raps. The rappings or knockings that commenced in the Fox family at Rochester, America, have continued to the present day. It is the most general means of communication now employed by the spirits to reach their anxiously inquiring friends in earth-life. It is a slow, and not at all times satisfactory means of communication ; but still, under certain conditions, the only means possible. Under more favourable conditions, the spirits are able to dispense with the raps, and to actually speak in a *direct voice*. To produce the voice the spirits can either make use of the lungs of the medium, or materialise all the vocal organs for their own use. The spirit " John King " has edified me with his conversation for an hour or more at a time. A noteworthy fact in respect to this phenomenon is that any particular spirit's voice is the same through any medium, and may be at once recognised. The suggestion that the voice is produced by the medium through ventriloquism cannot be for a moment entertained by anyone who has witnessed the fact. Mediums have been tested in various ways to prove that they do not produce the voice. Their mouths have been plastered over with sticking plaster, o

filled with water, and the voice has occurred just the same. Frequently the medium and spirit may be heard speaking at the same time. The following letter treats the subject so well that I cannot help introducing it to the reader's notice—

VENTRILLOQUISM V. SPIRIT-VOICE.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR—I have often had the remark made to me, and have read similar in letters from your correspondents, as to the possibility of the voices we hear at the spirit-circle being produced by the aid of ventriloquism. Now I know that the general public, as a rule, are involved in a perfect condition of ignorance with regard to this art, and, forming their conceptions of it from the highly interesting and charmingly fictitious style of literature of the Valentine Vox type, believe the ventriloquist (so called) to be able to perform all those wonderful feats with his voice which are therein described. Now, in order to clear away these fallacious ideas, I think it advisable to explain what ventriloquism really is. To be a ventriloquist a man must have wonderful imitative power, so as to change his voice with the greatest facility and adapt it to any pitch or tone. Possessing this faculty, the ventriloquial effect is produced partly (and this is the most important part) by directing the attention of the audience to the spot from whence the sound is supposed to emanate, whilst the operator holds conversation with the supposed individual concealed, and replies to himself by altering the voice and gradually modulating it, so as to make it appear to come from a greater distance, or smothered by coming from behind a wall, as the case may

be. And the effect thus produced becomes to a great extent a psychological one. Without the aid of this, the ventriloquist becomes almost powerless. The idea that he can at will make his voice sound in different parts of the room, and this in the dark, without the aid of action, is an erroneous one. I have been in the company of experienced ventriloquists, and have thus had opportunities of observing the mode of producing the effects; I have also heard the "Great Maccabe," than whom I know no one more accomplished in the art, thus explain the supposed wonders which he performs, and deny before a public audience any greater power.

Accepting this, therefore, as a true description of what is the power of ventriloquism, it is necessary to compare it with the manifestations of the spirit-voice, and try to discover whether there is any possibility of the power I have just described to produce or simulate them.

Let me, then, commence by describing what is well known to many of your readers—the conditions of a circle when the spirits manifest the voice. The sitters are arranged around a table (this, however, is not necessary for the manifestation) in a dark room, where attitudes and gesticulations are not perceptible. Certain tubes are provided, which are, as a rule, placed on the table in the centre, and, if desired, the sitters link hands around. If now the minds become harmonised with each other and the mediums, then the phenomena take place—the tubes are removed from the table, in many cases are used to tap the sitters on the head, hand, or elsewhere, and the voice is heard proceeding from the tube—in all parts of the room; either over the centre of the table, by the side of individuals sitting around and far remote from the mediums—at times near the ceiling, which is very often rapped by the spirit with the tube, or near the floor. The

voice comes sometimes in a distant part of the room, and instantaneously returns, almost as though speaking in two places at one time. Nay, more than this—supposing one or two mediums to be present, and supposing them to be gifted with the most subtle power of ventriloquism; they are often heard speaking in their natural voice whilst the supernatural voice is holding conversation elsewhere in the room—a feat which I think will puzzle the theorists who hold this view of the matter. Again, it is not one or two voices alone which are heard; the best known, and those who, by long practice, have best acquired this power of communicating (for spirits, like mortals, have to learn in order to render themselves perfect in any branch of their—shall I call it?—performance), “John King” and “Katie,” who manifest themselves in such a wonderful manner, are often accompanied by spirits of those who have been dear to many members of the circle, and who come back to utter in well-known accents those never-dying sentiments of love and affection which they breathed forth on earth. Those whose existence has been unknown to any in the circle save the one favoured individual, whose own heart tells him that it is indeed that “friendly voice,” and who in rapture feels that the Angel of Death has not parted them, but still unites them in those bonds of love which joined them on earth—mother, father, sister, friend—thus have I heard breathing blessings on those whom they have left to toil through the troubles and trials of life, bidding them look with higher aspirations to a future union on the bright plains above. Such persons, who have in this manner communed with loved ones, never could accept the idea (so easily uttered) that the voices were produced by ventriloquism; for even supposing, as I before admitted for the sake of argument, that the mediums were gifted in the manner our philosophers would aver, and had they

every faculty of imitation fully developed, how could they imitate that which they had never heard? Then again (a point which adds force to the argument, the voices will often speak in tongues unknown to the mediums (therefore inimitable by them), and perhaps unknown to anyone sitting. I have thus heard spoken Hindostanee, French, Italian, and Irish, with perfect articulation and accentuation. I have heard a chorus of sweet voices singing or chanting some most beautiful melodies of psalmody, accompanied by spirit-friends on a harmonium that no mortal hands were touching.

Now, Sir, in conclusion, I would ask those who so fondly embrace this ventriloquial image of their fancy, to come and listen to the feats which they attribute to it, and hear the voice of "John King" (and any others who may be able to come within their sphere), and hear him in his bluff and kindly manner saluting friends by name, and they will find him, if they come in a friendly spirit, ready to answer sensible inquiries, and give such information concerning spirit-conditions as he believes can be comprehended by our human and finite minds—aye, and give them such proofs of the power of his voice as would defy the most experienced ventriloquist or stentorian toastmaster to rival or imitate; or he can come and speak in "gentle whispers" in the ear, audible to none but the individual, and perhaps his immediate neighbour. And dear little "Katie," as she flits here and there playing her mischievous pranks, even as though she were the spiritual personification of mischief, and who would remind one most of the words of the poet—

O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or rather wandering voice?—

in communion with those whom I have loved, has been to me the one great proof of voice-power, and the strongest of

spiritual identity. But I must draw to a close, as I have encroached too much already on your space. But as a last challenge, I would ask the theorists to form a circle under like conditions, and there bring the most experienced and skilful professors of their art to try if, before any audience, they can simulate the spirit-voice.—Yours truly,

H. CLIFFORD SMITH.

SPIRIT-TOUCHES—WARBLING OF A BIRD.

We entered the séance-room about nine o'clock. There were six persons present, comprising Mrs. Guppy, Mrs. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Herne, and our hostess. We took seats at the table, which was raised from the floor before any hands were placed upon it. In a few moments loud raps and a voice announced the presence of spirit-friends. The table was rocked so violently that fears were entertained lest it should be broken; but it was lifted higher and higher until it touched the ceiling, then gently descended into the circle. A concertina floated about the room, played by spirit-hands, while everyone present felt the touch of spirit-fingers on hair, or face, or hands. Sometimes the touches were indescribably gentle and caressing; at others their mischievousness provoked much laughter. Mrs. Berry's rings were taken from her hands and put into her pocket; a bracelet was carried from her dressing-table and fastened on Mrs. Marshall's arm; and at last Mr. Herne was stripped of coat and waistcoat, his hands being held by those on his right and left. When a light was obtained, the coat was found fastened over Mrs. Berry's head by means of the sleeves being loosely tied under her chin; the waistcoat similarly adorned Mrs. Guppy. The

room was again darkened, and three spirit-voices entered into conversation with us. Mr. Ellis recognised one of the voices as belonging to an old school-friend, long passed away, with whom he had communicated by means of the raps at Mrs. Berry's séances. At the same moment two other voices were answering questions or communicating intelligence in other parts of the room. A delicious warbling, in imitation of a bird, was next given, and, by request, was repeated above each person, separately at first, then simultaneously round the table, forming a circle of melody; after that, the flapping of wings was distinctly audible. A small work-table was brought from the adjoining room and carried over our heads on to the sofa. Mrs. Guppy's fan was taken from her and wafted about by the spirits; one of the gentlemen, putting out his hand to take it, received a blow in the face as it fluttered past him. The séance closed with violent physical manifestations, the room being shaken and the table lifted repeatedly from the floor. ALICE ELLIS.

PHYSICAL AND VOCAL MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITS' ACTION.

October 5.—Three of the usual visitors being out of town, their places were filled by Mr. Robby (who accompanied the "Zouave Jacob" to this country) and two ladies, one quite a stranger to the subject. Mr. Robby said that although he had been a student of the phenomena for five years, and had been in America, he had not heard the direct voice. He hoped the ladies who accompanied him would not allow themselves to be startled if the voice should come; for himself, he was prepared for any phenomenon. Two paper horns were laid upon the table in the darkened room, and all hands were joined. Presently we heard one of the horns

move, and the voice of "Bluff Harry" greeted us, drawing a start and loud exclamation from Mr. Robby, who was to be so unmoved by any surprise. Mr. Robby was full of apologies for his nervousness, but said his equilibrium was disturbed by the sight of odic light of greater or less intensity about each of the circle; he also saw, as did others, stars of the same light appearing and disappearing in the room. Mr. Robby said he was very sensitive to spiritual action—he often felt his hand moved to write; and here he shouted again, and said he had been palpably touched on the back, and felt distinctly the pressure of a "fluidic body" against him; then his eye was touched, all hands in the meantime continuing in contact. Mr. Robby was excited by every answer he received from "Bluff Harry," to our general discomposure, until his friends, who were tranquil, asked him to cease putting questions. But he was again excited in the same way when, while Harry was speaking to some one else, a loud shout was heard. Mrs. Berry asked who it was. Then we heard a whispering conversation in different tones, as between another spirit and Harry, who said it was one of those who went down in the "Captain." We all observed that each was touched by the spirit while answering his question. In answering a question by Miss Berry, his voice sounded gently near her face, and said, "My dear, you ought to go to Germany again to finish your instructions; stay there six months—'tis a short time, but take double lessons." Mrs. Berry expressed astonishment; she told us that she had had a conversation with her niece alone in the afternoon with respect to her return to school at Hanover. "Then you were with us in the afternoon, Harry?" asked Mrs. Berry. "I was." "And were you with us afterwards, when my friend and I were

looking at that witty engraving of little Louis running with the ball in his arms to Napoleon at his 'baptism of fire'?" "I was present," said Harry, "but I did not laugh." "We thought it so witty!" "It may be witty; I could not laugh—felt too much pity." "Thank you, Harry, for the correction. Now I am not surprised that your wives take interest in your elevation." "They can't help it. They are saints, and indebted to me." "Indebted to you?" "Did I not give them titles and then make them queens, and then make saints of them by releasing their spirits?" Mr. Robby said, "Now that I am familiar with the voice, and tranquil, let me ask the spirit, is my mediumship capable of further development?" "If you sit in circles, you may become a trance-speaker," said Harry. "I would know, will it injure?" asked Mr. Robby. "Injure? It will make a man of you!" said Harry. Thereupon his hand was strongly and rapidly shaken upon the table, and some uncommon sounds were ejaculated from his throat and mouth, to his own amazement, and we agreed that development in that direction had better be put off. Perhaps "Bluff Harry" was making fun of our friend.

F. G. H.

P.S.—The manifestations at a circle held on a subsequent evening were of a greater variety than usual, including the bringing of flowers and fruit, and the artistic decoration by the flowers arranged into chaplets and garlands, all hands being in contact. Mr. Herne was thrown into trance, raised from his chair, and carried over the circle. The particulars of the séance must be postponed till our next. The force and variety of the phenomena were not so surprising considering that Mrs. Guppy was a guest for the evening of Mrs. Berry; and, as an additional force, Mrs. Guppy

was accompanied by a young lady (Miss Neyland) who, as a medium, promises to become as remarkable as herself. The Editor of the *Spiritualist* was also one of the circle.

OBJECTS CARRIED BY SPIRITS.

A very common form of manifestation is the carrying of objects by the spirits. In dark séances musical instruments are generally selected for this exercise of spirit power, as when they are sounded their passage through the air may be easily noted by the ear. Sometimes the spirits materialise hands for the purpose of carrying objects about, and at other times they operate without them. Clairvoyants, in describing this form of manifestation, say that the spirits do not use their hands to grasp the object, but hold them immediately over it with the fingers just touching the surface, and it appears to cling to them by the force of magnetic attraction. Objects both great and small may be carried by the spirits over great distances and in an incredibly short space of time, and, what is most marvellous, in their passage may go through *solid* matter. A fragile flower, book, picture, &c., has often been carried by the spirits out of a room when every aperture has been closed and thoroughly secured. Objects thus carried

have had to pass through bricks and mortar, wood, glass, or some other substance of equal solidity. Not only are objects carried by the spirits, but live animals, as related in the letter below, and sometimes the medium has not only been levitated in the room by the spirits, but carried out of it when there was no natural means of exit.

The first case of levitation occurred with Mr. Herne. Walking along the street one day, he suddenly became unconscious, and a minute or two afterwards found himself at the house of Mrs. Guppy, two miles distant, where he created no small amount of astonishment. A few months later Mrs. Guppy herself had a similar experience. She was carried from her own house at Highbury to 61 Lamb's Conduit Street, and her arrival there was witnessed by twelve persons, mediums included, who were present at a séance. For a report of this extraordinary affair I must refer the reader to the *Medium*, vol. II., page 185.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Through the kind invitation of Mrs. Berry to her circle of a few friends, I have had several favourable opportunities of witnessing physical manifestations of the action of spirits. The last I had the privilege of attending was marked by an occurrence which was perhaps of greater sin-

gularity than usual. The circle was to consist of Mrs. and Miss Emma Berry, Mrs. Ellis, Dr. Davies, Mr. Holloway, Mr. RonDI, Dr. Dixon, my father, and myself. While awaiting the appearance of the medium, Mr. Herne, who was delayed, we were invited by Mrs. Berry to look over some extraordinary specimens of art which, she says, are done through her own hand (she being ignorant of art) by a spirit, who, she understood by a spiritual communication was Cuvier. Specimens of this peculiar manifestation may be seen where I first saw them, at 15, Southampton Row. While so engaged the party was augmented by the introduction of Mrs. Guppy and Miss Neyland, at which Mrs. Berry and those present who knew these ladies expressed the liveliest satisfaction, as their presence, it was thought, even if Mr. Herne did not come, would ensure what Mrs. Berry called a good séance. We had only entered the room kept expressly for the séances when Mr. Herne joined us. After the usual preliminaries, Mrs. Berry explained to the two strangers present that the spirits would frequently prove their action in opposition to material obstacles by bringing things, such as fruits and flowers, and placing them on the table before those who asked for them; and she hoped to have a successful experiment of that sort on this occasion. Mrs. Guppy jokingly said, "I've been to the Zoological Gardens, and if they would bring the elephant from there, that would be a manifestation indeed." Miss Neyland said, "Or that fox; I should so like that handsome fox." "Nonsense," said Mrs. Berry; "don't ask for anything extravagant—fruits and flowers are best to have brought," and all around asked accordingly—an apple, a pear, grapes, &c. While still talking about our wishes, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Guppy, and Miss Neyland screamed and called "Light! light!" "What's

this?" shouted Mr. Herne. On striking a match, there was a nice white cat crawling over the shoulder of Mrs. Berry, and a Maltese dog looking surprisedly about him on the table. These little animals, Mrs. Guppy said, belonged to her, but they were safe at her house (three miles off) three hours before, for Miss Neyland and she had had to make two calls before coming to Mrs. Berry's. After the excitement of this event had subsided and the little animals had been taken into another room (the dog to yelp and bark all the evening afterwards), the other requests were preferred; but only a paper rose on Miss Berry asking for a flower, and a shower of comfits in answer to a request for fruit appeared. In the course of the sitting, and in the absence of light, a china cup was placed in Mrs. Berry's hand, and a pair of bracelets were fixed upon her wrists (these bracelets had, unknown to the owner, been brought from Mrs. Guppy's. A communication by alphabet was spelt—"Always wear them"). A ring was also taken from Mrs. Berry's finger and dropped into the hollow of the hand of one of the circle whom she designated. By-and-by the voice made itself heard; it was that of "John King" and of "Harry." Mrs. Berry invited their attention to Dr. Davies and the two strangers. The former gentlemen had come this evening to receive, by appointment, some particular test. But instead of the expected test, he received another, which he said could only have come from a spirit. To one of the strangers the voice uttered two detached and abrupt sentences, exhibiting a knowledge by the spirit of his profession and residence. He was quite a stranger to Mrs. Berry and the medium, and lives 200 miles off. Mrs. Guppy now asked permission of Mr. Herne to enable her to make a statement elsewhere with respect to the *bona fides* of his mediumship, namely, to agree

to her holding his hands and placing her fingers against his lips while the spirit-voice was heard. Mr. Herne was quite willing. She said, "Now, 'John,' speak while I feel his mouth closed." "John" uttered a few sentences with respect to the test in hand, and again and again, at her request, in order, she said, "to make assurance doubly sure," the last sentence of John's being, "Why, Lizzie, you are as hard to believe as those you want to convince." Mrs. Guppy said she was now in a position to make oath on the point, if required. Then ensued a little scene between Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Guppy, the former lady claiming the right of feeling offended at a suspicion of being a party to deceit, which the latter lady's test conveyed, Mrs. Guppy urging that it was in order to satisfy a distinguished Spiritualist that she had requested Mr. Herne to agree to the test. "John King" poured oil upon the waters of dispute; he persuaded Mrs. Berry that it was all right, and succeeded in restoring peace, only for a moment disturbed, between herself and friend.

At one part of the evening there was a little tabulation in the light, at the wish of the two strangers. The question was at the same time asked why our several requests had not been complied with. The answer, by the raps, was, "Because of the cat and dog." Bringing them so far had, perhaps, exhausted the power. Before breaking up, Mrs. Berry said, "We have to take leave of you, 'John,' for some time. Herne is going home for ten days." "I know," said the voice; "I shall be with him." Mr. Herne said, "Oh don't, 'John'; they are so nervous at home; pray don't come!" "John" said, "I shall go with you to Dr. Blake's; I want him and a friend of his to hear the voice." It will be interesting to learn if there is any basis for this spiritual appointment.

One cannot avoid speculating upon how a solid object is made to pass through a solid surface. It seems to me that the spirit *en rapport* with the medium brings the solid surface or wall under the influence of the negative magnetism of the medium, and envelopes the object to be moved through it with its own positive magnetism, and then by will brings it into the medium's sphere, the particles of the wall reinstating themselves like the particles of water do on rapidly drawing a stick through it.

EDWIN ELLIS.

SEANCE WITH MRS. MARY MARSHALL—SPIRITS USE A POKER.

On Sunday afternoon, November 13, Mrs. M. M., the great medium, called in. After sitting a few minutes, it was proposed that a table should be brought. An octagonal one, with three legs, was placed between us, when we placed our hands upon it. The table soon began to move, and floated towards the fire, which it made an attempt with one leg to stir. Upon this Mrs. M. asked it not to do so, as it would get burned, but perhaps the spirit would kindly use the poker for this purpose. No sooner were the words uttered than, to our great astonishment, the poker rose to the first bar of the stove and then dropped, rose again to the second bar, and again dropped, Mrs. M. and myself all the time urging it to go to the top and beat the coals down. At this time the servant entered the room with a lamp and coffee; but, nothing daunted, on it went again, while the servant stood looking on. After this it actually came and stood in front of us, and really looked alive. I acknowledge that I was very much frightened. A lady then entered and joined the circle. As she had

never been present at a manifestation, the lady herself put a glass under the table, also a ring. In a few minutes we heard a chink, and, stooping down, the ring was found in the glass. We were then obliged to break up the sitting on account of an engagement.

C. BERRY.

Marble Arch.

A RING CARRIED BY SPIRITS.

Mrs. Berry reports that on Thursday evening, the 16th inst., as Miss Berry, a young lady, Mr. Herne, and herself sat at table, she was impressed that their spirit-friends would take something away from them if they gave the spirits an opportunity. Mrs. Berry accordingly took up a large ser-viette ring and handed it to Mr. Herne, who took it in his hand and thus held it under the table. Instantly he felt a hand seize the ring and pull it away from his grasp. After it was gone the company looked under the table for it carefully, but it could be found nowhere. During the experiment all hands were on the top of the table with the exception of that of Mr. Herne which held the ring under it.

On Saturday, Mrs. Berry received a letter from Mrs. Guppy, stating that on Thursday evening the ring in question was dropped between Miss Neyland and herself as they sat together at home. This occurred at the exact hour at which the ring was taken away from Mrs. Berry's. This seems to be a well-attested instance of an object being transported to a distance by spirits. It should be stated that Mrs. Berry lives at Hyde Park, and Mrs. Guppy at Holloway, a distance of several miles.

The above is copied from the *Medium*. The editor further remarks: "We have heard of some

most remarkable phenomena having taken place at Mr. Guppy's—three ducks prepared for cooking were brought into the circle." I was present at the séance referred to, and can testify to the fact occurring. The circle consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, Miss Berry, and myself.

The following is a record of a very interesting séance, at which the medium was levitated, and a galvanic battery of considerable weight was brought into the room by spirit-power. An impressive ceremony, conducted under spirit direction, is also adverted to, and the record is attested by the names of all those who were present:—

LEVITATION OF MRS. GUPPY AND MR. HERNE.

The spirits must have been in more than ordinary force, or the mediums in more than usually good condition, at Mrs. Berry's weekly séance on Wednesday last, if we are to judge by the extraordinary character of the phenomena produced. After some messages through the voice of "John King," aloud sound as of some heavy body falling on the table was heard, and on a light being produced it was found that a heavy galvanic battery, weighing several pounds, had been placed on the table, this battery having been lent some time previously by Mrs. Berry to Mr. Guppy, in whose house at Holloway it had remained, and was in its usual place when Mrs. Guppy left home the same evening to attend the séance. At the time of its being placed on the table, both Mr. Herne and Miss Neyland felt some very severe shocks, and uttered loud exclamations from the sudden pain which

they experienced. After this manifestation a change in the relative positions of the sitters was ordered by raps, and effected in obedience to the directions so received. After this, spirit-lights of various colours were seen in different parts of the room, more especially some of a beautiful blue and of great intensity, over and around Mr. Jackson. Then the voice of "John King" was again heard, saying they were about to bring Mr. Jackson something wherewith to dry his tears, implying that this was symbolical of the cessation of his sorrows, and almost immediately afterwards a towel was thrown to him, which, on examination, was found marked with the name of "Guppy," and was recognised by Mrs. Guppy as one belonging to her, but which had been put away and had not been used for a considerable period. After this, Mr. Herne was floated in the air, his voice being heard near the ceiling, while his feet were felt by several persons in the room, Mrs. Guppy, who sat next to him, being struck on the head by his boots as he sank into the chair. In a few minutes he recommenced ascending, and as Mrs. Guppy on this occasion determined, if possible, to prevent it, she held his arm, but the only result was that she ascended with him, and both floated, together with the chairs on which they sat. Rather unfortunately, at this moment the door was unexpectedly opened, and Mr. Herne fell to the ground, injuring his shoulder, Mrs. Guppy alighting with considerable noise on the table, where, on the production of a light, she was found comfortably seated though considerably alarmed. One of the circle now left, when Mr. Herne floated two feet from the ground in the light, and Miss Neyland was several times lifted up more than a foot, together with the chair on which she sat, a lighted candle being in the fireplace, on the same side of the

room as that on which she was, so that the phenomenon was distinctly visible to all the company assembled.

A profoundly symbolical ceremony now took place under spirit direction. Three glasses of wine were placed on the table, of one of which Mrs. Berry was ordered to take a slight portion ; then it was handed to another medium, and the remainder given to Mr. Jackson, with the intimation that this was the sacramental cup of the new dispensation now about to be inaugurated. During the remainder of the evening several other physical manifestations were produced, various articles being brought to the circle from other parts of the house by spirit agency. As the phenomena at this séance were so extraordinary, we think it well to append the names of those who were present and can testify to the facts :—Mrs. C. Berry, Mrs. E. Guppy, Mrs. M. Olliver, Mrs. C. Ellis, Miss Neyland, Miss E. Berry, Mr. Edward Ellis, Mr. Charles Neyland, Mr. J. W. Jackson, Mr. F. Herne.

EXTRAORDINARY TRANSFERENCE OF LACE FROM PLACE TO
PLACE BY SPIRIT INSTRUMENTALITY.

On Sunday evening, March 5, when Mrs. Guppy and Mr. Herne were at Mrs. Berry's, after their return from Mrs. Hardinge's lecture, as Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Guppy opened a door for the purpose of passing to the dressing-room, something struck Mrs. Berry on the eye, who, on picking it up and taking it to the light, found it was a roll of lace belonging to Mrs. Guppy, who had left it at her own house the same evening. On Monday evening Mrs. Berry brought this roll of lace to 15 Southampton Row, for the purpose of showing it to Mrs. Burns, after which it was taken upstairs to Mr. Herne's séance, and this having terminated,

Mrs. Berry came downstairs into the shop with the lace in her muff, which she placed on the counter while she entered the office to pay an account. On returning into the shop and resuming her muff, she exclaimed, "Where is the lace?" for it had disappeared, and could not be found anywhere on the premises, although the most careful search was immediately instituted. It may perhaps be mentioned here that several people were standing in the shop at the time, all of whom had previously noticed the lace in the muff. This occurred about half-past ten on Monday night, and on Tuesday Mrs. Berry received a post-card from Mrs. Guppy conveying the following information (we give the very words employed):—"Dear Mrs. Berry,—About eleven o'clock last night the roll of lace fell upon me. 7 o'clock a.m.—E. G."*

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Guppy being on a visit at Mrs. Berry's, the lace was again brought to them, and found to be the same which Mrs. Guppy had left at home on the previous Sunday evening prior to its intervening travels.

REMARKABLE REMOVAL OF A SMALL BRUSH BY SPIRIT AGENCY.

We are informed by Mrs. Berry that on the evening of Monday, February 27, during supper, her niece requested her to put something under the table to see if the spirits would take it away, as they had done upon a previous occasion, when Mrs. Berry drew a small brush from her pocket and gave it to Mr. Frank Herne, medium, who was present, when shortly he declared it had been taken away. At this time, Mr. Williams, medium, who was travelling from London Bridge to Cannon Street by railway, had a brush dropped into his lap, he being the only person in the carriage at the time. It was taken from Mrs. Berry about

* The post-card was kept on view for some time at 15 Southampton Row.

11.15 p.m., and Mr. Williams received it at 11.30, while the train was in motion. Mr. Williams, who is unacquainted with Mrs. Berry, did not know to whom the brush belonged, and accordingly went to Mr. Herne in the rather vague hope of obtaining some information from him.

A STRANGE PRESENT FROM THE SPIRITS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—At my private séance held last evening, Messrs. Herne and Williams, mediums, the spirit giving his name “King Harry,” and who is in the habit of visiting us upon these occasions, brought me what he called a relic of his daughter Elizabeth. He had found it in a drawer at Cunmore Hall. It is a round ball studded with cloves, and has all the appearance of being very old; at the same time the perfume of the cloves is very powerful. I should be glad, if it were possible, to ascertain whether such a ball has been missed from the place described. We had, besides this, Mr. Herne’s coat taken off, I having both his hands in mine. Some very wonderful manifestations also took place during supper, with the lamp on the table.—Yours very truly,

CATHERINE BERRY.

March 16th, 1871.

Few séances have given me so much genuine pleasure as the one mentioned in my letter below. The spirits were very good, and kind to myself and niece, on the occasion.

WREATHS MADE BY SPIRITS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—As you know I have been too much exhausted

to sit at any séance, my guardian spirit forbidding me to do so, I have until Saturday last abstained, but my Emma was leaving for Germany, and was so anxious to have one before her departure that I consented, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy kindly assisting, it being understood that no one beside ourselves were to be present. They arrived two hours before we went into the séance room, which we entered about half-past eight. The spirit "Katie" came immediately, and never left us, nor would she allow any other spirit to come near us. "John King," she said, was engaged with the "boys" (alluding to Messrs. Herne and Williams, who were holding a séance at their rooms), and others she made excuses for. She now asked for a reel of cotton; so Emma had to leave the room for it. Questions put by me—"But, 'Katie,' dear, what are you going to do with it?" Answer—"To make you a crown of glory." "But I wish you would do something for Emma, as you know this séance is held on her account, and whatever gifts you have to bestow, please shower them upon her. She is going on Monday to school, and it will help to make her happier if she takes something with her that you have given." Answer—"I will make a wreath for her of purity and goodness." I think these were the words. We then heard the cotton being untwined, the whole room being filled with a powerful perfume. Presently the wreaths were placed on our heads; lights were ordered, and two of the most exquisite were seen, most gracefully arranged—Emma's chaste and beautiful; mine gorgeous with colour. Katie then made a most flattering speech, very classical and very pretty. Either she is better versed in mythology than we gave her credit for, or she must have had a spirit dictating it to her. I must here say that at the time she was speaking of Helen and Paris, two apples were placed in my

hands. After this, perfume of a most delicious kind was literally showered upon us. A locket with a diamond star was taken from the chain of Mrs. Guppy without its being unfastened. This was given to me, and a chain of Indian workmanship was given at the same time to Emma. On my remonstrating and objecting to these manifestations, the spirit forbade me at my peril to take it from the child, or to omit wearing the brooch until they gave me orders to return it. I was now so thoroughly exhausted that we were allowed to take some refreshment, but I did not return to the séance room again. Mrs. Guppy and Emma, however, went, and a sixpence with a hole in it was given to the child, and something else which I have forgotten.

The flowers were so fresh, and so beautifully arranged, that Mrs. Guppy suggested they should be photographed, but the morrow was Sunday, and who could we get to do it? Mrs. Guppy, however, took them away, undertaking the task, and right well has she succeeded. A most beautiful photograph of them is now to be seen, which will ever be preserved as a souvenir of one of the most elegant manifestations we have had the privilege of witnessing.—Yours truly,

CATHERINE BERRY.

London, April 17th.

To the above letter the Editor appended this note:—We have enjoyed the privilege of seeing these wreaths, which were still fresh and fragrant on Monday, and certainly worthy, as regards beauty, of all the commendation Mrs. Berry has bestowed on them.

In reference to the facts narrated in the fore-

going letter, the Editor of the *Medium* wrote the following article :—

OBJECTS CARRIED BY SPIRITS.

It will be remembered that the *Medium*, No. 55, contained a letter from Mrs. Berry describing two wreaths of flowers presented, one to her niece, the other to herself, by the spirits. These were photographed while quite fresh, and copies were presented to Mrs. Guppy. She received them on the Thursday afternoon. The spirits at once desired her to take a four-wheeled cab, place into it the photographs, a box of paints, a wet sponge, and a piece of red flannel to pin up against the windows to keep the light out. She was to enter the cab, and in that manner to be driven four times round Regent's Park. The coachman got tired, and at the end of three rounds he declined to drive her farther. On getting out, Mrs. Guppy found the photographs were beautifully coloured, one of them being still wet and scarcely finished. At the bottom of them both was rudely sketched, "Painted by Katie."

On Monday, April 24, Mr. Herne was told to place copies of these photographs, which Mrs. Berry had given him, on the table of the dark room, and beside them a box of paints. He was then instructed to shut the door, and stand on the outside with his back to it; while he thus stood, Mr. Harrison called, and when the four minutes had expired the room was entered, and one of the photographs was found coloured, with the word "John" written under it. The other was not coloured. The door was again shut, and the spirits were heard discussing whether it should be done then or deferred. It was, however, painted during the course of the afternoon, with the word "Harry" written at the bottom.

On Wednesday of last week, about half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Burns called quite unexpectedly upon Mr. Herne, at his residence; 61 Lamb's Conduit Street. Mr. Herne uses a double drawing-room, communicating by folding doors, and the back room is kept dark for the purpose of holding dark séances at any hour. Mr. Herne opened the doors and showed Mrs. Burns the séance room, after which they walked into the front room, leaving the doors open. Mrs. Burns proposed that they should go into the dark room for a few minutes to see if any phenomena transpired. They accordingly did so, and as soon as Mrs. Burns entered the room she felt the influence of the spirits very powerfully, as indeed she did on the first occasion. They sat down, one at each side of the table. Immediately the voice of "John King" said, "Hillo, Amy, how are you?" Then "Katie" said, "I am here, too; how are you? What would you like?" Mrs. Burns preferred flowers. "John" replied, "No, not flowers. I will give you some next week, perhaps, for yours which I took on Monday evening." ("John" had presented a bouquet which was in the room to one of the visitors at the séance.) "Katie" then said, "I'll fetch you something, Amy. Would you like a ring?" Both Mrs. Burns and Mr. Herne did all they could to dissuade the spirits from carrying out this suggestion, but to no purpose, as they would have their own way. "Katie" intimated that she "must go to Lizzy's" (meaning Mrs. Guppy), and desired her auditors to leave the dark room for ten minutes, and shut the door. In the meantime Mr. Andrews came upstairs, and Mr. Herne sat down at the piano till the ten minutes had expired. When the dark room was again entered, Mrs. Burns sat on a chair on one side of the room, Messrs. Andrews and Herne at considerable distances as if at the points

of a triangle. Immediately the voice of "Katie" was heard close to Mrs. Burns, saying, "Hold up your hand, Amy." Mr. Herne did not catch the words, and asked what "Katie" had said. Mrs. Burns held up her left hand, on the side farthest from her companions, and instantly she received a ring. There was at the same time placed in her hand a handkerchief belonging to Mrs. Berry and bearing her name, and a coloured photograph of Mrs. Berry and her niece. "Katie" described the articles, when Mrs. Burns remarked that she possessed a copy of the photograph already. "Katie" replied that the one she had now received was better coloured. "Katie" also gave Mr. Herne peremptory orders to hand over to Mrs. Burns the two photographs of the wreaths of flowers which the spirits had coloured on the previous day.

The history of the ring is as follows:—It belonged to Mrs. Berry, and in a very extraordinary manner dropped from her finger on the previous Sunday evening after a séance, and when all her visitors had departed. Every search had been made for this ring, which was a very valuable one, containing a precious sapphire which had been brought from India, and Mrs. Berry offered a reward to the servants if they could find it. It was supposed that the spirits had taken it, and when asked, "Katie" made a jocular and evasive reply. In answer to an inquiry from Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Guppy said that such a ring had been seen on her dressing-table, and from thence it is supposed to have been transported to the hand of Mrs. Burns.

On Sunday evening, Mrs. Guppy and a friend and Mr. Wason returned with Mrs. Berry after the service at Cleveland Rooms. After supper they retired to the séance-room, agreeable to an impression received by Mrs. Guppy. Immediately upon taking their seats, stocks and cowslips were

showered on the table in profusion—some pulled up by the roots. A large handful was placed before Mr. Wason in a compact bunch. A ring was then taken from Mrs. Berry's finger and placed upon Mr. Wason's. A table-cover was then brought from the drawing-room and placed upon Mr. Wason's head. After the company had left, Mrs. Berry returned to the drawing-room, and observed that another table-cover, which had been over that one placed on Mr. Wason, had also been removed. Both of these covers had been taken from under a number of books and other objects usually found on drawing-room tables. Before Mrs. Guppy returned home, this second table-cover was observed over a cabinet in Mrs. Guppy's house.

We believe these facts to be thoroughly reliable, and they, in a very convincing manner, indicate that, under certain conditions, spirits can carry objects great distances, and even through solid walls.

WINE AND SPIRITS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I had an interesting séance last night,—present, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, a friend and his wife, and two gentlemen, neither of whom had been present at a séance before; also Mr. Herne, the medium. We entered the séance room at half-past eight, and after sitting some little time I was impressed to move and take my place between the two strangers, and to hold their hands. Mrs. Guppy had previously asked for something to be brought, and we all wished for that, but nothing came. I have no doubt but by this time the two investigators began to think we were a set of lunatics, and that they were pretty nearly as bad to countenance such things with their presence. After I had

taken my place between the strangers, I asked my spirit friends—and friends indeed I have always found them—to bring us something, if only one single flower. Presently a shower came down, as though from the ceiling; and light being asked for, we found the shower was of buttercups and daisies, so pretty and fresh, they evidently had just been gathered. After this we had the voice, but not powerful. The spirits proposed that we should have some wine; Mr. Guppy asked if the spirits would join us. The wine was poured out, and a glass placed under the table, the two inquirers looking to see that it was really placed there. We sat a few minutes talking, when the knocks came informing us that the wine under the table was gone, and so it was. The two investigators now had to leave, as one of them had an appointment, and the remainder of the party again took their places. Then we had the full spirit-voice, and a most amusing conversation between two spirits. I had now become quite exhausted, for the spirits had used my magnetism very much; so we adjourned to take refreshments. While we were seated at the table, a bird which had been put in my hand by the spirits in the séance, and which they had promised to bring me on the last occasion they were with me, flew down from the ceiling, as it were, and lodged near me. This bird had been put in a light cardboard box when received, as the most available thing at hand, and when some one ran into the séance room, the box was found empty with the lid under it on the harmonium, where it had been left a short time before. We have had many séances, but we consider this one the most extraordinary, as the latter part occurred in the light.—In haste, I am, truly yours,

CATHERINE BERRY.

May 17, 1871.

MANIFESTATIONS IN THE LIGHT.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—Please correct an error that appeared in your last week's *Medium*. Mr. Herne was not present at the séance of mine which you reported. I am happy to hear that both he and Mr. Williams are too much engaged giving public séances to spare time to visit their friends. I need not, I am sure, say how glad I am that this is so, for they are great mediums, such as the public have never had the opportunity of before witnessing.

I have had both the Rev. Mr. D. and Mrs. Guppy, the one on Sunday evening, the other on Monday. On each occasion we have had the spirit-talking, and holding long conversations. Other most wonderful manifestations have taken place—such as flowers taken from a side-table and thrown over us—bread given me, glass of wine taken off the table, &c., &c. In the dark we had the most exquisite music. As there was only the harmonium in the séance-room, the spirits must have brought their own instrument. This was on Monday evening. I asked how it was we were so highly favoured. Answer—“*Gratitude for all you are doing for us.*” I am now satisfied that if mediums will sit for the voice and other manifestations in the light, they will get them; possibly not at first, but allow one or two strangers at a time, after the mediums themselves have established their power, and I have no doubt of the success, for only yesterday, with window and door open, a lady was sitting in the room when one of the mediums entered, and she heard the voice distinctly.—Yours faithfully,

CATHERINE BERRY.

May 31, 1871.

A SPIRITUAL CEREMONY.

We have received some account of the inauguration of a spirit-room at Mrs. Guppy's. The event was in honour of Mrs. Berry, to whose use the room is dedicated. In darkness and silence, Mrs. Berry's hair was re-arranged, and a wreath of flowers placed upon her head, one on her right wrist, a bunch of flowers in the left hand, and a branch in the right. Spirit-lights were seen in different parts of the room, and the spirit-form was also visible to the whole party. This spirit-form was seen inspecting Mrs. Berry's spirit drawings by a peculiar light produced by spirit-power, as all of these manifestations took place in the dark. Several times Mrs. Berry has exercised very wonderful magnetic power. On the occasion above referred to, whilst under spirit influence, she waved the branch she held in her hand towards two of the company, when they fell on the ground in a state of trance, from which they were raised by Mrs. Berry putting out her hand and helping them up. Mrs. Berry often experiences this power leaving her when objects are being moved by spirits in her presence.

To the above may be added the fact that when I waved the branch downward the gaslight lowered, and when I raised the branch the light increased. This was repeated several times with the same result.

In writing to the *Medium* of a séance held at my house on Saturday evening, July 1, 1871, I state—There were present Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, Rev. G. C. D., and myself. We entered the

séance-room at half-past eight. Presently a number of books, an album, a quantity of splendid roses, with several other things, were placed on the table, and a felt hat, decorated with roses, was placed on my head. The books I have had weighed, and find their weight to be nine pounds; they belonged to Mrs. Makdougall Gregory. After this I had a bunch of grapes, two splendid mushrooms, two bunches of filberts, some branches from the mulberry tree, and many other things, too numerous to mention, placed before me.

The spirit-voices were talking all the time. We were then quite exhausted, and our spirit-friends desired us to leave the room for refreshments. In the light I had many things put into my hands, and flowers showered upon me.

The observations following were made by the editor:—

We must give some particulars as to how these articles brought to Mrs. Berry's circle were identified as belonging to Mrs. Makdougall Gregory. In the first place, the album was found to contain portraits of Mrs. Gregory, the late Professor Gregory, and other well-known friends, and the spirit-voice informed Mrs. Berry and her companions that the books belonged to Mr. Gregory. There was a series of volumes in French on animal magnetism, which went far to corroborate the testimony of the spirits, as it is well known

that Mrs. Gregory as well as her late husband have long taken the deepest interest in these séances.

Mrs. Berry wrote to Mrs. G., and sent over the album. On Monday, Mrs. G. called on Mrs. Berry and identified the volumes, also a box containing postage-stamps and a pen-wiper. Some of these articles had been missed both by Mrs. G. and her servant, and there can be no doubt of their having been transported from the one house to the other between the séance held at Mrs. Gregory's on Friday evening and that held at Mrs. Berry's on Saturday evening. As to the hat, that was afterwards found to belong to Mr. J. W. Jackson. The spirits had taken it on the previous Friday evening, at least it could not be found when the séance broke up. We are told that the hat had made its appearance at several of Herne and Williams's séances during the week; at last it was brought to Mrs. Berry's, and from thence to the Progressive Library, where it was claimed on Tuesday by Mr. Jackson, decorated with the faded wreath of roses.

Mrs. Berry gives us further particulars of a séance she had with Mr. Herne and Mr. Williams on Monday evening. The spirit-voice was heard in the light, and chairs and tables moved about freely. The two gentlemen left, and Mrs. Berry walked out on the balcony in the moonlight, in company with a lady friend, and saw Mr. Herne and Mr. Williams walk away arm-in-arm. In a few minutes they were seen returning, carrying something white in their hands, which proved to be a tablecloth belonging to Mrs. Berry, though it had not been used on the table during that evening. This tablecloth was thrown over them while walking in the street. The cloth was in some places marked with the mud where it had touched the street.

These facts we are glad to furnish as indicating the immense power exercised by the spirits over objects, and from the instructions given by "John King," on Monday evening, to Mrs. Berry and Mr. Burns, at a private sitting, tests of an indisputable nature will soon be adopted, proving beyond all doubt the possibility of such phenomena as those recorded above.

CABINET SEANCES.

At a séance held about this time, "John King," in a direct voice, told me that if I would have a cabinet prepared to enclose the two mediums, Messrs. Herne and Williams, he should be able to give some further extraordinary manifestations. I, therefore, had a recess in my séance room, fitted up for the purpose, thus becoming the first person to introduce cabinet séances in this country. In the letter of Dr. Dixon inserted below will be found a description of the cabinet, and a report of the first experiment made with it:—

THE "PSYCHIC FORCE."

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

The "psychic force" of, from, or through (which should it be?) Messrs. Herne and Williams is presenting itself under a new development, requiring fresh "courage" in our scientific friends to come up to.

Mrs. Berry favoured me with a note last week, intimating that "John King" had recently told her at a circle tha'

Messrs. Herne and Williams were enclosed in a cabinet with apertures, he ("John King") would be able to project his hand out of the darkness of the cabinet into the light. Mrs. B. said she had therefore converted a recess in her séance room into a little cabinet, and invited me to be present at the experiment. I went accordingly; and on the mediums' arrival I was appointed by Mrs. B. to act in conjunction with Mr. Clifford Smith, who was also present, as committee. The recess is eight feet from front to back, and just wide enough for the two mediums to pack themselves in a seat at the back; a small hinged wicket, as deep as from the chest to the lower part of the trunk, and furnished with a padlock, shuts them in closely, when seated, against the wall. On taking their seat, we (as "John King" wished the experiment to be under test conditions) locked the padlock and I kept the key. Then we closed the outer door of the cabinet. The mediums we knew could not move, and their hands could not reach the apertures in the outer door by three feet. The two apertures are about six inches square, and covered with small curtains of dark cloth. On our side, the room, about five paces square, was lighted by an ordinary taper, and we sat on chairs immediately in front of the door, a few feet from it. Presently through these openings emerged the coats, waistcoats, neckties, rings, and even boots of the mediums.

"John's" voice called out, "Look out for the rings!" At "John's" request we sang, "Shall we gather at the river;" then appeared the promised hands at the two apertures, a few seconds at a time; then an entire arm at each of them; then an arm to beyond the elbow reached out, and, apparently to show its momentary solidity, rapped with its knuckles upon our side of the door.

In the meantime we heard the voices of "John King" and of "Katie," and another spirit who was recognised by my colleague. We also heard the singing of a duet, not English words, in the cabinet, far above the capabilities of the mediums. After the half-hour which the exhibition of these phenomena took, the voice instructed us to release the mediums and let them have refreshment. On opening the door we found them as we had placed them, but in a half-entranced state, and complaining of weakness. Having unpadlocked them, they came out at "John's" wish for a quarter of an hour, and took a little fresh air and refreshment, when we again placed them under the same conditions. The experiments were now similar, but executed with greater thoroughness. "John" expressed his satisfaction with the result, and bade us "good night."

We, sitting within a few feet of these hands and arms, knowing the mediums to be locked in out of reach, believed our eyes. When the "psychic-force" weighing-machines are put on the shelf, I suppose we shall hear of optical instruments for seeing "psychic" objects. J. DIXON.

8 Great Ormond Street, October 11, 1871.

At the next séance with the cabinet eight persons were witnesses of the phenomena that occurred. An Italian gentleman who was present describes the séance as follows:—

SPIRIT FORCES AND OTHER PHENOMENA IN THE LIGHT.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—One of the most remarkable séances at which I have assisted took place last night at Mrs. Berry's.

There were present—the lady of the house, her niece, Mr.

and Mrs. Perrin, Messrs. Herne and Williams, a lady friend and myself—eight in all. What makes me style this séance remarkable is the variety of phenomena, such as in my extended experience I have never witnessed at one sitting. In the first place we had four distinct voices from the cabinet à la *Davenport* which Mrs. Berry has had constructed for these manifestations. There spoke one of the “Kings” (for, Mr. Editor, I feel convinced that there are many spirits assuming that name), “Ambo” the negro boy, “Katie,” and a cantankerous invisible, who would not allow anyone to speak but himself, stopping you short by making a pun on the first word of the sentence you wished to utter. Then came the appearance of *the hands* through the small windows of the cabinet. When we sat at supper the heavy table and all upon it, including a massive lamp, repeatedly rose some inches from the ground, and moved horizontally in every direction, while spirit-hands showed their presence from under the cloth, and were touched by all present. Two still more impressive phenomena occurred, during supper:—First, a tray-stand, more like a table, placed against the wall, at a distance of about two yards from us, twice approached the table and withdrew to its former position *proprio motu*, that is, without anybody touching it, or even wishing it to move. And secondly, the voice of the spirit “King” being repeatedly heard, in as clear a light as can be made by a profusion of petroleum and stearine; the spirit mingling in the conversation of the hostess and her guests.

On again returning to the cabinet séance, and the mediums being locked on their seats by a second inner door of the cabinet (a contrivance invented by Mrs. Berry to convince the investigators that the raps on the outer door and the appearance of the hands from its apertures could not proceed

from any muscular action of the mediums), the key that had been used in locking that inner door mysteriously disappeared from Mrs. Berry's pocket, and immediately a clicking was heard, and the voices of the mediums declaring that the inner gate was open and they were set free in the cabinet.

Let Professor Huxley, and other great luminaries of modern science employ their *valuable* time in studying the habits of beetles, microscopic insects, and mollusca ; we, the deluded Spiritualists, will persist in making use of ours in the study of man in all the stages of his existence. *De gustibus non est disputandum*—No accounting for taste.—Yours very truly,

G. DAMIANI.

London, October 18th, 1871.

The next letter is a supplementary report to that of Dr. Dixon's dated October 11.

A REMARKABLE CABINET SEANCE.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—The phenomena attributed to the mythical "Psychic Force" have attained to a solidity in their manifestations that would somewhat startle the supporters of that theory, as well as puzzle those who entirely deny the existence or occurrence of such phenomena. On the evening of Wednesday last, at the séance of which you published a short account by Dr. Dixon, in your last number (No. 80), some most startling manifestations took place. Of many, I doubt not, the Doctor will give you a still further account, and I have no intention of poaching on his preserves ; but that of which, if you will allow me, I would now give you a short account occurred after he had left us, and did not therefore come

under his observation. After some of the usual manifestations which occur in the light, in the presence of the mediums, Messrs. Herne and Williams, such as the moving of furniture and other objects, whilst we were sitting at dinner, Mr. Williams was entranced; and through him we were directed to adjourn again to the séance room, in order that Mr. Williams might enter the cabinet by himself.

With his eyes closed and in the trance state, the spirit led him from the one room into the other, and into the cabinet, which was closed and secured. In a short time the hands again appeared. This time, we, the spectators, were not seated, but were standing around the door of the cabinet, and were permitted to examine the hands (which remained exposed for a considerable period) at our leisure, and afterwards even to test their solidity by grasping them and shaking hands as with old familiar friends; and of such power were they possessed that they would draw our arms at times right through the aperture as far as we could reach. The arms and hands formed by the spirits were of the most substantial form, and as firm and flesh-like as any human hand I ever grasped. Mr. Williams was released, and Mr. Herne entered; the phenomena recurred, with the addition of this, that the spirits one by one pushed through the aperture every article of clothing that the medium had upon him, save his socks. As you may imagine, this caused some embarrassment, which, however, was soon put an end to by the voices within asking for the articles separately, and each one was taken from my hand as I held it to the opening. When the door was opened, Mr. Herne was again indued with his clothes, and was not aware of the trick that had been played on him, as he had been entranced all the time.

There was more after this, but as it was not done under

test conditions, I would prefer not alluding to it now, especially as the spirits have promised a repetition on a future occasion.

In conclusion, I must say that Spiritualists should be grateful to the kind lady who has taken so much trouble to make arrangements for the investigation of these startling phenomena, and at whose house this séance was held.—I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

H. CLIFFORD SMITH.

October 17th, 1871.

As will be seen by the letter following, in order to remove any existing doubt of the reality of the phenomena occurring with the cabinet arrangements, I went to the expense of replacing the small wooden gate by an iron one reaching from the ceiling to within a few inches of the floor, and secured with a strong patent lock, to which there is no second key. This key I never allowed to go out of my possession, except when it was required to lock or unlock the gate.

PHENOMENA UNDER TEST CONDITIONS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Under the strictest and most indisputable test conditions, the experiments with the cabinet were repeated at Mrs. Berry's on Wednesday last. At the cost of much time, trouble, and great pecuniary expense, that lady has made such perfect arrangements as to entirely preclude the possibility of a doubt as to the reality of the manifestations. The

cabinet has been before described as a closet, about six feet in depth, let into the wall of an ordinary chamber, furnished with a seat at the extreme end, on which the mediums are placed. They were formerly confined only by a wooden wicket across the closet, secured by an ordinary padlock, to which it had been objected that there was a possibility of their obtaining a duplicate key, and so release themselves. This objection, to some extent, weakened the strength of the test conditions, which Mrs. Berry is so anxious should be without a flaw. To obviate this she has made the following arrangement, so as to increase the security as well as to add to the comfort of the mediums, who were dreadfully cramped in their original position.

The recess is divided into two compartments—an inner and an outer—by folding iron gates, made of light bars about 2 inches or $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart, through which it is absolutely impossible to pass an arm. They reach from the ceiling to within three or four inches of the floor, and are fastened with a strong patent padlock of Barron's make, to which *there is no second key*. When the time arrived, Messrs. Herne and Williams were admitted to a first view of their prison, and without any preliminaries entered the inner compartment. The gates were closed on them, and Mrs. Berry handed to me the lock and key. I secured the gates and returned the key to her. During the whole evening she would not allow this key out of her possession, save when I used it to lock or unlock the gates. The outer doors being closed, we seated ourselves in expectation, and soon heard the spirit voices complaining of the difficulty they experienced in overcoming the obstruction presented by the iron barriers.

We asked them whether they were really the spirits who

used to manifest through the Davenports. They said they were, but had only before had to operate against wood or rope—had never tried iron, and therefore did not understand how to act with it at first. “Katie,” however, declared her intention to overcome the difficulty if we could remain quiet.

We heard the voices for some time talking to each other as though they were holding a consultation; and after exercising some considerable patience, we were at length rewarded by seeing hands protrude from the apertures in the outer doors and draw back the curtains in order to manifest themselves to our view. A noteworthy peculiarity of one of the hands so manifesting is, that it is in colour of that of a negro. We are informed that it is “Katie’s,” as she was, when in earth-life, descended from that race of people. Our spirit-friends seemed much delighted at their success, and we were pleased to find that they were able to manifest under conditions by which we can defy the world to say that there can be any fraud. The mediums were thrown into a deep trance during the whole time of the experiment, and were very much exhausted when they were released.—Yours faithfully,

H. CLIFFORD SMITH.

THE “MYSTIC FORCE.”

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—A few evenings ago I was invited by Mrs. Berry to witness a further experiment with the “mystic force” which exhibits itself in association with the organisation of mediums, and notably in the persons of Mr. Herne and Mr. Williams. I call it “mystic force,” for the term “psychic force” I shall leave, I think, to Mr. Crookes, with whom it is serving s

good a purpose in exciting—like acid in a battery—the minds of the purely scientific, who know that if the adjective psychic be admitted, the noun psyche is admitted at the same time, and the substantive existence of psyche, the soul, is the very kernel in the nut of Spiritualism. So I shall adopt the term “mystic force,” for which I am indebted to the critic of the *Daily Telegraph*.

The particular further experiment we were called upon, on this occasion, to witness, was to ascertain whether a hand could be psychically projected at the cabinet window described three weeks ago, and referred to by Mr. Clifford Smith, with a sheet of perforated zinc fixed between the seat upon which the mediums were locked and the openings in the door. Having secured them under the above test condition, we took our seats in front of the door. A little interval, and we heard the voices of “John” and “Katie,” or perhaps I ought to say the “mystic force” calling itself by those names, greeting us and talking to the mediums. Addressing Mrs. Berry, “John” urged that the light should not be admitted into the cabinet until he gave the word, as it would be of serious consequence to “the boys.” Presently we heard Mr. Herne laughingly say that “John” was putting a bottle to his mouth, and that “It fizzes.” He said “John” had divided whatever drink it was between them, and that it was nice. We had seen a bottle of lemonade on a side-table where the candles were placed, after the mediums had been fastened in; it was not there now, and subsequently the bottle, empty, was found on the floor of the cabinet. After waiting a little, a hand was presented at one of the openings, and after some minutes of silence, “John’s” voice said, “Now let them out.” We opened the door, unlocked the enclosing apparatus, and set them free. We afterwards sat

round a table with all hands touching, hoping "John" would make some comments upon the experiment, but he did not. The "mystic force" was, however, in strong operation; it raised the table into the air, and turned it about and over; it threw, from a side-couch, a large eider-down coverlet on to the table, and drew a large harmonium from the wall to the back of Mrs. Berry's chair, and so on; the "mystic force John" occasionally interposing a recommendation to let in the light from the adjoining apartment, which had the effect of moderating the "force," which "John" seemed to be watching. Hitherto objects had been drawn from without inwards towards the table, but now Mr. Williams was raised from his chair, and carried outwards on to the couch behind, on which we saw his position by means of a large glow-worm-looking light describing eccentric curves about him. On his returning to his ordinary state and his seat at the table, the "mystic force" again became disorderly, drew away a box on which one of the circle was seated, and cast the contents, books and drawings, on to the table and floor. Mrs. Berry expostulated, and the "mystic force John" said, "You had better retire for a little." While seated at supper the "mystic force" resumed its activity, sounding a hand-bell, moving pieces of furniture, &c.; catalepsing the arms and hands of the mediums, the rigidity going off by "mystic force" waved from the hand of Mrs. Berry. I had to request to be allowed to leave before the resumption of the séance. Whether the Fellows of the Royal Society consent to recognise this force or not, certain it is that, if people will only furnish conditions, they will find that there is a force—call it "psychic" or "mystic"—having wonderful ways of self-assertion.

J. D.

A SHOWER OF FEATHERS.

A manifestation of spirit power more novel than pleasant occurred at one of Mrs. Guppy's séances, at which I was present. The company consisted of the Countess de Pomar, now Lady Caithness, her son, the present Duke de Pomar, Mr. Benjamin Coleman, Mr. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, and several other ladies and gentlemen whose names I do not now call to mind. We commenced sitting at eight o'clock, the doors having been secured and the lights extinguished. In about ten minutes, after having had a few of the ordinary manifestations, we were favoured (?) with an *extraordinary* exhibition of spirit power. A shower of feathers began to fall upon us, and continued falling till they lay on the table to the depth of several inches! It was just as though a feather bed had been emptied upon us. I felt extremely annoyed at this, and requested to be allowed to leave, when Mrs. Guppy, being in one of her hilarious moods, called out to the spirits to bring some tar, so that I might be "tarred" as well as "feathered." Thereupon, I rushed out of the room, followed by Mr. Coleman. When we got into the hall, we found ourselves so covered with

feathers, that it took a servant more than an hour to make us fit to go out of doors. In consequence of this séance, Mrs. Guppy and I became estranged for some years. I should add, that Mr. Guppy assured us that he had not such a thing as a feather bed in his house, and he was surprised that I should have shown any temper, thinking himself that it was a capital joke, but I could not accept it in such a light, for my dress and bonnet were entirely spoiled. The dress being of black silk trimmed with crape, the feathers clinging to it, made me look more like a magpie than anything else, and I was in such a state that no lady would like to have returned home in. At the same time, it was a wonderful manifestation, although not one to my liking, and I would much have preferred a shower of flowers, which my spirit friends generally give me.

Miss Kate Fox (now Mrs. Jencken), favoured me by attending one of my séances. She was one of the children through whom, twenty-five years ago, communication was first established with the spirit world, by means of raps. The séance was specially interesting, as for the first time in her life she heard the direct spirit voice.

A SEANCE WITH MISS KATE FOX.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I had, last evening, the pleasure of a visit from Miss Kate Fox, and her friend, Miss Ogden. I had invited Messrs. Herne and Williams only, to meet her, as I wanted her to myself, and I heard of her being highly sensitive to influences, which was a second reason why I did not invite others. We went into the séance-room about 8.30, and we were preparing for the “boys” to go into the dark cabinet, when “John King” manifested his presence, and in a loud voice said we were not to do that, but sit round the table. On this account there was some little time lost in darkening the room, as latterly we have had no occasion to do so, having had all the manifestations in the cabinet, we, the audience, sitting outside. We now formed our circle, which consisted of seven, Mr. Dawe having called and been admitted, and Mr. James Scott, who was on a visit to me, joining.

Now came some very peculiar rappings, such as I had never heard—not for their loudness, but for their peculiarity. Miss Kate Fox then kindly offered to get up and stand at the door; placing her hand on it, and requesting me to do the same, the knocks were repeated. We again took our seats, and had a delightful séance—spirit-voice, spirit-lights, hands touched, &c., &c. We were now desired to break up the circle, and evidently it was right, as a large eider-down had been thrown over us, and a chair had been put on the table, though so gently that it did not touch one of us. Miss Kate Fox saw it coming down. We then left the darkened room and sat down to supper, and, as usual upon these occasions, I asked the spirits if they would take wine with us, which they accepted. A glass of wine was poured out,

and Mr. Scott selected to place it under the table. In about a quarter of an hour raps came. We asked if the wine was drunk; in an instant Mr. Herne exclaimed, "Why there goes the glass of sherry!" Mr. Dawe immediately looked under the table, and the glass we placed there was gone. He then asked us quietly to draw back from the table, when we all had the opportunity of seeing for ourselves. Mr. Herne now jumped up, Mr. Williams, who sat opposite to him, doing the same. In an instant, while some of the party were looking at Mr. Herne, a wineglass of sherry was put into his hand. This manifestation, I need scarcely remark, took place in the light. Miss Kate Fox and her friend now left. Previous to doing so, she expressed her great delight, it being the first time she had heard the spirit-voice.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

CATHERINE BERRY.

November 29, 1871.

A HARMONIOUS CIRCLE.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to send you a long account of a most interesting séance which took place at my house last evening, but having many engagements, can only give you the heads—clearly showing how important it is that harmonious feeling should exist where circles are formed. At 7.30 p.m., a gentleman and two ladies arrived. I am sorry I am not allowed to mention their names; but they came expressly from the provinces to be present at my private séance. The two mediums, Messrs. Williams and Herne, and myself, formed the party. While sitting in the drawing room a great development took place, one of the ladies being under strong magnetic influence. At 8.30 we entered the séance

room, taking our seats at a round table—Mr. Herne on my right hand, one of the ladies on my left; Mr. Williams next, then a lady, and next the gentleman. We had not sat long before "John King" came and held a long conversation with us, addressing each individually, giving an excellent test; but being of a personal kind, I cannot repeat it.

A proposition was then made that the "boys" should go into the cabinet; but as they dislike this cage, as they call it, strong opposition was made. At last, however, they acceded, and several spirits came. One—the spirit who came on a former occasion, and who promised me never to come again unless he became more holy—answered, in reply to my question whether he were so: "Holy! I should think I am; I have been on my knees all day, and should like you to see the *holy* state of my garments." He then commenced punning and asking enigmas, but nothing boisterous or disagreeable. At intervals he became serious again, telling circumstances that came home to each one. On being asked how he knew these things, he replied, "John King tells me; I don't know of myself, but I shall know." The "boys" then asked to be let out of their cage, and we again formed the circle, when the harmonium began playing. Spirit-hands were touching us and "John King" talking to us, until we were desired to leave the room for refreshments. Afterwards, while at supper, one of the "boys" reminded me that I had forgotten to ask the spirits to take wine with me; but I felt no impression to do this, but soon after I was impressed to have a glass of wine poured out, and a piece of bread put on a plate. We then adjourned to the séance room, and breaking the bread into *several* pieces by impression, I gave the plate to the lady, who put her clasped hands over it, and I took the wine, requesting the lights to be put out.

Immediately a piece of bread was put into each person's mouth, excepting my piece, which they placed in my hands; they also took the wine from me, putting it to the lips of all, and then returning it to me. Here we should have stopped; but, not satisfied, the "boys" again went into the cupboard, when a violent spirit took possession of it, and bent the iron bar I had had fixed to it nearly double. We now released them, and engaged in the Lord's prayer, the spirits joining, and telling us they were not gods, but men and women like ourselves, and ever to remember this. I am now more than convinced that all does not depend on the mediums, but principally on the *surroundings*; for last evening we had none of that noise and violence which has frequently attended previous séances.—Yours very truly,

S. B. CATHERINE BERRY.

NOVEL MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in sending you the particulars of a séance which took place at my house last Wednesday evening. I continue my weekly séances, but as nothing of importance has occurred at them I did not send you the accounts. On this special evening, a new manifestation took place, which has more than realised my anticipations, and repaid me for all the trouble and annoyance I have had on previous occasions. As you know, I have arranged a cabinet, and placed within it a seat capable of holding the two mediums. At first I put up iron gates, and covered them with zinc. These were a failure. I then put up wooden gates, and had an iron bar which fitted into

the sides, and padlocked at one end. Besides these, there is another pair of doors, with two apertures six inches in diameter, and inside of these are placed two black curtains. I had only two visitors—the Rev. G. C. Dickenson and Mrs. Williams—beside the mediums. We entered the séance-room at half-past eight o'clock. The mediums then went into the cabinet, the gates being bolted, barred, and padlocked, and several of the household were called up to see that the fastening was secure. We then put up a black curtain over the gates, and closed the outer doors, but without locking them, and took our seats opposite, the candles being placed so that the light fell on the doors. After sitting a few minutes we were asked to sing, and after singing for a short time, the black curtain was lifted up, and a large bunch of curls exhibited at the aperture. We then asked them to show their hands, and one at once appeared which was like Mr. Herne's. I then asked for another, when a second one appeared; and on my asking for another, a baby's hand was shown. Again they begged us to sing, and in a few minutes a rushing noise was heard, the doors flew open, and both mediums appeared to be thrown to our feet. At this time the cabinet was exposed, and the gates found barred and bolted as left, the witnesses being again called to verify. During the time we had been in the séance-room, the spirits had been very busily engaged in removing every article of furniture in the drawing-room—chairs, tables, stools, shells, and screens—but nothing was spoiled or broken. I now requested the mediums to take a short walk, as the influence was becoming too powerful, and I was losing control. We then partook of supper, and a number of extraordinary manifestations took place; but I have already trespassed too much on your space to give details.

I will just add that last evening my friend, the Rev. G. C. Dickenson, and myself, who had dined alone, went into the séance-room, he going into the cabinet, and I sitting alone by the fire, as directed by the spirits. In a few minutes they called to me, and said they had prepared a feast for me, and I was to take a candle and look at it, when on the step of the cabinet I found they had placed a biscuit, and on each side of it four quarters of orange, and one quarter in front of the biscuit, thus :—

Orange.	Orange.	Orange.	Orange.	Biscuit.	Orange.	Orange.	Orange.	Orange.
				Orange.				

On being asked who these were for, they said they were for me. I said, "You know I do not care for oranges," and I still left them on the step. In a few minutes they desired me to look again, and I found they had sucked four pieces of the orange, putting the remains on the biscuit, which formed a plate. We heard several voices, but all were quiet and tranquil.—Yours faithfully,

CATH. BERRY.

January 26th, 1872.

The Editor observed :—Mrs. Berry gives no clue as to whom the hair exhibited by the spirits belonged. Perhaps she did not know. We have learned that Miss Lottie Fowler lost a head-dress of the kind described. On that evening she was adjusting it shortly after nine o'clock, and left it to go into a back room. When she returned, the head-dress was gone, and nowhere to be found.

She was alone, and no one could have taken it. She then went to look for the box, which she had left in the back room, but it was gone also. She has seen nothing of either head-dress or box since. On Thursday evening she came to our office, and communicated these facts. She then accompanied us upstairs to Herne and Williams's séance. "John King" acknowledged that he had taken her "golden-tipped curls," and said he would take her next, so that further manifestations may be expected.

EXTRAORDINARY PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I again send you an account of a séance which took place on Wednesday evening, 31st of January, and which I think will interest your readers, this being, of course, the only object I have in view. At half-past eight Mr. Herne and Mr. and Mrs. Williams arrived. I was then alone in the drawing-room. In a few minutes the spirit of "John King" came and began talking distinctly; the power was so great that it threw Mr. Williams into a trance, and he would have fallen on the floor had not Mr. Herne caught him. I had expected the Rev. G. C. Dickenson would have joined us, but he had a particular engagement which prevented him. At nine o'clock we entered the séance room. I then put Messrs. Herne and Williams into the cabinet, bolted, barred, and padlocked the doors. Ringing for the servant to examine it, Mrs. Williams and myself took our seats outside, and

placed the candles at the back of us, the light falling directly on the apertures I have before described. In a few minutes the voice called out that we were to commence singing, and during this time there was a great noise in the cabinet, which the spirits said was in getting up the power. I should think ten minutes elapsed, when a hand came to the aperture, and, lifting up the curtain, held out a ring. I at once rose, and asked if I might be allowed to take it. Answer, "Yes." Another ring was shown, which I also took. Lastly, a watch and chain were placed in my hands. All these things had been taken from the mediums while sitting in the cabinet, but not missed by them. At this time the spirits desired the doors to be opened to let the "boys" out, and I called the servant, who was waiting outside, to unlock the padlock. We then missed the banjo, which I had placed in the front part of the cabinet, and which we had heard playing and felt floating in the air, and the servant was in the act of unlocking the gate, when the spirits called out, "Shut the door," and instantly the "boys" exclaimed, "Here is the banjo in our arms." This should have concluded our séance, but, as is usual in all cases, we are never contented to let well alone. In about an hour's time we returned to the cabinet, and my friend the Rev. G. C. Dickenson joined us. The spirits then requested he would join one of the mediums in the cabinet, but this he determinedly refused to do. Then began a most savage attack upon the mediums—locks, bolts, and bars were rent asunder, and the gates were smashed to atoms. The bar was bent nearly double, and everyone who has examined it has come to the conclusion that it could not have been so bent by any ordinary power. As you may suppose, I was very much annoyed, and have *almost* come to the determination of holding no more physical séances. At the same time,

I cannot help thinking that the spirits out of the flesh were not so much to blame as the spirits in. There is no doubt there was too much physical force, there being nothing to check it. Had a few sceptics been present, the violence would not have occurred. We, of course, left the séance room and separated.

To show the difference where there is not so much power, the next day the Rev. G. C. Dickenson went into the cabinet, after which I had a very beautiful flower in a pot brought to me, which I have now in my drawing-room. Every time we sat at dinner, we had not only spirit-voices calling to us, but spirit hands touching us; and last evening, as it was his farewell, they gave us a special manifestation, unasked for and unlooked for. He sitting at the right hand of me, a vacant chair opposite to him began moving, and, in answer to whether it would have some dinner, said "Yes." I then asked it to select what it would take, when it chose *croquets des pommes de terre* (a French way of dressing potatoes, about three inches long and two wide. I will send you one that you may see it). I was desired to put this on a chair, either in a tablespoon or on a plate. I placed it in a tablespoon, thinking that probably the plate might be broken. In a few seconds I was told it was eaten, and looking, found the half of it gone, with the marks showing the teeth. This piece I will also send. After this we had a long and happy conversation, but I became so much exhausted that I was obliged to leave and wish them "good night." With respect to the curls, I shall be only too happy to return them to the owner. If they are Miss Fowler's, and she will call for them, they are at her service. Those who have seen them say they are not the colour of Miss Fowler's hair. They are, of course, of no use to me.

Should any party have a gentleman's hat, liqueur bottle with silver stopper, also a small china teapot, which do not belong to them, I shall be very glad to receive them, as they were taken from my house last Sunday evening.—Yours faithfully,

CATH. BERRY.

February 3rd, 1872.

The foregoing account caught the eye of Mr. *Punch*, and gave him occasion to poke a little fun. His suggestion was very commonplace. This was my reply:—

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. *Punch* has done me the honour of noticing an account of a séance held on the 9th of February, and which you inserted in the *Medium*. He suggests with deference:—"Might it not possibly have been the cat?" I agree that under ordinary circumstances it might have been, but in this case no cat is ever seen in my room—one of the animals in nature I do not encourage. But supposing it had been a cat, how does Mr. *Punch* account for the selection it made? cats, I have been told generally eschewing potatoes, particularly when there is game and other choice dishes for their selection, which in this instance was the case. The potatoes were not eaten *under* the table, but on the chair, out of a spoon. With respect to the articles, the return of which was advertised for—this is nothing new. On that evening two of the most powerful physical mediums in London were present, and on these occasions we have had a series of articles brought and taken away which would sur-

prise and astonish our great-great-grandfathers, "buffoons" though they were.—Yours faithfully,

CATHERINE BERRY.

February 21, 1872.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

Mr. Herne was the medium. We heard four voices—first, of "Bluff Harry," who said a few words to each; second, "John King," who spoke about personal matters relating to each; third, a spirit who used the name of "Farnham," or some such name ("John" afterwards said it was Farnham whose body was burned in the Irish mail train. Mr. Rondi, who was present, said he had painted a portrait of Lady Farnham, who was in that catastrophe); fourth, the "Boatswain's" voice was heard for a sentence or two; he merely announced himself and said, "God bless you." "John" intimated that the present séance was to welcome the circle to its new room and prepare it for future séances. With the tube we were all frequently struck in a way to startle us. The most surprising and violent sounds were produced by blows of it on the table. After "John" had bade us farewell, Mrs. Berry asked for something to be brought, at this her first séance in her new room. Something present was thrown on the table, as if in answer to her request, which we found afterwards to be the paper tube. The sitting was continued, it being early, but only very strong physical manifestations followed. For instance, while we were sitting with hands in contact, a chair was thrown on to the table; it being replaced on the floor, and hands being again in contact, it was again thrown on to the table, and also a folded table-cover from the corner of the room. These were removed, and the

moment the light was extinguished a folded screen of three leaves, seven feet high, was thrown noisily across the table, but without hurting any of the circle. J. D.

February 8, 1872.

At the above séance it will be observed four spirit voices were heard. Each voice had its peculiarity, and differed essentially from that of the medium.

A SEANCE WITH GERALD MASSEY.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—Last Friday, evening at the request of a friend, I held a séance. Not having been very well, I have given them up the last few weeks, as the mediums unfortunately draw too much upon my vitality—no fault of theirs, but my misfortune, as I am never happier than when holding a séance. I will now tell you as nearly as I can what took place.

The party consisted of seven—Gerald Massey, Fabyan Dawe, Mr. Ellis, Mrs. Barber, Messrs. Herne and Williams (the mediums), and myself. We entered the séance-room about 8.30. I then proposed that the mediums should have their hands fastened with string, a ball of which I had previously procured. Mr. Dawe suggested that the string should be fixed with a nail to the floor, so that should any manifestation take place it would be quite impossible for the mediums in any way to have assisted, even had any of the party present been sceptical. The doors were then closed. The “spirit of the cabinet” instantly came, and began talking, addressing everyone present by name. To Mr. Ellis

and Mrs. Barber he was very communicative, telling them many of their private affairs that none present could have known ; indeed, I was astounded, for it was the first time they had been present at one of these cabinet séances. This conversation continued some time, much to their astonishment, but we had nothing more until one of the mediums called out that his hands were unfastened, so they were let out. I then proposed going in with Mr. Williams, but we did not get even the voice, so I asked Mr. Herne to come in and join us, the two sitting on the bench and I standing before them. Presently I felt the string being placed round my thumb, this being made into a loop, so that I could hold it, and after a few minutes the mediums called out that they were being strangled. The door was opened, and there they sat in a complete network of strings, that I am quite sure it would have taken half a day to have done, it was so pretty and artistic. I will now relate the scene that had taken place in the room during my stay in the cabinet. It appears that Mrs. Barber became nervous at my being away, and, from what I learn, the spirits had been acting upon her without the string in the same way as they had been acting with the mediums in the cabinet with the string. The consequence was that she was perfectly rigid, and trembling violently. I immediately went to her, and in a few minutes she recovered and was herself for some little time ; but later in the evening she was entranced, and this time by a spirit who knew Gerald Massey. A very curious and interesting scene took place. I should like this gentleman more particularly to describe it, as the result appears, according to his statement, to have more convinced him of the truth of these manifestations than anything he has yet seen ; but I believe his experience has not been very great

in such séances. During the whole of our sitting we had loud raps coming from all parts of the room. The tables turned completely over without doing them any injury. I am happy to say we had no violent manifestations, although one of the mediums was rather inclined to be boisterous, which is always unfortunate, as the spirits will partake of the medium's conditions.—I am, yours very truly,

March 2nd, 1872.

CATHERINE BERRY.

About this time I went to Margate for the benefit of my health. While there I was fortunate enough to meet with the reverend gentleman who has, before now, been referred to in my letters as a medium of great power. Even in the open air, we had unmistakeable evidences of spirit-presence, and when a formal sitting was instituted indoors, the spirit voices were heard, objects were carried, and spirit forms were perceived by the whole party. This shows that the manifestations do not depend upon any particular place, if the necessary conditions are supplied.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SEANCE.

On Monday evening, January 31, a séance was held at the residence of Mrs. C. Berry, the particulars of which are as follows:—

The party consisted of Mrs. Berry, the Rev. G. C. Dickenson, and myself. We commenced the séance at eight o'clock. The room was not totally dark, the large shutter

not having been put up to the window as usual. It was in the room, however, and stood against the wall; near it, also, stood a small American folding chair. Several pictures were hanging on the walls. A large quantity of wool embroidery had been previously rolled up and left on a chair in the room. A large book stood on the window sill, and a cardboard box about two feet long and one foot wide, containing laces, &c., was also in the room. We sat at a small carved oak table with three legs. The lights were then put out. Mrs. Berry held in one hand a box of tapers to get a light when required; and the other hand held mine. Loud raps were immediately heard, and the large shutter was moved from the wall. In a few minutes the American chair was very gently put on the table; a small picture taken from the wall was also put on the table. Tremendous raps were then heard, followed by two loud shouts, and a peculiar noise hardly to be described. A very large hand was passed over my face, certainly a much larger hand than belonged to any one present. Mrs. Berry was constantly touched about the face and head. A paper trumpet that lay on the table was taken up and remained suspended in the air, and through it came a sweet singing voice. The pieces of wool embroidery were thrown across the room, and in their passage struck both Mrs. Berry and myself. A light was now struck, and we found the embroidery and contents of the cardboard box lying in confusion about the floor. The book, previously mentioned, weighing 5 lbs., rested on Mrs. Berry's head, and round her neck were suspended two small pictures, weighing respectively, $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The light being again put out, the table was lifted in the air to the height of three feet, and the room thrown into the greatest confusion without any perceptible noise. A loud cry was heard, and

heavy footsteps sounded on the floor. Then followed what appeared to be a pistol shot, and then another, startling us as one may imagine. I was also touched on the head and shoulders, and became so frightened that I was very glad to leave the room. A man servant of Mrs. Berry's was then admitted, and he reported that the raps and tramping continued as before. Mrs. Berry felt a moisture come upon her, and the Rev. Mr. Dickenson had a similar experience. When a light was struck, it was found that a quantity of white froth was on the body of Mrs. Berry's dress, and a large splat on the Rev. Mr. Dickenson's forehead. During the séance, tapers were being continually lighted by Mrs. Berry, and the door of the room stood open nearly the whole of the time. The séance being over, Mrs. Berry and the Rev. Mr. Dickenson, adjourned to the drawing room, when, after sitting a few minutes engaged in conversation, Mr. Dickenson exclaimed that something had been put in his neck. He put up his hand and found it to be a beautiful tulip that had been plucked from the plant standing on the table near the window, about 12 feet distant. This manifestation occurred, with a fire in the room, and the blinds only half down.

I have written the above account at the desire of Mrs. Berry, and wish to add, that although I have had many opportunities of witnessing spiritual phenomena since living with that lady, I never before was so thoroughly convinced of their reality; not that I ever suspected fraud on the part of any person who attended the séances, but the whole thing was so opposed to all my previous teachings, that I could not realise it in its entirety. I am now a confirmed believer in this wonderful power, be it what it may.

MARY WARD.

A PIANO PLAYED BY SPIRITS.

On the 4th of February, 1873, I had a very interesting séance with the Rev. Mr. Dickenson. The medium and I were the only persons present. We commenced the séance at eight o'clock, sitting at a small table. The room was not totally dark. In the earlier part of the day I was impressed to have a piano placed in the room. A large wax candle in a candlestick stood on the piano, and the first thing the spirits did was to break the candle into six pieces, leaving the wick whole. They next brought two hot roasted potatoes, so hot that they could not be handled; one of them came in contact with my lip as it alighted, and I exclaimed that it had burnt me. Immediately an orange was placed in my hand. A small piece had been bitten from it, the marks of the teeth being visible. With this orange I was made to rub my lip, whereupon the pain passed away. Another orange was then thrown to Mr. Dickenson and a large beetroot placed in my hand, Mr. D.'s signet ring was also taken off his finger. During these manifestations the piano was played

without a moment's cessation. One of my female servants having expressed a desire to be present, I allowed her to join us. She sat on the sofa between Mr. Dickenson and myself, holding our four hands in hers as requested by the spirits. The piano was again manipulated, the gamut being loudly run through. The servant then felt a head pass across her face, and other manifestations followed of an ordinary character.

On the following evening I held another séance. The circle consisted of the Rev. Mr. Edgell and his two sisters, the Rev. Mr. Dickenson, the Rev. Mr. Peebles, and myself. A spirit spoke in a direct voice, and held a lengthy conversation with us. For nearly an hour the door of the room was being continually opened and shut. One of the ladies was much frightened. A chair was lifted on to the table by spirit agency, and the Rev. Mr. Dickenson placed in it. Other manifestations of an ordinary character were also witnessed. The Rev. Mr. Edgell and his sisters were very sceptical, and suggested that the *voice* might possibly have come from a child placed inside the piano! The idea was too absurd to need correction. It must have been

a very small child, and one wise beyond its years, to have kept up an interesting conversation with the three clerical gentlemen and as many ladies! The sceptics, however, were convinced of the genuineness of the physical phenomena, and left the séance with much less scepticism than they entered it.

Before becoming a convert to spiritualism, no one could have been more sceptical than I, and since then I have never accepted as incontestable facts, what I have not myself been a witness to. That there are impostors and charlatans in the ranks of spiritualism cannot be denied, and what rank of society is free from them? Spiritual phenomena may be simulated so as to impose upon the over-credulous or inexperienced. In the course of my experience I have several times detected imposture, and have not scrupled to denounce those who practised it. With the object of putting the unwary on their guard I wrote the following letter to the *Medium*:—

ARE THE SPIRIT-FACES GENUINE?

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—You are aware that I never have been thoroughly satisfied with the manifestation called “spirit-faces.” I have sat at many of these séances, but always had

a doubt upon my mind as to their genuineness. I am now satisfied that some are not genuine; and I would advise all who go to witness these manifestations to take my experience, and put mediums through a far stricter test than they are at present subjected to. It is no use searching the cabinet or room where they are to sit; the beard, masks, and draperies are not there, they go in with the medium. My advice is, search them, and instead of using cord to tie them with use cotton. Fastened with cotton, they cannot move without its breaking, but with cord, never mind how many knots may be made, they can and do extricate themselves. Again, I would advise that the instant a spirit-face is seen at the aperture and disappears, the cabinet, or door of room, should be thrown open. If, then, the medium be still sitting in the place where he should be, you will have the happiness of knowing that you have witnessed a genuine spirit-manifestation; if, on the contrary, you find the medium out of the fastening, and moving about, you will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you are no longer the dupe, and a great deception has been proved. I do not intend it to be understood that I believe *all* the "spirit-face" manifestations are deceptions. I should indeed be sorry were I to think this, for I fancy I have seen a dear friend return and show himself; but this the only occasion on which I have seen any likeness amongst the masks and faces that have passed before me, and in this I may have been deceived, and until I see it again, and under the test conditions I have above named, I shall not be satisfied. But I feel sure that mediums who can get the spirit-faces will be only too happy to go through the tests. I have never met with one who has objected to go through any test that I have required, and I have had some experience, though not to a great extent, in

the spirit-faces. Of those mediums who would object, I can only say so much the better, and shall indeed be truly thankful if the warning now given make them wiser and better men and women. But, in conclusion, I must say that I do not throw all the blame upon the mediums. A demand comes from every quarter for spirit-faces, and nothing but spirit-faces will satisfy. The demand has been greater than the supply, and this has induced the deception—for we must not forget that mediums are like ourselves, mortals, and open to the same temptations, but with this difference, that they are less under self-control. Spirits can at all times have access to them, and take possession of them; and who can tell whether the deception that is now being carried on is not the work of some lying spirit called forth by a mighty power, the result of which we know not of at present, but may know hereafter.

I shall be only too glad to hear that the mediums are able to get spirit-faces under the test conditions; at the same time I would not have them devote all their energies and talent to it, for I think some of the old manifestations that we have so frequently had are equally interesting. I sat at a circle last evening, a party of six, all strangers except the medium, Mr. Herne, and for many months I have not so thoroughly enjoyed such a séance; there was great harmony and a kind sympathy existing towards the medium, that produced a continued flow of manifestations. We began by joining hands, and promised that we would not, come what might, unjoin them. We kept our word, and a more interesting or amusing séance could not have taken place. The strangers went away thoroughly delighted. Let us hope we shall have many more such séances, and that there may be no more backslidings.

I hope the mediums will accept my word when I say that I have no unkind feeling towards them, and that I deeply sympathise with them; at the same time, when *I know* some are committing a deception, my love of truth and honesty, and my duty to those who put faith in me, bid me come forth and speak.—Yours very truly,

March 28th, 1873.

CATHERINE BERRY.

The account below is of a somewhat amusing character.—The spirit “Peter” knocked at the door of the séance room before entering. In the course of the evening “Peter” got into a passion with another spirit—a Frenchman, and sent him out of the room. On a previous occasion he rang the bell, and desired my servant to show the foreigner out!

MUSICAL PHENOMENA.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I write to give you a brief account of a séance held at Mrs. Berry’s on Saturday last, May 31st. There were only Mrs. Berry, myself, and Mr. Herne (medium) present. We had a banjo, a zither, and table-gong placed in the room. Mr. Herne took his seat behind an easel covered with baize, we sitting in front about three feet from it. No sooner were the lights extinguished than we were welcomed by “Peter,” who always now knocks at the door before he enters. After a little chat he took up the zither, and was charmed with that “pretty little instrument,” as he called it. After striking the chords he gave us a sort of

programme of what he would do; first was the village bells, then the London bells, then the congregation to come to church, then the morning hymn. At last he tried to imitate as accurately as he could a young lady's singing in the church, then "big Ben," "and now," he said, "I'll give you great 'big Ben' in a foggy day." Again he expressed his delight at the zither, and asked if he might take it to spirit-land; to this Mrs. Berry consented, but I did not like my zither going away, so I made a condition that if he took it he was to bring it back again, and he then requested an arrangement that if he left it with us it was always to be put on the table at the séance. Part of this time the banjo as well as the gong had been used; we asked him how he could hold them, but he said he did not hold them, but that they floated, upon which he made them float towards us while they were being played upon. He now asked Mrs. Berry to let him take her boot off, and, like a dancing master to his pupil, called out, "Now, Mr. Boot, mind you keep time with my music," and the boot did keep time, exactly as if some one was dancing on one foot. The medium all this time had not spoken, and I asked "Peter" what he was doing; he answered, "He is fast asleep," upon which, to satisfy us, he beat time with the banjo upon his head, which woke him, and it appeared he had not heard anything from the time we commenced. "Peter" now bade us good night, threw open the folding-doors, and, as we thought, took his departure; but another spirit coming in, he returned, and appeared in a great passion, desiring him to leave instantly. This spirit is a Frenchman, and "Peter" appears to have a great antipathy towards him, so much so that the little room which was arranged for us to hold séances "Peter" will not enter, it being there that the

Frenchman first came and gave directions for preparing for a new manifestation. A few evenings ago this was done as follows:—"Peter" rang the bell, and upon being asked why he had done so, as it would bring the servant unnecessarily up, he answered he was "not going to have this Frenchman interfering with him," and when, in answer to the bell, the servant came, "Peter," in a strong, firm voice, desired him to show the gentleman out. Mrs. Berry thinks that Mr. Herne's power is getting stronger than ever.

June 2nd, 1873.

E. BERRY.

"Peter" became a regular attendant at my séances. His voice is very peculiar—there is in it a doleful, winning tone. He is very fond of my zither, and always called it *his*—at times he was very serious—but generally otherwise.

On Tuesday evening, June the 3rd, a sitting was held at Mrs. Berry's residence in Connaught Square, which was in many respects unique, not only in the amount of physical power displayed, but also in the character of the intelligence. There were present, besides Mrs. Berry and her niece, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss Emily Murray, Miss Katherine Poyntz, Miss Godfrey, and Dr. Maurice Davies. The medium, Mr. Herne, was placed behind an extempore screen, made out of an easel covered with a simple piece of baize. No sooner was the light extinguished than "Peter" put in an appearance, and discoursed sweet music on a zither and banjo, which were laid on a table ready for his use. He also touched the sitters freely, knotted shawls into turbans for them, and decorated them in other fashions, besides removing Dr. Davies's ring and knotting it tightly in a lady's

handkerchief. He accompanied his performances with sundry caustic remarks, especially twitting Dr. Davies with preaching hell-fire—an imputation which was emphatically denied. “Peter” then suggested two sermons and texts for the following Sunday. The morning subject prescribed was “The Cross as the Symbol of Love;” the evening one, “What is Religion?” the portions of Scripture selected being St. John xiv., and the Epistle of St. James. There was therefore a serious element in the communications, though the greater part was very much the reverse. The climax of the grotesque was reached when this particularly lively spirit removed Mrs. Berry’s high-heeled shoe, and, engaging a lady to play on the zither for him, made the footless shoe execute a *pas seul* on the table. “John King” said a very few words in his familiar and most unmistakeable accents, and “Katie” gave one or two whispers, laying her hand freely in those of the sitters. Lights were seen frequently by those gifted with spirit-sight, and occasionally by all, while the power was not confined to the séance-room, but followed the sitters when they dispersed for refreshment, making a large dining-room table tilt when only a few hands were laid on it, and a chair come from the other part of the room and force its way to Mr. Herne’s side. There could be no question as to the amount of power present, and the intelligence, though withal of a quaint and almost grotesque character, was exceedingly quick in the way of pointed repartee.

It would perhaps have been scarcely the séance for a sceptic, who would not have been “educated up” to its reception; but to the initiated it was very interesting, and showed Mr. Herne to be in full possession of his greatest mediumistic powers. At the end of the sitting a circle was

formed, in which Mr. Herne joined, his hands being held on either side. Miss Berry was then called to the extreme end of the room, and repeatedly touched by what she described as a "very large hand and arm." Spirit-faces and forms have been of late almost exclusively sought after, and the supply has been fully commensurate with the demand; but for a good old-fashioned genuine physical séance it is to be questioned whether a more successful one could be wished for than that of Tuesday evening. The above was almost a repetition of what took place at the same lady's residence on Sunday evening, with the same medium. M. D.

A HUMOROUS SPIRIT.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—The following séance, held at Mrs. Berry's house, on Thursday evening last, with a small and select circle, is perhaps one of the best and most convincing it has ever been my good fortune to be present at. It is the more remarkable inasmuch as the medium (Mr. Kingsley) is young and inexperienced, and as yet hardly before the public. Suffice it, then, to say that the direct voice of his spirit-guide held conference with us for about an hour. He is very clever at smart sayings, making a pun of almost everything that he hears. He gave us some good physical manifestations, and when we lit the gas, spoke several times in the light. The spirit gave his name as "James," and I think he is the same spirit that speaks at Mrs. Bassett's circle. I should be glad to know if others think so or not. —Truly yours,

JOHN ROUSE.

73 Sutherland Street, Lupus Street, Pimlico.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—On Thursday evening my developing circle took place under very favourable circumstances. Present: Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Townley, Mrs. Minchen, Mr. Rouse, Mr. Kingsley (one of the Royal Osborne Handbell Ringers), Miss Berry, and myself. We assembled at eight o'clock, took coffee, and went into the séance-room, and from that time until ten o'clock we had a succession of manifestations. I placed Mr. Kingsley behind a screen which I have in the room, and he was shortly after entranced. His spirit (I say his because it is a spirit that has never been to my house before, although he appeared to be quite at home) addressed us all by our names. He has rather an Israelitish voice and pronunciation; he is very amusing—full of fun and good humour. He spoke of the garden-party at Willesden, and invited our party to meet him on Tuesday evening next at his garden-party. In the course of the evening Mrs. Fitzgerald asked the spirit if he would like to have a rose which had been presented to her at Willesden. He said yes, and if we would sing he would come and take it. I was holding Mrs. Fitzgerald's hand firmly, and in utter darkness, but felt nothing. Mrs. Fitzgerald exclaimed, "The rose is gone," and at the same instant it was placed on my head. Mrs. Robertson now asked for something to be given to her, when a bundle of hazel wands, which had been sent to me from Swindon, were thrown upon her, these wands measuring, I should say, three feet, and very heavy; they had been placed at the extreme end of the room, and I had forgotten them. I now took them in my hand, and was impressed to point them to the forehead of Mrs. Minchen, who, by the bye, the spirit now

calls Mrs. Melbourne, she having come from Australia to investigate Spiritualism. She soon became entranced, but I was so exhausted that I could not continue the experiment. Miss Berry had been entranced during the evening, but a magnet being lifted from the table by the spirits and thrown down again with great force so startled her that the power left her. Mr. Rouse saw many spirits, which he described ; and the week previously Miss Berry had the names given her of the spirits which he saw.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

CATHERINE BERRY.

August 22, 1873.

The séance spoken of in the letter below was of a very novel and extraordinary character. "Peter" must have worked very hard in getting up our entertainment on the occasion.

A NOVEL GARDEN PARTY.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Last evening Mr. Herne came in quite unexpectedly. He was shown into the drawing-room, and sat there with his youngest brother for some time, as I was engaged. I should say an hour after he came down, and before taking tea, a séance was proposed. My niece, self, and servant, with Mr. Herne and brother, went into the séance-room. No sooner had we taken our seats at the table, Mr. Herne going into the cabinet, than the spirit "Peter" called out that we were to prepare ourselves for a real garden party—no sham one, such as "Wallflower" gave us. We should have earth, turf, flowers, and fruits. He would begin by bringing the earth, and presently a shower of it came down, covering the table

and one end of the room. Next came the turf, in pieces, say a dozen, measuring about six inches square. Then came down flowers and ferns in great variety, followed by eight pears and seven apples. Two of the pears were written upon, "Granvel." Three cracknels were given, as the spirit said he did not provide for the boys; he did not like boys. Then he gave Miss Berry a toy jug of pewter. He kept up a lively conversation the whole time, wishing me to understand that he was doing this manifestation not by halves or shams. We were now desired to leave the room in order to enjoy the fruits he had brought. Tea being on the table, some partook of that and some of the fruit. After about an hour so spent it was proposed we should return to the séance-room; but no sooner had Mr. Herne entered the cabinet than he was assailed by "Peter" in a most violent manner, described by Mr. Herne as though every hair was being pulled out of his head; and at the same time "Peter" desired him to leave the room, and not take any more of my strength from me. Poor Mr. Herne was so frightened that he ran out of the house, and all my entreaties could not prevail upon him to return, and upon looking again for the plate of fruit, as I intended sending you some, they were all gone, even the two pears that were written upon, which I had intended for Mrs. Burns. I give you the time that Mr. Herne was in the house as nearly as I can, to show that it would have been impossible for him to have had all the above in his pockets. I sent you last night by his little brother several of the pieces of turf. You can judge the weight of them.—Yours faithfully,

CATHERINE BERRY.

September 3, 1873.

TOYS BROUGHT BY SPIRITS.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—On Thursday, the 11th instant, a friend (Mr. Kent, of Swindon) called upon me. I expected him the day before, and made arrangements for a séance, he being a great medium when with me, but can get no manifestations without me. On this account we never lose an opportunity of having a sitting. He was going to the City, and wished to have one upon his return, but as I did not feel very well, and had one or two engagements, I thought it better not to sit. So we parted—he with the intention of going direct from the City to the station for Swindon; but at about five p.m. I was agreeably surprised to hear the voice, not only of Mr. Kent, but of Mrs. Fitzgerald, whom he had met within a few yards of my house, she having been impressed to come at that time to see me, and he having been impressed, while on the omnibus passing the end of the square, to do the same—in fact, to use his own words, he was obliged to come, *nolens volens*. We now felt sure we were to have a séance, so, without loss of time, adjourned to the séance-room. I then asked Mr. Kent to sit behind the screen which forms the cabinet, Mrs. Fitzgerald, my niece, and self taking our seats at the table. This soon began to move, and gave such evidence of joy that we could do nothing with it. At last it rose, and touched the ceiling; we having no hands upon it. During this time we heard from behind the screen as if dried leaves were rustling, and presently Mr. Kent began whistling as no one who has heard can ever forget, so beautifully imitating the different birds that you could fancy you were in a grove surrounded by them. At this time the bell, the cord of which hangs down from the

ceiling, was pulled violently. When the servant came to the door to answer it, I desired her to come and join us at the table, as I felt that was what the spirits desired; and no sooner had she taken her seat than something came over our heads, fluttering and rustling about, and at last one dropped into my hand and the other into hers. We struck a light, and found they were children's toys made in the shape of birds, with gold and silver breasts, white feathers for wings, and attached to pieces of copper wire about fourteen inches long. We found that by swinging them quickly round they produced the same sound we had heard from the cabinet. I now asked Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mr. Kent whether they had seen these things during the day, as I know men go about the streets selling them. They both answered no; but the servant at once said, "Yes, I remember now, while you were at luncheon, a man rang the area bell; he did not come down the steps, but looked down the area, with a basket full of these birds, holding one up, and asking me to buy. I was at the kitchen window, and shook my head to say no; but I thought nothing more about them, and should not have remembered the circumstance had you not asked.' Now I should be very glad if some of your correspondents' would assist me in showing how and in what way those birds from that man's basket came into my house. It appears to me it must have been by magnetic attraction; but I am not aware that my servant has this power, and I should hardly think it proceeded from my niece or self, as we did not see the man with his basket, although I should think the dining-room where we were sitting is about on a level with the pavement, and the distance from the room to the pavement where the man was standing would be about six feet. You will bear in mind that the rustling and sing-

ing (imitation) of the birds was heard before the servant came into the room. If, therefore, her magnetism brought them with her into the room, the manifestation had previously been arranged by the spirits, hence the result. I am very sorry I have no idea where to find the man to ascertain from him whether he missed the two birds in question. I think this is a subject that requires investigation.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

Sept. 26, 1873.

CATHERINE BERRY.

The Editor commented on the matter as follows:—

We have seen the toy birds. It must be remembered that no professional medium was present at this séance. If there existed a mediumistic sphere around these objects, they could easily be taken by the spirits, especially while the vendor of the birds was near Mrs. Berry's residence. Dr. Richardson sends an account of a previous séance at Mrs. Berry's; medium, Mr. Herne. Phosphorescent paste was used to rub the instruments, which were seen floating. "A light totally unconnected with the phosphorus was discerned by more than one at Mrs. Berry's right hand, on the ground, and quite away from Mr. Herne. We again sang. Voices, stated to be of 'John King,' 'Peter,' and 'Katie,' were heard at intervals. I had heard these voices at Mr. Williams', and as far as my sense of hearing could detect, they were repetitions of the identical sounds, each peculiar, and possessing a distinct tone and character." Dr. Richardson concludes: "We know too little of the laws regulating spirit-intercourse to dogmatise, but it is an interesting question how far in their connection with matter they can

operate through spiritual contact only. Can they, or do they, invariably create hands out of the organic elements of the atmosphere when operating at dark circles? I trust that we shall some day discover the individual action of the actinic, the heat, and the light rays on spirit, so that we may elicit the epiphanies in full day. I shall be glad to know any Spiritualists here—7, Lansdowne Crescent, Leamington." Our readers in Leamington should make Dr. Richardson's acquaintance.

A SPIRIT FRIEND MANIFESTS HIS PRESENCE.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—At your request I send an account of a séance that took place at my house on the evening of Wednesday, November 18. Present: Mr. and Mrs. Collier of Birmingham, with their interesting daughter, a child of eight years of age, who, in the course of the evening, played from memory Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," several of Mozart's Sonatas, and other classical music, evidently under inspiration. Mr. Jesse Shepard came in the course of the evening, and with her played some charming music. We sat at the table and had some physical manifestations, such as hands touching us, spirit forms seen about the room, &c.

On the table were placed a zither and a table gong. The instruments the spirits were, as usual, delighted with, and they played very prettily upon them. After some little time a voice was heard, when the child exclaimed, "Papa, that is Mr. Hawkes." Mr. Collier was very much agitated, and begged the spirit to come and shake hands with him, which he did. They held a long conversation, the spirit saying he was very happy, and found spirit-life more beauti-

ful than he was prepared for. At this time the most joyous sounds came from the zither, and I exclaimed, "They are playing the wedding bells." "No," said the spirit, "they are the joy bells such as we have in our sphere;" and so they kept playing and talking until we were all exhausted and left the room for refreshments, and while sitting round the table it rose a foot from the ground, if not more, and remained at an angle of 45° without one single article moving. One plate with knife and fork Mrs. Collier made up her mind must go, there was no alternative; but it did not—I never felt it would. I have always full confidence in my spirits, and trust in their judgment that they will do no harm. Mrs. Collier was then impressed, and wrote some very pretty lines. I was to have received a copy of them, but it has not yet arrived. Mr. Collier was then entranced; and altogether we passed a most agreeable and diversified inspirational evening.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

Dec. 12, 1873.

CATHERINE BERRY.

P.S.—Mr. Hawkes was the gentleman who dropped down and died so suddenly on the platform in Birmingham.

All the séances recorded in the preceding pages were held at my own house. One of the earlier séances I attended was held at Mrs. Everitt's, and as it was of a very interesting character, I will here give a short account of it.

SEANCE HELD AT MRS. EVERITT'S.

Feb. 18, 1868.

The following persons were present:—Mr. and Mrs. Everitt and two sons, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, Mrs. Floyd,

Mrs. and Miss Cooper, Mr. O'Sullivan, Mr. Gooch, Mr. Slater, Mr. Shorter, Mr. Wagstaff, and myself.

The séance commenced by the reading of a chapter from the New Testament by Mr. O'Sullivan, after which Mrs. Emma Hardinge rose and offered up a beautiful prayer. Loud raps followed, and the table moved towards Mrs. Everitt. We then sang, "I will arise." The paper tube was taken up by the spirits and several of the sitters touched with it; it was then placed in my hands. A spirit voice said, "Good evening, Mr. Shorter!—good evening, dear Emma Hardinge! I know you and our medium are harmonious spirits; I am so pleased you are here."

Question—"Could you tell us your wife's name?"

Answer—"Yes. Her name is Mercia, or Mercy. She left your world before she had any life in it. She left it at the age of six months, and is a pure spirit."

Mrs. Hardinge here related a curious vision that appeared to her a few weeks previous, of an immense ship arriving in this country from America, bringing a number of American spirits.

The tube was then taken from me and placed in the hands of Mrs. Everitt and Mrs. Cooper. The spirit "John Watt" then addressing Mrs. Cooper, said, "I like to be near you; there is sympathy and affinity between us. You are something like my wife;—and there is my dear old mother" (addressing Mrs. Floyd).

Question—"May she sit nearer the medium, as she is rather deaf and cannot hear you?"

Answer—"No; I will speak louder presently: she looks so comfortable where she is."

Something was said about a servant that sat in the room at a séance I held a few evenings before, and "John" ob-

served, "I made you make room for her in the circle. We like equality. The room is too warm. Open the door and light a candle."

We did as requested. When the light was again extinguished and the door shut, some one asked, "Shall we see any lights to-night?" To which "John" replied, "I could show you some, but it would exhaust the medium a good deal." He then said (addressing Mrs. Everitt), "Why did you not ask Mr. Towns here to-night; I sent him in your way on purpose?" Mr. Everitt explained, that when walking down Penton Street in the morning he met Mr. Towns, who said to him that a voice had told him to wait where he was standing and that he should see Mr. Everitt.

"John" said, "I have been giving more lectures on engineering. You will soon have a new invention." Some question was asked which he could not answer, and he said, "I don't know everything, and good spirits do not profess to, only bad ones,—and those who give contradictory communications are spirits who have not reached the spheres, but who are on a plane situated between your earth and the spheres."

Question—"How long were you on the plane, John?"

Answer—"Three days, I think."

Question—"Can you tell me if you see any chance of Spiritualism progressing in England?"

Answer—"Yes, Emma, and you can do a great deal towards advancing it. Spiritualists, put your pence together and give free lectures."

Question—"But do you see all the difficulties?"

Answer—"Well, perhaps not."

Question—"What is your opinion, John, of the flowers and fruits brought by spirits?"

Answer—"I do not approve of bringing them, for they are generally stolen. Miss Houghton's wreath came out of a shop in one of the streets leading out of Regent Street."

Mrs. Hardinge said a splendid Indian spirit was present, whereupon followed sounds resembling the war tune rapped out loudly on the table, then sounds of the mocassined feet, and suddenly a war-whoop. Mrs. Hardinge asked for special signs from two Indian spirits who were known to her, and they were immediately given.

"John Watt" observed, "I saw old Arrowhead dancing a jig all round, and on the top of your head Mrs. Berry;" and then addressing Mrs. Floyd, he said, "Have you no questions to ask me?"

The spirit answered several questions thus:—

Question—"Do the spirits sometimes hide my working tools?"

Answer—"Yes; we like to have a bit of fun as well as you."

Question—"What kind of work is most preparatory for the next world?"

Answer—"Do all that comes in your way; be as useful as possible; follow the way that is set before you."

Question—"Will you recite a piece of poetry?"

Answer—"I am no reciter; I am a lecturer."

Question—"Can all spirits communicate with us?"

Answer—"No; they must be mediums,—and some must form circles here as you do below."

To miscellaneous questions he gave the following replies:—

"Time in the spheres is marked by events, not hours."

"Swedenborg was right in many things, but not in all."

"Suicides are wandering spirits until their legitimate time to enter spirit life arrives."

We then sang "Angels ever bright and fair," the spirits accompanying us, and closed the séance with prayer."

On the 26th February I held a very interesting séance at my own house. There were present—Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Main, Miss Price, Mrs. and Miss Cooper, Mr. Kipper, Mr. O'Sullivan, Mr. Gooch, and Captain Watson. Miss Price (now Mrs. Perrin) was entranced, and gave a discourse lasting about half an hour; afterwards, the lights being extinguished, she described the spirits round each person, after which she gave another very beautiful trance address, and the séance ended by singing.

SEANCES IN PUBLIC.

IN the year 1870 I was impressed to undertake a public work in connection with Spiritualism. For a period of about six months I conducted the public séances held once a-week at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, by Mr. Frank Herne. For sometime previously the séances had been very unproductive of spiritual phenomena, and the medium, as a consequence, very much

disheartened. I soon found the work I had engaged in a very trying one. Many of the séances were attended by twenty or thirty investigators, and sometimes the number amounted to between thirty and forty. The various magnetic and spiritual influences to which I was thus subjected at times affected my sensitive organism to a painful degree. However, I continued at my post for the time above mentioned, and had the satisfaction of seeing that my work was crowned with success. I have never regretted having devoted my services to the cause in so public a manner. On the contrary, I feel some degree of pride in having passed through such a trying ordeal *pro bono publico*.

Some of the séances conducted by me were reported in the *Medium*, and I have selected the following accounts from that paper :—

A SEANCE AT THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.

On Monday evening, August 29, a séance was held at Mr. Burns's, 15 Southampton Row. Mediums—Mr. Herne and Mrs. Berry. The company numbered about fifteen, twelve of whom took their seats at the table in the back drawing-room. Presently the lights were lowered, and almost immediately after the table began to vibrate, while the hand and arm of a gentleman (who was influenced the

previous Monday evening) were violently shaken, contorted, and made at times utterly rigid. He continued to be so used during the sitting. The spirit-friends formerly expressed the wish to develop him as a drawing and painting medium. Very soon after, another gentleman, whom they promised to develop as a musical medium, had both hands moved and lifted as if playing on a piano or some such musical instrument. Then a lady's hand was moved as if to write, succeeding so far as to be able to write out "Yes" or "No" to questions put. Altogether there seemed to be a very strong-developing power over the circle.

At one time Mr. Herne was entranced for a few seconds, when he seized hold of a gentleman's hand, and exclaimed, "Papa!" in the sweetest and most childlike voice; then instantly the medium was changed both in face and form to assume the appearance of an old man. While in this state he led out two gentlemen, saying he wished to speak with them. He returned shortly, resumed his seat at the table, and awoke from the trance; and then he saw and described the appearance of a spirit over Mrs. Berry's head, magnetising her. He had very white hair and a long beard (very white), and wore a girdle. Presently the medium's face assumed the appearance of the spirit described, with the white hair and beard, so plain that three of the company observed it at once. The meeting then broke up. The developing of mediums' power was the grand work of the evening. So strong was it that two of the parties used were still going on after having left the table. Altogether it was one of the best developing circles I ever had the pleasure of being present at.

M. NISBET.

SPIRIT-VOICES.

(MR. HERNE, *Medium.*)

At a spirit séance on Monday evening, October 3, at 15 Southampton Row, several spirit-voices were loudly heard by a dozen or more ladies and gentlemen seated round a large table in a dark room. One of the voices professed to be that of "Bluff Harry," sent on a mission of usefulness to earthly mortals, as a means of self-improvement in the Hadean sphere; and although several of the ladies and gentlemen present were inclined to quiz the spirit, he was not so much disposed to joke on the subject as to warn the "investigators" of the necessity of moral rectitude in this life as a means of happiness and progress in the next. This part of the experience was exceedingly interesting; but a second spirit-voice, much more loudly impressive, screamed a sort of vengeful howl, calculated at once to convince sceptics that disembodied spirits not only exist, and can speak audibly to mortals in the flesh in such a manner as to defy ventriloquism to imitate the voices, but also in a tone to convince mortals that hellish hate and passion animate some of the souls that rise from the grave or from the mortal body, in a state of animal ferocity and wilfulness. The first utterance of this screaming voice was too indistinct to be understood. The second, though not less violent in tone and feeling, was very distinct, and the words were, "How cold you are!" These words suggested to our mind that a French patriot killed in war, with deadly hatred in his soul against the enemy, wished to reproach us in England with coldness to his country and his cause; but other persons at the séance said they recognised the voice of a sailor who often speaks in these tones of appalling violence.

H. D.

(MR. HERNE, *Medium.*)

A very successful spirit-séance was held on Monday evening, October 17, at 15 Southampton Row, and was attended by a select party of ladies and gentlemen, numbering about twenty. The spirit-voices—which were exceedingly well defined—formed, as a matter of course, the chief feature of interest; but the circle is intended also for the purposes of development; and—besides Mr. Herne, through whose mediumship the voices are given—a lady of high mediumistic power usually attends, and acts as conductress. We were pleased to see her present on this occasion. As we have previously described Mr. Herne's séances, we give place to the following communication, just received, from "Enquirer," who attended the séance on the evening in question, and, as he tells us, heard the spirit-voices for the first time. It will be seen that his remarks are fair and candid:—

"Sir,—May I trouble you with a short account of what I saw and heard at Mr. Herne's séance on Monday evening? Possibly you may be pleased to know 'how it strikes a stranger.' Eight o'clock was the hour of meeting; and, having heard that the 'spirits' dislike to be interrupted by tardy mortals, I was punctual to the minute. Besides, I felt considerable curiosity on the subject of 'audible spirit-utterances.' Various published statements had come under my notice, but 'ear had not heard' and a host of difficulties, self-suggested, coming to the rescue, my sceptical position remained intact. True, I had often admired the 'Being Beauteous' of the poet, and had revelled, in fancy, amid the fairy scenery of 'Summer-Land,' depicted by seers and sages of the 'Spiritual-School;' but then came the question,—

not this mere poetry, speculation, imagination, vaguery, moonshine? Is there a 'Summer-Land' in which departed spirits dwell, and was the Bard of Avon in error when he spoke of—

The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns?

"These are difficult matters to deal with, and I will not now attempt their solution. My task is simply descriptive.

"About twenty ladies and gentlemen assembled on this occasion, in one of the drawing-rooms connected with the Progressive Library; and a circle having been formed round a large central table, the doors were closed and the lights extinguished. It was to be a dark séance. The first indication of spirit-presence—so it is called, and I use the language for the sake of convenience—was a series of raps on the table, in answer to questions having reference to the position of the sitters, which appears to be of importance, seeing that the circle resembles a magnetic battery, which will not work unless properly—this is, scientifically—arranged. A short prayer was then offered; and the company, or rather the strangers present, awaited the coming of the 'spirits' with bated breath. I could not see their countenances, excepting occasionally when the doors were opened for the purpose of admitting fresh air. Only a few minutes elapsed, when a paper tube, or roll, which lay on the table, was elevated by unseen power, a little above the heads of the sitters, and from it there issued a well-defined voice, and articulate sounds of a quaint description. The 'unseen visitant,' who had made his *début* on a former occasion, was greeted by the frequenters of the circle as 'Henry VIII.,' and the voice from the tube replied, 'Yes,

Bluff Harry!’ A lively conversation, extending over an hour, with only slight breaks, then took place between the company and the ‘spirit,’ whose ready wit and pointed replies—sarcastic and pungent when the occasion required—were greatly applauded. A gentleman present remarked upon the condescension of the royal guest, but the ‘spirit’ told him that there were no kings in the other state. We were also reminded, in a peculiar way, that there is no death; and were informed that many spirits were present from the Continental battle-fields—spirits of soldiers who had fallen, and who were much surprised at their new condition and surroundings. A few short questions followed:—*Q.* Is not this contest very awful?—*A.* Delightful. *Q.* Why so?—*A.* Because there is not one pain but there is a reward for it. *Q.* Is there any special reward for being killed in battle?—*A.* Yes; it is an aid towards rising in the spheres. *Q.* Then I should like to go.—*A.* You had better sit still; you would have to balloon it. (Laughter.) *Q.* You can balloon it?—*A.* Yes, I belong to the free corps, and can go anywhere; I have a free pass. (Renewed laughter.) The ‘spirit’ concluded the dialogue by assuring the gentleman, who had just returned from France, that the Prussians would not burn Paris. The ‘spirit,’ who was familiarly addressed as ‘Harry,’ answered questions all round, but seemed to dislike the many references made to his earth-life, his injured wives, &c., some of whom were mentioned by name. This showed contrition. His father, of whom he spoke with admiration, seemed to have a high place in the spheres; but Cardinal Wolsey, although progressing, might still take up the strain—

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.

“Time compels me to omit many details, otherwise”

might have noticed the varying position of the 'voice,' which generally came pretty close to the head of the person addressed at the moment, a feat which a ventriloquist would find very difficult of accomplishment in the dark. Several of the sitters were also struck with the tube, at their own request; and the 'spirit' showed his *penchant* by 'kissing' when the ladies were mentioned, a circumstance which provoked some merriment. Another voice was heard in the tube, but only twice; and we had what resembled the flapping of wings and the chirruping of a bird, while 'lights' were seen by one or two persons present. The séance was concluded about half-past nine, when two 'spirit-paintings,' executed through the mediumship of a lady present, were handed round and admired. The company then separated.

"These, sir, were the chief features of the séance, Dis-
pose of my account as you please—print it, or commit it to
the waste-paper basket.—Yours, &c., "ENQUIRER."

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH MANIFESTS.

Mr. Herne's usual weekly séance was held on Monday evening at 15 Southampton Row, when a party of between twenty and thirty ladies and gentlemen assembled and enjoyed a rich treat, the phenomena produced being of a highly interesting character. Our old friend "Bluff Hal" was the principal actor in the *dramatis personæ*. After a varied and interesting conversation by the direct spirit-voice with most of the company, he said he would ask some other spirits to come and talk to us, when, presto! a change marvellously like from the sublime to the ridiculous. We were greeted by the voice of a gentleman, of a peculiar nasal character, and who said his name was Moses, and not

so happy, he said, as he could wish to be. He left suddenly upon questions being pressed upon him with respect to his history. On his bidding us "good night," our lively friend "Harry" favoured us with his return, and conversed a long time on various subjects, addressing his remarks chiefly to the ladies, to whom he shows a marked preference: some of his remarks, however, were of a highly instructive and elevating character, like the heads of a practical sermon. The tests given during the evening were many; one regarding my own family being remarkably interesting and assuring to myself. The spirit, addressing me by name, asked if I had not some one belonging to me on the sea. I answered Yes. He told me he was asked by my guardian spirit to assure me of her happiness, but that she had not yet arrived at her destination. (My daughter sailed for Canada three weeks ago, and the ship has not been reported.) The message was received by me with gratitude, for I have been very anxious respecting her during the late gales. Another spirit made a communication of a distressing kind, having terminated her own mortal existence some time since, and requesting all those present to pray for her, assuring us that it would do her good, and asked us to sit often, then bidding us good night. On this subject friends must form their own conclusions: I merely record what I and many more saw and heard, as we believe, in our sober senses. During the evening a number of the company were touched on the face and other parts of the body by the spirits, and knocks from the tube were freely distributed. The room was perfumed, birds sang and fluttered about, and lights were seen. Mr. Herne was noiselessly raised from his chair on to the table, and then the chair followed him. During the séance the spirits requested singing and the

Prayer to be repeated. I forgot to say the séance was opened with it. Taking into consideration that more than half the company never sat at Mr. Herne's séance before, that some were strangers to the phenomena, and a few were sceptics, the results must, I think, be pronounced quite marvellous. Trusting, Mr. Editor, you will excuse the imperfectness of this record, allow me to subscribe myself a sincere wellwisher to Spiritualism and its high attributes.

Lamb's Conduit Street.

G. H. ANDREWS.

A séance was held on Monday evening, October 10, at the Progressive Library; medium, Mr. Herne. The circle was opened with prayer and singing; immediately after which came the raps distinct and clear, the varied sound and force given to each showing how numerous were the spirit-friends wishing to communicate. Many questions were put, and answered satisfactorily to those addressed. A lady present had communicated to her the name of a dear friend who had been drowned at sea a few days before. Others also had the names of relatives spelt out to them by means of the alphabet. The light was then asked to be lowered—then presently the movements became so strong that the table was made to rock and heave like a ship tossed from side to side on a stormy sea. Twice it was tilted right up on end, and some difficulty arose on the part of the company as to how the table had got so twisted. A light was struck, and it was found that the bolts had been withdrawn, the pillar resting on Mrs. Berry's lap, while the top of the table was tilted on edge on the opposite side; then it was lifted entirely off the floor (certainly quite in opposition to our natural laws). Such manifestations, we doubt not, will tend to convince the scientific mind that there is a deeper science

and a higher law at work than they can account for. The voices so often an accompaniment to Mr. Herne's sittings were also heard very distinct and clear; sometimes in one corner of the room, sometimes in another—here and there as quick as thought, or appeared to be right in front of each, so near that the breath or air produced by the voice would fan the face in passing. Most of the company were touched with the tube as it floated about the room. The lights also were visible. To me they seemed to flow in a stream from Mrs. Berry's hands, and then disperse into so many little stars, unite and dissolve in a vapour-like cloud. Such a phase is generally perceptible to all.

Mrs. Berry kindly brought with her one of those wonderful spirit-drawings or paintings which she has been the medium to execute, under guidance. The one shown was indeed marvellous, and, to our eyes, seemed to represent the petrified human form embedded in rock, such as we have read of, descriptive of supposed primitive Man. The face and upper parts of the body were distinct in outline, but the limbs seemed to blend with the strata of rock while only one foot was well formed. It is seldom we witness such a freak of spiritual development; nevertheless it is wonderful, and no doubt will have its own good end and aim.

M. NISBET.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—Having read accounts respecting Mr. Herne's séances at 15 Southampton Row, I became interested, and attended one on Monday, October 31, making one of a party of upwards of twenty ladies and gentlemen, and all, I am told, but about half a dozen, strangers to each other, there-

fore what I witnessed appears to me more marvellous, as it cannot be supposed that a promiscuous company consisting of so many persons brought together by curiosity or other motives could be of so harmonious a character as is, I believe, generally considered necessary to produce phenomena of a high class, more especially the "direct spirit-voice," hence the mediumistic powers present must be very powerful. Mr. Herne is aided, I believe, to a great extent by a lady who sits on his left (Mrs. B.). The circle being formed, and after the "spirits" had requested a slight alteration in the arrangement of the sitters, the voice was heard in a most distinct manner, addressing the company in a familiar tone; and if it be true that when on earth he held the exalted position of Monarch of England, he would appear very condescending in holding a conversation with us round a table at a house in Southampton Row. But, as he says, he is no king now—he has passed on the other side of the river, but is a great deal happier; and, according to the wise and noble utterances he put forth to us mortals, bidding us to pray to God and have more faith (and he appeared to select some who required it more than others), he certainly seems to have progressed since he left the earth-life. There was a certain hauteur about his voice and manner very peculiar, nothing offensive or in the Dundreary style, but more pleasant than otherwise. He is also very gallant to the ladies, each one of whom he named (with one exception) after some favourite flower, such as jasmine, violet, honeysuckle, &c., forming as it were a beautiful bouquet, for, shortly after, a delicious perfume pervaded the room, accompanied by a cold air, which it was impossible not to notice. Many tests were given during the evening, especially to two ladies, which they said were quite extraordinary,

but, being of a private nature, concerning only their immediate selves, need not be recorded here. The "spirits" having requested some singing, a gentleman present kindly gave, very nicely, "The Last Rose of Summer," "Bluff Hal" joining very audibly; subsequently, the same gentleman gave "Home, Sweet Home," and another, in both of which a beautiful angelic female voice joined, and continued singing by herself after the gentleman had finished, in a most touching and affecting manner. The sensation on many and on myself it is impossible to describe; it seemed one delicious flow of harmony, so soft, so fragile, so gossamer-like, so unearthly; and, when, finished, the "Good Night" seemed to recall us to our "mortal coil," and with it something akin to regret that we could not hold further intercourse with our angel visitor. Many to whom I have spoken upon Spiritualism have said that, if it is not all humbug, it is at least an unwarrantable presumption on our part to attempt to find out things intended to be hidden from us. I cannot agree in this, for I believe the Almighty would never have permitted them at all without some good purpose, not the least of which is proving and proclaiming the soul's immortality, and giving those who partake of this spiritual intercourse almost a foretaste of heaven. For the pleasure and, I hope, benefit I have received from attending this séance and a few at other places (which have been of a lower phase), I feel very grateful. Trusting many may ponder on the subject, and investigate it in a candid and honest manner, is the earnest desire of a sincere wellwisher to the cause.—
I am, &c.,

A. H. G.

Bloomsbury.

Mr. Herne held his usual weekly séance on Monday

evening, which was attended by a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen, a few of whom apparently came to scoff, and if they did not remain to pray (which they were told they had better do before they went to spirit-land), at any rate left with a different impression concerning Spiritualism than when they entered, for they acknowledged that what they had seen, felt, and heard was indeed marvellous; yet I venture to say, had they been more passive, and not badgered the spirits by their flippant remarks, the manifestations would have been more marvellous. It is not my intention to lecture the gentlemen in question on their want of good taste, or to preach to them, but merely to warn others who may be interested in investigating the production of phenomena, that one great desideratum for its successful accomplishment is the toning down (if I may use the expression) of their prejudices, if they wish to witness the best spirit-manifestations, or to deal fairly towards the medium and other members of the circle. "Bluff Hal" was the first to communicate by the voice, and talked with us for some time, including the aforesaid gentlemen, but the authoritative and commanding tone in which he was addressed abruptly terminated his discourse, and he left us in apparent disgust, not before one of his questioners, who wished to be touched by the tube, had his request granted by rather a violent blow, which seemed greatly to annoy him. I really believe if he had any authority over a spiritual police (supposing one to have been in existence), it would not have been long before our friend "Hal" would have been locked up. After this we were visited by our Jewish friend, who spoke to us very nicely. He soon bade us good night, when, "John King," who is often, I believe, heard at other celebrated circles, paid us a first visit, and a very agreeable visitor he proved to be.

Like our friend "Hal," he had quite a passage of arms with one of the gentlemen referred to, which sometimes became quite personal. A gentleman present, who is, I believe, connected with a certain morning journal, asked "John" if he knew him; "Oh yes," says "John," likewise naming the paper with which the gentleman is connected. Some person present wished for information concerning the war, and whether it was not all over with Paris, when he stated most emphatically that it would not be bombarded. A lady present, who is developing as a writing-medium, had some good tests, one confirming what she had written with her own hand the same afternoon. The other was respecting her guardian-spirit, whom she asked "John" to describe, which he did by saying she was a beautiful Quakeress; this also confirming what she had been previously told. As she sat at the table, she held in her hand a copy of the *Medium*, which was snatched away by some unseen power, and floated and rustled across the room, coming in contact with, I believe, everyone present; the cardboard tube was also freely made use of, being made to touch nearly everyone present; it was also held by one of the gentlemen who at the fore part of the evening seemed very sceptical, and he acknowledged that he felt it drawn from him very gently, and directly after the voice of "Bluff Hal" was again heard for a short time, but the power being on the wane, he did not stay long, bidding us another adieu. I have no doubt, if the circle had been more harmonious, the results produced would have been more wonderful, as every week that I have attended Mr. Herne's séances, with the exception of the first two or three, which were partly failures, they have gone on improving in the different phases of phenomena. May they continue to improve, which I feel certain will be the

case if we as investigators in the glorious science will only gather together in the true spirit of brotherly love, casting all our little (and big) prejudices aside, receiving gladly what is offered by spiritual guests, and if we cannot get all we wish, may we be content with what we get.

A WELLWISHER TO THE CAUSE.

The following interesting and amusing report of a dark séance appeared in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is not often that anything favourable to Spiritualism is admitted in the newspapers, though anything adverse to it meets with a ready acceptance. The press, in dealing with the great question of Spiritualism, has shown a very intolerant and unfair spirit. Even a child, who has acquired but a fragment of spiritual knowledge by actual experience, can afford to laugh at the gross absurdities that frequently appear even in editorial articles written on the subject by the Solons of the press:—

(From the "*Daily Telegraph*.")

AT A DARK SEANCE.

[By our *Special Reporter*.]

Entering that exceedingly go-ahead establishment on Monday evening, we found Mr. Burns at the receipt of custom, and florins dropping liberally in. Two individuals had preceded us, and Mr. Burns was engaged in urging them with some earnestness not to invest their money with-

out clearly understanding that he could not *guarantee* results. "You may sit the whole evening without a table moving," he said, "or, on the other hand, you may get great results." This was fair enough; and, after some hesitation, the strangers paid the requisite florin, mounted to the first-floor front along with us, and left the common world behind them. Some fourteen or fifteen people, of all ages and both sexes, were already shivering in the drawing-room, for the fires as well as gas have to be extinguished in order to procure the rayless darkness essential to spirit-manifestations. We looked like a party of conspirators gathering, by the dim light of one gas-burner, over the large table, and most of us beguiled the time in examining the arrangements of the spiritual arena. The windows were closely blocked with American cloth, which had the effect of deadening sound as well as excluding light. In fact, we felt in a very Hades, and the new-comers betrayed no little nervousness at the strange position in which they found themselves placed. On the arrival of the medium we took our seats round an oval table, extinguished the light, and waited for results. We had not long to exercise our patience. The circle was declared to be an harmonious one, and the more clairvoyant of its constituents began to see "spirit-lights," occasionally of a red colour, which, we were told, indicated "strength." We ordinary mortals saw nothing of this, but were first made aware of spiritual presence by insane gyrations of the table, which finally tilted over, and, in obedience to the laws of gravitation, and without regard to the toes of the semi-circle, came down with a bump. All being set square, or rather all having formed a circle again, we were regaled with the sound of the "spirit-voice." The tube was taken from the table, and appeared to be floating about over

our heads, whilst muffled sounds of a man's voice, talking in a very affected way, were heard to proceed from it. The effect was curious enough. At one time the sound seemed close to one's ear; at another, on the opposite side of the table; and then, again, quite up in the ceiling. The initiated recognised the voice as being that of "Hal"; and we were astounded to find ourselves in the reputed presence of "Bluff King Hal," England's Henry VIII. himself. On learning this fact, one of the strangers displayed considerable anxiety as to the deceased monarch's present condition, but was told by the voice to "shut up." The subject was, in fact, a delicate one; and, on being unduly pressed, the voice followed its own advice, and "shut up," the initiated declaring that his Majesty had gone. After some little delay, a sensation was produced by the well-known accents of "John King," the familiar of the Marshalls, being heard. "John" came over to our side of the house and addressed me individually with the words, "Well, Mr. —, how about *The Daily Telegraph*?"—though I had carefully avoided hinting at any intention of reporting the proceedings. Finally, "John" declared his leave had expired; and a spirit with a husky voice, which sounded as though the fog had got down his throat, succeeded. There was not much to be got out of this *party*, but his presence seemed to cause considerable distress to the medium, who was, indeed, very nervous during the whole of the proceedings, and had to be continually addressed by the lady who presided as "You foolish boy, be quiet!" The last of the spiritual levée was a Jewish gentleman, who favoured us with a few words in the conventional accent, slightly overdone. "Bluff King Hal" also looked in again, as it seemed *en passant*, and then nothing would induce further manifestations.

A "dark séance" is certainly not satisfactory. It is difficult to assign limits to what might be done, given perfect darkness and utter silence. There were one or two instances of what looked remarkably like thought-reading, and which would require considerable adaptation to reduce them within the limits of clever guessing or coincidence. After leaving a very wide margin for collusion or delusion in these matters, there is much that remains unexplained. That we for one moment realised the idea of talking with spirits, still less that we ventured to identify the

Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from those lips of air,

will scarcely be suspected. Taking the matter on the lowest ground of clever ventriloquism and shrewd thought-reading, *plus* something that will persistently refuse to be explained by either of these solutions, the seeker after a novel sensation may do worse than invest a florin at the Progressive Library on a Monday evening. If the truth is to be discovered, it can only be by thorough ventilation; and the Spiritualists have been up to this time somewhat shy of admitting outsiders to their dark séances. They now, however, throw open their doors to every one who comes provided with the moderate passport of two shillings. We strongly recommend any persons who so present themselves to refrain from expressing any adverse opinion at the outset. Let them hear all they can—they can *see* nothing—and *then* pronounce themselves. It is unfortunate that visitors generally go with a decided prejudice, *pro* or *con*, and commence by announcing such prejudice. Let the investigator be content to do what is really all the Spiritualists ask—sit it out in silence—and if there be a trick involved, surely there are clever people in London to find it out. To

announce an intention of doing so, however, is to put the practitioners on the *qui vive*, and so unintentionally to aid the proceedings.

The séances at the Spiritual Institution became so popular at this time that the following notice was published in the *Medium*:—

MR. HERNE'S SEANCE.

In consequence of the overcrowded state of the rooms on Monday evening—between thirty and forty persons being present—the phenomenon of the spirit-voice was much interfered with; notwithstanding, it gave a wonderful test to a gentleman present. Mr. Herne begs to announce that in future, by order of the spirits, he can only sit with fourteen persons; those, therefore, who desire to be present must take their tickets beforehand, as on no account will more than the number be admitted. Should the applications be as great as on Monday—more than twenty being refused access—Mr. Herne will not object to sit a second evening in the week, which arrangement will be duly announced. Mr. Herne begs also to state that the lady who aids in his development and sits in these séances with him not only does so without fee or reward, but in all cases pays on entrance the same as other people.

On the following week this further notice appeared:—

MR. HERNE'S SEANCE.

The crowds who now endeavour to gain admission to the séance at 15 Southampton Row, on Monday evenings, has necessitated a precautionary arrangement whereby the num-

ber of strangers is limited to fourteen persons. The only way to secure admission is to obtain tickets in advance. The places for Monday night are nearly all occupied already. Should it be deemed necessary, Mr. Herne will sit on another evening—say Thursday—thus holding two séances in the week.

Last Monday evening several striking tests were given to the strangers who attended, and the spirit-voice was again heard with unmistakable effect. Although a number of strangers are present at each of these séances, they are forced to acknowledge the genuine nature of the phenomena; at least, they find themselves unable to invalidate it.

The pressure for admittance was so great that I was asked to consent to sit on another evening during the week. My reply was as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—I have been thinking over the subject you mentioned last night. Anxious as I am to do all in my power for the good of Spiritualism, I cannot go beyond that power. I much fear that were I to allow you to announce a second evening in the week for the spirit-séance, it would be a failure unless we could ensure the same persons being present. To do this, I would propose that tickets, not transferable, should be issued for six séances, for one guinea; number limited to eight persons, besides the medium and myself. To those who desire to thoroughly investigate, this, I think, would meet their views.—Yours truly,

CATH. BERRY.

The suggestion contained in my letter having been acted upon, I commenced sitting on a

second night in the week, which I continued to do for some time. It was noted in the *Medium* thus :—"The success and interest attending these meetings continue unabated, and it is with difficulty that the number who desire admission can be restrained within the proper limits. The spirit-voice is heard readily, speaking from various parts of the room—often giving tests to entire strangers. To meet the wishes of those who desire to investigate this wonderful phenomenon more intimately, Mrs. Berry has consented to sit with Mr. Herne on another evening in the week on the following conditions, viz., that eight sitters take out tickets for six weeks at one guinea each. A number of these tickets have been taken up, but we understand there are several to dispose of yet. The sittings commenced last evening at eight o'clock, at the Progressive Library, and will be continued on successive Thursday evenings." A report of one of the last séances, remarkable for the spirit-voice manifestations, is given in the subjoined letter by my friend, Mrs. Ellis :—

THE SPIRIT-VOICE.

I have been asked to repeat in writing my first experience

of the spirit-voice. It was some weeks ago that my husband and I were at a private circle—Mrs. Berry's—at which Mr. Herne was medium. After the usual preliminary phenomena by the direct voice, a spirit announced himself as "Bluff Harry," and gave us, we all agreed, the full idea of the character assigned to him in history. "Catherine of Arragon" is often with Mrs. Berry, and this lady asked, "Is Catherine here?" Upon the voice answering in the affirmative, Mrs. Berry asked, "Did you bring her?" The answer was "No; Catherine brought me." Then followed a lively conversation respecting his former life and his wives, in which his repartees were wonderful. Mrs. Berry's niece was with her aunt; she had never yet heard the spirit-voice, and there had been expressed, on the part of Mrs. Berry, some fear lest she should be alarmed, and she asked the spirit not to frighten the little girl. He replied, "The little girl—ha, ha! How do you do, little miss? She is pretty, and will be a fine woman." Mrs. Berry said, "Never mind her being pretty; will she be a good woman?" The answer, given very slowly, was, "Well, it will not be her fault if she is not." At her request the spirit shook hands with the young lady more than once, and with the other ladies in the circle. The tone and language of this spirit is marked by pleasantry and courtliness.

The interest of this séance did not end here. My husband had a friend in youth, named John Hills, who has departed this life some years. He was remarkably jocular. John Hills now announced himself by the direct voice, and soon showed that his love of practical jokes continues. He asked if "Ted," as he used to call my husband, would like an apple. Mr. Ellis said he should be delighted. In a few seconds we heard something fall upon the table; a light was struck, and

there was a large leek. On darkness being resumed, the voice said, "Well, you don't seem to like your apple; will you have a pear?" "Yes; let it be a pear," we said. "You will find two leaves on what I brought—is not that a pair?" After a little more badinage characteristic of John Hills he left. The leek smelt so strongly that we were glad to put it out of the apartment. Then another voice came, owning the name of George Turner. He asked a lady by name to say the Lord's Prayer, having reference to soldiers who had recently entered the spirit-world. He said that—entering the spirit-world so abruptly, they had not yet thrown off the war excitement. George Turner asked for the door to be opened more than once, to change the magnetic state of the atmosphere, which was affected by their presence. After one of these changes, he asked another lady to repeat the prayer. He gave us to understand that prayer tended to soothe them, and bring them into *rapport* with spirits above them; and at the conclusion of the prayer he said "Amen," and expressed thanks to us for them.

Dec. 23, 1870.

A. ELLIS.

In the month of March, 1871, my public career at the Spiritual Institution closed. In the first place, I felt that my work there had been accomplished; and, in the second place, my health had become so impaired that I found it necessary to seek relaxation. The following letter, with prefatory note by the editor, appeared in the *Medium* :—

A LETTER FROM MRS. BERRY.

IN printing the following letter, says the Editor of the

Medium, we are pleased to observe that it is not from any estrangement or misunderstanding with anyone that Mrs. Berry retires from the management of public séances for the present. She has done her share, and her self-denial has so far preyed on her health that relaxation is absolutely necessary. Should the necessities of the cause demand it, we are glad to know that it will have this devoted lady's talents at its service.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that my work is finished, at all events for the present. I shall not, therefore, be at the Library this evening. Messrs. Herne and Williams, two grand mediums, have begun, I hope, a successful future. I assisted at the inauguration of their rooms. We had a most glorious and hallowed séance. I hope you will have the particulars from one of them. I feel sure they will do well. But should they at any time require my help, it will be at their service, as I feel no sacrifice I make too great for the cause. I have to thank both you and Mrs. Burns for your kind attention and sympathy; I have also to thank the number of visitors who have thronged the rooms. The greatest attention has ever been paid by them to my slightest wish, and in only two instances has there been a rebellion to the conditions imposed. I believe nothing more remains to be done but for the two gentlemen to continue their work. My prayer is with them.—Yours very truly,

CATHERINE BERRY.

Marble Arch, March 20, 1871.

The assurance expressed in my letter that the two mediums would do well has since been fully justified; their work has been highly successful. In March, 1873, I rendered my assistance to Mr.

Herne in the commencement of his Saturday evening séances at the Spiritual Institution. The conditions were not good. The power was carefully collected during the dark séance for a new manifestation. This was the exhibition of the spirit-light in candle-light. A spirit-hand appeared twice at the aperture, holding an object about the size of a sixpence, which emitted brilliant scintillations of pure light, as if it had been a diamond. On the second occasion it was of larger size than on the first. "Peter," "Katie," and "John King," spoke a little, but they were too intent on the new manifestation to do much else. A few weeks later I again assisted at a public séance; this time with two new mediums. The séance was thus reported:—

A SUCCESSFUL SEANCE BY NEW MEDIUMS.

On Tuesday evening a test séance was held at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, the mediums being Messrs. Kingsley and Hopkins, respecting whose mediumship Mr. Gannev has on several occasions written to this paper. These gentlemen are as yet only partially developed, and, being almost strangers to Spiritualism, they were anxious to sit in the presence of experienced investigators, under test arrangements, that the true value of their mediumship might be estimated. Upwards of twenty ladies and gentlemen attended, and first formed themselves in one

large circle round a double table in the front drawing-room. Mrs. Berry sitting at the head, with one of the mediums on each hand. After some excellent singing, led by Mr. Hocker on the English concertina, slight oscillations of the table were perceived and raps were heard. On the alphabet being called it was directed that the circle should sit in the other room, and should consist of a selection from the company, which was indicated by raps as the names were called over. The remainder of those present were to sit under test conditions at some distance from the operating circle. One of the tables was accordingly moved to the back drawing-room, at the head of which Mrs. Berry sat, between the mediums. But after the spirit-voice manifested itself the spirit stated that the power was too great, and that Mrs. Berry and Mr. Hopkins had better remove to the other end of the table. Thus arranged, the circle was composed as follows:—Mr. Henly, Mr. C. Lane, Mr. Kingsley, Mrs. Parker, Mr. Burns, Khan Bahadoor Yusuf Ali, Mrs. Berry, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. J. Lane, Mr. Ganney, and Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Berry was seated at the end of the table next to the front room; Mr. Henly at the opposite end towards the back window. To describe all that took place would tax our memory further than its capabilities, and likewise occupy too much space; so that we must content ourselves with the narration of a few generalities. The voice of the spirit "James Lombard" was rather gruff, yet sufficiently distinct to be readily comprehended. He talked freely to the sitters, and was bristling all over with jokes and puns. He particularly delighted in identifying the gentleman from India, who wore a uniform with gold trimming, as "the Shah." A spirit at the other end of the table made quotations from

"Othello," in honour of the same visitor, who is a gentleman from Bombay, very much interested in Spiritualism. A vase of dried flowers was taken from the mantel-shelf, also a statuette with a glass shade over it. These were transferred to the table so carefully that no harm was done to them. Mrs. Berry said, "Now, James, you must not harm Mrs. Burns's ornaments." "No," he said; "it would be a *burning* shame if I did." The spirit at the other end of the table chimed in, "I am more than a *match* for you;" when the repartee was continued a number of times, with the introduction of words having a reference to combustion, light, heat, and other derivatives of "Burns." The guitar was played upon very nicely, and the heads of people were touched with it. Hands were also felt, and the tube was used quite freely on several of the sitters. A laborious effort was made to lift a sofa upon the table from behind the circle, but the spirits contented themselves by hoisting the heavy swab over the heads of the sitters, and placing it quietly on the table. Brilliant spirit-lights were seen repeatedly dancing over the circle, and sometimes in groups, and pleasant perfumes were repeatedly given. The voice endeavoured to go towards the sitters in the front room, as also did the lights and the tube, but failed in reaching them, though the spirits were enabled to manifest beyond the circle. All this while those in both rooms sat grasping hands under the strictest test conditions, and Mr. Kingsley was in a trance most of the time. One of the spirits made an effort to take a flower from Mrs. Berry's bonnet, but as it was firmly fastened the attempt was unsuccessful. Mr. Burns then offered his editorial scissors to the spirit, who did not take them from his hand, but as soon as they were placed on the table, they were picked up, and snapped

repeatedly in the air. In a few moments the spirit clipped the flower away from the bonnet, and presented it to the gentleman from India, who sat on Mrs. Berry's right. Mr. Hocker added very much to the success of the evening by his beautiful performances on the English concertina, which led and sustained the singing in a very agreeable manner. Towards the end of the séance he placed the concertina on the table, when it was immediately taken up by the spirits and played upon. It was found after the séance at a different place from where it had been put by Mr. Hocker. Before the séance broke up, the spirit "James" talked quietly to the sitters, which was one of the most agreeable parts of the evening. He said, "Well, Mr. Burns, what do you think of these manifestations? You will report them in the *Medium*, won't you?" "Yes," was the reply; "certainly they deserve to be reported." "I think I can give just as good physical manifestations as any spirits amongst them; don't I? *Physical*, mind you; I don't pretend anything else." It was universally acknowledged that, as illustrations of physical phenomena, what had been experienced was everything that could be desired. When the light was struck all hands were found held, with the exception of those of Mr. Burns, who released his to light the candle; and everyone was perfectly satisfied that the manifestations, as above narrated, were genuine in the highest degree. The ladies and gentlemen who formed the circle desired us to record their names, that they might give their testimony as to what took place on the evening in question.

The last public séance at which I assisted was held for the benefit of Mr. Cogman, one of the most earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism

THE CAMPANOLOGICAL SEANCE.

On Thursday evening the most densely packed séance which we have attended was held at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row. The occasion was for the purpose of giving a benefit in aid of Mr. Cogman's Institution, 15 St. Peter's Road, Mile End; and the campanological mediums came freely forward and bestowed their services gratuitously. The interest in Mr. Cogman and these mediums was so great, that without any advertising, further than a passing notice in our columns, an audience numbering about sixty persons assembled. They were—as the spirit “James” said during the evening—packed like sardines in a box.

Before the doors were closed, Mr. Burns expressed his pleasure at seeing so many people come forward to support such a good object. At the same time he warned them not to expect anything extraordinary by way of phenomena, as it was not an occasion for scientific investigation, nor for the enlightenment of the sceptic. The manifestations were, indeed, a secondary matter, and the powers of the mediums should on no account be estimated by what would take place under such disadvantageous circumstances.

The campanological mediums, assisted by Mrs. Berry and other friends, then formed a circle around the table in the back room, when the spirits gave directions for the proper placing of the sitters, and also decided that the séance should take place in the back room. Those in the front room crowded themselves together as near to the back room as possible, and as soon as the light was out the voice of “James” was heard distinctly by all. The circle sat under test conditions, but there were so many persons standing about,

that what took place cannot be quoted with authority. Yet, we are thoroughly convinced that the phenomena, which were plentiful were entirely genuine. Various objects were brought from the mantel-shelf and placed on the table, the tubes were used, the concertina played, and lights were seen repeatedly. The mediums were searched before the séance, and yet one of their musical bells was heard during the darkness. Mr. Ganney had found it impossible to count them before he left, as the spirit took one away and replaced it again. In the front room a séance was going on simultaneously; for, Mrs. Guppy, sustained by Mr. Henderson, Miss Houghton, Colonel Greck, and a host of friends, seemed to give the spirits considerable power to manifest. Miss Houghton was told by a spirit that her shawl had been carried into the back room; and, on a light being struck, it was handed to her from near the back window. A pair of tongs was placed in Mr. Burns's hands as he sat in the middle of the room, and later in the evening the heavy arm-chair on which Mrs. Guppy sat was taken up and placed, over two rows of sitters, in the lap of a lady. The small table was similarly transported, and the ornaments in the fireplace and some artificial flowers sustained considerable damage. Of course, those who sat in the circle in the back room were very much more impressed by the proceedings than the rest of the company. Altogether, the manifestations were much better than we could have expected, and indicated in a most convincing way the great power which these mediums possess.

Mr. Cogman realised a handsome sum towards the support of his Institution, of which he stood very much in need; and he desires us to express his thanks to those who kindly came forward on that evening.

SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

Soon after becoming a convert to Spiritualism, I developed as a drawing and painting medium. It was my custom to devote several hours daily to this phase of mediumship. My earlier drawings were of the simplest character, and show a striking contrast to the elaborate productions of a subsequent period. Nearly the whole of my pictures, numbering over 500, were executed in water colours without being first pencilled out. Before commencing a picture I pressed out on a palette a little of each of the moist colours I used, or, as was more frequently the case, my niece performed the little operation for me. I used then to take up a little of the colour on the point of the brush, and forthwith proceed to lay it on the paper, working it up as I went on. I remained in a state of perfect passivity, my hand being used by the controlling spirit as an instrument for the production of the picture. When commencing a picture I never knew what would be the result. It is very remarkable that throughout the whole series there is not a single picture that

contains a representation of any perfect form in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms. By any ordinary observer they would be pronounced as chaotic, but a more minute survey of them reveals a wonderful design in construction and purpose whatever it may be. On several occasions, when I inquired the meaning of them, my spirit-guides told me that they were illustrative of the origin of species, and urged me to go on in the work, which I did for several years.

The pictures have been greatly admired for the artistic ability displayed in them, the colours being so beautifully and harmoniously blended, besides being laid on in such a novel manner. I may speak in their praise without being vain, as I was merely the instrument of their production, and not their author.

Two of the pictures were once exhibited at the Spiritual Institution, where they attracted the notice of an eminent artist, from whom I received the following letter:—

29 Devonshire Street, Queen's Square, W.C.,
August 16, 1870.

To Mrs. Berry.

DEAR MADAM,—Having had the pleasure of seeing two most marvellous water-colour drawings at Mr. Burns's,

Southampton Row, and being informed by Mr. Herne that you had produced them under Spiritual guidance, and expressing a strong desire to learn further particulars regarding them, Mr. Herne informed me that you would be so good as to permit me to call upon you. Acting on the above suggestion, I write you desiring, if it will not inconvenience you, to visit you at any time you may appoint.

Trusting you will forgive the almost impertinent intrusion, in explanation I may say that I am an artist by profession, and the marvellous technical skill displayed by your drawings must plead as my excuse.—I am, dear madam, your obedient servant,

EDWIN ELLIS.

I had great pleasure in acceding to Mr. Ellis's desire, and received him a few days afterwards. Since then he has frequently attended my séances, and is now a staunch believer in Spiritualism. On the back of one of the pictures he wrote—*This picture has made one earnest convert to Spiritualism*—EDWIN ELLIS. I think I may truly say that my pictures have made a great many converts to Spiritualism, and I trust they may be instrumental in making many more.

In the autumn of 1874 I removed to Brighton, and yielding to the wishes of several friends, allowed a considerable number of my spirit-drawings to be publicly exhibited. The bills announcing the exhibition specially invited physiologists,

naturalists, and artists to attend, and during the two months it remained open, many distinguished men in the ranks of science and art visited it, with many others who were drawn out of curiosity. The comments and speculations elicited from the visitors would make an entertaining volume. The votaries of both Darwin and Tyndall's theories of creation found in the pictures something to favour their ideas.

The exhibition was favourably noticed by the local press, and called forth a few letters of an interesting character.

At some future time I have it in contemplation to arrange an exhibition of my whole series of spirit-drawings, as I think they should be all seen at once.

The following account of them was written under inspiration by the Baroness de Guldenstubbe:—

SEANCE DU MARDI, 16 AVRIL, 1867.

6, Charles Street, Manchester Square.

L'esprit qui inspire Mme. Berry est, selon les coups frappés dans la table, un *génie planétaire*. La somnambule confirme cette assertion. Elle dit que l'âme d'une personne morte ne saurait lui inculquer l'idée de dessiner des essais

des esprits créateurs et formateurs des trois règnes de la nature de notre planète.

Les anges ou esprits créateurs d'une planète quelconque sont les ministres de la Providence, chargés d'exécuter sa volonté suprême dans le gouvernement de l'univers. Ces esprits administrateurs sont sans cesse occupés à transformer l'univers. Lors du commencement de la formation de notre globe, les génies planétaires de notre terre étaient encore peu aptes à former un monde harmonieux. Leur *imagination* était, comme celle de notre enfance terrestre *fantastique*, dépassant les limites, les bornes du juste milieu. De là ces essais bizarres et étranges de la création dont les dessins de Mme. Berry sont une fidèle copie. Le crayon de cette dame a tracé, d'une manière exacte, les carcasses des monstres du monde antédiluvien, produits de l'imagination féconde, exubérante, et même quelquefois presque dévergondée des génies planétaires. Cette imagination juvénile aime surtout les dimensions colossales ; de là les animaux gigantesques du monde primitif.

Les six jours de la création représentent *les six ordres des Esprits* qui ont présidé et co-opéré à la création et à la transformation de notre globe terrestre.

1. Les esprits qui font partie de la première classe ont condensé l'atmosphère pour former la masse de notre globe. On pourrait appeler ces esprits "Génies géologiques" ou même "minéralogiques."

2. Les esprits du second ordre forment et transforment le règne *végétal*. On pourrait appeler ces esprits "esprits végétaux." Ils ne sont pas supérieurs aux esprits géologiques, bien qu'ils soient beaucoup plus artistes que ces derniers. Cette deuxième classe d'esprits connaît parfaitement les règles de l'harmonie ; ils sont passionnés pour le beau

en général ; de là la symétrie de la végétation ; de là la beauté ravissante des fleurs.

3. La 3^{ème} classe se compose d'esprits qui créent les êtres ; qui forment la transition du monde minéral et végétal au règne animal, tels que les mollusques, &c., &c.

4. La quatrième classe d'esprits forme les animaux inférieurs, tels que les insectes, &c. Ces esprits ont beaucoup d'imagination, mais précisément cette imagination trop féconde, trop bizarre, les porte à négliger les principes de l'art. Ils ressemblent à notre *école romantique* dans la littérature, laquelle, entraînée par une imagination fébrile, ne semble que trop dédaigner les règles du beau. La maxime "*le beau c'est la loi*," sert de règle souvent à des gens qui ne tiennent pas compte des principes de l'art antique et *classique*.

5. La cinquième classe d'esprits planétaires forme les animaux supérieurs, dont l'imagination merveilleuse suppose une Intelligence créatrice d'autant plus étonnante, qu'elle aspire à affranchir l'individu du joug de l'espèce, sans pouvoir toutefois atteindre ce but élevé. L'âme de l'animal le plus intelligent ne parvient pas encore à la liberté morale de l'esprit humain.

6. La sixième classe d'esprits forme l'être le plus parfait de la création, l'homme, qui seul est un véritable esprit incarné, bien que l'organisation interne de son corps diffère peu de celle des animaux. L'homme primitif appartient à la race des peaux rouges de l'Amérique du nord. L'homme jaune de la haute Asie et le nègre de l'Afrique méridionale sont déjà des types plus parfaits c'est de leur mélange qu'est sortie la race *Malaise*. Au reste, ce n'est que dans la race *Caucasienne* et dans les peuples Sémitiques que les génies planétaires ont pu réaliser d'une manière complète et satisfaisante l'idée de la perfection. Mme. Berry, qui fait d'une façon

ingénieuse des dessins des carcasses des animaux, finira par passer de l'Ostéologie aux autres parties de la Somatologie. Sa teinte s'approche peu à peu de la couleur rosée de la chair, après avoir reproduit les minéraux dans leur variété infinie. Un jour les savants sauront apprécier ces dessins, qui nous semblent étranges, pour étudier les essais et les tâtonnements de l'Intelligence créatrice.

SPIRIT-PROPHECIES ON THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

IN the year 1870 I exercised a peculiar form of mediumship. I was occasionally impressed to point out texts from the Bible illustrative of passing events. I was made to indicate the following texts in this manner:—While sitting alone and passive I was impressed to take down my Bible, and moving my fingers up and down the edge till it opened at a certain place, then my finger was moved over the page till it rested on the verse to be read.

The texts thus given were published in the *Medium* on August 12th and 23rd. The introductory remarks are by the editor:—

When we published in recent numbers of the *MEDIUM* texts of Scripture of a warlike character, we gave no opinion

on the merits of the performance, but printed them simply as news and a phase of mediumistic phenomena. In fact, we ourselves pointed to a text quite inadvertently, which seemed to give warning against placing too much reliance on popular prophecy, but which was really the criticism of an ancient prophet on some of his spurious contemporaries. As we have said above, we expressed no such opinion of these texts, but now we see no difficulty in admitting the great force with which they bore on subsequent events. There does not seem to be a shadow of doubt as to the foresight of the intelligence which pointed out these remarkable passages. Mrs. Berry is either a medium or a prophetess: she had her hand moved to these verses quite involuntarily, and hence she disclaims all credit in the matter, and, further, she had no desire or knowledge to cause her to decide against France. It therefore remains clear that some intelligence other than her own foresaw the course of events, and adopted that peculiar mode of making the result of that foresight known. By bringing the whole together into one narrative, it will be seen that these texts anticipated the course of events by days—nay, even weeks.

August 1.—"For I will lay the land most desolate, and the pomp of her strength shall cease."—*Ezekiel xxxiii. 28.*

August 2.—"Moreover the prince shall not take of the people's inheritance by oppression, to thrust them out of their possession; he shall give his son's inheritance out of his own possession; that my people be not scattered every man from his possession."—*Ezekiel lvi. 18.*

August 5.—"Therefore will I number you to the sword, and ye shall all bow down to the slaughter; because when I called, ye did not answer; when I spake, ye did not hear;

but did evil before mine eyes, and did choose that wherein I delighted not."—*Isaiah* lxxv. 12.

August 8.—"I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their hearts, and then will I devour them like a lion."—*Hosea* xiii. 8.

August 12.—"Then he shall turn his face toward the fort of his own land, but he shall stumble and fall, and not be found."—*Samuel* xi. 19.

August 14.—"Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people."—*Isaiah* lxi. 10.

August 22.—"They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones.

"For they have consulted together with one consent; they are confederate against thee."—*Psalms* lxxxiii. 3 and 5.

September 6.—"But he that is an hireling and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming and leaveth the sheep, fleeth, and the wolf catcheth them and scattereth the sheep."—*St. John* x. 12.

HEALING MEDIUMSHIP.

REMARKABLE CURES.

It may be truly said that the gift of healing is one of the divinest gifts of the Spirit. The members of the early Christian Church were richly endowed with the gift, and exercised it to the

glory of God in the relief of his suffering creatures. After the lapse of a few centuries, what do we find? That doctors have usurped the places of spiritual healers—that medicines are used to do the work that was aforesaid done by spiritual and magnetic agency. The gift of healing and other gifts of the spirit spoken of by St. Paul have been driven out of the Church, and in the present day whoever practises either of them is judged to be under the influence of the Evil One. The Church has indeed “departed from the faith,” “giving heed to seducing spirits” who, through its instrumentality, have preached “doctrines of devils.” The Church has lost well nigh all the spirituality that first inspired it, but the time is not far distant when that spirituality will be again restored, and the gifts of the Spirit again abound in “them that believe.”

There are a few possessors of the gift of healing in the present day. Dr. Newton is largely endowed with the power, and has been the means of performing hundreds of marvellous cures—giving strength to the weak, hearing to the deaf, eyesight to the blind, making the lame to walk, the suffering ones on every hand to rejoice. In

some degree I possess the gift of healing, and I value it above every other possession. My healing power was developed at about the same time as my drawing faculty. Having an organism very sensitive to magnetic influences, my spirit guides would never permit me to attempt the cure of any malignant disease, but other bodily afflictions I have frequently cured. As an instance of my sensitiveness and healing power, I may relate that on one occasion I was sitting at one end of a dining-room table, and at the other end sat a gentleman with his arm resting upon it. I chanced to place my elbow on the table, raising the hand to my face, when I felt an acute pain in my arm between the elbow and shoulder. Turning to the gentleman I enquired if he had anything the matter with his arm. He said he had, and specified the nature of the disease, adding that he felt he was drawing magnetism from me. That being the case I remained in the same position as long as I was impressed to do so. The disease was there and then cured, and since then there has not been a recurrence of it. The gentleman has since become a great healer himself. The case is remarkable as a

proof that cures may be effected without actual contact—the patient and healer may be either a few yards, or they may be miles apart—it is only requisite to bring them *en rapport*. Let the subtle link be established, and the cure may be wrought.

Another remarkable case now occurs to me. I was busily occupied one day on a spirit drawing, when a gentleman called to see me. After sitting a little while watching me at my work, or rather the spirit's work, he said, with as much reproach as entreaty in his tone, "I wish your spirits, Mrs. Berry, would do something for me." He was afflicted with a disease that attacked his forehead—a formation of some kind behind the frontal bone, giving him a great deal of pain as well as annoyance. He had been under medical treatment for years, and had used a variety of means without experiencing any benefit. I went on with my painting, for I never left off till I was impressed to do so. I replied, "You have never asked them before; perhaps they will." After a short time I laid down my brush and stood directly opposite to him, holding my hand with the fingers inclined inwards, over the part affected, for a

moment or two. I seemed to realise the fact that I had, so to speak, grasped the disease, and with a sudden impulse I snatched my hand away. During this *operation*, though my fingers did not touch the patient, he experienced a sharp pain, as I also perceived by the contortion of his face; the cure was perfect.

I am pleased to add that my healing power still continues with me, and within the last few weeks I have performed two cures—one of a sprained knee, and the other of a sprained ankle, both the subjects being ladies. Two medical men who were consulted in the first case pronounced it to be a very serious one, and might take twelve months to make perfect. I magnetised the part several times during the period of a fortnight, and at the end of that time the patient was effectually cured. In the second case, the lady (who had sprained her ankle in getting out of a carriage) was carried into my house, and recovered the use of her foot in the course of three days.

I have not mentioned any names in either of the foregoing cases, but I shall be pleased at any time to give them to anyone who is desirous of knowing them.

MATERIALISATION OF THE SPIRIT FORM.

UNDOUBTEDLY the greatest marvel of Spiritualism is the materialisation of the spirit form. It is highly interesting to study the gradual development of this phenomenon. It was not till some years after the advent of modern Spiritualism that materialisation was heard of. At first the spirits had power only to materialise a hand or foot, and that very imperfectly; then they were able to produce faces, several sometimes showing at one séance; but even at that time the spirits prophesied that the time would shortly come when they should be able to materialise a complete human form, and walk about in our midst. *That time has now come.* On two occasions I have witnessed the phenomenon of a spirit reincarnating itself—putting on a material body and dress—the body to all intents a human body, and the dress fabric of earthly produce. The spirit has not suddenly burst on my view in a perfected form, but slowly evolved out of nothingness before my

eyes, and again melted away, repeating the process again and again !

The first occasion on which I witnessed the phenomenon is described in a letter I sent to the *Medium*, and the second occasion is truly reported in the letter of Mr. William Gill, who also witnessed the fact. Both letters are given below.

SPIRIT-MATERIALISATION THROUGH MRS. GUPPY.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

Dear Sir,—On Friday, June the 18th, Mrs. Guppy called upon me, and as we had not sat together for spiritual manifestations for some time, I was anxious to see whether our power alone was as great as ever, for in times past we had some marvellous séances. We arranged a sitting for the same evening at my house. At nine o'clock we took our seats in my back drawing-room, shut off from the front by folding doors. Mrs. Guppy sat on my right at the table, I with my back to the entrance-door of the room, and at the opposite side of the table, which was a small round one, an empty chair stood. Mrs. Guppy asked what manifestations we should sit for, and I at once said, "Materialisation." A spirit-voice, which I think was "Katie's," told us to open the folding doors so as to admit just a little light. That being done, in a few minutes a white form appeared over the empty chair. We both saw it, for Mrs. Guppy was not entranced then, or at any other time during the sitting. At first it was of an indefinite form, but very soon it assumed a human form, and became very distinct. The full face was towards me, and the profile to Mrs. Guppy,

and she asked me to lay my cheek to hers, that I might get the same view. But that I felt disinclined to do. A voice then said, "Take the wreath from the spirit's head." I reached out my hand to do so, when I found the figure had come so close as almost to touch me, and my hand came in contact with him. I took the wreath from his head, and I now have it in my possession, but I became exceedingly nervous, as also did Mrs. Guppy. The spirit, however, seemed determined that I should see him to more advantage, and asked that the door of the room might be opened and a light put in the passage. I rang for my maid, who carried out the instructions. The light then fell directly on the face of the spirit, and I had a most perfect view. I had seen the Sultan of Zanzibar on the previous day, and the spirit's face somewhat reminded me of him. He had a handsome copper-coloured face, and a large black beard. On his head he had a white turban, such as worn by the spirit "John King." The spirit was an Egyptian, who lived in earth-life at the time of Semiramide, and from whom I have received many highly-interesting and poetical communications through the mediumship of Mr. Jesse Shepard, an account of which I have embodied in the second edition of my "Experiences in Spiritualism," which will be shortly published. For several minutes the spirit was distinctly visible to us, but I felt so exhausted by the loss of magnetism, and so nervous as well, that I begged him to leave us. I shall never forget his sorrowful expression of countenance as he reluctantly passed away—evaporated into the atmosphere, and it has been a source of regret to me ever since that I was not better prepared to receive him and enjoy such a marvellous manifestation of spirit-power. On the following evening Mrs. Guppy and I, with Mr. W. Gill, had

another séance, but as that gentleman has already published a report of the occasion in the *MEDIUM*, I will only say that I can testify to its accuracy.—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

CATH. BERRY.

The following note to the above letter was added by the editor:—

[We have been to Brighton and seen the rooms in which this manifestation has been twice given. We sat in the chair occupied by the spirit, while Mrs. Berry pointed out the positions of herself and Mrs. Guppy, who held hands all the time. The light streaming in at the door and from the front drawing-room would give Mrs. Berry a good opportunity of seeing this manifestation. Our note is not intended to substantiate Mrs. Berry's remarks, as her testimony is able to stand alone, and it has been fully corroborated already by the experience of Mr. Gill on the Saturday evening. Our object in writing is to point out the peculiar agency which Mrs. Berry sways in the production of spiritual phenomena. She has been long regarded as what is called a developing medium—that is, though not what may be called a medium herself, yet in her presence mediums obtain phenomena of a particular kind, often for the first time in their experience. Any physical mediums who have a sitting with Mrs. Berry are benefited thereby. Our columns in years past are crowded with facts of this kind, chiefly derived from the experience of Messrs. Herne and Williams. Now we have Mrs. Guppy paying a visit to Mrs. Berry, and obtaining a form of manifestation which we understand to be quite new even in her wonderful experience. We believe she has had it repeated in the absence of Mrs. Berry. If we have henceforth a form of mediumship amongst us under which spirits

will appear and disappear on the chair before our eyes, we must certainly conclude that the séance of these two remarkable ladies was an incident of the greatest importance.]

Mr. Gill's letter was originally published in the *Brighton Examiner*, and from thence copied into the *Medium* :—

A SEANCE WITH MRS. GUPPY.—A TRUE GHOST STORY.

To the Editor of the Brighton Examiner.

Sir,—An opportunity of being present at one of Mrs. Guppy's spiritual séances falls to the lot of only the favoured of mortals. Many a seeker after the marvellous would almost give his ears to witness the phenomena that occur in her presence. What we have so long and so learnedly spoken of as the "Laws of Nature," Mrs. Guppy seems openly to set at defiance and treat with contempt. Within her wondrous sphere *Gravity* is—to use a slang expression—*nowhere*. "Psychic Force" (as Sergeant Cox will persist in calling our spiritual friends) plays some very fantastic tricks. Inanimate things become animate, and taking unto themselves wings, fly away. Flowers and fruits in rich profusion come through the ceiling or walls of the room, without leaving an opening or even a mark to show the spot, and do not sustain the slightest damage in their rough passage! On some occasions a score of different flowers and fruits have thus mysteriously arrived from Mrs. Guppy's friends—each particular flower or fruit having been specially wished for a minute or so previously. Sometimes heavier articles are introduced — a gooseberry bush, clothes-prop, flower-pot, watering can, or even live animals. If I say much more the reader will begin to smile, indeed it is a question whether

he has not done so already. Although he may be disposed to swallow the *raps* that come on a table, it is not to be expected that he will swallow everything that comes in his way. I never blame a man for honest scepticism, but *bigoted* scepticism I abominate. In my investigation of Spiritualism I have, so to speak, contested every inch of ground, and, so far as I have now got, I am perfectly satisfied. But now for a "Memorable Relation," to quote from Swedenborg :—

On Saturday evening last I found myself sitting at a small round table in company with two ladies, one being Mrs. Berry, the lady through whose mediumship were executed the series of drawings illustrative of the Origin of Species, which a few months ago were publicly exhibited at St. James's-street, where they excited no small amount of interest and comment, the other lady being the world-renowned Mrs. Guppy—the Empress of Physical Mediums. In the presence of two ladies so marvellously gifted, I naturally expected great things, and my expectation was more than realised. After sitting for a few minutes in the gaslight, our invisible friends told us, by rapping on the table, to put out the gas. I did so. Almost immediately we heard the rustling of leaves over our heads and smelt the perfume of roses. In reply to a question from Mrs. Berry, a spirit-friend said he would try to *materialise* himself as on the night previous, when the two ladies only were present. We were requested to open the folding doors of the drawing-room (we were sitting in the back part), and I drew up the Venetian blinds of the front windows, admitting just sufficient light to make the darkness visible. We could see each other pretty clearly, as also the various articles of furniture in the room. We sat closely together round one

half of the table, a vacant chair stood between Mrs. Guppy and myself. In a short time something white appeared over the chair, rising to about fifteen inches above the table—it looked like a column of cotton wool—gradually it seemed to unfold, and a dark shade about the size of a man's hand appeared on it. A further process of development revealed the semblance of a face, and the figure suddenly shot up to the height of five feet, startling us somewhat by its rapid evolution. It then sunk down to its former dimensions, but every minute the face was getting clearer. We enquired if he were the same spirit who had shown himself the night before, and he nodded assent, as he did also to a further question as to whether he would be able to materialise himself more perfectly. He disappeared for a moment, and it was rapped out that Mrs. Berry was to take the wreath from the spirit's head, as she did on the previous night. He soon appeared again, this time so plainly that I could see his outline well defined. He wore a white turban, which came down on each side of the face and met under the chin. It was of a pure white material of some kind, and contrasted strongly with the olive-coloured complexion of the face. This time he rose to his full height and leaned over the table, touching both ladies, and bending his head down till it nearly touched the table, Mrs. Berry took from him the wreath as requested. We examined it afterwards in a better light and found it was a wreath of roses. It contained about a dozen very choice roses, artistically interwoven together, and emitted a delicious fragrance. Mrs. Berry was requested to lay it on the table, and a few minutes afterwards it was carried away just as mysteriously as it was brought. She was allowed to keep the wreath brought on the previous occasion. Once more our ghostly friend showed

himself—this time in great perfection. We had seen the gradual development from the white misty appearance to the “human face divine.” The spirit again leaned over the table and brought his face within a *few inches* of mine. I saw every lineament. It was indeed a lovely face—the features exquisitely chiselled—the expression serene. His age appeared to be about twenty-five years. I looked upon him with feelings of awe and reverence. O that every materialist might witness such a proof palpable of immortality! “The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God,” no spirit, no future state—Spiritualism has proved the contrary. The sceptic might be ready to suggest that we were the subjects of optical illusion—that our ghost was a phantom of the brain! If so, what about the wreath of natural flowers that we saw and smelt and handled? The ghost was no less real than the rose he placed in my hand, which now lies on the table before me, and which I now again take in my hand and smell. After describing the above phenomena at such length I must pass over others that were also worth mention, such as the production of spirit-hands—and spirit-lights—the latter floating about the room, and touching us when requested, &c. Our circle was a very small one, but there were some wonderful elements therein. We sat with our hands interlocked. The ghost did not creep from some mysterious cabinet in which the medium had been placed—personation was entirely out of the question. The medium was with us and talking to us—she was not even entranced as mediums invariably are during the production of such a phenomenon, but was herself a witness. The séance was in every respect remarkable, and will be heard of by many Spiritualists with considerable surprise, the materialisation of spirit-form being a new

development of Mrs. Guppy's marvellous mediumship,—I
am, Sir, yours truly,

WILLIAM GILL.

Brighton, June 19, 1875.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

My first experience in spirit photography was on the 19th April, 1872. I went to the studio of Mr. Hudson, 177 Holloway Road, accompanied by Mrs. Mary Marshall. She called for me early one morning, and we agreed that we would not give our names to the photographer, but wait the result. He was engaged when we arrived, but, after waiting half-an-hour, his daughter asked us to go to his studio, situated in the middle of the garden. I proposed that Mrs. Marshall should sit first. She did so, taking her seat where she liked, and I posing her. The first plate came out blank, *i.e.*, no spirit form appeared on it. She sat again with a similar result, and was about taking her seat for the third and last time, as she said, when the spirit "John King" told her not to sit again at the studio, but to invite Hudson to her own house

and then she would get a good photograph. Of course, this made Mr. Hudson open his eyes, and look as only a man can look when he hears a spirit voice for the first time. "John" talked with us for some time, and then I took my seat, Mrs. Marshall sitting behind the screen as medium. A spirit appeared on the first plate standing by my side. The face was well developed, and particularly handsome, but the eyes were shut.

In the following September, I visited Mr. Hudson for the second time, and obtained, through his and Mr. Herne's mediumship, no less than five spirit photographs. Being anxious to take some of the copies home with me, I waited until they were printed from the negatives and developed—a process occupying some time. I took a chair and sat in the garden, and one of Hudson's children, a bright little fellow, came and stood at my side. I was looking at a copy of one of the photographs that had been handed to me, and, pointing to my own figure, asked him if he knew who it was. Without hesitation, he said it was me, and added, pointing to the spirit form, "that is a ghost." Mr. Herne, who was

only about six feet from us, said "Don't show him that, Mrs. Berry; you will frighten him!" Scarcely had he spoken the words, when I saw a spirit appear at the side of him, and strike him on the shoulder. Mr. Herne instantly turned to see where the blow came from, and was startled at seeing the spirit. They were face to face, and the spirit an exact likeness of Mr. Herne—in fact, his double. In a few seconds it faded away, and was no more seen. As soon as my surprise was over, I asked the little boy if he had seen anything. He replied, "Yes; that was the ghost!" I then asked him if he felt frightened. He said, "No; I am standing by you,"—an expression of confidence that gave me great pleasure. I had never seen the child before, nor have I since, but I shall always remember the little fellow's calm quietness. He would have shamed many a man or woman, for it is no trifling ordeal to go through to those who have never witnessed a spirit out of the flesh. The testimony of that simple, innocent child to the fact just related outweighs all the empty speculations and theories of our scientific men, who know nothing of the phenomena of Spiritualism. If children, generally, were brought

up with as little fear of ghosts as the little Hudson, there would be some braver men in the next generation, and the materialism of thought, which is now so rampant, would soon be quite unknown.

The ghost above referred to appeared about five P.M.

The editor of the *Medium*, who saw these photographs, remarks :—

The first picture is particularly interesting, not only on account of the very perfect spirit-face, but from the fact, that the likeness of Mrs. Berry is the most perfect thing of the kind we have seen, and will be as welcome to many as the accompanying figure. We have received a multitude of facts and communications respecting these photographs, for which we have to apologise not being able to present this week. We have investigated the matter for ourselves, and are satisfied of the genuineness of the photographs as far as our meagre acquaintance with the photographic art will aid us.

On a third occasion of visiting Mr. Hudson, I obtained upon one of the plates the spirit likeness of a darling boy, James Scott, who had a few months previously gone to spirit-land. I may mention here, as a singular fact, that his mother could not so well recognise the face of her beloved boy in the photograph as that of a brother she had lost. This I can in some measure

account for. Her son had been at sea for some time, and when he returned, she being in ill-health, was away from home at Nice, consequently, for at least two years before he died, she had not seen him, and during that time her boy had very much altered, and had a more manly look, which in the spirit photograph made him appear very much like her own brother.

I have mentioned his name, for I know there are many left in this sphere who will be glad to hear that I have a spirit likeness of him.

The following letter contains an account of another visit to Mr. Hudson. A large number of spirits were photographed on that occasion, and a very extraordinary physical manifestation also took place. Mr. Williams, one of the mediums present, was brought through the roof of the studio:—

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to inform your readers that last Wednesday, at the studio of Mr. Hudson, 177 Holloway Road, between the hours of two and five P.M., and in the presence of Mr. Herne and myself, Mr. Williams was seen to descend from the roof of the studio; he fell on the ground very gently. I do not think he was hurt, but sadly frightened. The spirit "John King" was rather vexed with him for not obeying a summons to come into the studio, and

told Mr. Williams that this putting of him through the roof bodily was done as a punishment, and he hoped it would teach him not to disobey in future. We all went immediately to see if there was an opening in the roof, but there was none, and the boards had all the appearance of not having been disturbed. After this we tried for a spirit-photograph, but could not succeed because of the mediums having been excited. A number of physical manifestations took place. On Friday last I again went to the studio, accompanied by Mr. Herne ; and acting entirely under spirit-direction, I had five photographs taken. I think I have as many as thirteen spirits around me—on two plates, four spirits. After the first two were taken I was desired to take a drive for half-an-hour. Mr. Herne was ordered to take a sharp walk for the same time. After the last photograph was taken, "John King," who had been talking with us the whole time, desired, the moment the cap was put on the camera, that Mr. Clifford Smith, who a short time before had come in, was to take my jacket and assist me to put it on outside the studio ; then he and I were to walk on the terrace for ten minutes. During this time Mr. Herne was to be entranced. Upon our return I found on the ground a piece of blue ribbon. I asked "John" who had been there. "No one but 'Kate,' who had brought it for me." After this, at the request of Mr. Clifford Smith, who wished to obtain a spirit-photograph, I went with Mr. Herne behind the screen, who clairvoyantly saw through the screen the spirit stand beside Mr. Smith. It was in ordinary costume, but unfortunately the plate was spoiled in being exposed, and the photograph could not be recognised. We felt very much fatigued from the loss of magnetism.

CATHERINE BERRY.

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS
RELATING TO
SEMIRAMIDE.

THE following extracts were given to me through the mediumship of Mr. Jesse Shepard by an Egyptian spirit who lived contemporary with Semiramide. It was not until I had received many communications through the medium, and been greatly impressed with the beauty and poetry of the language, that it occurred to me to save what might afterwards be given under the same inspiration. Miss Berry, who is an expert writer, rendered me great assistance; and it is through her that I am enabled to present the following pages to the reader. When the medium was under the control of the Egyptian spirit, Miss Berry wrote the words that were uttered by him. Unfortunately, at times, she was not able to keep pace with the flow of inspiration, and the report is consequently imperfect in many respects; but, I think, with all its imperfections, the reader will discover in it traces of the lofty inspiration under-

which it was delivered, and be impressed with the rich poetic beauty of the language.

The medium, previously to being controlled by the Egyptian, generally played for some time at the piano. He would then rise and give expression to the spirit-control. Sometimes the Egyptian controlled the medium when engaged in general conversation, delighting us with his choice expressions, and edifying with the wisdom of his words.

Could I present to the reader a complete record of the voluminous historical account of Semiramide as it was delivered to me with such glowing eloquence by the medium under the Egyptian's inspiration, I should be as proud of my work as I am now regretful that the following fragments, not the hundredth part of what I received are all that I have to offer.

SEMIRAMIDE PREPARES FOR BATTLE.

And Semiramide went forth in shield of silver and buckles of brass, the bearers of the banners at the right hand, and the cupbearers at her left. They made themselves new bows and arrows of steel, and the third day they were replenished with new wine and the fat of newly-slaughtered bullocks, and the cupbearers sprinkled the blood before the chargers, with the generals sitting thereon. The trumpeters

rode fifty paces before Semiramide, and five youths bore gongs at her right and five at her left, and cymbals were sounded round about her, and Semiramide looked *glorious*, but full of *grief*.

And when the twelfth moon had risen over the walls of Babylon the banners were lifted, and the heralds came one with another through the gates of the city into the Palace. Semiramide lay languid and low in the Temple of Belus, and her last prayers were being offered. While the sun was yet sinking, the prophets and the priests came to soothe and comfort her, and while the dye of crimson yet stained the western horizon, Semiramide called her favourite follower and slave, and said unto him, "Look round about, and if thine eyes meet aught that is hateful cast it hence. If thy senses are soothed in voluptuous splendour awake from it as out of a dream. For many moons hast thou quaffed old wine from golden goblets, and sipped new wine from cups of silver. Thou hast ridden in saddles of purple, and stretched thy limbs upon crimson sheets of lace and of gold. Thou hast fed upon beauty at banquets, and feasted upon the fair at feasts. Thou hast revelled in delights, and spoken words of love in the interludes of the dance. Thou hast become fat like the followers of a free kingdom, and wise under the rule of a mighty Queen. Thou hast lounged in luxury, loved in liberty, worshipped in wisdom, and prayed in peace." And Semiramide was overcome and fell upon her couch, and all her servants and her slaves went forth and left her with her favourite slave. And she spake unto him in much sorrow, yet full of judgment and royal command, "The sun rises in radiance and warms the earth, and sets to leave the earth in gloom. The moon comes forth from mountains of clouds and wears a diadem of silver, but sets

in the morning. The River Euphrates comes forth from the springs of the earth, and dies in the distance of eternity. The buds bloom, the flowers fade that enrich the gardens of Assyrian palaces. There is a first and there is a last, and the pulse of my passions must cease in the beating of my breast. Thou hast served me most loyally and lovingly—the first to come forth, and thou shalt be the last to go forth after Semiramide.

“Set this palace in readiness, illuminate its hall, for Semiramide shall hold her feast, which shall also be a fearless feast and a banquet of blood! They shall say that a sun had risen to shine but for a day then leave them in a night of gloom.” And her slave was dumb with terror and delivered himself in tears, and when the impulse had subsided and the passion ceased, he rose and spake thus to Semiramide, “My limbs forbid the action of thy will, and my tongue forbids the utterance of thy commands, yet would I die in the sunlight of thy glory and be buried in the battlefield of thy victory.” And the halls of the Palace echoed in cries of anguish and in wailings of woe! As the fleeting clouds rush under the sun and forbid its shining, so did the shadow of grief forbid the shining of jewels and the glittering of gold in the hall of Nimrod. And Semiramide rose, and looked from the window over the land of promised conquests and of prophecies unfulfilled. Then prepared she the seven charms, and the amulets and the talisman, and the cut jewels of virtue, and the seals in sockets of silver, and the diadems blessed by the priests and charmed by the prophets, and added new colours to her garments of many colours, with a helmet of doubly polished silver and breastplate of polished brass and shield of shining steel. And Semiramide looked round about her, and found the

courage of her followers dampened, and their hopes darkened and their faith deadened with the sun that had sunk below the mountains of the west. And she found none to walk before her in battle, yet many to follow her in victory. And she bade the chief heralds and sounder of the gong to call forth her most willing slaves and her favourite followers that she might choose from among them when they had assembled, which of them were worthy to follow at her right and which at her left. And when they had all assembled in the council chamber, Semiramide sat high on a throne of jewelled gold, on a floor of refined gold, surrounded by walls of polished marble, and she said unto them :—"The last, the mightiest, and the most glorious. What Nimrod commenced I would still replenish in the fulfilment of new actions of victory. Behold I go forth for the last time. I have made my bed midst the beauty and the bloom of Assyrian palaces, yea, I will go forth to make my bed on the track and the trail of ferocious beasts, and in the wilderness of the wilderness, but that I may be crowned in victory at the last."

The seven tongues have spoken and the seven cymbals sounded. The shadows have passed and the fingers have pointed in tokens of the last act. And when Semiramide had spoken thus far, the priests and the prophets, the scribes and the soothsayers and magicians, and the slaves and the followers spake not a word. Now has come the time, the hour and the last moment in the hour for to choose the chief followers out of the ninety, for all were mute and dumb when they thought of the camps in distant and unknown climes.

EXECUTION OF SEMIRAMIDE'S SECOND CHIEF SLAVE.

(Given on Good Friday Evening.)

This is the anniversary of the feast of the slain, when the heads of the twenty slaves were brought on a silver service into the temple, and twenty drachms of blood offered in a bowl of ivory, and after they were touched with the sacred flame, with a rod of iron, and with a lance of steel, they were burnt in the public flames as peace-offerings. And the sheets and the winding cloths and the hoods of the heroes slain were brought before the priests, that they might be blessed and charmed and given out among the followers as relics and talismans of the faithful. And the armours and the golden rings, the silver and brass ornaments and chains of steel, with banner stands, were brought into the temple to be saved as offerings of the battles of victory. And Semiramide held unto herself the diadems worn by the heroes, the private seals and the sacred masks. And there were great rumours and murmurs among the slaves within the walls, and they were filled with terror when they beheld the heads of the twenty. And the second chief slave of the Queen's household and of the gates of the palace delivered himself in doubtful mutterings and mystified musings, and cast dark glances when the Queen passed, and spoke strange words within her hearing. And Semiramide thought within herself that they would not hold them in peace if he lingered long in the land. And when the first moon rose, and when the evening wine was drunk, when the first gong sounded, and when the priest's voice was heard in the first hour after sunset, she spoke with the captain of the chamber, and com-

manded that his head should be delivered lifeless from his body. And the beheader and one skilled in the taking of heads went forth to lay hands upon the slave and bring him before Semiramide. And when he had come into her presence she looked down upon him in wrath and in scorn. Yet remembering the days that had passed in the sunshine of his love, she trembled and turned aside and sought relief in a cup of strong wine in a moment's reflection before the final command. Neither did the slave speak aught or move his tongue, but looked upon Semiramide in silence, yet in the affliction of troubled affections and unutterable passions. And Semiramide looked round about her and would have gone hence, but that her pride forbade her and she turned. And the power of his silence overcame the passion in her eye, and she would have fallen to the ground but the gods sustained her, and she could not utter the final speech, but made signs for the slave to leave her presence.

And when the sun had risen and the shadows had turned, and when the balm from the south came through the Palace, Semiramide lay in a reverie of delirium of delight, forgetting all things. And she gave herself away to imaginations of unutterable thought and immortal fancies, and none stood near when the seventh hour arrived. Then the first door opened, and the curtains of the inner chamber drew aside, and the chief captain and the bearer of the plate and the bearer of the bowl stood before her with the slave's head, and held it high before her in silence. And Semiramide looked upon it, and saw that it gave signs of speech and a glow of life, and she looked and spake not a word. Then Semiramide rose from her bed, and would have gone near unto it, but the power of the gods would not sustain her through it, and she walked ten paces to her right and ten

paces to her left, and laid her hands upon the talisman, and upon her breastplate of charms, and upon the sacred seal, and then drew her sword, that she also might go hence and follow her slave, but the power held back her hand, and retained it lifeless. And Semiramide walked three paces towards the head, and fell lifeless into the arms of her third slave; and when the bowl bearer had left her presence, three times seven musicians came before her, that, by the harmony of rich sounds, they might restore her, by the aid of the priests and the prophets, out of delirium into slumber, for her eyes would not close in sleep, neither would she sup in composure. And when they had sounded the cymbals, and touched their harps, and made a noise with their drums, Semiramide grew calmer, and was restored to peace.

SEMIRAMIDE'S FEAST.

Now came the time, and the month of the year, and the fit season, when the flowers were in bloom, when the buds of promise came forth, when the fields of the earth yielded fruit, when the branches of the trees blossomed, and when the balm from the south was wafted on zephyrs, under rainbows, through bowers of ethereal loveliness. And Semiramide called upon the princes of the east, and upon the chiefs of the south, upon the spoiled kingdoms of the north, and upon the civilised slaves of the west, to hold them in readiness for a feast of feasts, when they should feed upon the fatness of the land, and drink in a deluge of old and new wine; and the princes of the east, and the slaves of the west, and the conquered followers of the north, and the loyal tribes of the south, were content when they heard the news of the feast. And the first day was spent in offerings of silver and gold, of precious stones, and precious remnants of sacred things—relics that were brought in conquests from the four quarters of the kingdoms. The second day was passed in the replenishing of the temple and regilding of the palaces, and the storing of new wine, meats, incense, perfumes, honey, and sacred fires for the altars. And the third day passed in the making of new garments, and the gathering together of the chief bearers of new colours and of brilliant robes. And the fourth day sped apace as the preceding days in merry-making and mirthful music. And the heroes, and the soldiers under the heroes, and their followers, made a great noise round the walls and within their city, and beat their drums, and sounded their cymbals, and blew their trumpets in preparation for the feast—the great feast. And ninety-nine virgins carried incense into

the temple, and brought flowers unto Belus, and they brought buds that were young in bloom, and yet unopened to the breeze, as fresh offerings of peace and plenty; and ninety-nine of the sons of the heroes, yet untouched by the priests and untaught by the prophets, walked with abundance of incense, wearing sacred garments, into the temple. And Semiramide would have waited for the conquered, and for the prisoners and chastised in battle, that they might also partake of the feast in the sacred influence. And the captains of the chief army, and the first seal-bearers, and the ten bearers of lances, and the helmet-bearers, arrived from the Eastern Camp, and from terrible conflicts with savage tribes, that they might also drink at the feast, and pray at the fast. And the fifth day a messenger arrived at the portals of the palace with hasty news from the camp of the north, and Semiramide spake with him in her inner chamber; and when she heard of dire calamities befalling her subjects in distant regions, she would have withheld her hand from the wine cup at the feast, and would have cast her eye aside from the table of the banquet, and would have retained her presence, as the clouds withhold the sunlight on a beauteous day, for she would have consoled herself in the consolations of silence, and all the princes and the prophets and the priests, and those that bore charms with the magicians following, persuaded her to give her hand, and lend her presence at the first feast of feasts. And the sixth day the temple was prepared, and the polished service of silver and gold was brought from the palace, and the sacred basins, containing the blood of ancient followers, and the bowls, with bottoms of brass, and of silver, and of gold, with ornaments of precious jewels, were brought forth by the pages, and the priests, and those accustomed to touch sacred

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things went into the three chambers of *inner* chambers of INNER chambers where the gods spake.

Then came the prophets and the chief tribes, and the magicians and the retainers of the *Dust of Idols* to mingle the dust with the blood of great kings. And now the seventh day drew nigh, and when the sun had risen in the first hour a great noise was heard without, with the ringing of gongs and murmurs within. And the smoke from the altars made the sky black like a shadow over the sun. And the virgins and the sons of the heroes went forth from the palace with Semiramide before them with the priests and the prophets. The criers and the banner-bearers, and the bearers of relics, and the magicians, and the bearers of the basins and of the bowls with seals, and the precious jewels on plates of gold and silver, and the chief bearer of the diadems, and all the favourite followers and slaves, and the chiefs of many nations, and the chiefs of many tribes, with all the Princes of Assyria into the temple. And all the musicians with gongs and cymbals and loud sounding trumpets, and horns and drums, went forth on either side. And the blood of a thousand bullocks, three thousand kids, and many pairs of turtle doves was offered from the beginning of the first Hour until the hour when the sun set. And five thousand bowls of wine were given out among the followers in public places round about the temple, and at the palace doors, and the gates of the city. And Semiramide offered up prayers and peace-offerings with incense and the blood of two blessed or consecrated doves.

THE GREATNESS AND POWER OF
SEMIRAMIDE'S DESCENDANT.

That thy BREAST touches FLOWS WITH MILK.

That thy BREATH touches breathes with honey.

That thy FINGERS touch blooms in plenty.

That thy EYES look upon is blessed in peace.

Where thy FEET tread comes forth a rich harvest, and thy voice shall be as a wandering melody through space, but the music of it shall fall like external dews to open the hearts of men, that they may likewise harmonise the world as the music of thy voice harmonised them. And thy song shall be like the moaning of the winds in the forests of universal nature, when low, like the murmurs of the brook, and its sound shall be a mystery to nations.

When thou TREMBLEST it shall be like an earthquake which shall shake the nations of the earth till their fruit shall fall, and the pyramids of time shall tremble, and palaces of timber fall to the ground.

And the BEATING OF THY HEART shall be like a drum which shall call the nations to order, and the pulse of thy pleasure shall be the beatings of the drum.

Thy DOUBT shall be like the gloom that overshadows the morning of an anxious people.

Thy HOPE like refreshing rain in a drought before famine.

Thy CHARITY like the-sunlight of a tropical day.

Thy FAITH shall be in the endurance of all things that the promises of time shall fulfil.

THOU SHALT HAVE NO FEAR.

Thy MOTIVES shall be like the cloudlets leaving the mountain tops in the morning. .

Thy LOVE shall envelope all things in the mantle of its flame.

Thy HATE shall be like a heated blast over a barren desert.

Thy FORM shall be a sign on earth of celestial things.

Thy LAUGH shall be like the sound of mighty waterfalls, whose sound shall fill the caverns of the earth and the air of heaven.

Thy SIGHS shall be like the echo of thy laughter in remote regions.

Thy TEARS OF JOY shall be like raindrops in the sunlight of a spring shower.

Thy TEARS OF SADNESS like the night dews that fall in silence and solitude.

Thy THOUGHTS shall be like the overflowing of the Nile in the immensity of their conceptions, and the waters shall be the feedings that shall nourish the land around.

Thy DREAMS shall be like the perpetual flowing of golden rivers, whose source knows no beginning, and mighty inspirations shall settle upon thee, yet calm as the fluttering of the dove in a wilderness of woe; but thine aspirations shall be lofty like the soaring of an eagle.

And thy VISIONS OF PEACE shall be like the sun on the first day of a plentiful summer, or the balm of a night in summer with the candles of Paradise burning round the altar of the silver-lit moon.

But thy VISIONS OF WRATH shall be like mountains of tide-waves that no man can withstand in the force of destiny, for the mountains of water shall quench the fire of their existence, and their tears of ingratitude shall be like the fall

snow-flakes that freeze in their falling ; but their tears of repentance shall fall like rain to feed the roots of the withering flowers.

Thy TEARS OF HATE shall be like hail that shall melt into hell-drops in their falling. Lightning follows thunder, but the burning comes after the smoke. Make a noise in the bushes first, then come forth in the fire of thy wrath. If they saw lightning without thunder, they would flee from the place of the thunder.

Thine EYES shall be the reflections of hidden worlds of pleasure and of pain, and thy eyebrows the rainbows that shall span the hidden worlds.

And the MOVING OF THY LIPS shall be like the moving of mighty levers that shall move the mighty things of the earth.

And thy DIMPLES shall be like the valleys that smile in peace.

And thy CHEEKS like mountains of bloom and plenitude.

The CONTRACTIONS OF THY BROW shall be like the brooding of clouds before the breaking of thunder, and thine ears shall be like the hollows of great hills, that shall catch the echoes of the universe. What is heard is felt, and what is felt is remembered. This is the nearest approach to omnipotence. This is the analysis of soul and body, spirit and matter.

And thy FOREHEAD is like the sunny side of a high hill that holds the jewels of the temple of the universe, and if thou have wrinkles in old age they shall be like the furrows of the earth that shall bring forth new seed.

And thy BRAIN is a living melody of truth and harmony,

whose music goes forth to the world by thousands of finely-tuned strings, perfection of heavenly sounds.

The MARROW is the seed, the BONE is the earth, the FLESH is the bloom.

Thy MARROW is like hidden gold in rocks of the earth. The bones, which are the rocks, must be cut through to find it. But the flesh must first be removed, which is the earth that covers the rocks, to get the gold.

Thy JOINTS are like the branches of a great tree, that moves in perpetual motion to thy will.

Thy SPINE is like a tropical tree with many branches, whose leaves are of blood, and whose branches are of bloom.

Thy LUNGS shall be like a great spring that shall absorb the atmosphere of inspiration in its breathing, for the action of the inspiration shall purify the blood.

The CURRENT OF THY BLOOD is like the flowing of many rivers from one fountain, and the fountain springs from the bowels of the earth, and its jets are the tears from heaven that shall sprinkle the earth in universal pity.

Thy HEART is like a goblet of old wine that is running over in the fulness of its gift.

Thy VEINS are like the branches of the great oak that shall give timber to the earth to build her ships, which shall sail unto many lands to bring forth spices and balm and hidden treasures.

Thine ARMS are like the masts of a ship that shall hold the sails that shall catch the wind; for in their deeds they shall bring mortals into a haven and souls into heaven.

And the rudder of the ship is thy WISDOM, that shall steer them to glory, and the compass THE FINGER OF GOD.

We eat of the fruit when it giveth its colour on the outside, while within it is hard and green.

We pluck of the flower, but when we bring it to our nose we find it wanting in fragrance and lacking in sweetness. For the brightest flowers are the flowers without fragrance, and the most abundant in bloom are those that give a stale breath. For they live upon the tap of rotten roots that are hidden in the ground of matter where the worm feedeth in corruption and decay.

The trees that grow in the wilderness of the world hold many a perch for birds of passage, and many a roost for birds of prey who eat up the acorns before their winter of necessity has arrived, and whose craws are filled with the husks of grains and the gravel of the ground.

Flattery leads her followers into vice, and compliments into dangerous places ; but truth needs no words or signs of speech to stimulate her actions, nor virtue a veil to hide the innocence of her blushes.

Let Compliments reward the vain ; let fools be paid in flattery ; and let honeyed words build castles for the ambitious : but appreciation is the reward of truth, and virtue is rewarded in reverence.

Sleep to a weary body is like the balm of love to a sore heart.

The Affection of a Friend strengthens in sorrow, as does

There was still a difficulty with the medium, explained by the Egyptian thus:—

The hinges of steel have rusted on golden doors, which creak in the turning for want of the oil of harmony and the essence of patience.

The conditions getting more favourable, the following beautiful communications were given:—

I have hid in the honey of flowers like a bee, and sucked the balm of their bloom; sipped the breath from their petals and sat upon their leaves of fragrant colours.

But they withered when I had sucked their balm, and bloomed not when I had supped upon their breath. When I sat upon their stems they withered under the buzzing of my wings, were burdened by the weight of my wishes, and poisoned by the passion of my pleasures.

But when the honey was hived, I found nought save drones to partake of it, and I was left alone in the winter of my wishes and the summer of my sadness.

Moral—Such is the world! when you'd walk under the radiance of its rainbows, feed in the fulness of its delights, and live like the bee on the lips of lilies.

The sorrow that partakes of a day
May be silent in the wake of years;
But the sunbeams that around us play
Are brightest when they shine through tears.

Leaves wither in autumn, flowers fade under the meridian sun, buds bloom in spring to fade in purple gloom.

We eat of the fruit when it giveth its colour on the outside, while within it is hard and green.

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sleep after much fatigue; but sleep broken by heated dreams is, like love's kisses, devoured by a frenzy of passion.

Passion is the first element and stage in life, for we are conceived in passion. Then comes affection, when passion has had its day, and love has been satisfied. If affection fails us, ambition takes its place, and the glories of an unrequited life make up for all we have lost of pleasure and of love.

Friendship is love without wings: it cannot fly away.

Passions, Pains, and Pleasures—the peace and products of life's harvest.

The Curse of Beauty is the self-consciousness of it; for modesty gives place to vanity, and virtue to vice.

Ambition destroys the love of spiritual glory, and vanity is the mother of vice.

“Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;” but passions preferred make the body ill.

The Balm of Victory is the oil of patience, perseverance, and courage.

Let time reap the harvest that	sowed, and let
victory house the grain that was sown	it.

Intelligence is the father of light,	Understanding is
the mother of wisdom.	

Our hands may join where lips can never meet,
As slaves do worship at the great Queen's feet.

"Necessity is the mother of invention ;" but desire is the father of passion.

We are all slaves of Master Time, and we buy our ransom by death.

Memory is the lamp that shines in the present to illuminate the darkness of the past ; but hope and promise, born of Father Time, replenish the lamp to illuminate the road of eternity's future.

In silence we think we are alone ; but in the conscience of things past and present there does exist duality of person, which in the spirit makes silence speak with two-fold tongues in deeds of actions done, so that when we alone think we live in nothing, we are in the abstract speaking with dead ages. Nothing is lost. There is no love lost, neither the deeds nor the actions of love. Does the sun ever say unto the earth, "You do not love me?" The sun soars higher than the earth, and is warmer than the earth in its action. The earth is dependent on the sun. The light, the heat, the electricity, the magnetism flow from the sun, which is the mother of the earth. Oh ! ye mighty in love ! ye may look down upon the forms of the dead, which are of clay, and say—"Thou shalt pass away ; but in the spirit, which is the essence of true love, ye shall exist, and therefore not be unrequited unto them that love. I would know a thousand years of sweet unconsciousness and

slumbering peace ; like a bee in an encasement of rich essences, live all entranced within the summer of my labours ; for I have known the wealth of worlds, and am wearied by the weight of care and gnawing griefs. I would sleep where the great Kings sleep—beside the Queens of Orients fair, and Egypt's virgins sleep ! I would know a thousand moons of nothingness, and in a pyramid of pleasure lie entombed, where all is blank oblivion and darkness, housed in silence and cradled in bleak night.

Gratitude is the first principle of godliness.

The flame of hell is lit by Ingratitude, but its smoke is a burning conscience.

Give to the wind that which may be echoed in nothingness, but to the world that which shall live in sound.

Originality is the greatest birthright of genius.

It takes a long time to build a pyramid, but once built it stands for ever.

Frogs croak in scum, but fishes swim in pure water.

There is a lethargic laziness in an atmosphere of music that is not healthy for the human soul.

First thought is sometimes the best, because it is engendered by the first flow of inspiration.

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If thou wouldst fly high thou must have wings strong enough to carry thee ; and thou must also have ballast to throw out if thou wouldst go higher, and if thou wouldst reach the heavens thou must not put a cord round thy neck fastened to earth, for then thou canst reach only a certain height.

Love is a natural power in all things, and the first cause of existence. Love was not taught, neither the evolutions of planets round the sun of Love.

The roses count not their leaves, but seek to give their fragrance to the world unasked.

Inspiration and Aspiration are two—one the breath from heaven, and the other a look to heaven.

Ambition and Glory are two—the first the concentration of all pride in self, and the other the degradation of all power in spirit.

Deeds and Actions without virtue are like a dry wind without rain, or the finger of fate at a feast, that marks the era of fame and points to the epoch of famine.

Equilibrium is a mighty thing when understood, but the world understands not its meaning.

Truth is the essence and true flavour of all things. Truth

is a trinity ; of body, which is matter ; of spirit, which is the flower ; of soul, which is the fragrance.

The Balance of Power is the equilibrium of love.

The highest Compliments are the lowest when they are full of flattery.

A stone that rolls through many soils
Must grow the moss of many climes.

If thou go into Company and society thou must sow thy seed in the soil of society.

The reaction after conquest is fatigue, but the reaction after glory is sadness.

A Guilty Conscience is like the atmosphere made heavy by pestilence that eats up the power of virtue.

The Prophecies of impression are sometimes vague ; but the prophecies of inspiration are full of virtue.

A Clear Conscience is like the flowing of a crystal river, whose current is like pure blood beneath the surface, and whose transparency is truth.

A soul full of Regret is like the sinking of a sun below a

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golden horizon in the midst of gloom and darkness, that sheds one ray before its setting to tell the world what it might have done.

Remorse is like a wet vapour hanging upon green fields of nature's universe, which damps the life of the flowers, deadens the light of the fields, or like a fire that burns without a flame, whose smoke puts out the light of the fire, and whose ashes are the cinders of hell.

Avarice is like a burning volcano that attracts and concentrates within its crater more fire than it can consume, and more smoke than its sides can hold.

Beauty is a passport which, in its possession, requires no gold. Beauty makes more beasts than birds in its bounty, and more fools than fairies in its frolic.

Animal Beauty is like the reflection standing before a mirror, but at its back there is no reflection.

Beauty of Soul is like a mirror that gives its reflections equally on both sides, and which discloses the man and the figures of nature.

Ambition is like the gathering of many snow-flakes on a high mountain, but its fall is the avalanche.

Although flowers be fed upon the dews distilled from

rainbows, yet will they fade. Though their colours may shine like the rainbow in ethereal splendour, yet will they wither before the sun of Time. Though they perfume the halls of queens, and give balm of breath to their baths, yet shall their perfume give place to an atmosphere of rank and rotten weeds.

Deeds of Friendship lie hidden in our memory, as the seed lies hidden in the ground, that gratitude brings forth in a future day under the action of love's sunlight.

We are all notes of a grand symphony, that must be played upon when our time comes—some in minor chords, some in more joyful strains of echoing sounds. But the symphony is directed by the hand of God, and the baton by the measurement of justice and time.

Memory hath many corners and many doors leading out of the corners where life's souvenirs go forth in a multitude of memories. Some go hand in hand, some go before, and some follow after; but all go in and out together, and are counted on the dial-plate of eternity when they cease to exist. How shall I say good-night? Like the moon, that sheddeth many rays and many shadows before it is obscured by the darkness of clouds, or like the sun, sinking slowly below a cloudless horizon, to leave the world in tranquil slumber?

GOOD-NIGHT.

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