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The so-called table-ti

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THE
SO-CALLED TABLE-TIPPINGS,
OR
Intercourse with Departed Spirits,

RELATED BY

KARL LOTZ.

PUBLISHED IN GERMAN BY TASCHER KAISERSLAUTERN, IN 1855.

TRANSLATED BY

MRS. R. KLEIN, NEW YORK.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN W. EDMONDS.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

WHEN the following pages of the translation of a work published originally in German, were submitted to my perusal, I recommended their publication here : I did so for several reasons.

One was, that thus was shown the general spread of the spirit manifestations which so many of us have been witnessing in this country. This was shown by the fact that simultaneously with the occurrences here, manifestations of the same character were occurring on the Eastern Continent, and that, under circumstances which absolutely precluded all idea of collusion.

There are, unhappily, among us yet very many, who will not believe in the reality of that, to the existence of which thousands and tens of thousands in our country have over and over again testified. All that we can do to such is simply to accumulate the testimony to such an extent that no sane mind can resist its weight. That is easily done, for we have now evidence of the outbreak, in all parts of the earth, of the phenomena which have so frequently been witnessed here. On this continent, in all its parts ; in the British Provinces ; in the States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores ; in Central and in South America, they have been displayed. In Europe, we hear of them in England, in Germany, in France, in Italy, and in Greece. In Africa, among the Arabs on the borders of the Mediterranean. In Asia, at Canton, at Japan, on the Himalaya mountains. In Java, and the islands of both the East and West Indies. So that we know of their existence, wide spread, throughout the whole earth, in many different tongues, without the possibility of collusion, and everywhere bearing the same distinctive characteristic, that of inanimate matter moving without mortal contact, and displaying intelligence.

To many who have witnessed and partially believed in these manifestations, this evidence of their wide spread may be also acceptable. For what they have themselves witnessed has seemed to them so strange, so much in conflict with all that they had been taught; so at variance with all their preconceived opinions, that they have hardly been willing to believe their own senses, and have been fain rather to suppose that they must themselves have been laboring under some strange delusion.

All testimony that will contribute to show the impossibility of the delusion theory must be acceptable to such persons, inasmuch as it must have a tendency to restore to them a becoming and necessary confidence in the evidence of their own senses.

There is, however, another reason for publishing these pages, which in my view is still more important. It is this:

If there is any truth in the doctrine of human progression, as taught so universally by spiritual intercourse; if it be true that it is man's duty to progress from the cradle to eternity upward toward the Godhead, and that he cannot omit the performance of that duty without surely visiting himself with the consequences, then it must be of the last importance to man to learn what those consequences are.

So, too, if it be true, as taught from the same source, that communion between us on the earth and the spirits of those who have departed from it, is not the result of a violation or suspension of nature's laws, but in execution of, and in obedience to them, and that, therefore, spirits of all grades or conditions of progression may thus commune with us—one as well as another—it must be of moment to us to know what is the condition of those who have omitted this duty of progression, and who can thus commune with us.

So, too, if it be true, as is taught in like manner, that man, during his earth-life, is so intimately connected with the spirit-world that he is never for a moment exempt from its influence; that every mood of mind has its kindred spirit, and that spirits who

are attracted to us are ever, without any intermission, shedding their influence, for good or ill, upon us, then it must be of consequence to us to know what is the character of that influence; how to guide it to a good end, and how to avoid the evil it may prompt us to do.

In all ages of the world—in all conditions of mankind—in all the religions ever known among men, there has been recognized a spirit of evil, capable of influencing man and of inflicting suffering upon him. Not a man or woman now lives who has not sometime in life experienced an internal and mysterious prompting to evil, acting in defiance of the will, and in despite of the liveliest aspirations for good.

What this mysterious power is—so fraught with mischief to man—has never, until now, been fully revealed to him. But now it is to be revealed, and with the knowledge of its nature and characteristics, is to come to man the great blessing of knowing how to obtain protection against its influence upon him. The idea that it is a being coequal with the Great Creator in power, and coexistent with him in duration, is to be exploded. The teaching, that its influence is beyond man's control, is to be refuted. The impression, that it is to be worshipped with a craven subserviency, in order to deprecate its malevolence, is to be removed. On the other hand, man is to learn that it is the power of manhood, perverted, unprogressed, and perhaps positively malevolent, thus swayed during the earth-life, and continued in its distortions in the spirit-world; that it is the same propensity of selfishness, cruelty, or hatred to his fellow, which displayed in this life is productive of so much misery, that is borne to the spirit-world, and finds its only pleasure in a continued exercise upon those who are left behind. Or, in other words, that it is to the spirits of men who have lived on earth that we owe the manifestation of this propensity to evil within us.

Of this important truth many evidences have already been given, and others are daily coming to our knowledge. The pages which

follow contain evidence of that character, and hence their value in my eyes.

A vast deal more must yet be given before the world will be ready to receive this, so important truth. Much of it will be lost, as much has already been, for want of a record of it. Yet enough will be recorded and given to the world to enable the idea to obtain a fast foothold among men.

When that time shall arrive who can calculate the consequences? For, with the knowledge of the cause of the evil, will come a knowledge of the remedy, and then farewell to the reign of that spirit of evil which has so long held dominion over the human heart.

The work I thus introduce is not much more than a record of the communications made through the table-tippings by several spirits of departed men, who being unprogressed in life, appear to be hardly any farther advanced in the spirit-world. They betray their propensities as they now exist, and their disposition toward man, and yet they are made to unfold some truths as to our future, of no slight importance.

Thus it was made apparent that the power at work was too strong for the mortal force then present, and the will displayed far more mighty than that of the combined assemblage.

So it was demonstrated that the intelligence at work was entirely independent of that of the mortals present.

The drawings and characters spoken of are given in plates annexed to the original work, but are not given in the translation, for they are of no farther moment to us than this, that they are very like many with which spiritualists in this country have for some five or six years been familiar.

Thus also it is communicated that a place of suffering of the sinful spirit is in the atmosphere of this earth. Such, too, are the teachings we receive in this country, and thus it comes that man on the earth is ever surrounded by, and subject to, promptings and temptations to evil.

So, too, is displayed how long and tenaciously the attachments formed on earth continue beyond the grave.

And that redemption can be wrought beyond the grave through the instrumentality of sincere and heart-felt repentence.

In like manner it is shown that there are spirits confined to the limits of the earth's atmosphere, who know not of and cannot describe the happier conditions of spirit-existence beyond their field of observation.

And that even these darker spirits can at times read our thoughts, aptly "value our moral worth," and "disclose many secrets which we consider safe in our own keeping."

In these and other respects, the teachings, as given in these pages, accord in their general characteristics with those given in this country through the same instrumentality of the table-tippings, and the various other modes of spiritual intercourse known among us.

And thus is shown us how universal is the movement now claiming so great a share of the attention of mankind.

J. W. EDMONDS.

NEW YORK, January 19, 1857.

INTRODUCTION.

As the news spread of the startling and most wonderful phenomena of the so-called table-tipping, we believed, as does probably our reader, that some modern Munchausen had undertaken to rejuvenate the old lustre of his name; but our first trial, which was with a heavy dining-table, convinced us otherwise. Scarcely had the chain, formed of human hands, rested ten minutes on the top of the table, when the much doubted operations commenced. The creaking and groaning, the lifting and staggering, and afterwards quick and noisy dancing around of this usually so quiet piece of furniture, not less than the pale, damp faces of two of the members of the circle, the astonishing capers cut by a third, who is as corpulent as Falstaff; and the fainting of a fourth, whose face had become of a livid hue, astonished and frightened us, but spoke in favor of the new truth. Repeated successful investigations on our own part, and the similar experience of others, set aside all doubts in us as to the existence of the phenomena. No sooner was the fact substantiated than we set about explaining it. The movements of the tables being usually rotatory, therefore apparently mechanical, we felt certain of finding a cause in the activity of the powers of nature. Pressure, electro-magnetic streams, optical delusion, &c., &c., were in their turn discussed, but soon found to be insufficient, for, during this time the table-tipping had assumed a position which, to every thinking mind, must prove the impossibility of its being done by material power.

The first proof which we received was when two of us tried to move a round office chair, instead of turning as we expected, it raised first one leg then the other, bringing them down with great force upon the floor. In order that we might each be quite certain that these movements were not caused by voluntary or involuntary

pressure, we removed our hands from the seat of the chair, and placed our forefingers only on the middle of the same, so that we could but hinder, not assist in raising the chair. But as if offended at our mistrust in its ability, our wooden friend not only continued to thump vehemently, but also, to our great astonishment, slid along a distance on two legs, and then lay down on its side, as though fatigued with the exertion. At our desire it repeated the sliding, but every other request was answered by thumping on the floor, or moving indignantly backward and forward. We were, however, amply remunerated for this refusal by the chair rapping out answers to the questions which we now began to ask. These questions were concerning things of which we were cognizant, and those unknown to us, but which we could easily ascertain, strange to say, the answers concerning those things known to us were almost always incorrect, while those of things unknown, were usually found to be correct. For instance, the ages of persons, if we knew them, were given incorrectly; if, on the contrary, we found them with but few exceptions correct. The same correctness was observed when the sum total of ages of several persons was required. It was not less unaccountable to us that on taking up one, out of a number of boxes of matches, we were told correctly how many matches it contained, and on grasping a handful of pieces of money, the number of pieces was rapped out. These interesting performances of our three-legged chair were, however, soon excelled by those of the little table. The first we heard of the latter was from very reliable sources, still we could not but doubt the possibility of these little tables having written, as was told us. In order to convince ourselves of the reality of these strange things, we one evening visited a young lady about eighteen years of age, who showed us a miniature pine table, five inches high, with a round top, an inch in thickness, and three legs, one of which was a pointed lead pencil. She placed her pigmy table on a sheet of writing paper, then, with the palms of her hands turned upward, she touched the edge of the table with the tips of her two

little fingers. The table immediately commenced rocking, and ran a few times quickly backward and forward upon the paper, trying, apparently, by turning sharply, to escape from the fingers which rested upon it; not succeeding in this manœuvre, it complied with what it could not alter, and awaited passively what was to follow. The girl desired that it should write its name, upon which the table wrote hastily, "Let me go, throw me out of the window, I'm a murderer."

The medium insisted upon its compliance with her request, whereupon the name of Karl Holz was timidly written. Upon further questioning and urging Mr. Holz brought to paper a piece of biography which was worthy of being printed on linen to decorate a country fair. He related that on his way to America he had robbed and murdered a fellow-traveler, his room mate, at an inn in Bohemia, and buried the body in a neighboring forest. During the description of the details of the murder the little table was often pushed to the edge of the table on which it was operating, evidently that it should fall upon the floor. He refused to give the name of the place where the murder was committed, and of his home he would only say that it was in Germany. Upon being questioned concerning his present condition, he replied, "I am a repentant and warning spirit." The handwriting of this invisible is round and running, that of the medium, on the contrary, shows that she is not accustomed to write much; but had they even been similar, the medium was so placed as to preclude all possibility of deception on her part. Many following manifestations, however, proved to us how very superfluous all scientific means are in the production of these phenomena. We give to the public the most remarkable of these manifestations, pure and unadulterated, they will convince those who receive them as such, that the foreboding of the celebrated Briton has become realized, and that there are in reality more things between heaven and earth than philosophy ever dreamed of.

FIRST SEANCE.

EMFORT.

One winter evening, in 1854, after many unsuccessful attempts, we had the gratification of seeing a miniature table in motion under our own hands, it was of walnut wood, six inches high, with a top of an inch thickness, and one of its three legs was a pointed pencil. The coolness and obstinacy with which this little thing had for two months resisted our efforts, gave way suddenly to a vivacity which exceeded our expectations. The top became warm, and in the interior was a beating like the throbbing of a heart. This awaking, as it were, out of a profound sleep, had lasted about five minutes, when a slight dizziness came over us, and gradually passed off; after which the table, creaking and groaning, tipped to the right and to the left, then drew a tolerably correct circle, after which the pencil bored itself into the quire of paper which lay under it; with such force was this done, that a hole was bored through the first sheet, and on the five following ones were deep indentations; not contented with this, it slit the first sheet entirely through with one forcible push, and after having accomplished its work of destruction, returned to rest. We took away the torn sheet, and placed the table on the second, whereupon it immediately bored this through, and began slitting it like the first; to prevent this, and to try the strength of the motion, we applied considerable pressure, which the table, however, overcame with little trouble, and had nearly torn one half of its second victim, when we, employing force against force, held it down; for a few minutes it stood motionless, and we thought we had conquered, when suddenly, creaking in every part, it twisted itself around like a screw, and fearing it would break in pieces we let go of it. But it had to undergo a still greater trial, for turning it upside

down, we leaned our arm upon it with full force; for a short time we remained in this position undisturbed, when the table received three successive pushes, all in the same direction, each push taking it a good space forward; after a few moments deceitful rest, the pushes were repeated with increased force from all sides, and notwithstanding our resistance, we were obliged to let the wee Hercules go wherever it liked. We gave up the contest, convinced that we had to deal with a power greater than our own, and with a will not less strong than ours. Anxious to become acquainted with the source of the same, we stood our little friend again on its legs, and placed a new sheet of paper underneath, determined to allow it in future to do as it wished, hoping in this way to induce it to give us other manifestations. It now bored holes through, and tore up several sheets of paper, and slid about lightly upon others, leaving no trace but the pencil marks behind it. Its way was now straight; now crooked; it would now draw a square, then an ellipsis, then a circle, &c., &c., but all without particular observance of the rules of geometry. It appeared to be aware of the imperfection of its work, for all of a sudden it scratched it over in a zigzag direction, rendering it undiscernable. We did not approve of this, therefore, placing our little treasure in security, the night being far advanced, we broke up the meeting.

SECOND SEANCE.

The table commenced tipping shortly after placing our hands upon it, and this time, as in every following instance, the tipping was preceded by a momentary giddiness in ourselves, and the warming and throbbing of the top of the table. The first production of our little enigma on this day was a profile. This was very rapidly sketched, and came quite unexpectedly. When finished the table was quickly withdrawn from the paper; we, considering the work incomplete, replaced it, but it instantly turned over on its side, that we might better understand its meaning. This being too plain to be misunderstood, we hastened to place another sheet of paper under our little table. It now made a great display of its talent for drawing. On asking who or what these drawings were intended to represent, the table turned on its side; this was repeated every time we asked the question; he afterward told us that the second portrait was that of a Miss Magdelina Senger, and the third that of her brother, Peter Senger, an artist. He refused to communicate any thing further about them, and persisted in the same silence concerning the other portraits. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know in what way these drawings were produced; we will mention some of the parts in the rotation in which they were executed.

Figure 2.—Profile, outline of skull, hair, head-dress, eyebrow, eyelid, pupil of the eye, ear with ring, neck, top of dress, chain, left arm, right arm with basket.

Figure 3.—Profile, outline of skull, hair, cap without front, eye, nostril, necktie, shirt collar, coat, beard, moustache, front of cap.

We must also mention how he contrived to avoid making lines on the picture, which would have spoiled its appearance. For instance, in the second portrait, after

drawing the head-dress, the pencil was passed down the forehead as far as the nostrils, it was then raised, and the table slid along on the other two legs, bringing the pencil down where the eyes were to be made. The same thing was done in order to go from the eyes to the ears; from the left arm to the right it followed carefully the line forming the top of the dress and the shoulders. Where the line to be gone over was a long one, it preferred raising the pencil and steering direct to the mark. He was more careful in drawing Miss Senger than her brother, whose face, about the eye, was somewhat disfigured, the forehead very projecting, and the nose received a double line, caused by the table missing the line on passing from the moustache to the cap to put a front to it. The two portraits were drawn in about eight minutes, which shows him to be no idler. Great activity was exhibited in drawing the hair; the table being busily turned about in all directions, to fill up the allotted space as quickly as possible; the pressure upon the paper was increased, which produced a kind of grating, singing sound, in which a person of a more imaginative disposition than ourselves might have heard a musical accompaniment calculated to enliven and assist the draughtsman.

The fourth drawing with which we were favored, represents a young girl, a nameless child, as the artist informed us. This child, wooden as it looks, and however little beauty and sweetness can be ascribed to it, is particularly dear and valuable to us, as it brought us to a nearer acquaintance with the secret causes of its existence.

When this drawing was finished, a bystander openly avowed his suspicions that the power of our muscles alone wrought this miracle, whereupon the table wrote, "No, a power of God." "Who answers," said our friend. The following dialogue then took place:

Answer. "A dead man." A dead man write? laughingly remarked the interrogator. "My spirit lives and writes." A material nonentity cannot possibly move a table, was remarked.

"It can, by the power of God, and through you."

How through us?

"By a power which evaporates from the soul of man, and attracts me and holds me fast."

What is this power called?

"I know not."

When did you live on earth?

"I died in 1773."

What is your name?

"Emfort."

Your birth-place?

No answer.

Your home?

A female figure was drawn.

Who does this drawing represent?

"My mother."

Why are her arms thus raised?

"She mourns on my account."

Why?

"Because I was a criminal."

What were your crimes?

"Robbery and murder."

Where were those deeds committed?

"In Spessart."

What was your end?

"I died a dreadful death."

By the hands of the hangman?

"No, by suicide, I hung myself."

Why?

"Repentance and despair."

Tell us more of your earthly existence?

"No."

Why not?

"No, no, no."

He persisted in this refusal, and almost every question, tending to add to his incomplete biography, met with an obstinate silence. We asked:

Where are you now?

"I stand between you."

Is your presence not dangerous to us?

"No, it is useful to you."

In what way is it useful?

"Do not as I have done; oh, unhappy wretch that I am!—I weep."

Why do you weep?

"Oh, God, how wretched I am! My sufferings are terrible."

In what way do you suffer?

"I feel my guilt."

Can we do any thing to help you?

"No—God alone can help me."

Where are you when not with us?

"In the dark place of torture."

Where is that place?

"In the atmosphere of the earth."

Are there other criminals there?

"Many."

Name some of them?

He draws four portraits; the first, Carl Lehman, who died on the scaffold in Vienna, for murdering a girl; the second, a Swiss perjurer; the third, Lottchen Schmelzer, who died on the scaffold at Brussels, for the murder of a child; and the fourth, Catherine Ros, an adulteress.

The interest we had taken in these communications and drawings had caused us entirely to forget the flight of time, and midnight was near at hand before we had even thought of giving up our captivating occupation.

Our arms being somewhat cramped, from the unusual position in which they had so long been placed, we paused to rest them, and were then desirous of continuing the communication with our strange visitor, but in vain we waited, the table stood cold and motionless, and had not the writing and drawings which lay before us proved the reality of what had passed, we should have thought we had been dreaming.

Emfort writes unorthographically, and a heavy, illegi-

ble hand, and frequently forms an unbroken chain of letters, in the separation of which into words, we could not always succeed; in such cases he would write it again, in separate words. At the end of a line the pencil was raised, and the table slid along to the place where the next line should commence.

THIRD SEANCE.

Emfort, who parted so abruptly yesterday, announced himself to-day by a friendly "God bless you." We were agreeably surprised at his greeting, as we had been sitting for an hour impatiently waiting for him. We inquired why he had come so late; he answered:

"I have been here a long time."

How long?

"Ever since you touched the table."

Why did you not give us some manifestation of your presence?

"I do as I like."

You are unfriendly.

"Hurrah! I am a robber.

You were so—have you forgotten what you are?

"I know—if I could I'd kill you."

You are indeed a hardened sinner.

"Fool."

Yesterday you were in despair.

"But not to-day.

Why?

"I shall not tell you."

And to-morrow?

"You'll see—to-day I am a robber.

Then tell us something out of your robber life?

He then drew a robber and his sweetheart, "who are both," so writes the former culprit of Spessart, "now among the evil spirits." The robber, he claims to have seen on the stage, which, from his fantastic dress, does not appear unlikely. Next he drew a loving pair, inhaling the fragrance of a flower. Our hero became poetically inspired, from his recollections of worldly happiness, and produced the following effusion:

Know you not where Homburg lies?
 Homburg lies on stony ground,
 Where the pretty girls are found,
 With downy cheeks, like roses.
 Homburg is a charming city,
 Has women like my darling Kitty.

Our poet, as we see, stills pays homage to the charms of the fair sex, and in spite of a century's torment and contrition, has not forgotten his earthly flame, which shows us with what tenacity the feelings of the heart will cling to the soul.

We have to thank Emfort's cheerful humor on this day for the production of several children of Flora, besides a cherry, some grapes, a sprig of oak, bearing an acorn; also the portrait of a friendly looking gentleman, awkwardly offering a pinch of snuff.

These were no less expeditiously drawn than the former ones. They were commenced at the stalk and its sprigs, then the blossoms, buds, fruit, and lastly the leaves were added. The outline of the leaf was first drawn, then the centre rib, which served the table as a road, where this was not, the pencil was raised, in order to get to the stalk without injuring the leaf, then ran about on the stalk and its sprigs, until the leafy decoration was complete. When finished, he would sometimes place the plant in a flower pot.

Emfort, although usually deaf to our hints and admonitions, was willing to be advised concerning his drawings; for instance, he drew a rose with a smooth stalk, and plain edges to the leaves. We remarked, that roses, with but few exceptions, were on thorny bushes, and that the edges of their leaves were invariably notched; he immediately notched the leaves, and added thorns to the stalks. During this work, the pressure of the table upon the paper was as slight as possible, the tips of our fingers laying, as usual, lightly on its edge. After finishing his twenty-seventh drawing, he wrote:

"I am going."

Why?

"I long to go."

Where?

"To the evil spirits."

Remain here?

"No."

Will you come again to-morrow?

"Yes."

At what time?

"Whenever you like. Then farewell—good night."

FOURTH SEANCE.

Emfort kept his word, for we had scarcely placed our fingers on the table when it moved.

After greeting him, we inquired what sort of humor he was in. He replied:

"I rejoice, for I have hopes of redemption."

Redemption! and yesterday you wished to murder?

"I was angry with you."

Why?

"You scolded, because I wished to have my own way."

You boasted of having been a robber.

"I forgot myself.

Will not the like relapses retard your redemption?

"Do not torment me."

On what ground do you hope for redemption?

"I repent and weep."

Where shall you be after your redemption?

"Far from the place of torture—up high."

With God?

"No; with progressed spirits."

Are not progressed spirits with God?

"No; the sight of God would overpower them—only pure spirits see him, and are with him."

Will you, when in a progressed state, still communicate with us?

"Can I tell."

How long a time is likely to elapse before your redemption?

"Must you know every thing?"

Are these questions annoying to you?

"I wish to draw."

This evening he executed seven drawings for us, namely, the portraits of three men and a girl, a very beautiful bouquet, (as he styled it,) another bouquet,

which he said was intended as a present to a lady, who stood near us.

We would here remark, that up to that time we had been taking no notice of the object of his gallantry, nor had a wish, that he should make such present, entered our heads.

He then drew a wreath, in which he wrote, "Fare-thee-well," and in spite of our entreaties to remain, he left us, saying that he was impelled to join his associates, the evil spirits.

OCCURRENCES DURING THE FIFTH AND FOLLOWING SEANCES,

If the reader expected to receive from Emfort an explicit description of the other world, he will feel disappointed; being destined for a time to wander within the limits of earth's atmosphere, his knowledge appears not to have exceeded the boundaries of the same.

When interrogated concerning progressed spirits, all he could tell us was, that they "live happily," and of heaven, that it is "a magnificent place;" now, according to our ideas, these are matters of course, and they were probably his earthly imbibed notions and expectations; we have the same opinion of his description of God, "on the supremest height, a sun of great light and perfect brightness," in contrast to the darkness which surrounds himself; he does not say, however, that he has beheld this glory.* From his own experience he describes the condition of his soul to be the only and true hell, denies the individuality of the devil, and places in his stead the pangs of conscience; he moreover calls himself and his associates a society of devils, whose doings are hideous. We could not persuade him to describe these horrors to us, he said they were beyond our comprehension, and if we were to comprehend them, it would turn us crazy.

Emfort's humor is as changeable as the weather, he is sometimes full of railery and wit, at others very gloomy; he cannot bear derision, doubt as to his existence, or to be disturbed in his work; his anger, or sorrow, at such times, is usually expressed by "Madmen! Blind creatures! Fools!" or by "You are mocking me, and I, poor unfortunate, weep." If these remonstrances have not the desired result, he tears up and destroys the paper,

* Compare with later communications from Spirits who claim to have seen this magnificence.

upsets the table, and leaves us. Praise or merry laughter at proper times pleases him. He takes peculiar notice of what is passing around him; not a word escapes him, and he frequently makes observations on what has been spoken.

He is particularly apt at valuing the moral worth of any person mentioned. He judges unmercifully, but justly, and with laconic shortness. At one glance he surveys the past of the object, and the answer follows the question momentarily. If we doubt the justice of his decision, he brings forward proofs. In some of these cases we were not able to ascertain the correctness, but most of them were found perfectly correct. He afforded us much amusement one evening, by converting a person who doubted his existence; instead of his usual response of "fool," &c., he offered to prove it. The skeptic accepted the offer, and submitted the table to a severe trial. He inquired where he had been, and to whom he had spoken, on a certain day, months previous; it would have been an utter impossibility for us to have informed him, never having had either time or desire to watch the gentleman. It was not so, however, with Emfort, he knew his movements exactly, and led him from place to place, and from person to person, until he came to the apartments of a newly married couple, this was his last visit on that day; the husband being absent, the wife alone had the honor of the visit. Emfort did not think it necessary to keep this secret, therefore informed him conscientiously that "he visited the lady;" somewhat startled, the skeptic declared the social ended, and retired, undoubtedly with the conviction that one may be well watched without the aid of the police.

Another disclosure of Emfort's had quite a different effect upon our minds, namely, the particulars of a murder and robbery, the perpetrator of which has to this day eluded the hands of justice. This description occupied two sheets of paper, and it is not want of room that prevents us giving it to our readers.

Emfort, although in many things so conversant with the past, is blind to the future. Cassandra's gift is want-

ing in him, for his prophecies, so far, have proved incorrect. On speaking of his false prophecies, and advising him to prophecy no more, he excuses himself by, "Can I know every thing?" or, "Why do you lead me into temptation?" or, he declares candidly, "It was done to punish your curiosity." The present is less hidden to him than the future, for our inspired pencil disclosed many secrets to us, which our neighbors, doubtless, considered safe in their own keeping. But, as our curiosity, in this respect, was not unfrequently punished by false reports, we became very particular in receiving them. Emfort does not draw on Sundays, "because," he says, "it is wrong to work on the Sabbath;" but hesitates not to write an untruth on that day. Had he not declared himself to be a descendant of Adam, we should, by this perversity, have recognized him as such, an opinion in which all will agree, particularly those who wear the mantle of piety over their shoulders, but have it not in their hearts. We have no right, however, to expect piety from Emfort, and his attempt to please God by keeping the Sabbath, and at the same time offending him by lying, shows that he is on a very low plane of knowledge; in fact, it is evident that his education was in every way faulty, at the same time we must allow that he possesses wit and intellect. He admits that he knew little in the form, and has learned nothing since. Information, therefore, particularly on religious subjects, is welcome to him, but it must not be given in a consequential manner. With kind treatment, this hundred year old spirit will submit to play the part of a school-boy, which the following compositions will show. The subject given for the first was the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

Composition.—"Every body should be honest, and leave every thing alone that does not belong to him, then he would remain innocent. If I had done so I should not be where I am."

Subject given for the second.—"He who runs his neck in danger, will get it broken."

Composition.—"Louis, the son of honest parents, was

early warned not to run into danger; one day he was sent to school, but went to the river to bathe. He ventured into the middle of the water, and the stream carried him away; he called in vain for help; no one heard him; so, as he could not swim, he was drowned."

Emfort is thankful to us for the time we devote to him, and in return is not unmindful of our wishes; in proof of which he one day surprised us with a drawing for our album, which we had some time before requested of him in vain, and had since thought no more of it. He has an excellent memory; like Themistocles with the names of the Athenian citizens, he retains every question asked of him, and every answer given by him. He never repeats an answer once given, and once repeated by him is repeated for ever. When we intentionally or unintentionally have asked a question which he had once answered or refused, he would write, "I told you so," or "I shall not tell you."

Among all the drawings of his which we possess, no two are at all alike.

He has become quite expert in the first four rules of arithmetic; and one day contended with another spirit, who had been a schoolmaster—the medium through whom this spirit operated was a young girl, she used a small table like our own. We gave each of them a division sum, with a dividend of eight figures, and a divisor of fourteen. Emfort finished his in four minutes, without the subtraction being visible, and gained the victory over his competitor; but his triumph was of short duration, for on requiring the sum to be proved, he knew not how to do it; but it was quickly accomplished by the monarch of the school. This was the more encouraging to Emfort, as he was not on friendly terms with the schoolmaster, for this reason: When Banzer, the victor in arithmetic, met Emfort with us for the first time, he expressed his surprise that we should permit "that low Emfort in our society." When told of this insult, Emfort answered disdainfully: "That is the schoolmaster who stole the sausage from the pastor." Banzer, who, according to his own confession, was a

murderer, was accordingly enraged at this accusation, and called Emfort "a vulgar liar." E. repeated the accusation. B. denied it. E. maintained his assertion.

Banzer at length confessed the theft, but complained bitterly of being accused of it by a common robber. This was met by Emfort with the significant warning: "Schoolmaster leave me in peace; I know more;" and then entirely brought down the pride of his adversary by drawing his portrait, devouring the sausage.

Although he has an excellent memory, Emfort, as we have shown, is far from having mastered arithmetic; his mathematical knowledge does not exceed the first four rules, and easy fractions. When we expressed surprise that, being so promising a scholar in the first rules, he should have remained a bungler in the art of arithmetic; he replied, that he had only been taught the rudiments, and that his "skill" in these had only been acquired with the progression of his spirit after death.

We have, altogether, sixty drawings of Emfort's; the three last are of particular worth to us, being his portrait; the house of his parents; and his last bouquet; which not only finished his picture gallery, but also betokened his departure. Shortly afterward we wished to put ourselves *en rapport* with him again; but he came not, and every attempt to attract him has since proved unsuccessful.

His belief is, that "none but the virtuous can approach God."

We have not yet been able to ascertain whether a robber of his name ever existed in Spessart.

P. S.—Emfort has reappeared, and communicates through a girl fourteen years of age. He asserts that he is now in a lighter place, but from his communications one can perceive no improvement in him.

WILLIAM HERNE.

Shortly after Emfort had left us, William Herne announced himself through Mrs. N., a lady of about forty years of age. Herne moved the table about on the paper without any plan, for several weeks, before he made up his mind to write; and shortly after he did begin, he discarded the table as a clumsy instrument; since that time he uses a lead pencil, held between the thumb and fingers of the medium.

Herne writes very quickly, contrary to the custom of Mrs. N.; his handwriting somewhat resembles hers; the contents of the writing, however, are entirely his work, Mrs. N. taking no part whatever in them.

When arrived at the end of a line the hand is thrown over, as though a spring were attached to it, to the place where the following line should commence, and when Mrs. N. interrupts the writing, by suddenly holding down her arm firmly on the paper, the pencil still continues to write for a time. When Herne commences to write, the medium's arm is suddenly thrown up, then the pencil glides over the paper, (fixing his thoughts upon it,) as though carried by an unseen cloud. Before the medium's hand moves, she feels a momentary dizziness, accompanied by a sensation as of a stream of liquid fire proceeding from the heart into the head, thence down the right arm and into the hand.

Herne does not draw, but writes better than Emfort, manifesting more education, and a greater knowledge of the other world. At first he wrote nothing but the word "Matricide," thus giving us to understand the torture he suffered by this crime weighing heavily on his soul.

He did not, like Emfort, kill with dagger and pistol, but made use of equally sure, though slower weapons, sorrow and grief. At first he stated that he had poisoned his mother by administering to her, gradually, increased

doses of salts of tartar; but afterward retracted the poisoning story, and declared that he had brought her to her grave by his bad conduct. Strange to say, he took the character of a poisoner to try whether we would commune with him as such, and on finding us willing to do so, he threw off the mask, and unveiled the libertine. An unimprovable debauchee, he was content to see his dissoluteness undermining the health of his mother, for he wished to be rid of this troublesome adviser, and become possessed of her property, in order that he might pursue his lusts without interruption. Herne was no common murderer; he did not break the laws of man, but those of God, by which we shall all be tried. He partly accuses his mother for having neglected his education, accustoming him only to care for outward appearances, he says: "She lived in a much greater style than her circumstances warranted, and in her blind affection for myself, was satisfied if I looked handsome.

Herne was the son of a physician, born in 1814, in an important city in the north of Germany; he also devoted himself to the healing art, and passed creditably through all the trials to which the sons of Esculapius are doomed, before they are considered worthy to administer the bitter draughts of materia medica to suffering mortality. In his 28th year he married the daughter of a goldsmith, in one of the Rhenish provinces, and settled down domestically in the birth-place of his wife. For some reason, to us unknown, he changed his business for that of a confectioner, and at the end of a year he changed again, and became a grocer and liquor dealer, which was a dangerous undertaking for him, as he had for some time shown an inclination to drink, but had hitherto been contented with wine and beer. Bacchus and Gambrianus, however, retired in favor of the fire-water, and Herne became the victim of brandy, with all its direful consequences.

His ill-used wife pleaded for, and obtained, a divorce, and he returned home to his widowed mother, a lost prodigal.

His end was worthy of his life—he died of dropsy and

delirium tremens. He left one daughter, Marie, who has now grown up a beautiful girl, and is the picture of her father; but Herne does not love his child, because he hates her mother. He confesses that his dislike toward his innocent daughter is wrong, and his hatred toward his wife most unjust; but his spirit being still enthralled by all that is earthly, he has not yet succeeded in shaking off these sinful feelings; he says: "hatred and dislike survive the grave, but on entering the light spheres they disappear. Love, on the contrary, which is not to be found in the dark spheres, increases in the higher ones, and attains perfection in heaven, where it pervades all." "I am," continued he, "no evil spirit, but am passionate, and although I feel grateful to you for communicating with me, yet I could choke you if you refused to do so. But do not fear, I am impotent and inoffensive, and my spirit still suffers occasionally from the sickness which darkened its departure from the body."

We asked whether madness usually survived death; he replied:

"It left me immediately after my death, but attacked me frequently afterward, weaker and more transiently; the attacks are now seldom, and my mind almost always clear and conscious."

Concerning his awaking after death, he says:

"With the last throb of my heart, my spirit escaped out of my head, and with its escape, my reason, which lay buried during the latter part of my earthly existence, returned. My soul escaped like a breath out of your mouth, formless, but soon took upon itself the outlines of my form. My face is now clear, white, shadow-like, and free from any sensual expression. Around my head is a dark halo, and my covering appears as if formed of a gray cloud. At the first moment of my awakening, I found myself in an indescribably beautiful country, such as cannot be seen on earth, and perceived a sun of mild brightness, and in its centre a resplendent figure. I felt light and happy, and had no recollection of the past; not long, however, did I remain in this

heavenly place, for suddenly a voice within me seemed to say, William Herne, go whither thou belongest; and lo, I found myself in a terrible place—cold and dark—the remembrance of my sinful life returned to me, and with it shame, remorse, and despair. Every curse, every bad word, that I had ever uttered, and every evil or impure thought, now fell heavily upon my conscience; for no thought or action is lost. Of all the self-reproaches which racked my soul, nothing was more terrible than having trodden under foot the duty toward my mother, and desired and accelerated her death. Nor was I much less tormented by the recollection of my lasciviousness and debauchery; both are great crimes, for by them man, whom God made in his own image, becomes disregarded and brutalized, and his countenance stamped with vice. Since I am permitted sometimes to escape from my comfortless abode, to commune with mortals, and to receive from them consolation and exhortations to good, it has become twilight and warm around me. I see hills and pasturage—they are not material, but mere phantoms—it is the same scene which in my happy state I saw by the radiant light of heaven, but it now appears to me veiled in darkness. * * *

The power which enables me to communicate with you is the magnetism of thy soul. When the magnetism of your spirit enters into *rappont* with that of mine, I am irresistably attracted through space to you, with the quickness of thought, yet without causing any unpleasant sensation to me. You are the magnetizer, and I am the magnetized. Your spirit appears to me as a light figure in utter darkness, and your thoughts lie open to me. My place is at your head, and thence I control your arm. A cloud of magnetism surrounds you; it is thickest at your hand; and were we to change characters, for which your firm will, and a longer acquaintance with me are necessary, you would be able to see all that is apparent to me. But on returning to your normal state, you would remember nothing of what you had seen. Magnetism is of an earthly and transitory nature, it is the covering of the soul, as the body is the covering of

both magnetism and soul. It escapes from the body with the soul, and accompanies it up the ladder of progression, decreasing in strength until the spirit attains perfection, or heaven; then the magnetism separates itself from it entirely and for ever. Perfect spirits, therefore, do not commune with mankind, having no magnetism; they live beyond time, and probably know as little of the past as of the future. Eternity is ever present to them; their happiness, it appears to me, consists in the contemplation of the enchanting sun, and in occupying the paradise which I saw after my death."

We inquired: "is this the same sun of which Emfort spoke; and were we wrong in considering it a chimera of his brain?"

Herne not only replied affirmatively, but stated that Emfort must have seen this sun; for, said he, "the spirit of every criminal sees the splendor of heaven immediately after leaving the form, then suddenly finds itself surrounded by the horrors of the deep; and every virtuous spirit awakes in darkness, and rises toward the light, in order that the former should long for, and endeavor to attain, the light, and that the latter should appreciate their happiness, and avoid retrogression."

We inquired whether, in his wanderings, he, like Emfort, was limited to earth's atmosphere.

Herne replied: "I am upon a higher plane than he, and my associates are better than his."

He at the same time advised us to have no intercourse with Emfort, whom he calls "an incorrigible spirit," not that Emfort intended to harm, but as though we might become inoculated with his bad sentiments, which might have an injurious effect on our way of thinking. Still, he gave him, on the whole, no unfavorable prognostikov, and believes that he will, in time, progress; because, unlike most of his companions, he is not inaccessible to repentance, humiliation, and the knowledge of the Most High.

Emfort's society, according to Herne's account, includes the names of many who have played no inconsiderable part in the world's history; for instance, he says:

"Old King Solomon, instead of endeavoring to reach heaven, is still pining for the lost enjoyments of earth." Alexander of Macedonia, who murdered his friend, and stained his crown with the blood of nations; but whose power has ceased, and whose head, instead of wearing the crown of victory, is decorated with the dark, gray, cloudy halo of the criminal." "Augustus, who obtained his power by treachery and murder, and compelled others to worship him as a god." "Nero, who sees naught but blood, and hears but the death-rattle of his victims." "Carolus Magnus, the fratricide, and strangler of the Saxons." "Philip of Spain, who writhes in the flames of the wood-piles, which he, in benighted ignorance, fired to the honor of God;" and many others, to whom great power was given, in order that they might increase the happiness of their fellow-man, but who used it for their own selfish aggrandizement, thereby rendering their fellow-mortals unhappy.

In contrast to these once great and powerful rulers, now spirits of darkness, Herne mentions the following names of those intellectually great and powerful: Moses, Socrates, Plato, Rousseau, and Schiller. Moses, the inspired law-giver; Socrates, the proclaimer of the one and only God; and Schiller, who, while on earth were so near to heaven, must now be there in reality, for I do not see them; the other two are still in the spheres; Plato is near to heaven, and Rousseau I see a long way beneath him, but in the light spheres."

He further mentions the following historical names, whose owners are now in the spirit spheres: "Brutus, Alba, Voltaire, Kant and Linne. Kant is in the twilight spheres; Brutus far beneath him; Voltaire still lower; and Alba, the barbarian, in the lowest—the hell sphere. Linne, on the contrary, who enriched the world by the productions of his intellect, is with Plato in the sunshine."

"The outward distinction between higher and lower spirits consists," says Herne, "in the various shades of light or darkness of their covering, and that of the halo encircling their heads. In the lower spheres the figure

and halo are dim and gray; in the higher ones, brilliant as shining clouds. The good or bad conscience of a departed spirit alone decides its happy or unhappy lot. His conscience, awakening to its full extent and power, presents to him a reflection of his every word, thought, and deed, against his Creator; the sinner is seized with a crushing fear of God's wrath, and of having lost, perhaps for ever, the paradise in which he awoke—this is his hell. But that no spirit may lose sight of the God of love, in the God of wrath, even to him who is enshrouded in the most utter darkness, a star is visible—the mercy of God—the comforting certainty, that by repentance and submission to the will of the Almighty, he may at last reach heaven. The will of God is, that the spirits of men, endowed with immortality, and the power to overcome evil, should pass through every trial, and return to him pure and spotless, as it emanated from him.

“The less we think and act in accordance with our destiny, and the deeper we allow evil to take root within us, the more difficult do we find the attainment to so perfect a condition. Notwithstanding this, all those who perseveringly strive to gain heaven, will succeed in reaching it; but those who lack the will and perseverance, will never leave the spheres. Of the latter, there are many, and among them those who have been here for thousands of years, without taking one step toward progression, and to whom nothing is wanting but flesh and bone, and they would become men once more; murderers, who would murder again; thieves, who would steal again; misers and usurers, still grovelling in their dirty hoards; blasphemers, liars, and enviers, every vice has its representative in this class of incorrigibles.”

Herne will have nothing to do with the unveiling of mysteries, prophecy, or moral criticisms. He says his intercourse with mankind has a higher purpose than merely to entertain them, or to amuse some, at the cost of others; and that the future is to him, as to all created beings, a secret; but he is sometimes able to predict events, by drawing a conclusion from present appear-

ances. We have, however, no proofs of his correct divination.

Herne's belief is, that "conscience is the surest guide to virtue, and by virtue alone can heaven be obtained." Herne, so far, has allowed few days to pass without communicating with us; he always stays as long as Mrs. N. desires, and is an indefatigable writer. The number of pages contained in his manuscript is, therefore, considerable; and what we have here given is but a collection of the most interesting parts.

Herne really lived, and his daughter still lives.

ADOLPH BANZER.

This spirit, who is already known to us, by his battle and mathematical contention with Emfort, answers the call of a delicate young girl, fourteen years of age. Amalia R. lays her hand and forearm upon the table, so that the hand hangs down on the other side; the table is a *fac simile* of that used by Emfort; it soon commences creaking, and turning about, or running quickly up and down upon the paper, to show that he is ready to answer his young friend, or those around, through her. Amalia has no peculiar sensations before or during the moving of the table; and from the indifference of her manner, no one would suppose that any thing of importance was going on under her weak arm. When we inquire the name, the table, or rather the mover of it, writes: Adolph Banzer, schoolmaster.

It is peculiar, that Banzer, unlike Emfort, who would use any table, will write only with that with which he made his debut, and on which his name was then written. Banzer was born in the south of Germany, in 1820, and died in 1848. His parents destined him to the profession of teacher, and he prepared himself with industry, and a love for his future calling, and soon met with an engagement as teacher in a public school for boys. But this avocation, which might have become a blessing, proved a curse to him.

An unconquerable dislike to one of his pupils, Karl Neiler, a baker's son, took possession of him, and by degrees ripened into hate, and engendered in him the idea of murdering the boy, which deed he accomplished, by administering to him arsenic, dissolved in water.

We could not persuade him to relate the details of the murder, or the cause of his hatred. This rather improbable story excited in us a suspicion that Banzer,

like Herne, was testing our Samaritanism; however, even Emfort, his indirect enemy, when questioned on the matter, declared the murder to have taken place, the reason he did not know, but he did know that an evil spirit had often accompanied the schoolmaster.

We can not but doubt the possibility of so deadly a hatred as that of Banzer's toward an innocent school-boy, and suppose, rather, that the evil spirit which accompanied him, was similar to the one which goaded Brinvilliers and Taffa on to crime; and his early death alone, perhaps, prevented him from trying the effects of arsenic on others.

This crime of Banzer's remained undiscovered, and its perpetrator died respected by mankind.

After his death, he also found himself in paradise, where the sun, described by Herne, shown also on him; but soon he sunk into the lower regions, where terror and despair awaited him.

Banzer is not resigned to his deserved fate, and does not, like Herne, strive earnestly to progress; neither is he occasionally cheerful, like Emfort; but is a melancholy, distracted spirit, who, like Solomon, can not forget the flesh-pots of the earth, and covers his want of resolution to tear himself from them by quotations from the Bible, and hymns. But how little susceptible he is to the spirituality of the same, may be seen in the pride he displayed toward Emfort, and also by the frequent evidences he has given us of painfully missing the things of the flesh.

He once wrote: "We sinners still enjoy much with you of earth, and can take part in your sensual pleasures."

After this we cannot wonder that Banzer, like Emfort, is confined to earth's atmosphere; and this is probably the reason why he can give us so little elucidation of the other world. He describes his situation as one of torment and terror, and his society as devilish. The attractive and repulsive power he calls magnetism, but cannot enlighten us concerning it.

Banzer, who knows to his cost, the vice of indiscre-

tion, meets every committal of it, whether by mortals or spirits, with a profound silence, or for his and our edification will quote religious verses, his stock of which, even taking his profession into consideration, is very considerable, and would appear to proceed from one who had ever zealously pursued progress, rather than from a blood-stained spirit, who is still doing homage to sensuality. His quotations from the Bible and hymn books are almost always correct; the latter, with but few exceptions, are taken from the hymn book which, since 1822, has been used in the Pfalz, among the Protestant Evangelists, and the numbers given agreeing with those in this book. He usually gives us but the first verse, or a part of the same, with the remark: "I will say no more;" or, "I know no more." One which is not to be found in the before-mentioned book is: "Oh, Eternity! Oh, mighty word! Oh, sword! that pierceth the soul! Oh, beginning without end, my terrified heart trembles if I think of thee." He found this in an old hymn book, in the part devoted to the fall and raising of mankind. This quotation was not quite correct, where his memory failed, he improvised, thus making a hobbling rhyme of it. He not only gives the number of the hymns from which he quotes, but, if we mention other numbers to him, he will recite parts of them.

Amalia, belonging to the Protestant Evangelical sect, is, it is true, more or less acquainted with the contents of this hymn book, but it is no less true, that most of the hymns quoted were entirely new to her; the Bible quotations were all unknown to her.

Banzer's favorite manner of expressing himself, being in clerical lyric, his communications are monotonous, and would soon become tedious, were it not that he now and then does a sum, for a change, or exercises himself in some other intellectual manner. His knowledge of arithmetic does not extend further than the first four rules, and the simple rule of three; his sums are sometimes right, and sometimes entirely wrong. But we must not lay these mistakes to the incapacity of the arithmetician, for it sometimes happens that what he

can one day do with ease, it is not possible for him to accomplish the next. It appears as though he were absent-minded, or troubled with a bad memory. We have to be careful at such times not to blame or correct him, or we rouse his indignation, and if once offended, it is difficult to pacify him. He shows his anger by upsetting the table, or by tearing and blackening the paper; or, not unfrequently, by writing, "I don't wish to do any more." Apologies and entreaties are then alike useless; and we consider ourselves favored if we receive some signs of his existence on the following day.

The other intellectual exercises which we mentioned, consist, principally, of compositions on proverbs. These are, however, so very school-like, that we should consider them to proceed from the brain of Amalia, did we not know their author to be an ex-schoolmaster. Besides, that Amalia is not the authoress of them, is evident from the fact, that no sooner is the theme given, than the composition is commenced, and continued without interruption until the end.

We will give to the reader two of these compositions. The subject of the first was: "An honest hand goes through the land."

Composition.—"Robert was born of very honest parents, who accustomed him, in early life, to truth and honesty. One day he went into the forest to pick up dry sticks, and saw a purse full of gold lying on the ground; he picked it up, and carried it home with him. His parents said, take the purse directly to the city hall; and he took it there; and in the city hall sat the man who had lost the purse. The rich man rewarded Robert with eight florins, and inquired about his parents. He went on a journey, but in a short time he returned, and adopted Robert as his son. Robert became a merchant, and did very well."

The second subject given was: "No web can be so finely spun, that 'tis not discovered by the sun."

Composition.—"Louis, the son of rich parents, had an early habit of stealing; he once saw a beautiful watch, belonging to one of his comrades, lying on the

bureau, and stole it. One day Louis went for a walk with his friend, and took out the watch to see what time it was. Quickly he was going to put it in his pocket again, but in his confusion he let it fall, and his companion then saw who had stolen the watch. Louis was sent to prison for several years."

Banzer's handwriting bears a slight resemblance to that of Amalia; but there is still a great difference between the two. Between each word, and from one line to another, he raises the pencil, to keep the writing clear, and will sometimes draw lines to write upon. The pencil will be drawn through words or numbers which are not required, and sometimes they are rendered entirely illegible. When the work is finished, the table remains immovable, or turns over on its side.

GUSTAVUS LANZELOT, ANTON BERNER, ELISE LAND-
NER, JULIE BRONNER, AND AN ENIGMA.

We place the names of these spirits all together, because they all communicate through one medium. A girl seventeen years of age performs this five-fold miracle. To judge by the manifestations made through her, we should say she possesses great magnetic power, for instance, if she places the palm of her hand on the back of a chair, in a few minutes the chair will be rocked violently backward and forward, and at last, without her knowingly having moved a muscle, the chair is forcibly thrown forward on its side. Large tables are shaken, lifted up, and pushed along with great force and noise, if she but touches them. Metal cooking utensils, upon which she has accidentally laid her hand, have been pushed along, and thrown up an inch from the stove, their contents being spilled out.

Small tables have been forcibly snatched from her hands, and sometimes dragged along, when, if she would not let go of them, the legs have been broken.

While embroidering her hand is frequently moved, as though writing, and in this way some spirit, wishing to communicate, will announce himself.

If Sophie dips the tips of her fingers into a glass of water, without touching the glass, it will immediately begin to tremble; this motion increases, until the glass staggers from side to side, and spills the contents.

Sophie's usual manner of putting herself *en rapport* is, to place her hand on the table, holding a pencil between her fingers and thumb; she cannot tell beforehand what spirit will communicate, for it does not depend upon her will, but upon that of the spirit; it is, however, the reverse on parting, the spirit has then to succumb to the will of our friend Sophie. The laying

down of the pencil, and withdrawal of the arm by the medium, is the signal for the departure of the spirit.

As soon as the first letter of a word is written, Sophie knows what the whole word is to be, but she does not know what the following one will be. Her hand, while writing, is moved with such force, and so quickly, that it were impossible for her to make a legible letter; if she attempted to do so of her own accord.

The handwriting changes with the writer, and is sometimes more or less like that of Sophie, and sometimes totally dissimilar to hers. The writing almost always contains either what she does not know, or what was far from her thoughts at that moment.

Sophie's health suffers only after communicating for several hours consecutively; her face will then become diffused with a deep red, and dizziness and headache remind her that there is a proper time for every thing.

A few times she was troubled with these feelings at the commencement of the seance, and obliged to dismiss her spirit visitors at once.

The first spirit from whom we heard through Sophie, was Lancelot, we will therefore speak first of him.

GUSTAVUS LANZELOT.

Sophie's acquaintance with Lancelot is short, but sufficiently long to be very promising; it commenced in May, 1855, after Sophie's ineffectual efforts for several months to move a little table.

Like Herne, Lancelot commenced by the most tedious, patience-exhausting scrawls on the paper, and finally the little table had to give place to a pencil, held between the fingers and thumb. The first words written were his name; he then threw a hasty glance over his earthly life.

Gustavus Lancelot, son of an armorer, was born in 1786, in a town on the Rhine. In his twenty-third year he entered the French service as a volunteer, and by his courage and talents advanced to no inconsiderable military rank. In the battle of Wagram he was wounded, and became incompetent for service, he was therefore pensioned off, and returned to his native place, where he afterward married.

His domestic life was far from being blissful, and the unhappy, though deserved, fate of one of his sons, bowed him down with sorrow; he became melancholy, and shot himself.

Cruelty in war, and having denied the existence of a God, are his greatest sins.

Lancelot is higher than Emfort, but lower than Herne, still his horizon appears as extensive, if not more so than that of Herne, and his communications are not less interesting.

He describes his situation as terrible, but does not complain, and bears his punishment with resignation, for he acknowledges it to be just; he repents, but does not weep, for he possesses sufficient fortitude to undergo the "fire ordeal of transfiguration," and to regain that "bright region of light," with which he was so enrap-

tured on awaking after death, and with it the enchanting aspect of the "star, in the centre of which the Godhead reigns."

Although Lancelot yearns for, and endeavors to obtain the sight of this star, still he does not wish to behold it now, for instead of inspiring his soul with delight, as before, when unconscious of guilt, it would overpower the conscience-stricken sinner with terror. "The pure soul alone can find in heaven a heaven," said he, "and the pangs of conscience follow the sinner every where, causing him to fear the eye of the Eternal."

Lancelot divides the space between heaven and earth into two parts, one light, and the other dark. In each space there are innumerable circles, of various degrees of light or darkness, according to the state of progression of their inhabitants. The dark space is the place of punishment, the anger of God rests upon it, and the lash of conscience above it. The spirit finds its extent of punishment, in the number and magnitude of its sins. If the spirit lays aside every thing that is wicked and debased, its punishment will last but for a time, but for ever, if it persists in its abasement.

The light space, or the fore-court heaven, is inhabited by spirits who have subdued evil, or who allowed it to gain no ascendancy over them while on earth. They live in the perception of their high destiny, and strive to attain perfection. In this space no oath, no complaint is heard, the spirit of God pervades it, and his praise resounds throughout. The sad and tormenting recollections recede, and become more and more obliterated, the nearer the spirit approaches its destination, and all that was elevating or blissful in the past, blooms here anew, until at length every recollection of earth disappears, and the spirit is encompassed by the eternal heaven.

Of all the persons visible to Lancelot in the spheres, none attract his attention more than Napoleon. He frequently speaks of him, and in his remarks it is easy to recognize the soldier of the empire. In spite of his enthusiasm for "the incomparable field-marshal and wisest

of law-givers," he does not overlook his failings, and considers selfishness to be his evil demon. Among other things he says of him: "the laurels of the conqueror have withered before the breath of the Most High; but the olive branch of his blessed treaties of peace is still green, and he still retains his proud, inflexible spirit."

After the hero of Austerlitz he appears mostly interested in Cæsar, Hannibal, and Washington. "Cæsar, who conquered the world, has not yet succeeded in conquering himself," said he, "he is still governed by his uncontrollable ambition, and would subjugate heaven itself, if he had the power to do so. His covering is dark, and his halo gray; he is a poor, pitiful spirit, in despair, on account of his impotency, wishing for annihilation, and tormented and terrified by scenes of blood." What a contrast to Hannibal and Washington: "Their covering is light and transparent; they were truly great men, neither reputation, honor, nor power, were their aim, but the deliverance and welfare of their country; they fought in a cause which was just in the eyes of God, and were guilty of no really bad deeds."

Brighter still is the spirit of Franklin, "whose heart was full of philanthropy, and the greatness of whose mind is seldom equaled among men."

Besides these he sees many other radiant forms, but does not like to gaze upon them, for they remind him too much of his own unworthiness. He seems more inclined to look below him, and we find names there which are honored and respected by mankind; but which, before the judgment seat of the Most High, have sunk into darkness; and again we asked in vain for others, who, according to the world's judgment, should be found there. "Your eyes are dim, and you judge from appearances," said Lancelot, "but the judgment of Heaven is not as yours."

"The intercourse between the spirit spheres and the earth," says this inhabitant of the world of shadows, "takes place by means of the nerve-spirit, an ethereal substance, which forms the inner covering of the soul. This nerve-spirit separates itself from the body with

the soul, and envelops the latter, like a cloud, in the form of the body it has just left. The head of this form is encircled by a halo, formed of the outpourings of the soul; and the features and expression of the person are retained. The more guilty the soul, the darker are the covering and halo; as the spirit progresses, they become thinner and lighter, and disappear entirely before the sight of heaven, where the soul, in its perfection, receives a perfect and imperishable form. The nerve-spirit is the medium of the spirit-life in man, it conveys to the soul the perceptions of the senses, and thus unites it with the outward world—in the spirit world it has the same office to fulfill, being the medium—through which disembodied spirits communicate with mortals. This communication can take place either indirectly, by breathing in the words, or directly, by physical manifestations.

“At such times the nerve-spirit of both souls becomes intermingled, and the greater their affinity, the more closely they become united, and consequently, the greater will be the amount of physical force at the disposal of the disembodied spirit.

“The spirits of the lower dark circles, under favorable circumstances, are capable of manifesting the greatest physical force, for they have the most nerve-spirit; intercourse with them can become injurious to the health of mortals, as it usually affects the nerves.

“A spirit can improve by communicating with mortals, provided they are better than himself; if the contrary, he runs a risk of growing worse. Those spirits which communicate with mortals are, for the most part, from the middle and lower spheres; no spirit which is near to heaven will descend to you, and to one in heaven it would be an impossibility, as they have no nerve-spirit.

“The feeling which I have while communicating with you, is as if a golden chain were entwined about me, and I remain thus enchained as long as you desire it. It is possible for me to enter into communication with you without, but not against, your will. My place is at your

head; your thoughts all flow to me, and you cannot hide one from me. Your soul lies before me like a bright pearl in a dark encasement, not an emotion of it escapes me, it is bright, but not near bright enough to enter heaven; indeed, no spirit can attain perfect purity on earth. I operate with my nerve-spirit upon your nerves, and through them upon your muscles, and so much muscular power is at my disposition, that I am not only able to move heavy objects, but also to write in my accustomed handwriting. In order to write, it is necessary that the person with whom I am *en rapport* should know something of writing, for it would not be possible for me to guide a totally unaccustomed hand through the scientific motions of writing. My thoughts reach you either with the writing, or slightly in advance of it, so that you know at the beginning of a word what the whole word is to be."

That this is the case, we have already mentioned; and it is also true, that the handwriting of Lancelot is entirely different to that of Sophie. Lancelot writes very quickly, and frequently a totally illegible pell mell of letters, still Sophie can read it fluently, word for word.

Lancelot answers our questions without a moment's reflection; keeps us constantly on the *qui vive*; and affords us a multifarious entertainment.

He is always serious, and converses only on serious subjects. "Cheerfulness and merriment wound me," said he, "for they contrast painfully with my situation." Questions asked in such humor are, therefore, passed over in silence, and entreaties and persuasions to break the same, only irritate him. He will then call Sophie a "silly, childish thing;" and if she cannot restrain her merriment, he will throw her arm backward and forward until she lets go of the pencil, or it falls from her hand.

Lancelot seldom remains in debt to his opposers; for instance, he thus answered one who discarded the idea of his existence as a folly: "No one believed in Columbus' egg until it stood; but when it stood, none were so foolish as to say that it did not."

To another, who condemned table-tipping, "as the

jugglery of hell, and as endangering the soul," he replied: "That virtue is but doubtful which fears temptation."

A rather frivolous lady one day moved a little table, and affected 'astonishment, pretending that it was done by a spirit; he reproved her thus: "Jest not with serious matters, and do not lie."

He considers it beneath his dignity to submit to strict investigation, in order to convince skeptics; but he underwent such an investigation without his knowledge, and in fact so that every unprejudiced person must have been convinced of his existence.

His knowledge of natural philosophy, although superficial, was useful to us in this respect, being to Sophie entirely untrodden ground. When, therefore, we spoke to him of organized and unorganized bodies of specific weight, cohesion and adhesion, gravitation, and of the animal and vegetable functions, &c., &c., and he answered us correctly, and correctingly; the most obstinate and materialistic judgment was shaken. Of course, we had to keep our reasons for the like discussions a secret from Sophie, otherwise, Lancelot, being acquainted with all her thoughts, would have met our interrogatories with a significant silence. Although he does not like disclosing earthly secrets, still he did not hesitate to give us further information concerning the murder and robbery of which Emfort spoke.

On mentioning the matter to him, he said, he knew no more about it than Sophie did, (Sophie had read Emfort's protocol,) but promised to find out the facts.

In the next seance he confirmed Emfort's statements, and added the following:—

"N., the murderer of Mrs. R., had contrived to creep into the confidence of the usually suspicious old lady, and she became attached to him. He was in the habit of visiting her several times a week at her house, usually in the evening. Mrs. R. was possessed of property, and N., on the contrary, without means, but with many requirements; and the secret pur-

pose of his visits was, to turn the benevolence of his friend to as much pecuniary advantage as possible. He succeeded in coaxing her out of a considerable sum of money, promising to return it in a short time; but, as may be expected, he did not keep his word. One evening he requested a further loan, which Mrs. R. refused, saying, that her present stock of ready money would not permit of any extra expenses. N. appeared to believe her, and pressed the matter no further. When ten o'clock struck, Mrs. R.'s hour for retiring, N. rose to depart; Mrs. R. went to the stove, and, as was her custom, placed some shavings near it, so that she could make her fire quickly the next morning; she knelt on the floor for this purpose, and in this posture was attacked by N., who, with a kind of dagger, made a deep incision in her throat.

"Mrs. R. rose, and attempted to defend herself, but, after a few despairing struggles, was thrown down, when, stunned by the fall, and exhausted by the loss of blood, she became senseless, and drew her last breath under the murderous steel of her supposed friend. The murderer now set about gathering the fruits of his deed, and searched the house of his victim for money; during his search, however, he was disturbed by a noise before the house, and fled with empty hands.

"N. now lives in—(here he gave the name of the place) and to outward appearance, in contentment; but those who look into his interior, there behold—a hell. Remorse brought him near to madness, and the fear of eternity alone prevents him from putting an end to the torments of time, by suicide."

"I have these particulars from Mrs. R. herself," adds Lancelot, "who will communicate with you soon, and confirm my statements."

It terrifies one to find that all these statements of Emfort's and Lancelot's, concerning which it has been possible to obtain certainty, have proved truthful, and that if allowed to judge of those not yet ascertained, by those proved, the other statements are such as to throw

a terrible light on the still dark parts of this horrible story.

Lancelot communicated with Sophie at first every day; but lately, he comes less frequently, only once in eight or ten days.

Lancelot really existed, and his sons are still living.

ANTON BERNER.

An associate of Banzer's, and a dangerous guest, Berner, announced himself about the same time as Lanzelot, by a slight, pricking sensation in the right hand, particularly at the tips of the fingers, that lasted about a minute, then the hand was moved to write.

Anton Berner, formerly a lawyer's clerk, was born at the same place as Lanzelot, and died a few years after him, in his twenty-fourth year, of consumption. He describes his abode as "a dark place," but does not confess why he is there, and refuses every information concerning the secret world of which he has become an inhabitant. No trace of acknowledgment of guilt, repentance, or attempts to progress, are visible in him; his endeavors, on the contrary, all tend to harm.

He usually addresses Sophie as "My dearest little treasure;" assures her of his friendship and devotion, and calls himself, "her guardian spirit;" at the same time takes great pains to throw suspicion on the sincere sentiments of her near connections, and hesitates not to call upon the Almighty to witness his "honest intentions."

Although we proved his hypocrisy and calumny, and entreated him to give up his lying propensities, he still continued his evil doings, and is now always repulsed by Sophie.

He however perseveres in his purpose, and frequently endeavors to sneak into the refused intercourse, under the name of Lanzelot, who, he knows, stands in good repute with us. His handwriting being unlike that of the warrior, he is generally found out after the first word, and dismissed.

We would also mention that Lancelot always hastens to the rescue of the honor of his name; therefore we need not fear that this worthy imitator of Iago will succeed in the fulfillment of his evil designs.

Berner writes slower than Lancelot, and his handwriting is more like Sophie's.

His tombstone in the church-yard at L., shows that he once walked the earth, encased in flesh and blood.

ELISE LANDNER.

A shadow of the upper regions of space. E. L., a young friend of Sophie's, died in the spring time of her earth life, of a broken heart. She came before her body was interred to assure us of the truth of eternal life, and of the glorious reward of virtue.

"The sorrows of my soul are dispersed, like the mist before Aurora's rays," said she, "and light and free as a lark in the blue atmosphere, I sing my song of gratitude to my Creator."

Elise declares the most supreme bliss of mankind to be but a mere glimpse of what she feels; her present delight is enhanced by "the contrast with the extreme fear," which overcame her, when the portals of the other world were thrown open to her, and she found herself in a place full of weeping and wailing, of blasphemy, and despair; "a dread which was but of momentary duration, but so intense, that the sufferings of a century on earth, would be an advantageous exchange for it."

Elise went the way of the just, which Herne explained to us, through darkness to light.

Elise's recollection of earthly things has become so weakened, that she remembers only some of the most important occurrences of her life, such as her confirmation, the death scene of her parents, &c. Of dates, she knows nothing, and of the names of persons, she has retained only those of her parents, her brothers and sisters, Sophie's, and that of her unfaithful lover, all others she has entirely forgotten. "Your planet lies in my rear," said she, "a dream, and of those things only, of which while there I often dreamed, do I still sometimes dream."

Elise divides the new world, whose happy habitant she has become, into two principal parts, one light, and one dark space, the inhabitants of which, associated according to their spiritual advancement, encompass heaven in innumerable gradatory circles. The inner

circles form the light, and the outer ones the dark space. The innermost circle she calls the threshold of paradise, and the outermost an abyss full of shameless vice, and hopeless depravity. The dark space she represents as a place of repentance and probation, and the light, as one of mercy and glory."

"The spirit," she proceeds, "judges itself by its inflexible and inexorable judge, the conscience—the voice of God within it. Every impure thought, wish, or action, is an offence to God, as well as neglecting to do what one knows to be right, if the accomplishment of it lies in our power. The consciousness of having offended God, even in thought, is a painful feeling; what immeasurable torture must then the criminal suffer. The spirit can reach heaven only by its own endeavors. The perception of its exalted destiny, love to God, and faith in his goodness, true repentance; and the annihilation of every thing that can soil the originally clear crystal of the soul, will lead it to its destination." She continues: "No spirit enters Heaven without having sojourned awhile in the spheres, unless it be the spotless spirit of a child."

Elise supposes, "the beholding of God, and the pure and imperishable love of the angels for each other," to be the summit of happiness.

It is now two months since Elise left the form; she has entered into *rapport* with Sophie four times, and each time, after scarcely a quarter of an hour's stay, has requested her dismissal.

When asked, why she came so seldom, and left us so soon? she replied:—

"A frequent and long continued intercourse with mankind would expose me too much to the impure atmosphere of the earth, and interfere with the progress of my soul."

Elise's last visit was on the 29th of July, 1855, and her last words were: "I will come to you once more, and then not again."

She writes with the miniature table, and surpasses Lancelot in rapidity.

JULIE BRONNER.

A daughter of darkness, came on the 29th of May. Sophie was occupied with Lancelot, when he wrote: "A dark spirit wishes to communicate with you, take care." Curiosity, however, would not permit Sophie to listen to his warning. She laid down her pencil to dismiss Lancelot, and scarcely had she resumed it, when the name of Julie Bronner was impetuously written. Without waiting for a single question to be asked, she named —, a city in Thurmgen, as her birth-place, and said that she had died a dishonorable death, at a boarding-school in London, where her father was teacher of the German language.

We requested to hear the cause and manner of her death, whereupon she threw Sophie's arm backward and forward with frightful violence, and dragged the pencil out of her hand. A second and third attempt to ascertain the secret of her death, met with a like rebuff. We now gave up all idea of altering her determination, and proposed that she should communicate whatever she pleased.

To our astonishment, she now confessed that she had murdered her sister out of jealousy, and that tortured by the pangs of conscience, she had plunged into the whirlpool of vice, hoping, thereby, to obtain oblivion. Leading a life of depravity for several years, undermined her health, and after a long, deplorable illness, she died, a picture of abandonment.

She writes: "In vain have I struggled against this confession; I was irresistibly driven to it, and now, you will despise me, and send me away."

We assured her of our compassion, and begged she would remain; she remarked: "I need the compassion of mortals, for God is merciless."

We answered, God is just.

"Yes," continued she, "God is just, but his punishments are terrible. I saw him, and felt the happiness of purity, but now I am encompassed by his anger, and see nothing but blood."

Repent, we answered, and God will forgive you.

"My soul lies barren and dormant," said she, "I feel no repentance."

Love God, and repentance will follow.

"I can only fear him—let me go."

With these words, she turned Sophie's arm aside, and meeting with resistance, she reacted the throwing of the arm backward and forward, until Sophie consented to let her go.

Julie remained with us scarcely a quarter of an hour, and her first visit has, so far, been her last.

AN ENIGMA.

Of this spirit we have nothing to show but some marks, the meaning of which is entirely unknown to us. Lancelot informs us that this spirit lived on earth before the birth of Christ, and is in the same sphere as Julie Bronner. Lancelot neither knows his language nor his country.

The intercourse with this spirit is usually boisterous; he frequently interrupts his work by tearing up the paper, or by disfiguring what he has written; and goes to work with such rapidity, that Sophie has always to hold herself in readiness to withdraw her hand, in order to preserve what he has written.

If we ask a question of him, he will throw Sophie's arm with such force backward and forward, that it is not possible for a strong man to hold it still; and only by leaving go of the table or pencil, and jumping up from her chair, can she save herself from further ill treatment. Herne and Lancelot believe the cause of his irascibility to lie in his inability to make us understand his writing. Still, he has not acquiesced, so far, in our proposal, that he should rap in answer to our questions, if he would answer affirmatively, if the contrary, he should not rap.

This wild foreigner arrived in the beginning of June, 1855, and up to this day has visited us five times.

APPENDIX.

On account of the fabulous appearance of the phenomena of which this work treats, we do not doubt that many will be much more inclined to impute them to the imaginings of an idle mind, than to regard them as wonderful facts. If so, they will not be the first facts that in their infancy have been abandoned as a chimera, and afterward acknowledged as a reality. This new truth, in favor of which we have employed our pen, from the facility with which it may be obtained, is sure to be investigated, and from its important significance, must soon attain its merited estimation.

We are, in fact, now in possession of the names of a considerable number of persons who, by investigating this phenomenon for themselves, have become convinced of its truth.

We have not given here all the experience of others, which is known to us, partly because we would not repeat to the reader any thing which we had not witnessed ourselves, or received from undoubted authority; and partly because no remarks of general interest have been made to others, that the communications in this book do not contain. We intend, however, later, to perform what we have here omitted. But so much we will here say, that all the tables and pencils agree with what Herne and Lancelot told us concerning the good and evil, the bright and dark state of our next future after death. Almost all of them speak of one God, centred in a magnificent sun. None of them, however, inform us of such an individual as the devil. And all those who have expressed themselves on the subject, confirm the statement, that the soul is enveloped in a misty covering, sometimes called nerve-spirit, and sometimes magnetism. And the majority say, that the phenomenon of table-tipping is an effluence of God's mercy.