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THE
DARK SEANCE,
FARCE,

IN
TWO ACTS.

By LAKE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by H. L. Knight, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the State of California.

SAN FRANCISCO:

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THE DARK SEANCE.

A FARCE.

DRAMATIC PERSONS.

SQUIRE FOOZLE.....	<i>A fat credulous old gentleman.</i>
MRS. FOOZLE	<i>His wife, a little incredulous.</i>
MISS LUCY	<i>Susceptible young lady.</i>
MR. OBTUSE.....	<i>A tall, stiff old gentleman.</i>
MRS. SHARP	<i>A quick but weak-minded lady.</i>
AUGUSTUS DAPPER	<i>Susceptible and mediumistic.</i>
MRS. FELICIANA FANTASIA ARAMINTHE SMITH....	<i>The Medium.</i>

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Mr. Foozle's sitting room. Mrs. and Miss Foozle sewing. Enter Mr. Foozle, in a fussy perspiration. Takes out his handkerchief, ties it round his eyes, picks up a book and holds it as if reading.

MRS. FOOZLE. Lucy, my love! look at your dear father. What is the matter with him? Is he crazy, or going to play at blind with us? Mr. Foozle! What are you about? Take off that bandage and don't be a fool, pretending to read with your eyes tied up.

LUCY FOOZLE (Laughing.) Oh, pa! what is the matter? Are you going to catch us? (Beginning to move the chairs.) Oh, criminy, what fun! I never saw you do that before; but I'm ready. Come on. Stir round, ma, and don't let him catch us. Lah, what is it? What's the matter?

(As Foozle takes off the bandage very solemnly.)

FOOZLE. (Laying down the bandage and the book, and looking round.) No. It won't work yet. I am not sufficiently developed. That's what's the matter. And these prattling women break up the influence. But I shall have it. The spirits have pronounced me a clairvoyant-medium, and the gift will come, will come; that's all. I'm going to be a great benefactor; look into people's stomachs, hearts, liver, brain, and tell what's the matter with them. I'm going to be the greatest doctor of the age. Dr. Foozle! Magic cures! Look through all nature! The blind see, the lame run, the dead arise!

MRS. FOOZLE. Dear John, what is the matter? Don't go on so! Do talk like a Christian, that's a dear; and don't frighten us out of our senses!

LUCY. Oh yes, pa; tell us what its all about!

FOOZLE. I'm not a Christian. Don't talk to me about being a Christian any more. I have no patience with such low earthly stuff. I'm celestial. I am going to have the wisdom of other spheres now. I am no longer of the earth, earthy; but a magnetic soul, capable of insight into the hidden secrets of the spirit-world. I have been to the lecture and seance of the distinguished test-medium, Madame Feliciana Fantasia Araminthe Smith. Go away from me! Don't touch me! you are not developed! I'm full of spirit-influence, and you will let it all off! Go away! Go away! (During this time they keep following him, touching him with their hands, elbows, heads, &c., and every time he starts and jumps, as if electrified.) Go away! Go away! You'll let off the spiritual essence! I shall have to be charged over again! (At last they come to quiet, and he, out of breath, goes on to say): The fact is, I'm a new man. I've been to the lecture, and heard the delightful heaven-born trance-medium, Madame Feliciana Fantasia Araminthe Smith. I am in rapport with the angels. I love all mankind, and all womankind! We are all going to the summerland! No more hell! Oh, my darlings! no more hell! What a blessed comfort! We shall meet in spirit-land, nothing to trouble but our own consciences. Oh, wo'nt that be jolly! Mine would'nt hurt a lamb! Its all right, all right!

MRS. FOOZLE. Dear John, do tell us what you mean! Be quiet, now, and just tell us where you have been and what you have done!

FOOZLE. Well, let me collect myself! Oh yes, here I am, all right at home. This is Mrs. Fozzle, and this is Lucy, and this is our sitting-room. Well, I believe you have driven the influence away by your cuffing and elbowing, and I may as well tell you what is up.

This Mrs. F. F. A. Smith, the lecturess, is the most ethereal, spiritual, transcendental creature in God's creation. No, I think she said God didn't create her; she was an emanation from the Psychic Zone. Well, no matter about that, its somewhere down in Rochester. This delightful angelic spiritual essence is coming here to-morrow, under my own roof, at my own fireside, as it were, to transport me to the land of spirits: and to exhibit to my wondering and affectionate family, how completely the spirits have taken charge of me. She will be here to-morrow at two o'clock, with a few select friends, and ten thousand ministering angels, and now let us arrange our part to meet them.

LUCY. Pa! did you say ten thousand angels? Where shall we put them? How shall we find room for them?

FOOZLE. For the angels! Oh, you silly goose, they will take up no room, need no chairs, nothing to sit upon. You can't even see them. Only the highly magnetized, psychic, odic, and divine Feliciana can see and converse with them at present. But I am a medium, and shall shortly see them. And my dear wife and daughter, perhaps, through this transcendental medium, may yet be brought to see visions of angels. Yes! to be kept awake all night by apparitions and influences, till they have lost all common sense, and know nothing but what comes to them, as it were, in a dream. We have only to prepare for the lady and a gentleman friend who accompanies her. Only this, and to invite a few dear confidential friends to witness her partiality, and our good fortune. Now, wife, see about it in time. And whom shall we invite? They must be confidential, highly intellectual and spiritual souls, if possible. Who shall they be?

MRS. FOOZLE. I should like to have my friend, Mrs. Sharp; she is such a nice woman for a small party, and so shrewd and sensible. And she will take it so kindly too. I shall say, "relying on her judgment to detect imposition if there be any," and that will captivate her entirely. She will sharpen her wits, I assure you. Then there is your old friend Obtuse; so sedate, so logical, so dignified. Nobody could think of any tricks in his presence. Let us have these two!

FOOZLE. Wife! you have selected very good people. My friend Obtuse is a philosopher. He has read Horace Greeley on farming, Darwin's theory, and Doctor Adam Clarke's Commentaries, and is withal very conservative and whimsy. His last essay, on the Correlation of Dynamic Forces, is very deep, very deep. He proves that a log put on the fire will give out just as much heat as all the sunshine it ever absorbed. I never could understand it; but sunshine or moonshine, it was a great work. Several newspapers pronounced it utterly incomprehensible. Yes! we will have him! And Mrs. Sharp, yes, Mrs. Sharp. She is so keen; but then we want this thing tested before the best minds in the country. Let that be our party!

LUCY. Pa! is this lady a grand lady? Will she like something good to eat or drink? Is she proud and airy, or may I speak to her?

FOOZLE. She is like a child or an angel. She is a thing of spirit, a spiritual essence! She might sip a little wine, perhaps, or pick a chicken bone, or a slice of delicate cake; but she feeds mostly on heavenly manna. She will speak to you by the hour, and you may to her. Don't be afraid, my child. She is one of those pure beings that stand between mortals and angels.

Exit omnes.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Squire Fozzle's Parlor. The family in waiting. Enter Mrs. Sharp, well dressed, good manners, affected and showy.

MRS. SHARP. Good day! I hope I am not late; but I was so long before I could get rid of Mr. Sharp, I was afraid I could not come at all. I didn't want to dress till he was gone, he would have pestered me so with questions. Has the lady, what do you call her, come?

MRS. FOOZLE. Not yet. I am so glad to see you in time. I want your opinion of all that goes on. Keep your eyes open. Some of the neighbors say she is either an angel or a devil, they don't know which; but I think you can find out. What is her name, John?

FOOZLE. Mrs. Feliciana Fantasia Araminthe Smith, a lovely name! Angels watched over her birth, and in prompting her mother to bestow upon her so celestial an appellation, foreshadowed her future life. Else why wasn't her name Mary Smith, or Ann Smith, or Jenny Smith? You will be delighted with her, Mrs. Sharp! She is all spiritual! Nothing of this world about her. Take this chair! Ah, Lucy, open the door for Mr. Obtuse!

OBTUSE. (Entering) Good afternoon! Good afternoon! (very slow and pompous.) I rejoice to see that I am in good time. This distinguished lady is not before me. I shall be here to do her honor. Mr. Fozzle, your ser-

vant! Ah! Mrs. Sharp, I did not see you. How do you do? Mrs. Foozle, at your service. Miss Lucy! your humble admirer! Nay! I must have one! (kissing her.) The privileges of old age are not to be evaded in that way. That is a tax you pay for having elderly acquaintances. Mr. Foozle! she will soon run away from you. When the grab has wings, it will fly, &c., &c. I need not tell you the rest. She has not been selected yet; but Darwin's theory will lose ground with me, if she is overlooked much longer. Common sense might teach us that.

MR. FOOZLE. Common sense is falling into disrepute, sir, very much into disrepute, now-a-days. Some people are discarding it altogether. It may do among beggars, sir, among beggars, but, people of fashion, and style, and influence have risen to something higher than that. Common sense is hardly respectable any more. It was but the other day I heard that a mere newspaper-man had advertised for a writer, and made it a condition that he should have uncommon sense. This is the touch now, and we are getting further from common sense every day. I myself think of having no more to do with it. I have embarked in a new line; and intend to sail my ship without it. Common sense, indeed! everybody can have that. I want something unique, something from a higher sphere; and here it comes. My Dear Madame! Allow me! (Enter Mrs. F. F. A. Smith.) Yes, take this cushioned rocking-chair. Another pillow, Lucy? There, that looks quite comfortable!

LUCY. (Aside.) My beau of the pic-nic, I declare! I must not know him! Will he be equally guarded! (Enter, behind the medium, Augustus Dapper.) The medium settles herself in her chair, and then, without rising, superciliously introduces Mr. Dapper.)

DAPPER (*aside*.) My charming partner in the dance! Oh what happiness.

MEDIUM. Mr. Foozle, Mr. Dapper! A young friend of mine, who, I assure you, has mediumistic powers of a very high order. You will be pleased to know him. He is destined for something extraordinary. The spirits naturally love Mr. Dapper. I know of no mortal so sensitive to their influence. He is a perfect spirit-conductor. I have him under control in a moment. And he is such an innocent! Bless you! A little child might lead him with a string. Please introduce him to your friends. He is indispensable in my circles. Dapper, kneel down! There! There! (closing his eyes with her fingers, and tightening them down.) There! There! Now you can't open them! You can't! You can't! (Dapper pretends to try, but, seemingly, can't do it.) Oh, you dear; how completely I have you in my power! Why, if I were to tell him now, he would jump right up the chimney, wouldn't you, Dapper? Say you would, quick!

DAPPER. (*Seemingly under influence*.) Yes! Yes! Yes! (She makes a flourish with her hands before his eyes.)

MEDIUM. All right Dapper! (He opens his eyes and stares round.) All right! Now, Mr. Foozle, please introduce Dapper to your friends. The dear creature! I feel as though he were my child, and he is, in the spirit, so perfectly obedient!

FOOZLE. Mr. Dapper, my friend Mrs. Sharp; Mr. Obtuse, Mr. Dapper; Lucy, my love, Mr. Dapper; Mr. Dapper, Mrs. Foozle. Let us become ac-

quainted at once, and proceed with the more important business of our meeting.

OBTUSE. Young man, your nerves must be all telegraph wire! You are a phenomenon! Neither Darwin nor Doctor Adam Clarke ever dreamed of such as this. What a selection! These mediums have indeed great power and discrimination! Here is a study for all the philosophers combined, from Aristotle to Hippocrates. With such opportunities, who knows but I may go beyond Darwin, and trace the origin of man to a snail or a caterpillar! Common sense ridicules such notions! But who cares for common sense! As Fozzle says, it is low, vulgar,—and genteel people are discarding it! He is the most profound philosopher who gets the furthest away from it.

MRS. FOOZLE. (Looking at Dapper.) Laws, Sir! You do act funny! Could'nt you open your eyes? Really now! Well, I declare, we have to live and learn, live and learn! (Aside, looking at the medium.) Though, to be sure, I don't see anything very wonderful or spiritual about the medium-lady. She is a little airy, but weighs at least a hundred and eighty. I don't want her to close Fozzle's eyes, like she does this young Dapper's, I can assure her.

MRS. SHARP. Oh, Mr. Dapper, you are very cute! I declare, that's wonderful. I have my suspicions of you! Mind, I'm here to see, and I mean to keep my eyes open. It will take something more than a female medium, I can tell you, to influence me in that way.

MR. FOOZLE. Come, let us proceed, if you please! Be pleased, Madam, to tell us what is necessary and let us form the circle. I am anxious to see these wonders under my own roof! I am proud to have you round my own hearthstone! (Dapper toys with Miss Fozzle.)

MEDIUM. There is nothing but to place that table in the centre of the room, and to sit round till the Spirits descend among us. The dear angelic creatures are but too eager to communicate with their mortal friends, when they can find the proper channel. And I am never so happy as when affording them the opportunity. Though it is very trying to one's nerves, making a galvanic battery of your poor nervous system, that the angels may speak to their friends. It is very exhausting; and unfits one for any other duties in life. But then they help us, the spirits help us, in return for helping them. If it were not for that, I think I should sink under it. I live with them and by them almost entirely. I seem a stranger on earth, and earth-beings appear only as poor creatures that I have to help. (The table has been set.) Now let us all retire from the room and come in, one by one, with an interval of one minute, each sitting at the table as they please. (Exit all.) (Re-enter medium.)

MEDIUM. (Solo.) I think I have got a good thing here, Fozzle is rich and easy to mould. Nice house! Good estate! But how shall I keep up the farce, or how excuse the failure! Dapper is all my dependence! This minute is all I have to school him! I can only ask the fates to be auspicious, and run the risk! Ah! Here's Dapper! (Enter Dapper. The medium kisses him with maudlin affection. He seems indifferent.) Dapper, will you help me now in real earnest? We have a good thing here, if we succeed, and as long as we keep it up. Will you help me?

DAPPER. You a medinm, and want help! Well, I don't mind if I do!

But you must help me, too! These are my terms: You help me! I help you. I want to sit by Lucy Foozle at the table! You contrive that. Let it come from the spirits; and the devil may do the rest for me. While you do that, I am all right. If you drop, so do I. Is it a bargain?

MEDIUM. You dear Dapper! (looking amorously at him.) I will please you even in this; you may count on my influence in that quarter. You oblige me to this, you wilful truant! Let us sit down! (They sit at the table, covering their faces.) Enter Foozle, Obtuse, Mrs. Sharp, Lucy and Mrs. Foozle, and sit at the table; soon all look up, and the circle begins.

MEDIUM. You will please join hands on the table, fix your eyes on something in the centre, and remain silent. (Profound silence. Suddenly a sharp knock is heard in the centre of the table. All start. Medium expresses confidence. Foozle is in a trepidation of wonder. Mrs. Foozle is really alarmed. Lucy expresses surprise and inclination to laugh. Mrs. Sharp suddenly looks all about very quick. Obtuse ditto, very slow.) There! they are coming! Very satisfactory! Very satisfactory, indeed! Now for your questions. This is a very strong influence. This is quite a success, I assure you. Ask what you please.

FOOZLE. Ask him his name! Ask him his name! He must be a man to make such a bold knock!

MEDIUM. Mr. Foozle, don't you pretend to dictate to the spirits! In the spirit-world women are women, and have their rights, and speak out just as loudly as men! This may be a female. Their spirits are sometimes as positive as the males. Ask some question!

MRS. SHARP. Is this spirit that knocks a male or a female?

MEDIUM. Will the spirit answer the question? If so, rap three times! If not, rap once. (They all listen. There is some little creak or noise, but indistinct, and of no number. Ditto repeatedly: They listen intently for a while. Ditto repeatedly. The audience see Dapper make it.)

MEDIUM. What do you make out, Mr. Foozle? The sound comes from near you, is it one or three?

FOOZLE. I can't make out with certainty. The raps are faint and scattered. They are very wonderful, but faint and scattered.

DAPPER. You did not make them, Mr. Foozle, did you? They seemed to me to be near you. None of your tricks, now, sir? Let us have real earnest.

MRS. SHARP. Yes, Foozle, own up, if you did! I thought the creak was near you! Was it you, now, on your honor?

FOOZLE. I protest! I never was more serious in my life! I didn't do any thing! I am astonished beyond measure that it should come near me!

OBTUSE. Foozle, my dear Sir, you are the instrument of a great demonstration, or you are a great cheat. The raps, indistinct though they were, and wonderful in the highest degree, seemed to me to come from under your fingers sometimes. What would the great Hippocrates have given to see this day! What will the great Darwin say to these phenomena! Here is a selection, indeed, that would puzzle them all. The angels select my friend Foozle, commonly called Fat Foozle, as their means of intercourse with this mundane sphere. Foozle, you are immortalized! Selected as a

shining light! Your fortune is made! I congratulate you! Fozzle, I congratulate you! (Silence for more raps. Raps indistinct and scattering as before.)

MEDIUM. This influence does not suit me! It is too faint! I want something more marked and decisive. A new circle sometimes does not get a good influence. We do not sit right, maybe. I will ask the spirits. Is the circle rightly formed? Are we sitting at the table in the right order? (Sharp loud raps as before.) All jump up with a start, and examine as before.) Don't be alarmed! You see why the raps were indistinct. We are not sitting right. Will the spirits assist us to arrange the circle? (Loud rap as before.) All start again, looking more cutely than before.) The medium, by questions asked, and numbering the sitters, arranges the circle, with Dapper between Lucy and Mrs. Sharp. Mrs. Sharp flirts with Dapper, Dapper with Lucy, very energetically, and makes the raps on different parts of the table.)

The medium asks the questions, and all attend to the top of the table, while Dapper raps with his toe in answer, sometimes here and sometimes there. The answers declare Mr. Fozzle a strong clairvoyant and healing medium. Miss Lucy Fozzle, a spirit-medium for celestial purposes. Mrs. Sharp a test-medium, and Mr. Dapper, a highly magnetized.

MEDIUM. That is quite a success, I declare! Oh, I feel quite overcome! Let (Dapper makes motions to her to have them close their eyes) us try one moment with closed eyes, and then we will adjourn till evening! (They close their eyes, Dapper and Lucy embrace with the one hand, and kiss.) Soon all rise from the table—medium assumes the rocking-chair, and affects great exhaustion.)

FOZZLE. A very good beginning, a very good! I'm told, it takes time to work these things up. Every sitting is more perfect! Who knows what sublime perfection we may reach! I feel quite ethereal already. I know the spirits have something good in store for me.

OBTUSE. It is wonderful, truly wonderful! I scout the idea of delusion! I saw every motion! And I heard the little spirits all the time! With Mrs. Sharp and myself, you are safe from imposture! You made a good selection! Darwin could not have done better! And how would Doctor Clarke comment on such scenes as these! How would he comment on them, I say? Every word of comment would have been worth its weight in gold, on such a subject! Oh, that the Doctor had lived to see this day!

FOZZLE. Let us now adjourn to tea, and, after that, we will go on with our development.

MEDIUM. Yes! I think we may now proceed with the dark seance. The dark seance is the perfection of angelic opportunity. The mundane sphere shut out, as it were, the celestial planes open to our view with such vivid reality that we seem to be there. Even light, transient and unsubstantial as it is, is too gross for spirit-commingling. When all the circle have felt the influence, the dark seance is permitted to them, not till then. Do I hear you all say that you felt the influence? Otherwise, you must be excluded from the dark seance. Positively, I dare not permit those who have no spirit magnetism to sit in the dark circle. I must, therefore, ask each one of you to examine yourselves thoroughly, and if you say no, we shall be obliged to

hold the circle without you. This rule is inexorable. Mr. Foozle, what say you? But I know already.

FOOZLE. Oh, yes I am all right. I consider the suspicion that I made those raps a proof conclusive that I was under a high influence. And I feel it! I feel it! My bones ache now!

MEDIUM. Mr. Obtuse, I hope you may sit with us. What say you?

OBTUSE. I have to confess to feeling very singular. And as my friend Foozle says, my bones ache so I could scarcely rise from the chair. (He has rheumatism.) I think Darwin, I think Doctor Adam Clarke, I think Hippocrates himself, would admit that I was under some influence or other!

MEDIUM. Oh what a success! I have never met with so complete a circle. The angels will surely bless us all! Mrs. Sharp, how is it with you? Can you sit with us again?

MRS. SHARP. If Mr. Obtuse caught a spirit, or if they lit on him, or came near him, they would never slight me to leave me out, not they. If there was any influence going, I'll warrant I had my share of it.

MEDIUM. Dear Mrs. Foozle, I can speak for you. I have seldom seen anybody so much affected. You seemed to me to dilate, under the influence, into an angel of mercy. Your great benevolent heart seemed to fill the whole chamber. What says Miss Lucy? Come here, darling, (kissing her.) I'm sure you felt an influence. I saw a thousand sweet angels and cupids hovering round your head. They have something angelic laid up for you. I cannot see clearly what it is; but it is something high and grand. Perhaps above my present conception. I am but a mundane creature after all! And Mr. Dapper, why Dapper is the conductor, the half-way house from me to you, handing down the divine essence, as it were, even as a bird feeds its young ones. Such as Dapper are a blessing to all mankind. The susceptible creature! The dear obedient innocent! All his motions are directed by the angels, just as soon as he joins a circle! He is perfectly obedient to their wishes! He is not himself at all! If ever Dapper gets a wife the angels will direct him to her! But never mind, Dappy, they can influence her to love you too, whoever she may be. And they will. After tea then we will have the dark circle.

Exit omnes.

ACT II. SCENE I.

(Foozle's parlor, well lighted. Present all. The medium in the rocking-chair, with two or three pillows, looking quite cheerful, and ready for action. The table in the centre.)

FOOZLE. I'm on pins to begin again. Let us to it at once, as the fellow says in the play. What say you, Madame? Have we rested enough?

MEDIUM. A little time is necessary, after contact with such earthly tenements as chicken and cake. A little wine helps to soothe the nerves, and the Doctors have recommended it to me, I mean the spirit Doctors, to enable me to bear up against the nervous exhaustion. (They give her a bumper, which she drinks.) There, the least taste is enough! It is home

pathic in its effect on spiritual natures. Well, we might as we'll proceed: take your seats as before, just as the spirits directed. It is indispensable. (They all sit at the table in the same order. A round table vacant towards the audience. Dapper and Lucy are at the front, near the audience. The table is large, giving plenty of room. The medium faces the audience. Next to her are Foozle and Obtuse. Next to Obtuse, Mrs. Foozle and then Lucy. On the other side of Dapper is Mrs. Sharp.) Now will Mrs. Foozle put down the lamp. The less light the better. And if you close your eyes for a spell, till something comes, so much the better. Remember perfect faith is a powerful means of development. While doubt distracts the influence. Try to believe! (They sit blindly waiting. Dapper takes from his pocket a set of lady's curls, places them on his forehead, and starts round the circle. He lets the curls touch the face of each sitter a little, as he bends over them. When he comes to the medium, he kisses her audibly, so with Mrs. Foozle. Lucy he kisses repeatedly, but without noise. Then Mrs. Sharp, who suddenly starts up and runs for the light, which she turns up. Of course Dapper is in his seat.

MRS. SHARP. Drat your Spirits! I think they are a little bit too saucy. Well if ever! Who did that? Mr. Foozle! Mr. Dapper! Did either of you do that, If I was sure you did I would leave this minute. I excuse Mr. Obtuse; I don't think he could get back in time.

FOOZLE. Mrs. Sharp! Be quiet, and tell us what happened to you; you will frighten the spirits away with your tantrums. Pray be seated, and tell us what you saw.

MEDIUM. Yes, sister, impart to us all your sensations. That is what we are here to know. What new manifestation is this? What heavenly influence is to fall on you. Let us participate in your pleasure! Dear favored sister, it makes me so happy to find so many receiving proof of spirit visitation. I felt a glorious influence go out from me; and this time Mrs. Sharp is the happy recipient. Happy! happy Mrs. Sharp! But pray what was it?

MRS. SHARP. Something touched my face. If I thought it was a masculine spirit, I should feel everlastingly ashamed. I don't allow no such liberties! I think Mr. Sharp would murder any spirit in a minute if he caught him at it.

MEDIUM. It was some spirit-sister of yours, Mrs. Sharp. I saw it with my spirit eyes. It came to me and kissed me too. I felt its curls upon my brow, and even its spirit-breath.

ALL BUT LUCY. And I! And I! Just a curl over my eyebrows.

MRS. FOOZLE. And I thought I felt a soft kiss, very soft, almost spiritual

OBTUSE. And Miss Lucy, did this angel omit you? What a selection if it did! Darwin would never have done that! Did it miss you, Lucy?

LUCY. (Blushing and hesitating.) No! I was not overlooked! I did not feel the curls, but—

FOOZLE. What an angelic creature to go around the whole circle! Benevolence wide as the world! Oh what love will spring from such a communion.

MEDIUM. You say right, Mr. Foozle; love will abound, whenever spiritualism becomes universal. Spiritualism is the essence of love, and

love is the quintessence of spiritualism. But lower the light, and let us get some further manifestation.

MRS. SHARP. Hold a little! I didn't come here to be hoodwinked and bedeviled by false spirits. Eh, Mr. Obtuse, we are here to prove things, and we are going to do it. I have a little plan as a test before the light is extinguished again. Let me have my own way this time.

MEDIUM. Oh, of course, make any test you please; the more you try the more you will be convinced. Have your own way.

(Here Mrs. Sharp passes a string round the circle, and through some button-hole of each person, tying the string, and having the knot near her self. The light is lowered; Dapper cuts his button-hole, leaves his chair, and does the same again, omitting Mrs. Sharp, sits down replaces the string, and pins the button-hole, and with his hands and the curls touches Mrs. Sharp's face, to imitate a face kissing her.)

MRS. SHARP. (Jumping up and pulling at the string.) You naughty wretch! This is some trick! I have you now! (examines the string and finds it in every button-hole, turns pale, and falls back in her chair, hands on her face, looking up.) I'll not be outdone! I'll not be abused in that way without satisfaction! If its angels I want to know it; and if its not angels I'll find it out, that I will! Mr. Obtuse, I want you to lend the use of your deep penetration to fathom this mystery.

OBTUSE. And you shall have it, my dear Mrs. Sharp! you shall have it! Your selection is happy and discreet. Darwin himself could not have done better! you do me too much honor, but I will try to deserve it. I will, indeed. But first tell us what occurred. Tell us exactly what took place, Mrs. Sharp, that we may act with full knowledge!

MRS. SHARP. A face touched mine, lightly, and feeling its way, until it reached my mouth, where it dwelt an instant. I knew what was coming as before, and jumped and screamed. I don't suppose Sharp would mind if an angel, a real angel, were to kiss me, nor I either, for that matter; but I want to know for certain what it was, that's what I do, and I will.

MEDIUM. I have never known so perfect a manifestation, and under circumstances that preclude the possibility of delusion. The string is perfect, and yet in every button-hole. There is no one in the room but those at the table. And no one at the table that could reach you without breaking the string but Mr. Fozzle, and he is not so gay as that. Mr. Fozzle! if you did that, tell Mrs. Sharp at once. Don't leave her under any false impression!

FOZZLE. I protest! Why look at this string! How could I? Besides I felt it myself, the same curls as before. The same face breathing in mine, almost kissing me!

MRS. FOZZLE. (Aside.) I should really think it was one of Fozzle's tricks, but the string; and then it kissed me too, almost.

ALL BUT LUCY. And me! And me! And me!

OBTUSE. Wonderful! Wonderful phenomenon! Mrs. Sharp! you must give up, you must indeed. Kisses all around! No selection! It must have been an angel! Only an angel could be so desultory, embracing all the circle, especially the ladies, in its boundless love. I am conquered! I am

laid supine by such matchless demonstration! Oh for the pen of Doctor Adam Clarke, to comment on this scene.

MRS. SHARP. Well, you can all give up if you will, but I don't yet, I don't yet! If angels kiss me I should be delighted to know it, and the company will excuse one more experiment. If there is any trick here, you have relied on me to find it out, and I would be a pretty simpleton to leave my work half done. (Aside) I have some misgiving of Mr. Dapper. (Aloud.) Let me arrange things, and the circle go on once more!

MEDIUM. Do as you please. Arrange the circle as you will. The influence is really delightful, and far too strong to be broken away. I have never been so completely endorsed by the spirit hosts. You may do anything I feel that the spirits will bear me up. Come friends, let us sit again!

(They sit. Mrs. Sharp, aided by Obtuse, in his clumsy way, takes a hammer and tacks, and nails the heels of Dapper's trowsers to the floor. Obtuse takes his seat, and Mrs. Sharp arranges the string. Mrs. Foozle turns down the lamp. They sit in silence. Dapper opens his button-hole, as before, unfastens and lets down his overalls, and leaves them on the floor nailed. Goes round the circle again with the curls on, touches Obtuse on the face, kisses the medium, touches Foozle, kisses Mrs. Foozle softly, and Lucy con amore; resumes his seat, pulls up the pants, adjusts the string; and then reaches Mrs. Sharp, as before, holding the curls in his hand, and touching her forehead with them. At last he presses her mouth; she jumps and looks round as before, and on finding the pants and nails and string all right, signifies her utter discomfiture. They all come and look at Dapper nailed down, and Foozle succeeds in drawing the nails.)

MEDIUM. That will do for to night. Oh, I am quite exhausted! But for the spirits I should give up. But they are all around, helping, ministering. The mediums are precious to them! The blessed means of reaching their earth-friends. I rise now for one of them to smooth that cushion, and see how it falls just where I want it! Oh the attentive creatures!

(She rises from the chair, and a cushion from one side falls into the centre. She sits down on it.)

OBTUSE. This night will be memorable forever! We have done our whole duty, Mrs. Sharp. We have made a thorough test. That is why our friends selected us,—a good selection! Darwin couldn't deny it? Clarke could make no comment on that! A good selection! Madame F. F. A. Smith, I congratulate you! Foozle, my, boy, all that she told you, is true! It remains only to bring the great work to perfection.

MRS. SHARP. I am confounded! I ask the angel's pardon, and the medium's pardon, and everybody's pardon. I am ready to obey the angels!

FOOZLE. I am proud of this honor. I am assured of still greater privileges. I care not a fig for the opinions of men. I look to the spheres only for wisdom! Darwin is well enough, but angels are better. We want nothing now, but further development. When will Madame vouchsafe to sit with us again for our further advancement.

(Dapper, who talks with Lucy every chance, now confers with the medium, privately, a moment.)

MEDIUM. It is time to retire. To-morrow night, if it suits you to meet at

Mr. Dapper's room at 7 o'clock, I shall be glad to meet the same circle for development. It is in a business part of the town, perfectly quiet after hours; and it being there where Mr. Dapper feit his first influence, and I found my best negative, I feel the greatest power there. All such things are influences for good. Let us have just the same circle, it is so complete, and the spirits recognize us at once. Mr. Obtuse! May I not say brother Obtuse, Since you are at last convinced, I shall be glad to help your progress! Mr. Foozle! every promise shall be made good to the letter! Mrs. Sharp! I am proud of you! You have conquered bravely! The angels kiss only where they love! Mrs. Foozle! You motherly creature you, you were not neglected! Those soft touches must have been delightful! Nectar, as it were, from celestial lips! And Lucy! I must really kiss you, nay, one will not do; like the spirits, I must feast here! I do it for them. They influence me even now. Come, Dapper! I could put you under influence and make you carry me home, but it would look so odd in the street! And the angels will do that unseem! Adieu! Adieu! till we meet again.

Exit M. and D

ALL. (Shaking hands in a circle.) What a wonderful woman!

OBTUSE. Sister Sharp! I go your way home. Accept my escort! Foozle! Adieu! Mrs. Foozle! I kiss your hands! Lucy, you're a splendid selection! If Darwin wanted to make another step in advance, you would be his first choice! An eminent selection! Good night! Exit.

MRS. SHARP. Oh, I'm done for! I give it up! To be kissed by angels is more than I expected! I can never doubt again, never! Good night! Exit.

FOOZLE. Our fortunes are made! We are exalted by this night's work. A miracle! A miracle, to convince the whole circle! Amazing woman! Wife, what do you think of it? Lucy, how do you like it? Speak out, both of you! None of your common sense! None of your reserve! In the spirit-world there is freedom! Everybody says just what they think! Were you influenced? How did you feel?

MRS. FOOZLE. I didn't feel anything very grand. Just a pretend kiss each time. But I felt the curls, a lady's curls over my face. I thought it was you, Foozle, that kissed Mrs. Sharp; but she made so much fuss about it, and made such cute plans to find it out, I suppose it must have been the spirits, or she would have caught them. We did well to have her here. Had there been any trick she would have found it out, sure! Lucy, my child, what do you think of it?

LUCY. I don't know! It was very funny! I did not feel the curls; but the angels seized my face, and gave me several solid hard kisses each time. I should not have thought it was an angel, if you had not all said so. I felt the hands, and feel the impression yet.

FOOZLE. All right! We are happily of one mind! We shall henceforth be the companions of angels! Good night, Luce? (Kissing her.) Good night! Exit all.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Mr. Dapper's room, rather small, with table, chairs, lamp, &c. Mr. Dapper waiting for his company.

DAPPER. "Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious Summer, &c., &c." Ah, glorious, glorious summer! Lucy Fozzle is mine! She is pretty, mild and easy-tempered, and will make a good wife, and her fortune will be some to splurge on. And my device will win her all to nothing. Didn't I do it well? Madame herself was surprised. But to-night I shall out-do myself. "Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous." Oh, ye gods! or spirits all at once, the hugeness of this joke, shall pale all other spirit-performances. Let me see. All my plans are laid; they cannot fail. The laughing gas is half enough to fill this room. They sit at the table. I let on the gas, and soon there will be the devil to pay. Occasionally I take a breath of fresh air from this pipe to keep me all right. The rest lose their balance. Who knows what they may do! Or who cares, if I only get my darling Lucy under such an influence that she will go with me below, and say that little word yes! This comes of a medical student being your friend. Tom makes the gas, drives it up here, and the effect is an influence never before felt in a spirit-circle. It will confirm them all forever. And Madame! What will she think of it? Caught in her own trap, as it were. She will not have to affect this time! This will be a real influence; and she may begin to believe her own yarns. This is the best thing out! Clarke, Darwin and Hippocrates combined couldn't spell this out. What a selection! This laughing gas, eh! I am ready to burst with curiosity. But soft and demure. Here they come. (Enter the company complete. They all shake hands, &c., and are soon seated.)

FOOZLE. A nice box! A nice box, this room of yours, Dapper, a very nice box! Law office, eh! Uncommon nice business! Good selection! Devilish good selection! My friend Obtuse, don't you say so?

OBTUSE. I have ever held the legal craft in great abhorrence; but however much they plague others, I notice they take great comfort to themselves. I think Darwin would not call it a bad selection for a young man. However much a man is in practice he need not rob himself. Lawyers can select as well as others. I think Darwin says as much.

DAPPER. You are welcome, all, to my humble chamber, each and all. I will not particularize. I may select Miss Lucy for more special compliment. She is looking uncommon well, quite spirituelle, I declare. (Seating himself beside her.)

MEDIUM. The spirit-influence has brought about one more re-union, and I feel the effluvia going out from me, as it were, to each and all of you. Dapper, come here! Kneel down! There now! That will do. (Makes passes over him, and he pretends to sleep) Is there any spirit present! (A loud knock, all start) Ah, I know there is a glorious great-hearted spirit, not of one who is dead, but of a grand medium, whose body now lays entranced, while the spirit seeks our circle. (Seeming to speak to the spirit.) Purest emanation of the Psychic being! have your own way. Dapper will do whatever you desire. Dapper! I command you to obey the spirit. (Dapper goes round the circle, seeming entranced, doing just as he did at

the dark seance, omitting the medium.) She fans the air with both hands all the while. The company watches him in amazement. Lucy shrinks and hesitates.) Resist not, dear young lady, it is the spirit's will.

OBTUSE. The disembodied spirit did precisely thus, last night, as it appears to me.

ALL BUT MEDIUM. And me! And!

OBTUSE. This is confirmation strong as holy writ. What would I give to have Clarke comment on this passage!

MEDIUM. I feel the angels coming. I am impressed that we shall have a great triumph to-night. Let us form the circle, that we may catch the first essence that flows hitherward. (They sit round the table in the usual order.) Lower the light just a little! We have no further need of total darkness. We have had every test we need; and only sit now for influence, development, and knowledge. Be still.

(They sit in silence. Dapper pulls out a knob behind him to let in the supposed laughing gas. They begin to feel it, and breathe eagerly, as in laughing gas. Dapper now and then turns to a hole in the wall, as if for fresh air. They begin to feel the influence. Fozzle inclines to be jolly. Obtuse squares off at Mrs. Sharp, exclaiming, "A splendid selection! Come on, madame"! Mrs. Fozzle starts to sing a love song. Lucy clings to Dapper, frightened out of her senses.)

MEDIUM. (Feeling her face with both hands and looking at them, seemingly horror stricken.) What is this! Do my senses leave me? Is there then reality in this thing! Do spirits really come? Oh, heaven assist me! What do I behold! What is it that I feel? There is no pretense in this, any how! Oh, horror! what will become of me? Have I mocked God and Nature till they have sent some devil to torment me thus? Speak to me! Some one speak to me! or I shall die! (Looks wildly round, having lost all self-control. Dapper carries Lucy off, clinging to him, her face to his. Obtuse, aiming to kiss Mrs. Sharp, falls over the table, and throws it down. He rolls about till he reaches the medium, whom he hugs with all his might. Fozzle gets still more jolly, exclaiming, "Common sense! Common sense be fiddle! Common sense is a fool to this! This is something ethereal, empirical, the summerland. Oh, I can fly! I can fly! (He imitates wings, and tries to fly. While Mrs. Fozzle sings Mrs. Sharp acts as her lady's maid, and makes a fright of her.)

Any other sport, &c., &c., the result of laughing gas.

(As Dapper went out he put back the stopper; so they now begin to recover. As they come to their senses, Obtuse has the medium on his knee in her chair. Mrs. Fozzle has been made into a fright by Mrs. Sharp. Fozzle has jumped on the top of the table. They look at each other in amazement.)

FOZZLE. Ho, Ho! what's this? Obtuse, my boy, what are you doing there? Mrs. Sharp, get out! What are you doing to Mrs. Fozzle? and where am I? What's the matter with me? How did I come here? Tell me some of you, how did I come here?

(They all stare at each other and recover their senses.)

OBTUSE. (In the rocking-chair with the medium on his lap.) What an influence! (Looking at the medium.) What a selection! What would

Darwin say? Good heavens, madam, what have you done to us? I have been, like Swedenborg, to the seventh heaven! You are a pure celestial! and my affinity! I worship you (clinging to her.)

MEDIUM. Oh, get out! Where am I? Where's Dapper? This is more than I bargained for! Humbug, indeed! I always thought it so till now! Some devilish spirit has appeared at last! Where's Dapper? [Runs off.]

Enter Dapper and Lucy, as married. They come before Fozzle, still on the table, petrified.

DAPPER. Mr. Fozzle! my wife! Extraordinary influence! married by the angels! Their own selection! Couldn't help it! Divine thrusting on, and so forth! Been to heaven or something like it! Saw you there! Gave your consent! All right! But what do I see here? (Looking round.)

LUCY. Yes, pa; Mr. Dapper, that is my husband, speaks truly. There came an influence, I know not what, and under it I was carried, as if by angels, and married, as you see. I am bewildered! What has happened? Dear mother! what has happened? (Looking at her mother.)

FOZZLE. Remarkable influence! Grand manifestation! I have been in heaven, certainly! I had a sensation of flying, and here I am, just lit on the top of the table! It must be so! Bless you! my children, Married by the angels! Divine selection! Curtain falls.

