



adelma von vay



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Prispevki k odkrivanju zgodovine ezoteričnih tradicij - v izvorniku

The paper read at the last Conference of Spiritualists on "Haunting Spirits," interested me very much. Having often had similar manifestations an account of them will perhaps interest your readers. The following took place at Ankenstein, the castle of my cousin Count Gundacker Wurmbrand. Ankenstein is some hundred years old, and stands on a high rock overhanging the river Drau. "Jane" is the name of a spirit who cannot leave the place where she lived, loved, suffered, and died a violent death. Whilst staying there a sad, dreary feeling oppressed me; I grew quite melancholy and something of the spirit's state of mind seemed to possess me. About a week ago, I was staying at Ankenstein. One night I went into a trance by looking at a crystal which I held in my hand. I saw a little, stout, yellow-looking man, dressed in armour, with a big sword hanging at his side; he said he had been living in that castle for about 400 years hovering about some treasure and armour which are buried in the earth. This curious gentleman could not speak German; they say I spoke a sort of Slavish and translated it into German, while in the trance. I do not remember it myself, but am giving the account as I received it from others.

Our ancient ancestral castle at Steierberg, now belonging to my brother the Earl Wurmbrand, used to be much haunted. Doors were opened, and curious knockings were heard; the manifestations were of a most powerful description. Before I became a Spiritualist, I spent some time there with my husband; we could not sleep at night, the noises were so dreadful; trampling of horses' hoofs, persons walking about, and rattling of window panes. I was nearly frightened out of my senses. Being at that time a strict Roman Catholic, I believed these poor souls to be in torment. I ordered Holy Mass to be read in the chapel, and I myself took the sacrament for the poor restless soul's benefit. After this we had some nights in peace until the noises began again. Once more I ordered Mass to be said, and again took the sacrament and begged the good simple *Curé* to prey for the poor souls. This praying seemed to help them, and we spent the last week in quietness. A year after this, I began, to develop as a medium, and immediately made inquiries about the disturbances at Steierberg. They proved to be caused by the spirit of an unhappy ancestor, who died three hundred years ago; his name and other particulars were given quite correctly. He became free through our prayers and is now a happy spirit.

At Golop, in Hungary, the home of my husband's parents a big Tartar spirit haunted the house. My cousin, Ethel Vay, who was a strong physical medium, found-out all about him, and I, without knowing

his former history received the same account. My maid and my sister's maid both saw and heard this spirit, and saw spirit lights in the room where he seems to have dwelt. My nephew, Elemir Vay, heard loud laughter and wonderful noises in the same place. The spirit once gave the name of "Schuf-zengi," and said he came over from Asia with a Vay, who seems to have been a chief amongst the Huns. He declares he shall haunt the house at Golop until the last Vay has lived therein. We have a portrait of this singular person in a spirit drawing. Once a spirit told me that this Tartar brought with him a peculiar smell, and it is true that there is always a strange smell in that house.

I must also relate a curious incident which happened on the 26th of February to our coachman, Miska, who is a young Hungarian, whom we educated from a boy, and whom we have never found out in any deceit. He was lying in bed on the night of the 26th, when he saw a big black man approaching him. The apparition took him by the feet and shook him violently, till the poor boy, much frightened, shouted out, "I know who you are; get off!" But the apparition walked quietly about, and at last disappeared. Poor Miska has been very anxious about his mother ever since, for fear she should have died in Hungary.

Though our villa here is not more than a hundred years old, it is haunted by spirits. Once I saw a little man who told me to dig in the earth under a room down stairs; we I did so, and found a man's collar-bone. The other night our old footman, while clearing the dinner table, heard a deep sigh twice; he was so frightened that he ran out of the room. Some spirit afterwards described to me our Haus Geister, which seem to be like the Penates of the Greeks, who remain for some time after death in their former dwellings. At Pesth, I always felt the presence of some person in my room, and noticed a cadaverous odour. On making inquiries, I found that Count N— had died a fortnight in that very room.

Gonobitz, Hungary, March 15th, 1877.