

SUPERNATURAL
ILLUSIONS.

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K

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION.

Since the subject of Demonology and Witchcraft has been treated of by no less a person than the late Sir Walter Scott, it may appear superfluous, if not presumptuous, for another writer to enter upon a field which has already been traversed by so great an authority. But we do so, because we believe that the matter which we shall adduce will be entirely new. We have not the work of Sir Walter Scott by to refer to; but, as the materials from which we propose to draw the substance of the following pages, are to be found in an exceedingly rare and scarce old German work, of the year

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1747, which fell by mere chance into our hands, we have reason to believe that the present generation is either wholly, or very nearly so, unacquainted with it.

Whether, however, there are, or not, any parts of it, which the mere English reader may have met with before, we have a further object in view, and that is, to endeavour to impress upon these times a sense of the debt of gratitude due unto the Reformation for having dispersed the clouds of error and superstition which so long darkened the human intellect. We shall perceive in the author, Dr. Jacob Bräuner, from whom we draw our illustrations, the newly imparted light of Revelation struggling against the Romish superstitions, which still lingered in the world, even after the grosser parts of that ritual had fallen before the word of God.

We shall see him half doubting whether the instances of Satanic influence, which he brings forward, may not after all have something solid to rest upon, whilst at other times he inclines to the belief that the individuals who have been the subject of them, are under the power of strong mental delusions; exhibiting a mind not wholly set free from those prejudices, which, in the preceding ages, had taken such deep hold of the church.

Dr. Bräuner was a student at Erfürt, A.D. 1672, and was therefore probably born about A.D. 1654, or about a century and a quarter after Luther had declared war to extermination against the papacy by the burning of the Pope's bull. At this epoch the belief of extensive Satanic agency was still rife in the church; neither is this to be wondered at when we consider the slowness with which the human mind discards any propositions or theories which have the sanction of considerable antiquity. Unhappily in the present day, we have gone to the other extreme. Not content with rejecting the absurdities of personal and visible communications with the Father of Lies, the mass of mankind have repudiated the idea of the Tempter's access, in any way, to the human mind and heart; nay, his very existence is all but questioned; and, if admitted into our consideration at all, he is looked upon much in the same light as the effigy of Guy Fawkes, whose place he appears to have now taken.

The next step that has been taken is to question the doctrine of a special or over-ruling Providence—the succeeding one, which yet remains to be taken, is the denial of the existence of God himself; which we may yet live to see exemplified in the torrent of infidelity and rationalism

now commencing to flood the world ; and finally, as the human mind *must* have something extrinsic to rest upon, it will again come to "my Lord God, the Pope," as the only hope of salvation. In the first instance, he, the Pope, took advantage of the universal ignorance and darkness to steal into the world ; in the last, he will come riding into it on the shoulders of rampant infidelity, which will make way for him in the manner indicated. These times, we fully believe, are nearer than is generally anticipated, witness Oxford, witness Roman Catholic Chapels springing up in all parts of enlightened, Protestant, England—and witness the various conversions, so called, to that faith, trumpeted forth in every newspaper of the day.

Incredible, therefore, as it may appear, we may yet see a repetition of the absurdities recorded in the following pages ; and, therefore, the exhibition of the delusions into which the human mind, left to itself, is prone to fall, will not be without its use. If an eminent French writer, (Pinel on insanity,) is to be believed, it is still a tradition in the Church of Rome that Saint Denys, the tutelary saint of France, after having been beheaded July 28th, A.D. 704, walked several miles, carrying his head in his hands, and

kissing the lips thereof, as he went.* Now, if such an absurdity holds good in the present day, we have no warrant for believing that the superior enlightenment of the 19th century will effectually prevent our falling back into the less egregious errors of the 16th and 17th centuries.

We have but one more remark to make, before bringing this introductory chapter to a conclusion, and that is, we have been compelled to give the sense of Dr. Bräuner's work, rather than a translation of it, because there are various anecdotes and expressions in it which our great grandmothers would have read, aye, and used, without blushing, which could not possibly appear in print at the present day. Nor need we be surprised at this when we remember that MS. memoirs of a much later period, even down to the beginning of the reign of the Third George, abound in similar offences against good taste and morals, and have had to be remodelled by their respective editors. With these observations, we proceed to give the essence of Dr. Bräuner's work.

* Ribeiro, a Romanist authority, mentions the miracle of the Saint's carrying his head in his hands, but omits the absurdity of the kissing.

CHAPTER I.

"Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris."

HOR. ARS. POET. v. 338.

"Fictions to please should wear the face of truth."

ADDISON.

PREFATORY MATTER.

Dr. Bräuner's Preface is an exceedingly long one; in the first part of which he gives from the Old and New Testament divers instances both of the visible appearance, and the invisible agency, of Satan. He quotes the temptation of Eve; the persecutions of Job; the possession of Saul; the sons of Sceva; &c.; and, out of the Apocrypha, the Devil in Tobit. There is no

objection to any of these instances but the last. He appeals to these as veritable instances, in which certain power was accorded to Satan, but still with limitations, beyond which he was not permitted to pass. He then proceeds to shew that, in consequence of these limitations, Satan has changed his mode of attack ; and now makes his appearance as an angel of light, according to the old saying

“Latet anguis in herbâ.”

“Unter diessen Blumen-zier,
Liegt ein böss und giftig thier.”

“Under these gay flowers
Lies a wicked and poisonous reptile.”

To Satanic agency he attributes the introduction of superstition, by which so many persons in his time were led astray from the simplicity of truth ; adducing as instances, that the carters would never yoke their horses in the morning unless they had first sprinkled their backs with salt in order to guard them against any injury which might befall them from witchcraft : that pregnant women were not permitted to enter a smithy, because, if they did so, their time of pregnancy was prolonged, and their labor rendered more difficult : that, if a person walked over a child, its growth was checked, unless he broke the spell by walking backwards over it :

that, if a man died in the house, an aperture must be made in the wall to allow the soul to escape: that a person engaged must not give his affianced bride a book, as her love would infallibly vanish as readily as the leaves thereof could be scattered to the wind, &c., &c. All these Dr. Bräuner justly characterises as worthless superstitions, and laments the deep hold that they had upon his countrymen of that day, exclaiming,

“ Wers gläubt was er gelögen
Der wird mit recht betrögen.”
“ Whoever believes his lies
Will deserve to be deceived.”

He then proceeds to say, “ In this manner does the cunning and crafty Devil introduce amongst the people his damnable jugglery and impious merchandise, to entangle them more and more in superstition, for he well knows that this world is very curious and inquisitive, troubling itself about everything, and desiring to understand the most secret and rarest things in creation; and through such curiosity do men often to their own exceeding loss and damage buy from Satan his deceitful and poisonous wares. We will, in the following work, furnish examples of the work of the Devil as performed by means of the damnable peering into the look-

ing-glass of female soothsayers, who are, as it were, the Devil's apes and monkeys, whereby he accomplishes the deceiving of the people. Also, of the many curious arts with which unmarried love-sick women carry on their jugglery in holy Christmas time, in order to learn what their future husbands will be like ; as well as the devilish work which is carried on with thieves' thumbs, gallows dwarfs, familiar spirits, charmed lives, &c., by the instrumentality of soothsayers and oracles, casting nativities, using charms and divinations, choosing particular days, and other like things, which all foolish people, though called Christians, look on as harmless, not considering how they are thereby entangled in the snares of the Devil, and are shamefully led away from the light, so that the proverb holds good of them

'Habeat sibi,'

'Wers gläubt was er gelögen,

Der wird mit recht betrögen.'

"And amongst these arts we must include that abominable deceit of Satan, whereby he artfully prevails upon and constrains these poor people to enter into actual covenant with him ; in consequence of which he, through divers tricks of *leger-de-main*, permits them to procure and enjoy much fancied wealth, days spent in volup-

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tuousness and sloth ; and a thousand other unholy things : for instance, he discovers to them hidden treasures ; transports them through the air in various fashions to their assemblies, dances, and banquets, conveying them in some wonderful manner with incredible rapidity and in a marvellous short time from one place to another. Further, he is accustomed by his subtle deceptions to transform them during sleep into various shapes, such as were-wolves, cats, and the like ; carrying on with them supposed intrigues and uncleanness, and has in them, as children of unbelief, his work and operations, whereby they are more and more turned away from God and His holy word, being entangled faster and faster in his chains, and finally, unless they are in this life delivered from the same in the day of grace, by true repentance and faith in Christ, they certainly go to hell, where he makes and retains them as his slaves for ever.

“ And with what unheard-of and frightful cruelty and wickedness he rages and storms in those poor and much-to-be-pitied men, whom the holy God, for righteous purposes, delivers over to him for bodily possession. The most astonishing and fearful examples thereof are to be met with and read as well in Scripture as in profane history. Neither does Satan now cease from all

this his cruelty and wickedness, but rather pursues it more perseveringly to this present day ; and that, either immediately by him, as when he, to the great affliction and sorrow of many parents, in an abominable and wicked manner, steals away their lawfully begotten young and tender children, if they have not earnestly commended them to the powerful protection of the Almighty, placing in their stead suppositious deformed monsters, *kielkroppfen*, or changelings, which, by their frightful cries, greediness, ill-bred, and filthy behaviour, occasion great annoyance, trouble, and inconvenience. This unearthly, devilish mintage, however, Satan is often compelled, sometimes by ludicrous means, but generally and especially by fervent prayer to God, to remove and to bring back again the true, lawful, and natural children.

“ Further, Satan works great cruelty and wickedness through his trusty and well-beloved subjects, as witches, sorceresses, and sorcerers, through whom he operates, and incessantly urges them to many wicked enchantments, mingling of poisons, and other vile devilish arts, against every one, and in every place where they can occasion loss, destruction, sorrow, misfortune, grief, and distraction in men, and loss in cattle, houses, farms, and the fruits and increase of the earth.

And this godless Devil's gang are not the least afraid to inflict, by their cursed sorcery, loss and injury on their neighbours and acquaintances, which is done either by laming them, inducing impotence, bewitching the affections, inflicting various diseases, and other similar deeds of witchcraft; in all which, when they can be effected, or have already been brought to pass, Satan, as a cruel and wicked lover of mischief, delights and rejoices, in order that mankind may be punished by his wickedness and cruelty. A wanderer, who has to travel through a tremendous and insecure forest, does not sleep, but is continually on his guard lest a thief, or a furious wild beast, may spring out to destroy him. Consequently, he keeps his weapons ready to oppose anything that may assault him; and of him the proverb holds good:

'Orat et vigilat.'

'Dieweil er in gefahr,
So nimmt er seiner wahr,'

'So long as he is in danger
He remains upon his guard.' "

Now, in the present work, the honored reader will find a goodly assortment of materials, ideas, facts, surprising things, remarkable instances, and wonderful histories, physical and historical curiosities discussed, or devilish superstitions, so

termed, unmasked, of which a fuller and more detailed account will be given than has hitherto appeared. The author, the late Mr. John James Bräuner, Dr. of Philosophy and Medicine, treats especially herein of the manifold cunning frauds and sorceries of the wicked Devil, whereby, for the most part, thoughtless men find an inviting opportunity to turn aside from God and His holy word. The venerable author has, moreover, compiled this profitable and praiseworthy book with great care from a vast variety of authors hitherto only partially known, and published it for the benefit of his friends and neighbours.*

* The passages marked by inverted commas, are translated from the original Preface of 1747, which was written by his Editor many years afterwards.

CHAPTER II.

" The King doth keep his revels here to-night ;
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight ;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant hath,
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian King ;
She never had so sweet a changeling."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,
Act ii., Scene 2.

OF CHANGELINGS.

Our author in this Chapter treats of the malignity of Satan, as displayed especially to women in childbed, according to the current superstitions of the age in which he lived, and which, indeed, were prevalent even amongst the higher orders for a very considerable period afterwards.

He attributes the peculiar malignity supposed to be displayed by Satan towards infants to the dread with which he was imbued, lest, amongst these infants, there should haply be one who, on attaining to man's estate, would make serious inroads upon his kingdom and power. Consequently, he was wont to take advantage of the weakness, both mental and bodily, to which the woman was reduced by the sufferings she had recently endured, and snatch away the new-born infant, substituting an imp in its place. This exchange he was supposed to effect by the instrumentality of his covenanted wizards and witches, who were endued by him with the power of rendering themselves invisible, so that they could enter at pleasure into the chamber of the lying-in-woman, and effect their purpose. In cases, however, where the woman had led a godless and prayerless life, these said necromancers did not hesitate to appear to her in a bodily and visible shape, and plague and terrify her grievously. He therefore laments that the thoughts of women run usually more on how they may dress up their children and trick them out gaudily, than on leading a life of prayer and holy meditation.

He then adduces the following anecdote from E. Franciscus, who himself quotes from a Tract

upon Spirits by Schererzins. In the room, in which lay a woman, who had recently been delivered, slept a very old woman, who, by reason of age and infirmities, was drawing near to the grave. The old woman was sorely harassed in her mind by spirits, as well as assaulted by external temptations. To such an extent did this proceed that Schererzins was obliged daily to encourage and console her. Occasionally when these distressing fits attacked her, she was wont to solemnly warn her kinswoman, the lying-in-woman, that she should never sleep at the witching hour of midnight, but at that period hold a vigilant watch lest any evil power should come and carry off her child. The warning appears not to have been duly attended to; for, one night at that hour, a spirit fell upon her with a tremendous weight, and would have carried away the infant, had she not tightly clasped it in her arms; although she suffered greatly in the upper part of her body, and from the fright which she had undergone.

The author gravely asserts that a suppositious child would doubtless have been laid by her side, had she not awoke, and that this assault of the Devil was owing to her having neglected prayer. The modern reader will see in it nothing but an attack of nightmare.

He then refers to an instance, which occurred within his own knowledge at Padua, in 1673, when he was pursuing his studies there. A poor farmer's wife there was sleeping at midnight with her infant at her breast, when an old hag, in visible shape, entered the room, snatched up the child, and was about to whisk out of the door with it, when the woman's brother, a priest, happened to be passing the bed-room door, and heard the child cry. The woman, finding that she was discovered, placed the child on the floor, and appears to have vanished, although this is not stated. The poor priest, in a terrible fright, took up the infant, and carried it to his sister in bed. But what was his surprise, when, by the light of the moon, he beheld a counterpart of the child lying along side of her, and sucking away with forty-horse power. He awoke up his sister, struck a light, and discovered that the two children were precisely alike, even to the swaddling clothes; at which the priest, the parents, and attendants, greatly marvelled, as well they might; and kept watching in great anxiety until the day broke. The parents then begged the priest to discover which was the child and which the changeling. He set to, to blessing and sprinkling them both with holy water; but the young imp was not to be

scared either by invocations or holy water, and the priest's exorcisms, for this bout, at least, failed in their effect; and no further discovery could be made except that the woman declared that one child drained away so immoderately that not a drop was left for the other, which induced the belief on the part of the sage bystanders that this youngster must be the changeling. On this they advised her to take it away, and give it nothing but water, which was accordingly done, and the young urchin, naturally enough, cried day and night. At last, on the fifth day, a neighbouring old woman came into the room with the avowed intention of consoling the mother under her heavy affliction, offering, at the same time, to watch by her. She reached out her hands to take the suppositious child, but was not allowed to lay a finger on it. The bystanders, observing that she was very much scratched, and, besides, black and blue between the eyes, put her gently forth, and two women of known integrity were engaged to watch beside the sick bed. As long as the mother and the two children slept soundly, these women were under no anxiety; but, on the mother awaking in the middle of the night, one of the women went to the cradle, in which the suppositious child had been laid, and was sur-

prised to find therein nothing but the swaddling clothes, containing a substance of a most unsavory odour, which must not be named to "ears polite." Consequently no one could come to any other conclusion but that the old woman was an emissary of Satan, whom he had so unmercifully mauled, for the bungling manner in which she had gone about her errand, and that he himself had come and taken away the changeling, finding that "it was no go this time." Of course, the mother and the real child after this, throve apace, and got through their six weeks in peace and safety. The next anecdote is taken from Paul Fresins Nagoldanus, who, in the fifth article of his account of witches and sorcerers, writes as follows:—"At Kessloch, near Odernheim in Gow, there lived a certain butler or steward, who had privily united himself to the cook, but durst not openly marry her, as he was in the service of a priest: they however lived just as if their union had been blessed by the church, and a child was the fruit of the connexion. As a punishment for their unlawful way of life, God permitted them to be afflicted with a changeling. This child, according to the nature of changelings, would not grow; but day and night it was continually crying and howling, and sucking voraciously. At last, as a remedy,

the woman advised that they should take the child to Neuhausen, and rock it in St. Cyriac's cradle, there being a current tradition at that period that, if a child in this condition were rocked in the said cradle, it would either recover or die in nine days' time. Now, as they drew near to Klawer, at Westhoven, carrying the child between them, it became so insupportably heavy that they both panted and perspired under their burthen. As they thus journeyed, they fell in with a schoolmaster, who enquired of them what abominable unsavory burthen it was that they were carrying. The woman, in reply, told him that it was their dear child, who would not grow an inch, and that they were therefore taking it rock it at Neuhausen. Thereon said the schoolmaster, 'that is not your child, but a Devil's imp *in propria persona*: throw the rascal into the brook.' To this they would by no means consent, kissing it and persisting that it was indeed their child. But the schoolmaster said, 'your real child is at home in the bed-room in a new cradle; this is the Devil, throw the foul fiend into the brook.' This they at length did, weeping bitterley, and immediately there arose from under the arch of the bridge such a howling and tumult, as if a whole pack of wolves and bears had assembled there. On their return

home, they found their own child, of course, lying safe and sound in his cradle ; and thus, as Hildebrand, a Romanist authority, remarks at page 108 of his work, 'on the Discoveries of Witchcraft,' had God undoubtedly preserved the true child all the time that the woman had been nursing the Devil's changeling for him."

The last quoted author, Hildebrand, in the following page, viz., page 109, mentions the following story, which he prefaces with a declaration that it is undoubtedly true :—"Near Breslau there lived a rich nobleman, who, in the summer season, had a great quantity of hay and corn to get in ; and, consequently, all his vassals were compelled to labor in his fields for that purpose. Amongst these was a woman, who had not lain in more than eight days ; and, as the hard-hearted lord of the manor would not exempt her, and she could not procure a substitute, she made a virtue of necessity, and proceeded to work in a hay field, laying her infant upon a swathe of new-mown grass. After having toiled some hours, she went to nurse her infant, and speedily found that it was not her child, by the usual marks of voracity and howling which distinguish changelings, on which she wrung her hands, and went bitterly complaining to the lord of the manor that her child had been

changed during her temporary absence. Now, the said lord was rather sapient in these matters, and replied, 'Woman, if you are positive that this is not your child, take it home, place it in the cradle, and lay lustily on it with the birch, and you will see a marvellous thing.' She followed his advice, and used the rod so handsomely that the child roared like a bull calf. Whereon, the Devil, (and this is an instance that, ill as he is painted, he is not devoid of natural affection, although our friend Hildebrand does not notice what redounds so much to his credit,) appeared to the woman, and entreated her to cease flogging, saying, 'Here is your own child; give me back my own,' and the exchange was immediately effected to the great satisfaction of all parties." Hildebrand, as if apprehensive that his sole affirmation at the introduction of the story may not suffice to establish its authenticity, clenches it at the tail, by asserting that "it is current, and well known unto all both young and old, in Breslau and the neighbourhood." But Hildebrand does not stop here; but whilst, his hand is in, he thinks he may as well serve up another dish of the marvellous, and relates as follows:—"Near Halberstadt there lived a countryman who had one of these kiellkropffs, or changelings, which not only drained the

breast of his reputed mother, but of five other women into the bargain, being a most insatiable imp, besides behaving itself in a very queer manner. His neighbours thereon advised him to proceed on a pilgrimage to Hocklestadt with the child, and there dedicate it to the Virgin Mary, rocking it at the same time. He accordingly put it in a basket, and proceeded on his journey with it. As he was crossing a small bridge over a stream, a devil that was in the water beneath, called out 'Changeling, changeling!' Whereon, the child in the basket, that up to this moment had never spoken a word, bellowed out 'Ho! Ho!' This was quite novel to the countryman, and frightened him sadly. Again, the devil called out 'Whither away?' on which the changeling replied, 'I am going to our beloved Lady at Hockelstadt, to be rocked, to see if something cannot be made of me.' This was rather too much for the countryman's nerves, so he forthwith chucked the changeling, basket and all, over the parapet into the water, and then he saw the big devil and the little devil embrace each other, and gambol, turning summersets together in the water, until they finally vanished from his sight."

The author then observes that Satan often

substitutes these changelings for the true children to the great disquiet of the parents, for that he has undoubtedly the power of removing the true child and placing an imp in its stead, which never thrives; but, nevertheless, is continually eating and sucking. It is ascertained, however, that they seldom live beyond seventeen or eighteen years of age.

Even Luther himself does not appear to have been free from the prevalent superstition. The following anecdote, recorded in our author, we have recently seen in some publication or another, but we forget where. Forming, however, as it does, a portion of Dr Bräuner's work, it is here inserted:—

In Luther's "Table Talk," we read—"Eight years ago, there was at Dessau, whom I, Dr. Martin Luther, have seen and handled, one who was eight years old: he had his sight and all his senses perfect, so that every one thought that he was a real child, except that he ate ravenously, even as much as four men, or threshers. He performed all the functions of nature, and, if any one laid hold of him, cried out: if anything went wrong in the house, then he laughed and was delighted: if things went well then he wept: these two customs he had to that extent that I said to the Prince of

Anhalt, 'If I were the prince or sovereign, I would throw this child into the water, into the Molda, and take the chance of the manslaughter.' But the Elector of Saxony, who was then at Dessau, and the Prince of Anhalt, would not follow my advice; whereon I said, 'Let the Christians pray in the church to our Father that the blessed God may take the imp away.' This was done daily at Dessau, and the same changeling died the very next year."

"From the anecdotes set forth above," says Dr. Bräuner, "the question arises whether these changelings are to be considered as true children, or as disguised imps; and whether they have a real body, or only a bare similation, or spirit. And, in case of their body being a real one, from what substance has it been actually derived?"

E. Franciscus writes, "It can scarcely be doubted that, though not invariably, (for we know that such changelings have occasionally vanished,) yet, generally speaking, these changelings have veritable bodies: for it is certain that many of them have gradually sickened, pined away, and died, for examples whereof we have no occasion to look either far or wide. Whence it cannot be denied that they commonly possess a material substance. Whence do they come? This remains an unanswered question.

B

“Some cautious divines conjecture and incline to the belief that Satan disguises the children whom he has stolen with a pleasant appearance, (except that they are usually very emaciated in body, and dwarfish, and have a large head,) and then restores them to their parents, but so changed in appearance that they hate them, and are incited to throw them into the water, or burn them, and thus to commit murder on their own flesh.

“We may occasionally, but not often, certainly, admit this: for the contrary conclusion, viz., that they are not their own children, is easily arrived at; as he (Satan) has often been constrained by fervent prayer to bring back the true child, when one has thrown back to him the false one, composed of filth, after he has summoned it back to him. Yet, inasmuch as a certain godly writer stands in doubt whether the Devil may not partially blind the parents so as to cause them to regard their own child as an unnatural being, great care should undoubtedly be taken; and, although one cannot boldly declare whether it is a sheer spirit, or nothing but the Devil himself, yet it is better to esteem it as a corporeal being which the Devil has brought thither and entered into.”

The author here enters into speculations as to the nature of the generation of these changelings, which we must omit as not being fit for these pages, suffice it to say that they are superstitious in the extreme. We shall content ourselves with the insertion of the two last paragraphs but one, and so conclude this chapter.

“There are occasionally changelings which men can esteem no other than the Devil’s brood. Such he may possibly manufacture out of a corpse and enter therein, or else he may so deceive people’s eyes that they imagine that they see a body, when it is, after all, only an ocular deception.

Detrio, lib. 2. Disquis. Magic. quest. 15, page 180, declares that such a disguised devil must that boy have been, whom, in his time, a beggar carried about on his shoulders with great trouble and fatigue through Gallicia and the Asturias in Spain. As, once upon a time, a monk met this wonderfully heavy child in the middle of the road, near a shallow stream, and, out of compassion, took him behind him on his horse, it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion of strength that he was enabled to get him across the water. On the other side of it the beggar was seized, and made to confess that this

was not really a child, but the Devil, who had promised him that he would induce everybody to give him alms, so long as he would carry him about in the shape of a child."

CHAPTER III.

"Fictis meminere nos joculari fabulis."

PRŒD. I. PROL. I.

"Let it be remembered that we sport in fabled stories."

OF THE CRIMINAL INTERCOURSE OF
WITCHES WITH THE DEVIL.

The author having taken the first step in superstitions by admitting the existence of changelings, is naturally carried on a step further and enters upon the inquiry as to their parentage. Into this enquiry we have no in-

tention to follow him, and shall only here and there lift the veil, which we purpose to leave over this chapter, altering and adapting the language and anecdotes so as to be more in accordance with the improved feelings of the age, without, at the same time, depriving those anecdotes of their distinguishing features.

It is lamentable to observe that the author, after having adduced seven excellent reasons against the popular superstition of his day, (which seven reasons, however, we cannot venture to transcribe,) proceeds forthwith to adduce anecdotes in support of that superstition, to the demolition of which he has devoted several pages.

We will take his first story, the authority for which he tells us is the Spaniard, Antonio Torquemada, in his *Third Day's Journey*, (slightly modifying and condensing it,) which is set forth to show how the Devil shamefully deceived a noble maiden at Calaris or Cagliari. This young lady, possessed of great beauty, and endowed with many virtues, amongst which, however, that of controlling her affections does not appear to have been numbered, fell in love with a cavalier in her neighbourhood, without his having betrayed any corresponding affection for her. The young lady "never told her love,"

but she allowed it to take undue possession of her, thereby, of course, giving a footing for the Devil; who, accordingly, stimulated the person of the cavalier, and introduced himself to her. After a short period he had so ingratiated himself with her that she consented to a private marriage, the Devil persuading her at the same time never to send a messenger to him, nor to recognise nor speak to him in public when they met. By these means, often as the damsel met the real cavalier, the secret was preserved for several months, and the true state of the case would never have been discovered, had not her mother hung one day around her neck some precious relic or other. Now, all good Roman Catholics know that the Devil cannot withstand a relic, and, consequently, our feigned cavalier took such a disgust to the same that he took himself off altogether; and if the relic was, as is most likely, some old Saint's bone, or rotton clout, we can hardly accuse him of fastidiousness.

Time rolled on, the lady kept her relic, the Devil kept at home, and the real cavalier fell in love in another quarter, which, of course, excited the violent rage and jealousy of her who considered herself entitled to all his love. She, therefore, broke through the Devil's injunction, and sent a message to the cavalier, earnestly

requesting him to call upon her. He, being a courteous gentleman, paid her the desired visit, although quite ignorant of what she could want with him. Of course, tears and reproaches for his shameful desertion of her were the order of the day, and, on the cavalier's protesting ignorance and innocence, the lady became more and more impetuous, refreshing, as she thought, his memory, and desiring him to publicly avow their marriage, or she would expose him to the world.

The gentleman, in utter amazement, declared that she was talking Greek to him, on which the young girl became furious, and reverted to her wedding day, reminding him of certain occurrences thereon with a great deal more circumstantiality than we intend to deal in; but one point was, that it was a high festival of the Church.

The astonished cavalier replied that not only on the day in question, but for three weeks previously, so far from being in his house, or even in the city, he had been fifty miles off, which he offered to prove by unquestionable witnesses, and that, therefore, be he who he might, that had imposed himself upon her, he neither would nor could be responsible.

On this the lady began to recal to mind a variety of circumstances, which went to prove that her visitor of by-gone times was more than mortal man, and concluded that it was the Devil; whereon she entered a convent, where she passed the remainder of her days, having become, from a woman of very questionable morality, a very good nun; although if all stories of nunneries are true, she did not alter her course of life much for the better.

We will pass over an anecdote, in Jacob Sprenger, of a sorcerer, at Coblentz, as also what John Francis Vicas, prince of Miranda, writes of the practices of two priests, except that, for the benefit of the Roman Catholic laity, as we presume the priesthood are acquainted with them already, we will give the name of one of these old sinners, Benedict Bern, and that of his familiar spirit Harmone. He confessed to a life of sin for forty years, and his brother priest to one of fifty years. It is a remarkable circumstance that Hildebrand, himself a priest, in relating the histories of these two men, observes, that, "they were given over to be burned, as a *temporal* punishment," (Hildebrand on *Witchcraft*, p. 102,) thereby shewing the belief, which has ever obtained in the Romish Church, that no sin which a priest may commit, can ex-

clude him from heaven. John Franciscus Vitus, also, gives us an anecdote of a certain abbess, named Magdalena of the Cross, born at Cordova, in Spain, who fell under the suspicion of the sisterhood as a witch. Being threatened with the fire, and being afraid thereof, she confessed that, when she was twelve years old, she had been seduced by a wicked spirit under the semblance of a Moor, with whom she had ever afterwards continued the intimacy, for a period extending over thirty years. This, however, appears to have been no barrier to her sanctity; for, when she was in the church, she was visibly raised several feet from the ground, which all the world knows, is the approved mode in the Roman Catholic church of demonstrating that the individual so favored is acknowledged of heaven; nay, the host, after it had been duly consecrated, flew from the priest's hands to her, and the church walls at times, when she was outside, opened that she might see the host: whereon the nuns changed their opinion of her, and pronounced her to be a holy woman; in which decision the priest concurred, as she had eaten the host, and had, moreover, obtained the third pardon from Pope Paul. Whether this virtuous abbess was afterwards canonized does not appear. Undoubtedly, she ought to have been,

being just of the materials out of which saints are manufactured

Peter Loyola Loyeoro, another Romanist authority, in his work on spectres, mentions, from Cælian Phegontes, a freed man of the Emperor Adrian, that, in the time of the latter, a certain person, by name Demonstrates, had, by his wife Charity, a beautiful daughter, called Philinion. The damsel sickened and died, and her parents, with great sorrow, embalmed her and buried her. About this time, a young man, named Machates, came to the house of the bereaved parents, and, after supper, retired to rest. In the middle of the night the deceased Philinion entered his room, conversed with him, and remained with him till cockcrow, the legitimate period for spirits to betake themselves off. However, before she left him she gave him, as a token of her affection, a costly ring off her finger, and the rich stomacher in which she had been buried. He, not to be behind-hand with her, gave her in exchange an iron ring and a richly chased silver and gilt cup, the lady promising, 'ere she departed, to visit him again the next night.

Now it so happened that a maid servant, with the inherent curiosity of her sex, having heard voices in Machates' chamber, had peeped through a chink of the door, and had seen the

pair seated most lovingly at supper, and had further heard Philinion's promise to return the next night. She incontinently told the mother that her daughter had come to life again, and that she would see her the next night in Machates' chamber. The good lady therefore watched her opportunity and, rushing into the room next night, embraced her resuscitated daughter amidst a shower of tears. Ghosts, however, never stand the presence of a third party, and the dutiful Philinion, after a volley of abuse against her mother for the unseasonable interruption, fell a stark and stiff corpse upon the floor.

This wonderful occurrence was soon noised abroad, and came to the ears of the Stadtholder and the Council, who forthwith proceeded to the grave of the deceased Philinion, which they had opened in her presence, and, behold, it was found untenanted, and nothing therein but the iron ring and the goblet, thereby affording a convincing proof of the wicked machinations of the Devil.

Our author here cautions people against entertaining a belief that deceased persons can really again appear, stating that, whenever such apparitions occur, the Devil has animated the corpse and taken possession of it for his own purposes, which are to induce the living to sin,

and then gives us another anecdote as follows:—

“Ganfredins Antiscodus, in the twenty-sixth chapter of his third book, and Ulric Molitor, in his pamphlet upon *Witches and Sorcerers*, Dialogue the Seventh, relates a wonderful story which they both affirm to be true, and mentioned to them by a young man of very noble birth and an excellent swimmer, as having occurred to himself. It appears that he was bathing in the sea by moonlight, and seized a woman that swam after him, by the hair of the head, supposing that it was one of his companions, who intended to duck him. He addressed her, but could not obtain a syllable in reply, and swam to shore with her; gallantly lending her his cloak as a covering, the lady being destitute of a wardrobe, took her home with him, and, finally, openly and honorably married her.

“Now this young man might have led an exceedingly quiet life with his new wife, seeing that she continued as dumb as she was the first day of their acquaintance, (although it is not explained how she managed to get through the responses of the marriage service without speaking,) had not one of his companions, probably excited to jealousy by his peaceable life, taunted him with having married a spirit. Being exceedingly enraged at the taunt, he drew his

sword and threatened to the slay the son he had by her outright, unless she spoke, and declared her origin. Hereon she exclaimed, 'Alas! wretched man that thou art, for compelling me to speak, for thereby thou hast destroyed thy wife. I would have remained with thee and done thee much good, hadst thou allowed me to maintain the silence enjoined upon me; but now thou shalt see me no more.' Whereon she vanished. The lad, however, grew apace, and began to bathe in the sea, until one day, whilst so amusing himself, he was suddenly carried away by his mother, in the sight of several people."—*Ganfred. Antiscod.* p. 1161.

One more anecdote will conclude this Chapter. Not far from R——, on the Tauber, there came into a married man's house one in appearance like a nobleman, with two servants, one of whom could play on the violin and the other on the fife. This individual gave out that he was come to demand the hand of his host's beautiful daughter in marriage. A banquet was prepared, and they feasted right merrily, the bridegroom elect comporting himself most loverlike. Something, however, aroused the good man's suspicions that all was not right, and he told his guest that it was unseemly that a man of his rank should wed so

much beneath him, and that he had better seek a bride elsewhere. As, however, the guest would by no means consent to forego his intention, his host sent for a priest to ply him with the Holy Scriptures, which angered the other exceedingly, who said that other topics than these should be introduced on such a festive occasion.

Up then stood the host and said, "Ye are villains, and our enemies : ye are come to injure me and mine ; but, by God's blessing, ye shall not succeed : we are baptized and believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is able to protect us against all your power and cunning." Immediately, the three wretches vanished, leaving a marvellously foul smell behind them, and on the floor remained three bodies which had been stolen from the neighbouring gallows.

CHAPTER IV.

“ He turned him round and fled amain,
With hurry and dash to the beach again.
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide.
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet :
But the water sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and to work him ill.”

THE CULPRIT FAT.

ON NIXIES OR WATER KELPIES.

In treating of this branch of his subject, our author prefaces his chapter with informing us, that in his time, there were many stories and

fables current amongst the common people, which, for the most part, were fabulous and unworthy of credit. Yet, upon the whole, it was not to be denied, that wicked spirits do occasionally manifest themselves in, upon, and below, the surface of the water, commonly termed mermen and mermaids, which are the same as those called more properly nixies, or, in Latin, *nixæ*. These, however, were to be looked upon as being damned spirits; since, from the beginning of creation, they did not belong to the human race; and, as good spirits never inflict injury on mankind, it was equally clear that they were not angels. Being, therefore, neither men nor angels, it followed, as a matter of course, that they were devils, especially as they could not be classed amongst sea monsters, which have neither knowledge nor understanding. "Now, we know," says Dr. Bräuner, "that wicked spirits have their restless abode, sometimes in the air, sometimes in the water, sometimes in the fire, and sometimes on the earth and below the earth, continually pursuing mankind, to injure either their souls or bodies. However, we are not to conclude therefrom that there are particular spirits appropriated to any one element, as they enter into any one of them at the behest of Lucifer, putting people into

great bodily fear, and occasionally bringing them into jeopardy of their lives. A good number of occurrences of this kind can be accounted for on natural causes ; others are clearly the agency of spirits.”

An instance of the former is as follows :—In Leipsic there is, opposite the Ranstadter’s house, a river called the Elster, and which there falls into the Pleissy. In this a great number of young people are wont to bathe during the summer’s heats. This river has, however, a treacherous current, and at some periods, is uncommonly deep. There are a variety of sand-banks in it, and one especially, called by way of distinction, the scholar’s bath, from a current tradition, that every year it must have a man for a victim. The fact was, that hardly a year passed without a man being drowned at the spot, and hence arose the popular superstition that a water nixy pulled him under the water ; whereas, as our author, for once at least, sensibly observes, the casualty was occasioned by quite a different circumstance, viz., that the young people, when in a violent perspiration, rapidly undressed themselves, and, without allowing themselves time to cool, plunged into the cold water, and were seized with the cramp and sank. This he says had been established by the testi-

mony of several young men, who had been rescued by their companions after having been seized with the cramp.

“But,” our author continues, “it is, notwithstanding, not to be doubted, that Satan often allures men to destruction, by his cunning craftiness,” an instance of which he remarks had just occurred to him, viz., the common deception of causing an appearance of beautiful articles to overhang the water’s edge, which children being anxious to obtain, they overreach themselves, and fall in. This happened to a cutler’s daughter, who, perceiving these lures hanging over the bank of a stream, attempted to draw them to her with a stick, but, missing her footing, fell in, being drowned in the presence of six other children, who could render her no assistance. Now, as the surviving children declared that they had seen these evanescent lures, as well as the deceased, and the body could not be recovered, the author has no doubt that the Devil was at the bottom of it.

The next story, although current at the time amongst the lower people, is to be ranked, he informs us, amongst the superstitious class. “There was a water nixy, who was often seen about the streets of Leipsic, who used to go along with the countrywomen to the weekly

market, with a market basket on her arm, and effected her purchases just the same as the other women, except that she appears to have been rather churlish in her manner, as she never saluted nor thanked any one, and was possibly rather vain of a well-turned leg and ankle, as she wore her petticoats two hands breadths shorter than the other women, and *they* dont, nor did, wear them *quite down to the heels*. Two women, either angered by her moroseness or vexed by the pretty leg, followed her one day from the market at a distance, with the charitable hope, doubtless, of fixing her for a water witch, and affirmed that they saw her, on approaching a brook, set her basket down upon the brink, and *presto*, she and her basket vanished from sight." We are happy to state that, notwithstanding this conclusive testimony against her, she does not appear to have been brought to the stake, the well-turned ankle, probably, covering a multitude of sins in the eyes of the priesthood.

With regard to the next story, the author is in a ludicrous state of uncertainty, as to whether it is fabulous or worthy of all credit.

"Near the Elbe, where a small stream falls into it, but which formerly ran from Kote to Barby, and mingled with the Saale, a man, having the appearance of a countryman, came

into the neighbouring village, and earnestly entreated the midwife of the place to accompany him and attend on his wife, who required her assistance, promising her a handsome reward. She cheerfully consented, and went along with him; but on his suddenly turning out of the road, she became anxious and enquired of him whither he was going, for she knew every road and by-path in the country, and the place was perfectly strange to her. He encouraged her to proceed until, as the shades of evening fell, they approached a small brook, when he said to her, 'midwife, be not afraid, no harm shall happen to thee; follow me boldly.' Whereon, with his staff he smote the water, which immediately divided, and to the midwife's idea, they went down into the bowels of the earth, until they arrived at a miserable peasant's hut, in which a couple of lights were burning. The only occupant of the hut besides themselves, was a hideous-looking country-woman, lying on a bundle of straw, and in the throes of labor. The poor woman was so frightened that she could hardly exercise her office; but eventually a female child saw the light, which had a tremendously large head, a crooked nose, and very thick lips, and, consequently, had no great pretensions to beauty. After the child had been dressed, the good wife earnestly

requested permission to depart, although it was then midnight. The countryman told her she could by no means be permitted to depart until she had received her reward ; upon which he produced a linen bag full of all sorts of gold and silver coins, which he poured out upon the table as if they had been so much dirt, in lieu of that for which men toil and strive, desiring her to help herself to her heart's content. Apprehension, however, mastered avarice, and she could by no means take more than four penny-pieces, being the sum usually given by cotters' wives on these occasions. The man then brought her by the dusky light to the bank of the stream, saying 'Go home with you, a good spirit has whispered to you not to take any more, for, had you done so, you would never again have seen your home.' He then dismissed her with a present of a piece of silver, but which had no impression on it, nor any mark whereby to distinguish it. The poor frightened old woman managed in about three quarters of an hour, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, to find her way home, and upon telling her neighbours what had happened to her, they declared that just a short time before she had been summoned, and in that very direction, they had seen a pregnant woman pass by." Dr.

Bräuner observes that, "had it not been for the piece of silver, which the old woman shewed to every body, and which was therefore irrefragable testimony, the story might well be reckoned a superstitious legend," forgetting that it was much more probably a drunken dream, or an artful attempt to get herself into notoriety.

Christopher Hündhagen, in *Disput. de potestate Dæmon.* cap. ulto. § 5, relates that, about eighty years previously, in the small town of Delitsch, belonging to Meitznich, a spirit, assuming the voice of her husband, called a woman, who had lately lain in, out of the house on the pretence that it was on fire. As soon as she had put her foot outside, she was lifted up before she could say Jack Robinson, and plunged into the nearest river, wherein she would undoubtedly have been drowned, had she not called mightily upon God for help.

Steifflerus also asserts that it happened within the memory of man, that some braziers' boys, on the second day of Pentecost, after the mid-day sermon, were bathing in a certain spot in the Elbe, when one of them who prided himself on his skill in swimming, offered to take a bet of a dollar, that he would swim across the stream and back again three times without resting. The bet was readily taken, and the young fellow

addressed himself to his task. He managed to accomplish two-thirds of it, but, on the third round, was exhausted when he came opposite the castle of the Seven Oaks, at which juncture, a large fish, resembling a salmon, sprung out of the water immediately in front of him, struck him down along with it into the water, and he miserably perished. The whole constabulary was turned out to search for the body, which was at length found below the bridge, covered over with pinches and bites from which the blood flowed, so that all people could observe the vicious pinches which the water nixey had inflicted on him. Vide page 460 in his *Treasury of History*, extracted from the *Hellish Proteus of Franciscus*, page 114. See what a tale a Romanist can manufacture out of a lad sinking from cramp, and being nibbled by pikes.

Baron Valvasor, in his *Historic-Topographical Account of the Principality of Krain*, mentions, amongst other things, that, a spirit dwelt near the river Laybach, near the town of the same name, which the people called a nixy, or river-man. This spirit had become so well known to the sailors and fishermen, at night time as well as by day, that everybody could identify him, as he used to come out of the water and show himself in human form. More especially

upon one occasion did this water demon make his appearance in the year 1547, at a merry-making in the town of Laybach, at which the whole neighbourhood had assembled to amuse themselves around a linden tree. After supper was over, and dancing had begun, a beautiful and richly-dressed young man made his appearance, and greeted the whole company right courteously, shaking hands with all present in a most friendly manner; but people remarked that his hand felt flabby and cold, and imparted strange sensations to whoever touched it, which was to be expected, considering the fishy life he led. This person, who appears to have been a sort of "young Lochinvar" at length led out a very handsome lass, but bold and forward in her manners withal, named Ursula Schafferin, and they footed it together with great grace and drollery, until they danced clean out of the assembly down to the Laybach, plunged into the stream, and were never again seen.

The same author relates that, when he was a student at Laybach about thirty-four years previously, he himself saw a citizen, named Schmiedler, who was returning one clear and bright night from a wedding. As he was passing all alone by a bakery, a man, habited in a long,

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black cloak, came out of the water, seized the unfortunate convivialist, and pitched him into the river, wherein, as it was very deep, he would infallibly have been drowned, had he not previously managed to secure one of the small wooden bowls, in which the baker was wont to bake his rolls, which kept him afloat, until the watch passed by, and dragged him out, somewhat sobered, doubtless, on which the discomfited nixy plunged into the water.

Hildebrand in his *Sorcery laid bare* mentions a great number of sinful practices of these water nixies, which we do not intend to refer to. If we are met by a denial that this Saint of the Romish Church deals in speculations just as impure as those of the renowned Peter Dens, all we can say is that we can produce chapter and verse to the point.

CHAPTER V.

“Your vessels and your spells provide—
Your charms, and everything beside:
I am for the air.”

MACBETH, ACT iii., SCENE 5.

OF THE DANCES OF WITCHES.

One reason, doubtless, why witches were so common in Germany, is, that they have a particular *penchant* for mountains, and that country abounds in them, the most famous one being

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that of Blocksburg, which can be seen for about sixteen miles from every direction. Here on the 1st May, (which is the witches' Sabbath,) we have the authority of Johannes Prætorius, for asserting that the witches hold their Sabbath. But, as they require some sort of conveyance to take them thither, all sorts of animals and inanimate things are pressed into the service, such as rams, he-goats, swine, calves, wolves, cats, dogs, &c, and bakers' rakes, distaffs, bakers' pitch and dung forks, shovels, broomsticks, &c. This is confirmed by Bodinus, in his 2nd book on *Demons*, chap. 4; and Hildebrand, in his *Theurgia*, fol. p. 117.

But the great abomination of these witches is, not that they thus imitate the Christian Sabbath, but that they carry their impiety so far as to ape the sacrament of extreme unction in the Romish Church, by anointing their bodies with an ointment given them by the Devil, although their enemies acknowledge that this ointment is absolutely necessary to supple their bodies, as they have to whisk through keyholes, besides enabling them to endure the fatigues of their journey through the air. Baldinnus, in his *Cases of Conscience*, book 3d, chap. 5, case 7, writes:—
“It cannot be denied that the Devil can at times bring the bodies of his slaves into other

places, and that the journeys of the witches are performed in the body." The author of the *Hundred lively Hours* demonstrates, from many examples, both in profane and sacred history, adding thereto that the weight of their bodies is no let nor impediment to the same, any more than their opposition and reluctance, for the Devil's power and might are much superior, so that he can remove a whole mountain from its place. Neither should men allege against this belief the extreme swiftness of the flight, whereby a very great distance is accomplished in a very short time.

Several examples thereof, quoth Dr. Drunner, are to be met with in profane history. P. Grilandus, *quæst. 7 de sortilegio*, tells of a woman in the parish of Saint Sabine, near Rome, who had become a perfect mistress in the black art. On this account, she fell under the suspicion of her husband, but, though he spoke her fair, for once a woman was found who could keep a secret, this set his wits to work, and he determined to discover it by strategy. One night, when he pretended to be fast asleep, he saw his wife get out of bed, and, after she had anointed herself with a certain ointment, fly out of the window into a neighbour's house. He followed her immediately, but could not find her; and,

moreover, observed that all the modes of ingress and egress were securely fastened, which puzzled him sadly. The next night he questioned her again, narrating what he had seen, but could not obtain a word of explanation from her. Nothing therefore remained for him, but a resort to the *argumentum baculinum*, and he seized a stick accordingly and thrashed her soundly. This brought her to her senses, she made a full confession, and implored his forgiveness, which he granted, on condition of her taking him along with her on her next expedition. The Devil's permission having been obtained, he went with her to the assembly, and saw all their sports, dances, &c. At length, they sat down to supper, and it appears that the proverb that "the Devil sends cooks" has really something solid to rest on, for the man found every dish so exceedingly unsavory that he begged for a little salt, an article which does not enter into diabolonian cookery. It was a long time before he could procure any; but, at last, the Devil's politeness, or a desire to conciliate a new subject, induced him to call for it; and on its being brought, the guest took the little pinch of it that was given to him, exclaiming like a good Roman Catholic, but in very indifferent Italian, "*Hoc laudato sia Dio pour venne questo sale,*"

“now God be praised, the salt is come;” at which words, the devils and witches fled in dismay, all the lights were extinguished, and he was left alone naked and bare, all these assemblies being attended in primitive costume. The next morning he saw some shepherds passing, who informed him that he was in the neighbourhood of the city of Benevento, in the kingdom of Naples, fully one hundred German miles from home. Consequently, notwithstanding he was a rich man in his own country, he had to beg every step of the way home, and when he arrived there he accused his wife to the authorities, who, taking into consideration the dance that she had led him, consigned her to the stake.

Samuel Heinrich, Knight of the lowest grade of the order of the Golden Candlestick, instituted by Paul Robers, quotes, from Torquenado, the story of a learned Spaniard, who suspected that his neighbour was a sorcerer; wishing to ascertain the truth, he associated with him, and at length wormed the secret out of him. The latter, consequently, endeavoured to inspire him with a liking for that way of life, and the Spaniard finally consented to accompany him to the place of meeting. On the appointed night the sorcerer carried his companion through the

air over hills and valleys, which he had never seen before, and it appeared to him that he was travelling along with something more than railway speed, thereby accounting for the origin of the phrase of travelling "at a certain person's own pace." At length, he arrived in a field entirely surrounded by hills, where he saw a vast assemblage of men and women, who came up to him in a body, and thanked him for having joined company with them, assuring him that he was a most lucky fellow. In the middle of this field was a vastly high and costly throne, in the middle of which was an exceedingly rank and ill favoured he-goat. All the assembly ascended the steps of the throne, and kissed the buttocks of his hirsute majesty, at which the Spaniard, forgetting the caution which he had received from his sorcerer friend, called out lustily on God for help. Immediately, a great hubbub arose, and mighty thunders, as if heaven and earth were coming together; so that the pragmatistical Spaniard fainted clean away. When he came to himself, it was broad daylight and he found himself lying all alone on a bare and rugged hill, and feeling as if he had not a whole bone in his body. At length, he made shift to crawl down into the plain, where he found some country-

men, whose language he could not understand, and was obliged to converse with them by signs. However, after a wearisome journey, of three whole years, he reached his home again; and, declaring all that had happened to him, denounced the sorcerer, and divers others, who were immediately brought to the stake. Our own private opinion is, although we only throw it out as a conjecture, that this learned Spaniard was a crafty rogue, who had bolted from his native city, on account of debt, and found out "a new way to pay old debts," by denouncing his creditors as sorcerers, on his return—a vastly more compendious way of settling them, than the Insolvent Act of these enlightened but degenerate days.

The above-mentioned author also quotes from Balduinni Brussius, in his 50th *Epist. Medic.*, a story which happened in his time in Holland. He tells us that there lived in the village of Ostbrouck, not far from Utrecht, a widow, who had a lad in her service. This boy, had several times remarked that the widow, when all the rest of the people were fast asleep, went late at night into the stable, and, having made a horse of a hay-band, flew over the rack. Having repeatedly seen this, he at length determined that the next time that the woman thus

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vanished, he would do as she had done, and he put his design into execution accordingly. But he suffered grievously for his curiosity, for he had no sooner imitated her, than he was suddenly lifted into the air, and then set down in a small town called Wyck, being brought into an underground cavern, where he found a tolerably large assembly of sorcerers, and his mistress among them, who were discoursing together on the mysteries of witchcraft. As soon as the widow saw her servant, she was surprised at his speedy appearance, and inquired how he had come thither. He told her the plain truth, whereon she was excessively angry, and afraid likewise lest he should betray her, and therefore consulted with her fellow sorcerers as to the propriety of putting him to death. However, eventually they agreed that he might be permitted to live, provided he took a swingeing oath of inviolable secrecy. The lad, hearing the terms on which his life might be spared, swore roundly that he would maintain true fidelity to them.

At length the period for their breaking up arrived, on which they again consulted together as to the propriety of putting the lad to death. Nevertheless, the majority carried it, that upon his enunciating a second edition of the oath,

he should be permitted to live. His mistress, however, who appears to have been throughout very suspicious of him, after he had taken the second oath, mounted him on her shoulders, and flew forth with him under the Devil's guidance. As they flew through the air, the witchwife observed a large pond or lake, or rather a small inland sea, beneath them, in which a great quantity of reeds were growing; so, giving herself a shake, she dropped the lad into it, hoping to drown him, as dead men tell no tales. However, her design was frustrated, and the lad preserved by the wonderful grace of God; the witch having miscalculated the perpendicular, so that the boy fell, not into the water—but amongst the reeds on the edge; so that he suffered no mortal injury, although unable to use any of his members, except his tongue. Thus he passed the remainder of the night, moaning and groaning, until, as day broke, some passers by heard him. The witch having violated his safe conduct, he did not scruple to break his oath, and told them all that had occurred to him. He was put upon a cart, carried to Utrecht, where he made his deposition before the judge, John Colenburg, who minutely inquired into the affair, and the upshot was that the old lady was burned. *Vide et hanc histor: apud Sim. Majolum in diebus*

cuniculis. This appears to have been the discovery of one of those secret societies which then abounded, and which superstition subsequently invested with the garb of witchcraft.

In Bartholomæus Spinæus, *quæst. de strigib*, chap. 6, we find a precious anecdote of a young girl who was residing at Bergom, with her mother, but was found one morning in a state of primitive simplicity in the bed of her brother-in-law, at Venice. The young girl accounted for the awkwardness of her situation, by stating that she had seen, the previous night, her mother rise from the bed, and, after having besmeared herself all over with ointment, fly out of the windows. As the pot of ointment had been left behind, she followed her example and was transported to the place where she had been found, and discovered her mother in the act of attempting to kill her brother-in-law. On her crying out, her mother, she said, had fled; and, on this very equivocal testimony, was the unfortunate woman apprehended, and handed over to the tender mercies of Father Bergominsius, of the Inquisition, who after *due* enquiry, consigned her to the stake.

Punlus Grillandus, in his book *De Sortilegus*, tells us that in the year 1524 he was invited by a certain lord to accompany him to the exami-

nation of three witches, which was to be held in the castle of St. Paul, in the Palitinate of Spolet, which he accordingly did. The yougest of these poor wretches confessed that, upwards of fourteen years before, she had been taken by an old witch to an assembly of several others, where they met a devil, who persuaded them to renounce God, their faith, and their religion, and to bind themselves by an oath, (laying their hand upon a book, in which there were some curious, strange, and unknown, sentences written), to be true and obedient to all the commands of the Devil. From that time she was wont to go at night, whenever she was summoned, to these assemblies, and take with her as many others as she could persuade to accompany her. She further stated that the Devil had promised her everlasting felicity and good fortune. She confessed to having killed at different times four men, and much cattle, besides destroying the fruits of the season by storms. Further, that if she stayed away from the appointed place of meeting without having a good excuse to offer, she was so tormented at night that she could neither sleep nor rest. Whenever it was necessary for her to go, she heard the voice of a man, whom she called her little master, or little Master Martin; and that then,

after having besmeared herself with ointment, she mounted upon a goat, who, upon her seizing him by the mane became quite willing to carry her withersoever she wished. She was then brought, in the twinkling of an eye, to a great nut tree in Benevento, where the assembly was held. After they had paid their obeisances to their prince, they commenced dancing, and then sat down to supper, and finally passed round a cup containing some devilish mixture. Each then remounted her goat and returned home, where they were in the habit of praying to the Devil. The other two confirmed her statements, and they were all three burned along with their powders and ointments. See Hildebrand's *Witchcraft Discovered*, page 130.

Malebranche, in his work, *De inquisitione veritates*, book 2d, and last chapter, held more sensibly that all these stories were the creation of a disordered mind, and that all these revellings, &c., were merely presented in dreams to the imagination whilst asleep, and the people actually lying in their own chambers. Peter Martyr, in his *Exposition of the First Book of Samuel*, 28th chapter, writes that the sorcerers and witches, when they wished to summon the evil spirits to them, they were wont to anoint themselves with an ointment of that nature

which induced deep sleep, when they lay down on a bed, and fell so fast asleep that it was impossible to awake them, even by sticking pins into them, or by the application of fire. Whilst in this state Satan presented strange phantasmagoria to them, so that they imagined themselves to be present at lordly feasts, and to be dancing, and enjoying all manner of sensual delights.

Luther, *Tome 1. Jenens*, in his *Exposition of the Ten Commandments*, allows a good deal to sorcerers, but will not admit that they sally forth to their assemblies on wicked goats, broomsticks, pitchforks, and the like, and declares this to be incredible. He adduces from D. John Geilers Kayzersberg, formerly cathedral priest at Strasburg, a story of an old beggar, who, in order to convict his priest of falsehood in rejecting the travels of witches through the air as fabulous and imaginary, summoned him to him, and annointed himself in his presence, after which he seated himself astride a pitchfork as though he would ride thereon; but, instead of flying through the air, he fell fast asleep, and tumbled about in a wonderful manner, until at length he fell from his perch and cut his head. When he woke up, and came to himself, he began to narrate a variety of won-

derful things which he had seen and done when he was in that condition, but he was cut short and confounded on being referred to the wound on his skull.

John Baptista Porta, who also appears to have had some little more common sense than fell to the lot of the generality of writers in those days, also states, in the 26th chapter of his Second book on *Natural Magic*, that the imagination and fancy of foolish people, especially of weak women, works so powerfully, that, after having anointed themselves with a certain ointment, which induces deep sleep, they imagine that they are carried away to a princely meal, to magnificent assemblies, &c., "which," says he, "is clear delusion," and then continues:—"Whilst I now was diligently enquiring into these matters, and pondering deeply over them, because I was much distracted with doubt thereanent, an old beggar woman came to me, and voluntarily promised and vowed to me that she would very quickly solve my doubts and give me an answer thereon. She allowed me and some others who were with me as witnesses, to retire into the room, whilst she went out and anointed herself all over. Now there happened to be a chink in the panel of the door, through which we peeped, and observed that

she fell down in a profound slumber through the power of that somniferous ointment. We opened the door and stole out, when we observed that her skin had turned perfectly blue, and that she was so fast asleep that blows made not the slightest impression upon her, whilst she continued unconscious of our presence. At length the effect of the ointment gradually ceased to operate, when the woman woke up, and began to tell us many wonderful stories as to how she had travelled over hills and vallies, and all manner of streams. We stoutly contradicted her, and, although, we pointed out to her the marks of the stripes on her body, which we had inflicted on her in her sleep, she remained obstinate in her assertions, persisting therein, and continuing impervious to all our arguments and declarations."

We shall conclude this chapter with a quotation from the book entitled *Malleus Judicum, or the Law-hammer of the unmerciful Judge of Witches*, where, in the chapter on "Whether witches ride upon broomsticks, pitchforks, and sticks, and sally forth to dances and luxurious banquets," S. 4., we find as follows:—"It is clearly against all reason and nature that a full grown person can pass through a funnel for smoke, which is often so narrow as barely to

admit the fist. Yea, they have even asserted that they have occasionally slipped through a little hole into which one can barely introduce the finger. Whoever can believe this, will believe also that a camel can go through the eye of a needle—a tun of wine be contained in an aume, or a bushel of corn in a thimble. But men say, ‘say what you will, we, nevertheless, do see witches attending these dances and we know them by sight;’ to which we reply, that, if any man does see these things, he does not see men nor any corporeal being, but a spirit, whereby many innocent men are brought into evil report and into peril of their lives. There are, however, doubtless, people, who know how to describe the dances of witches, recognise persons, and actually delineate them. These people are well nigh altogether given over to the Devil, assisting him in his lies and murders, receiving wage and pay from him, and are much worse, more deserving of punishment than witches.” See further on this head, if the reader chooses to consult him, *Augustin Lercheimer*, chap. 13. It is a pity that the author of *Malleus Judicum*, having so clear a judgment as to the impossibility of the accomplishment of witches’ feasts, was yet not sufficiently free from the superstitions of the age, to discredit the appearance of spirits.

CHAPTER VI.

“Der püder ist so wie der rock,
Für alt und grane weifchen,
Drum sitz ich nachanf meinin bock
Und zeig ein der bes leibehen.”

GOETHE.

THE GOAT, AS THE WITCHES' PALFREY.

Gentle reader we are writing, *currente calamo*, sometimes in our own person, and referring here and there to the author, who forms our text book, and now and then, perhaps, translating whole pages literally from him. If then a change of style be here and there visible, to this cause must it be attributed.

Some chapters further back, we informed you

on the undoubted authority of Dr. Bräuner, of the various means of conveyance, animate and inanimate, pressed into the service of the witches, but that which stands at the head of this chapter has long been the favorite one *par excellence*. Broomsticks, *et hoc genus omne*, have long been discarded, the witches finding that they were fully as uncomfortable as the delinquent soldier used to feel the riding the wooden horse of yore—were wolves are getting scarce—cats are used now-a-days only as familiars, and not as steeds, calves have been struck out of the category, since the magnates of the land have patronized veal; the politeness of his majesty of darkness having in consequence exempted them from conscription—sheep are rarely used, and the fact of their being so occasionally is only obscurely made known by some such occurrence as that of the Sessions Justices of Madras, making a road as crooked as a ram's horn, as a thoroughfare for the sea-air, thereby shadowing forth that they had previously dined on bewitched ram mutton; but the goat—the shaggy, the hirsute goat, still holds his own.

Therefore, reader, we beseech you to pause the next time you order kid for your dinner. Doubtless, a hind quarter of kid, delicately browned, and swimming in its own gravy, is

provokingly toothsome; but remember how many *paw-paw* men and *fie fie* misses have been carried away, post haste, on the loins of a wicked old goat—kid's head curry, we grant, is not to be despised; but are you prepared to lay hold of the Devil's palfrey by the horns? Remember, we entreat you, that with every morsel of kid that goes down your gullet, there goes down at the same time, [as we whilom heard the present bishop of Calcutta declare from the pulpit touching a glass of arrack] a bit of the Devil.

And our author gives us good reasons why the goat should be the special favorite of the Devil and his subjects. Chastity is a virtue that the Devil dearly loves; chastity is the predominant virtue of monasteries and nunneries; chastity is the quality which pre-eminently distinguishes the goat—therefore the goat is properly selected as the witches' palfrey. And, now, let us see what the worthy Dr. Bräuner gives us in the shape of anecdote confirmatory hereof:—

“I will here,” he says gravely, “relate a circumstance which is quite fresh in my memory:—When I was studying at Erfurt, in the year 1672, it came to pass that a maid, who was in the service of a joiner there, indulged in improper

familiarities with a dyer lad, her fellow servant ; and as they lived under the same roof, opportunities were not wanting. However the young man grew tired of her, and went off to Langensalze, where he entered the service of another master. The young woman, disappointed of her lover, made use of the following means, through a covenant with Satan, on Holy Whit-Sunday, when all the family, with the exception of the apprentice, had gone to church, to recall her faithless lover. She put near the fire certain herbs, and, as soon as these should begin to boil her lover would be compelled to make his appearance. Now, it so happened that the apprentice, coming in during her absence, and not knowing what the pot contained, put it closer to the fire, whilst it was only gently boiling and bubbling, and put his own glue-pot in its place. However, as soon as this pot of herbs felt the increased heat of the fire, the apprentice heard a voice inside of it call out ‘ Come, come, Hansel ; come, come, come, Hansel, come !’ The apprentice, being in the act of stirring his glue, heard something like a heavy sack fall behind him, and on looking round, observed a man lying on the floor in his shirt ; on which he raised a fearful cry, which brought in the maid and some others, who happened to be in the house,

to see what was the matter, and found Hansel, the former fellow-servant of the maid, lying on the floor in his shirt, like a man who had just been awakened out of his sleep. When he had somewhat recovered his senses, they enquired of him how he had come thither, to which he replied that a great black goat, exceedingly hairy to look upon, had come to his bedside, and had compelled him to lay hold of his horns, when he bolted out of the window with him, and he knew nothing further what had happened to him until he found what a great way he had been transported; so that, though he had been lying on his bed at Langensalz, at eight o'clock, he had arrived at Erfurt before half-past nine, and he could only conclude that he had been indebted for his ride to his former fellow-servant, Catherine; because, when he was on the point of quitting their master's service, she had threatened him that she would give him a ride upon a goat. The people very kindly accommodated him with a pair of breeches and a coat, and kept the maid in strict custody until her master and mistress came home; who strictly questioned the maid, and threatened her that if she did not speak the whole truth, they would hand her over to the authorities; whereon she began to weep bitterly, and confessed that,

although she had not thoroughly learned the black art, nor entered into covenant with the Devil, yet an old woman, whom she named, had persuaded and taught her that, if she gently boiled certain herbs which she gave her, her lover would presently appear, though he were at the other end of the world. Now as her master and mistress both knew the old woman, as they had repeatedly seen her passing in and out of their house, they determined to make a great fuss about it, and discharged the maid-servant, allowing the unfortunate dyer to go his way after a sharp rebuke upon his loose manner of life." The worthy author does not tell us what became of the old woman; but, if she escaped being burned as a witch upon such conclusive evidence, she must have been indebted to witchcraft for her escape.

We find the following story in the *Hellish Proteus* of Erasmus Franciscus. A colonel of considerable renown, who had served under several princes, was, whilst he was yet a young bachelor, fallen in love with by a young widow of another colonel, under whom he had at one time served, the lady earnestly desiring to have him for her second husband. The young colonel, however, having still his fortune to make, was by no means in such a hurry to fall in love,

especially with this said widow, about whom a rumour was current that she dabbled somewhat in the black art; consequently, when he occasionally visited her out of respect to the acquaintance which had formerly subsisted between him and her deceased husband, and for that purpose rode forth from his quarters at Dantzic, his stay was short, and his compliments confined to those ordinarily in vogue, giving but slight heed to her honied words. This was by no means pleasing to the young widow, who desired not only the language of love, but the more substantial proofs of it, and the request of her hand in marriage. He found, however, that love came not at command, and his disgust of her forwardness only caused him still further to shorten his visits.

The upshot was, that, when this widow had exhausted all her arts upon him, and had given him some sort of love potion to drink, it only partially succeeded; for, whilst he had a horror of her person, and whilst he was with her, devoutly wished himself away, so, on the contrary, he had no sooner quitted her than he wished himself back again, and was full of uneasiness and anxiety until he was again with her, and the moment he rejoined her all his love vanished, so that instead of a suitor's ardour, he was filled

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with loathing and aversion, notwithstanding that this syren spared no pains to blow up the flames of love in his breast.

One night he was so restless that he could no longer remain in his bed ; so he must needs rise, have his horse saddled, and ride forthwith to the lady's house. Now, as he was on his way back his horse fell with him into a deep pit, in which he would infallibly have broken his neck, if the holy angels, as our friend Erasmus piously observes, had not had him under their special protection, although he assigns no reason why they might not as well have kept him out of the pit altogether. However, our gallant friend got a terrible fright, and took his fall to be a clear intimation that he should discontinue his trips, either on horseback or on foot, and steer clear of the widow altogether for the future.

Now this was, doubtless, a very excellent resolution ; but, unfortunately, he was not permitted to keep it ; for one night when he was comfortably snoozing on his bed, an enormous black goat came in, and unceremoniously tumbled him out of his bed by a well-directed thrust of its horns : whereon, being still more alarmed than when he fell into the pit, he shouted lustily for his servant lad, who slept in the next room, to come to his assistance, but the young urchin

was as fast asleep as the fat Joe of Pickwickian celebrity. After a hasty prayer, therefore, to God, he made a rush for the door, but the goat was too quick for him, and cut off his retreat. He then drove the unfortunate colonel up against the wall, and compelled him to sit upon his horns. Here the tables begin to turn : whether it was that the uneasiness of his seat imparted vigour to his heels, or that he had gone to bed booted and spurred, we are not informed ; but certain it is that he kicked with such energy that the goat was only too happy to get rid of such a jockey. And now came the colonel's turn, who, espying a halbert leaning against the wall, made such a vigorous charge upon the goat that he retreated into a corner, and, after bellowing fearfully, vanished, finding that he had met with more than his match ; and thus was the officer, quoth Erasmus, delivered from his "horned postillion."* It is needless to say that the above writer makes no question that this was the last and desperate attempt on the part of the widow to secure him by fair means or foul.

Turn we now to Dr. Gokelius, who, in his tract upon *Enchantment and Sorcery*, writes thus at page 18 :—"Many years ago when I was

* Erasmus should have said "his horned charger," but we give the phrase according to the text.—TRANS.

practising as a physician at Gingen, some Roman Catholic peasants of Memmingen, a suburb of Wirtemberg, near Pfalz-Neuburg, half an hour's walk from Gingen, were on their way to church, about eight o'clock in the morning, at Bach-angel, a village of Pfalz-Neuburg, (how particular and circumstantial is the doctor,) when, all unexpectedly, a stalwart and hairy goat rushed amongst them, and in the twinkling of an eye walked off with a lad of their company, flying away with him through the air before their eyes. Two hours afterwards this lad was set down at Monchen, fourteen miles off, (ninety-eight English miles,) just as he heard the clock strike ten." The doctor goes on to inform us that, whilst he was still trembling with fright, his mother came up to him and told him that, as she had not seen him for some years, and was anxious to ascertain his welfare, she had taken this way of seeing him, by sending a special messenger for him. The undutiful son, who had probably lost a little leather in his journey, (for the doctor tells us he was full of anguish,) and who most likely thought that his mother might have taken the ride herself, paid no attention to his mother's blandishments; but went off to a priest in the Capuchin church, and denounced his mother. The priest, however, had an eye

to business, and told the lad that he had justly suffered what he had undergone ; for he had not of late been so attentive as he ought to have been to his duties ; and that, if he did not look sharp and amend, (which means paying the priests their dues,) assuredly something worse would happen to him. Not obtaining a hearing here, and paying no attention to this disinterested advice, he returned to Memmingen and told his tale to the people at large, and to the authorities ; but the chief result appears to have been that the story has been recorded by Dr. Gokelius, and that he *would have been* immortalised in these pages, only that the very circumstantial narrator has unfortunately omitted his name.

Schererzius, upon *Spectres*, writes in his 9th Chapter, *de Hirco Nocturno, or the Midnight Goat*, that in his time there was a handicraftsman, who had been privately married to an old beggar woman. He very naturally got tired of her, and parted company with her, subsequently espousing a young woman, notwithstanding the threats that the old lady held out to him of what she would do to him in the event of such an occurrence. Her menaces, however, passed by him like idle wind, until the awful time when he must needs retire to the bride's chamber, when they came back upon his mind with such force,

that he was in too great a stew to go to bed, and accordingly sent for some of his friends to come and sit with him, at all events, the first part of the night, and pray for God's mercy upon him, so that he might be delivered from Satan's devices.

It appears that he had very good grounds for his apprehension, for, in the dead of night, a great horned goat walked straight up to the bridegroom, and politely requested him "to take a back," urging his entreaties with an importunity hardly to be resisted. The whole company fell to prayer, whilst the strength of two of the bystanders hardly sufficient to prevent the unfortunate artisan from crossing his new and unwelcome steed. But there was fortunately a priest in the company, who went on pattering his Ave Marias and Paternosters with such vehemence, energetically counting his beads, of course, all the time, that the goat, who could stand neither Latin nor nonsense, bolted with an audible expression of his displeasure.

Alas ! for human nature ! The artisan, while he was in this imminent peril, repented him of his misdeeds, and made many vows of amendment, but, *the goat being gone*, he speedily forgot all about it, neglected his prayers, and many of the duties of the church, out of which the

priests make a tolerable picking. But he was not allowed to pass scatheless, for one night, very shortly afterwards, when he was thinking of nothing less, in comes our friend the goat again to the bridal chamber ere the honeymoon had "paled her horns," roused him out of bed, and compelled him to take a ride, willy-nilly, leaving the bride to chew the cud of solitude. After the goat had carried him no trifling distance, he quickly deposited him sorely wearied on the roof of a house in Rauch-Schlott, or Schornstein, where he was found sitting the next morning shivering in his night gear, and the roof was of so pre-eminent a pitch, that the people were obliged to make a hole through the tiles, in order to take in the poor man, half dead with fear and cold.

In that house he lay for many a month very sick, but at length recovered sufficiently to return home; but his young wife turned out as great a shrew as her predecessor, and at length, being unable to endure her clamour, he enlisted as a soldier, and was shot during the wars in Hungary for his pains, leaving a warning to young men not to marry old wives, or if they do, not to forsake them.

We now come to an old lady, who, though she was a witch, appears to have been of a

much more amiable temper. Lercheimer, in his *Treatise upon Goat and Pitchfork riding*, tells us that there was a salter, residing somewhere in Pomerania, who was married to an old witch of a woman, with whom he wished no longer to cohabit, and accordingly told her that he intended to set out for Hesse to see his friends. He set forth on his journey therefore, notwithstanding that the old woman cautioned him that she would not allow him to go, and that he should never reach his destination, Now, after he had been some days on his journey towards Hesse, and was, doubtless, chuckling over his escape, a black-goat came suddenly behind him, rushed slap between his legs, and lifted him up into the air before he could say "Jack Robinson." Away he flew with him over field, over forest, over water, and over land, and paused not until he had set him down again at his own door, in pain and trembling, perspiration, and exhaustion. The old woman addressed the truant mildly, and said, "Holloa, are you there again? This will teach you to stop at home for the future." Whereupon she supplied him with a change of garments and food.

CHAPTER VII.

"How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?"

A deed without a name."

MACBETH, Act iv., Scene 1.

ON DIVINING BY THE CUP AND LOOKING
INTO THE MIRROR.

These two superstitious practices, are expressed in German, by one word, "crystalschauen," but we know of no corresponding synonyme in English; however, in this and the following chapter, we shall be more willing to admit the agency of the Devil, although not precisely in the light in which it is considered by Dr.

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Bräuner. In the previous articles, we have seen superstitions, which have been fostered by a crafty priesthood, because the encouraging them was a source of power and profit to it; the practices, with which we have now to do, spring from that restless curiosity—that earnest desire to dive into futurity, which is characteristic of an ill-regulated mind—of one, which, destitute of a Christian reliance upon the providence of God, is willing to use even the most unlawful means in order to allay this craving. So far then as the entertaining these illicit aspirations after futurity and seeking to gratify them thereby, argue a distrust of God, we must admit Satanic agency; although stopping short of the belief of the days of by-gone superstition, that the Devil rendered the means employed successful, so far as to shadow forth by them the responses required.

These superstitions have clung longer perhaps to the human mind than others, from this very wish to know the future, and were rife even in religiously educated Scotland, we care not to say how many years ago; but “we speak of that which we do know.” Well do we remember on one *All Hallow E’en*, in a large assembly of youth of both sexes, the question arose, as to who would have the hardihood to

eat an apple before the glass in a solitary chamber, the popular belief being, as the reader is probably aware, that whilst so employed, the face of your intended will be seen reflected in the glass, peeping over your shoulder. At length, it was decided, that we, as the only English lad of the party, should undertake the dreaded task ; the door was closed upon us, and the anxious boy remained on the tip-toe of expectation. After allowing a sufficient time for their imaginations to work up to a pitch of excitement, we yelled out terrifically, exclaiming that Satan's paw was on our shoulder. Instantaneously there was a rush to the stair-head, a higgledy-piggledy roll to the bottom, and, on the next landing place, a goodly display of broken noses, and garters of every hue. Then followed a general cloaking and shawling, and, notwithstanding all our protestations to the contrary, the belief universally obtained that Satan, *in propria persona*, had actually laid his unhal- lowed paw on our shoulder, and we were ever after looked upon as "a callant that was no cannie," in consequence whereof from that day to this no Scotch relative has ever favoured us with a legacy, tho' well aware that, to use the stereotyped language of subscription papers, the smallest donation, &c., &c.

But "We will not weep, and so drive on, postillion," and let us proceed with our author, who informs us that the rooted superstition of that day gives him an opportunity to discant upon those subjects, which form the heading of the present chapter; for that many people, whenever they lost any thing, post off to a cunning man or woman in order that they may be shown in a goblet or mirror the similitude of the missing article. When this is set forth by means of cabalistic signs and figures in a goblet, it is termed augury by the cup; when displayed upon the face of a clear mirror, it is called augury by the looking-glass.

Peter Goldschmidt, in the 14th Chapter, § 2, of his *Advocate of the reprobate Sorcerers and Witches*, shewing that these two species of augury are distinct and separate, and Caspar Schotto, in the Fourth Book, Chapter 13th, § 1, of his *Physical Curiosities*, inform us that on some of these occasions there are to be perceived the images of thieves, enemies, and the like, as also the representations of wild beasts, weapons, armies in battle array, encampments, and every thing that man makes, or has made, whether shewn by day or by night. These are displayed in the mirror. In the other kind there are no images shewn; but

only words, speeches, counsels, resolutions, and whatsoever may be said or written. And further, in what particular place, or by whom, these are determined on, with everything that they have decided upon, and put in action. With this proviso, however, that these must always refer to what has actually occurred, and never to anything future. There is a third art which shews everything that is hidden, and extremely rare, and which lies concealed in the Scriptures.

At page 208 of Luther's *Table Talk*, we find an account of how the Devil, upon one occasion, visibly appeared to a poor man, and promised him exceeding wealth, on the trifling condition of his renouncing his baptism and salvation through Christ, and never repenting and confessing. The man consented and the Devil gave him a mirror, by means of which he was able to prophecy, and was consequently much run after and obtained great reputation. At length, the Devil deceived him, so that he accused innocent people of theft, in consequence whereof his followers fell off, on which he confessed his covenant with the Devil, deeply repented and was handed over to the fire.

Our author goes on to inform us that the Devil often deceives us and imposes upon us

with lies, as the following story of an event, which took place at Neapolis, will evince, the said history apparently relating to the same Christopher Wagoner, who figures in Göethe's *Faust*.

Sometime ago this Christopher, a servant of Dr. Faustus, came to Naples, and gave out that a rich merchant had been plundered and murdered on the high seas, and that property to the amount of one thousand guilders had been taken from him. The heir was anxious to ascertain whether that, which was apparently mere conjecture, had any real foundation, as well as to find out, who had committed the deed. He therefore advertised a great reward to any one, who should discover and reveal the truth. Wagoner looked upon this as a capital opportunity for enriching himself, and presented himself to the heir, as a man well acquainted with the black art, which he had repeatedly tested and demonstrated. Now these people were very superstitious, as many of the Italians consider themselves sorcerers, for not only the priests and the monks, [hear it, oh Rome!] but even some of the lay papists, are expert sorcerers. Christopher was therefore allowed to practise his art, and was promised two hundred dollars. Thereon he took a mir-

ror, and, after some conjurations, held it up to the sun, when the people saw therein the image of a rich man at Naples, who was well known to them, performing this very deed to another person on the high seas. Now, it was true that he had left the place in the company of the missing man, and had returned without him; he was accordingly hauled up before the magistrates, who enquired of him whether he did not know what had become of the merchant; to which he replied that he had taken ship before him, and he knew not whether he had foundered, or was murdered, or had lost his way. All his servants gave the same reply. This answer was considered very unsatisfactory, and he and all his servants were put *in quod*, and ordered to be tortured. They commenced with one of the servants, who under the influence of the torture, confessed that they had murdered him. His master was now compelled to take his place until at length he sung to the same tune, on which they were all incontinently doomed to death as pirates.

Meanwhile, the merchant, who was supposed to have been murdered, returned all safe and sound, (it is to be hoped before the poor wretches were hanged,) and declared that he had been wind-bound in a certain place for five

weeks. The snperstitious people, found that they had been taken in, and the disappointed heir begged Mr. Wagoner to return him his two hundred dollars, on the principle of the mother of the Jew-boy, who broke his neck at the overture in the theatre, who asked back the shilling, as "Moshes had not seen de play;" but, as he declined, and showed symptoms of an inclination to bolt with the coin, the police was sliped after him, one of whom seized him tightly by the arm, of which he bitterly repented, for Wagoner flew up into the air with him, and, after attaining a tolerable height, let him fall to the ground, whereby he broke one of his legs. This was quite a sufficient hint to the other myrmidons of justice. Hereon Wagoner returned thence, and made a miserable bargain with the Devil. This choice anecdote is to be found in Hilbebrand's *Witchcraft discovered*, page 143; as also in Reuter's *Kingdom of the Devil*, p. m. 898.

Erasmus Franciscus, in his *Mirror of the Mind*, fol. 64 and seq. writes out of John Rustens' *Most excellent Pastimes*, page 255 et seq. as follows:—"A young maiden at N. N., as distinguished for her beauty, as for her birth, fell in love with a handsome young fellow, who returned her affection with equal ardour, so that

they both earnestly desired to marry; but for certain reasons, the parents on both sides refused their consent, which caused great affliction to the young couple.

“Now as Satan well knows how to avail himself of the impulses of our sorrows, and turn them against our salvation and everlasting welfare, so he strives also how he may bring young people, who are headstrong and disobedient to their parents, into a graceless and sorrowful condition, and he leads them astray by employing those who have already fallen under his arts, such as wizards, soothsayers, and that description of rabble, just as he did the pair of lovers, of whom we are now treating.

“An old beggar-woman, who had free access to all the principal houses in this large city, came to this love-sick damsel to comfort her in her affliction, and told her that which she was right glad to hear, namely, that the person, that she was in love with, would in the end, without fail, be married to her. This was a tune that the young girl gladly listened to, and she eagerly requested the old woman to give her further information on this point, enquiring how she might certainly know it to be true. The woman told her, ‘I have the gift from God of being able to reveal things to come, and therefore this

matter cannot be hid from me so easily as from others ; and in order that you may be assured beyond doubt of the prescience which I have of your coming marriage, I will shew you the circumstances, under which it will take place so clearly in a glass goblet, that you will praise my art. Only we must watch for an occasion when your parents are from home, and then you shall see wonderful things.'

“The foolish damsel was pleased with the offer, and after she had accepted it, waited for the time when her parents should proceed to their country estate, at which period the old beggar-woman sought out the young girl. But, as the latter was afraid and felt an aversion to being alone with her, she proceeded to the study of the young man, who was at that time her brother's preceptor, to wit, the said John Rustens, who at that period was a student, but afterwards became renowned as a learned poet, and an eloquent writer, to whom she imparted the circumstances in full, and made him a confidant of her project, earnestly entreating him that he would accompany her, and be present, when the old soothsayer should shew her that which she so earnestly desired to see, viz., her future happiness in marriage.

“He sedulously endeavoured to dissuade her

from this sinful phantasy, and to have nothing to say to a matter so strictly forbidden by God, from which probably some misfortune would arise to her. But it was all useless; despite his entreaties, she would by all means see the upshot of her love affair through the jugglery of the goblet, until at last he yielded to her importunities, and proceeded with the girl to her chamber, in order to see the wonderful things, which this old sorceress was to exhibit. When they had entered the room, they found the old woman very busily employed, and taking out of a small basket all her conjuring apparatus. She appeared displeased that the young woman had brought this protector with her, and told him that she could see by his eyes that he esteemed her art lightly. However, she made no delay in making what the author (John Rustens) terms her *expergifex*; she spread a blue silk cloth, on which were depicted the images of dragons, serpents, and other vermin, upon the table; upon this cloth she placed a green glass goblet, and put therein another golden colored silk cloth, upon which further she laid a tolerably sized glass globe, and then covered the whole with a white cloth, just as if she were covering up some precious relic. Immediately thereafter she began to mutter something to

herself, and to conduct herself in an extraordinary manner. After she had ended all these ceremonies she took the glass globe with great reverence and worship out of the glass goblet, and called the maiden with the student to her to the window. There she shewed them the glass globe, on which at first they could see nothing, but at last the bride appeared upon it magnificently dressed, and altogether as gaily attired as for the wedding day.

“ Whilst they were now gazing on the richly-dressed bride, they were sorely troubled and amazed to behold that a death-like hue passed over the globe, so that one could not look on it without great horror. They regarded with no small terror the image in it, which appeared gradually to increase in size, until they saw the representation of the bridegroom come straight up to it with a fearful and terrible aspect (although he was naturally comely to look on), so that they trembled exceedingly. He was booted and spurred, and wrapped up in a grey riding cloak with golden buttons. From under this, he drew forth two new pistols, holding one in each hand; that in his left he pointed towards his own breast, or rather heart, and that in the right he levelled at the bride's head. Hereat they (the spectators) were so grievously fright-

ened that they hardly knew what they were about. At length, the pistol, which was pointed at the bride's head, went off with a feeble report, or rather puff. Thereon, these goblet peepers were as much amazed as if the sky had fallen on them. They stood quite petrified, until, at length, half walking, half crawling, they crept out of the room, and were some time before they came to themselves.

“The old witch was equally disturbed at the occurrence, as one who had not expected such a disastrous termination, and bundled herself neck and crop out of the house, and determined not to come back again in a hurry. Meanwhile, this fright which she had received could not extinguish the love burning in the damsel's heart, although she could not remove the insuperable obstacle raised by the veto of the parents, as they would not rescind their determination, and the step-father and mother (that were to have been) remained so obstinate in their opposition that this marriage could not be brought to pass ; nay, her parents used the more threats and compulsion, so that the young girl was compelled to accept the addresses of a neighboring nobleman in the royal household. This forced marriage caused the maiden useless regrets ; she passed her time in sighing, lamentation, and weeping,

and her first lover gave himself up a prey to grief and vexation, so that he was torn by the most distracting doubts.

“Meanwhile, the wedding-day was fixed upon, and, contrary to the expectation of certain noble personages, who were bidden to the feast, most royal preparations were made. When at length the day arrived on which the bride was to be taken home in great pomp, the princess sent her own body-coach drawn by six horses, with some of the ladies of the court, and some outriders, to the city whence the bride was to set out in splendid array, accompanied by her most intimate friends and acquaintance, some of whom were on horseback.

“All this, however, was well known to her original lover, and he determined not to lose his lady-love so lightly; consequently he got a pair of bran-new pistols ready, with the intention of shooting the bride with the one, and destroying himself with the other. With the purpose of committing this double murder, he had fixed upon a house lying conveniently ten or twelve doors off, by which the bride must necessarily pass. As she came by in great pomp and magnificence with carriages and horsemen in the sight of a great multitude, the distracted lover fired into the carriage. The Devil, however,

missed his mark this time, for the young man fired a little too soon, so that the bride escaped unscathed, and the ball merely carried away the head-dress of a court lady, who was in her company, who wore it a little too high. She, that is, the court dame, of course, fainted away with fright, and was lifted out of the carriage, and carried into the next house for recovery.

“ Meanwhile, all the carriages hurried on, and the would-be murderer observing that he had failed, fled out of the house through a back door, leaping over a tolerably wide water-course, and effected his escape notwithstanding a hot pursuit after him. After the disturbance had somewhat abated, the bride pursued her journey, the marriage was solemnized with all due magnificence, although the bride remembered with little pleasure her “ goblet peeping,” and reflected seriously on what had followed therefrom. But her husband turned out to be a cruel, base, and devilish man, who afterwards treated this modest and virtuous lady more like a brute than a man, so that she daily felt the weight of his fist, and was snubbed by him in all companies, notwithstanding that she had borne him one of the loveliest children in the world. From this vile treatment, such sorrow arose to her that she departed this life in the flower of

her youth, being only thirty years old. And this was the punishment inflicted by God, for having forsaken him, and having had recourse to such devilish arts for assistance."

The above story probably actually occurred nearly in the manner narrated. The part played by the old woman is easily accounted for on the principles of natural magic, and, as the young lady would naturally communicate to her lover the terrible vision which had been shewn to her, a wrought-up imagination would induce him to fulfil it to the letter.

The next story that our author gives us on this head is extracted from the 5th Chapter of John James Boissarb's book on *Divinity*, and which is also recorded by Zeiler, in his 99th *Dialogue*. It is, however, of too gross a nature to admit of its being transferred, as narrated, to these pages, and we shall therefore merely give an outline of it, as affording an illustration of the truth of the maxim, that, as in India, if a man wishes not to lose his appetite, he will do wisely not to visit his kitchen whilst dinner is being served up; so, in continental countries, under the dark and debasing dominion of Popery, if a man, away from home, wishes to sleep soundly, he will not be too particular in his enquiries as to how his wife employs herself in his absence.

We must, however, do the author the justice to declare that the grossness alluded to is not an intentional breach of the *bien-séances* of society, but was not an offence at the time that he wrote, and that his object was to shew how nearly the Devil had succeeded in his design of ruining a lady's reputation by inducing the husband to have recourse to forbidden arts, although our own opinion is that the lady in question had none to lose.

It appears that a nobleman of exceeding wisdom, although his wisdom appears to have been equally as dubious as the lady's virtue, had been obliged to flee his native land in consequence of a murder which he had committed, probably upon some *cavalier servente* of the lady. However, whilst he was thus absent, his mind became distracted with doubts as to how his lady contrived to pass away the time, and he must needs go to an old sorceress to have his doubts solved, which she promised to do for him on a certain day. He accordingly went thither, accompanied by some of his friends, when the sorceress took a young girl of eight years of age, let her hair down, and sprinkled it with holy water. And here we pause to remark that we repeatedly find the witches, the servants of the Devil, making use of holy water, and that

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therefore there can be no truth in the proverb of his aversion towards it, according to the old saying, when one would express intensity of abhorrence, "he loves such a thing just as much as the Devil loves holy water." The truth is that while priests and the Devil use holy water in abundance, the former only set great store by it—the Devil does not value it two straws, except when it accomplishes some of his purposes, and that it does effectually in the hands of the priesthood, who cause the laity to place reliance on it.

The young girl, being thus prepared, was placed by the sorceress in a circle, inscribed all round with curious characters, and desired to state what she saw in a mirror, which had been placed in her hand. There can be little doubt but that the old soothsayer, in the interval between the nobleman's first visit and the present occasion, had made herself intimately acquainted with the interior of his residence, and the lady's appearance and character, and that the child had been tutored accordingly. At first in a trembling voice she confined herself to a minute description of the nobleman's castle, the color of the hangings, the number of the chandeliers, &c.; then she saw a lady, which, by the accuracy of the description, the absentee at

once recognised as his wife, and then she saw a second person, and *then she should have held her tongue*, but she did not, and the furious baron mounted his horse, and rode back the 700 miles in ten days. As he did not dare to enter the city, having a salutary dread of the police, he summoned his wife outside, told her what had been shewn to him, drew his sword, and threatened, Blue Beard fashion, to strike her head from her shoulders, if she did not reveal the truth. The lady fell at his feet, and made her excuse, but what that was we must say with the middle-aged lady in *Pickwick*, "that I would not reveal for the world." Those who are acquainted with Boccaccio's *Decameron*, will be at no loss to discover the nature of it. Suffice it to say that, although it was as clumsy as any recorded therein, it was equally satisfactory to the easy husband, and this mirror of wisdom embraced her as a model of conjugal fidelity. The *Decameron*, by the way, if we recollect right, was placed by a Pope in the *Index Expurgatorius*, not, however, on account of its obscenity, but because of its covert satire against the priests; but John James Boissart and Zeiler, being thick and thin supporters, have hitherto escaped being put in this category.

"We will now," says Dr. Bräuner, "relate a

story, which is to be found in the Seventh part of '*Dreadful Murders*,' by G. P. Hurzdorffer, the 151st tale. A widow, of the name of Valdrea, had for many years acquitted herself with fidelity, as a sort of female cashier in the household of a Princess of France, and had laid by many a pretty penny in the course of her service, so that she lived in superfluity in the palace, and wanted nothing but the art of knowing how to conduct herself properly without sin and wickedness. This old withered tree, however, began to burn with the fires of a new flame, and, although she was as handsome as a decrepid Spaniard, and as much fitted for desire as an old ape, she considered herself to be well calculated to inspire love, and cunning enough to attract strange waters to her mill.

“Under this delusion, she fixed her affections upon a young scribe, named Mastick, (attached to the Court), who, although he was a good-looking and well-conducted youth, was so poor that he had no other means of subsistence than his pen. Valdrea gave this youth many honied words, to which he paid so little attention that she took him into her room, and displayed all her goodly heap of ducats before him. These, however, did not sufficiently put out Mastick's eyesight, so as to make him willing to unite

himself to this living sepulchre and daily purgatory. Now, as this young man was unmannerly enough to treat with contempt both the honied words and the invectives of this old hag, her love changed into hatred, and her affability into wrath, so that she turned her thoughts night and day upon how she should revenge herself upon her ungrateful associate. It so happened sometime afterwards that some burglars entered the room in which the plate was kept, and, by means of false keys, carried off a considerable portion of it. On this Valdrea was in despair, although she was beyond suspicion, and was decidedly innocent of the theft. Search was made in every direction, but no clue obtained to the missing property.

“Valdrea, however, had an old godmother, named Ginnetta, who was noted as a mistress of the black art, and could show everything in her goblet and witches’ mirror. To her Valdrea forthwith repaired, and, at a set time appointed by the latter, she shewed her several faces entirely unknown to her, as those of the thieves who had carried off the plate. This, however, did not help her in her dilemma in the least, as she did not know where they were to be met with. What does this revengeful old woman do? She told her godmother that she was not

a bit furthered by what she had seen, and that this robbery could not have been committed without the help and advice of some one in the palace, and this was, doubtless, Mastick, whose appearance she desired her to conjure up. Ginnetta promised to show her Mastick in the mirror, at which Valdrea was exceedingly rejoiced, and hurried off with the news to the Princess, requesting her to send one of the servant maids with her, to whom she would immediately show how Mastick was well acquainted with all the particulars of the robbery. As the Princess was at first unwilling and wished to keep clear of asking the Devil's assistance, Valdrea treated the matter so lightly that, at length the Princess allowed her to take her own mirror, which she commonly used at her toilette. Then the Princess sent a servant maid, named Lambetta, and having learnt from her after this fashion that the said Mastick had full knowledge of the robbery, and had received from the thieves his share of the stolen booty as an accomplice, this innocent young man was thrown into prison, and finally questioned by the torture.

“The young man was of tender frame, and, under the influence of the torture, confessed everything that came uppermost, but, notwith-

standing, no suspicious circumstances could be elicited against him, as good care was taken not to allude to the mirror, except that he was in the habits of gambling, and that his means were too narrow to support him in that propensity. As, however, he had confessed at first that he was wont to play with the money which he had won, he was not helped out of his difficulty, and it was finally discovered (by a second application of the torture,) that he was a native of Gascony, the children of which country are notorious pick-pockets, and therefore it was concluded that he was no better than his countrymen.

“To make a long story short, the unhappy Mastick was tortured the third time, and finally sentenced to be hanged.

“At the gallows, he assured his father confessor that he had had neither hand nor part in the robbery, and entreated him to see justice done to his memory as a martyr. His wicked enemy, Valdrea, saw him hanged, and rejoiced that she was avenged of his contempt by his death.

“But his innocence was speedily revenged upon her own head. Not many days afterwards a robber was apprehended, who confessed that he had helped to commit the above robbery, and that his associates had gone over to England,

after having first given him his share. Mastick, he said, was entirely free from all knowledge of it, and he shortly afterwards died with this confession on his lips. After this, Lamberta began to babble about the art of Ginnetta, or rather of her tricks of sorcery with the mirror, and Valdeira, along with the old witch, and Lamberta, were placed in prison, where they made a full confession. The two former were hanged and burned; but, as Lamberta, in her simplicity, had only obeyed the commands of her Princess, she was released.

“From the foregoing example,” concludes our author, “we learn how that the Devil either assumes the similitude of persons, or else displays innocent people in the magic mirror, by which he is accustomed to work great sorrow and calamity. Therefore all good Christians ought to have a rooted horror of the magical arts described above, through which they lose their understandings and peril their own souls.”

CHAPTER VIII.

OF SORTILEGIOUS NIGHTS.

Such, oh, gentle reader, do we give you as the interpretation of *Von Losel Uachten*, for we have no thoroughly English word to come up to it, though the practice is familiar to many. We need only refer you to the poets Burns and Scott for divers examples thereof; to wit, such as a damsel going on a certain night in the year to dip one sleeve of her "sark," (we use the Scotch name for modesty's sake) in a neighbouring barn, or brook, in the expectation that after she has hung it before the fire to dry and retired to bed, but not to sleep, the apparition of her lover will appear at midnight and turn it—such is the running three times at the same period round the barley mow, expecting her

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lover to catch her in his arms at the conclusion of the third turn; and such is the going out also at that witching hour with the tune of "Hemp seed, I *sow* thee;" &c., &c.

Now these are, doubtless, all delusions of Satan; but, before we proceed to the matter in hand, there are two points in Satan's character which have hitherto been overlooked, but which we must nevertheless let the world know. The first is that he has a decided aversion to drapery, if not to linen-drapers and haberdashers themselves. In the "good old times," of which we are treating, and even long before, as testified by old Dan Homer's description of the three goddesses upon Mount Ida, he delighted in "primitive simplicity." We shall therefore not describe how the witches and love-lorn damsels of the times we are treating of, were wont to meet him; but say, in the language of Lord Byron's Italian lady acquaintance to an English lady, who was too inquisitive as to the particular duty of a *cavalier servente*, "Madam, I entreat you *to suppose it*."

Whether the advancing delicacy of later ages compelled Satan to shift his ground a little, or whether he relaxed in his dislike to the trade, from being delighted at the gallant way in which the renowned John Gilpin rode from London to

meet him at Ware in the guise of his "good friend, the Calendar," is a matter of doubt; but this much is certain, that the Scotch lassies, who consulted him in Burns's time, were allowed the benefit of *one* garment at least. The other point to which we allude is, that the Devil is essentially "*a man of the world,*" and knows how to play his cards properly. As he cannot induce the young ladies of the present day to consult him in the airy attire of the last century, he has accorded them the permission to do so in the semi-nude dress of the ball-room, or opera, which leaves little room for the imagination, and *answers his purpose equally as well.*

Passing over a rather long diatribe of the worthy author against the sinfulness of thus enquiring into futurity, whereby love-sick damsels imperil their souls, we proceed to state that the nights usually devoted to this species of divination are, 1st, St. Andrew's night; 2nd, St. Thomas's night; 3rd, Christmas night; 4th, New Year's night; and lastly, the night of the Three Kings, or Epiphany night, besides several others, on which these devilish juggleries are brought into play, to the great displeasure of God and the holy angels, and to the supreme gratification of the Devil. Amongst these juggleries may be mentioned the practice of

youngwomen seatingthemselves, on St. Andrew's night, in "beauty unadorned," either in a cross-way, or on the hearth-stone, when they recite their invocation to St. Andrew, being especially cautious, if any one appears, not to address him. We will omit the first example given in the text, as puerile, and some further sage reflections thereon by the author, and proceed to the second one given. He tells us that about twenty-five years ago, a simple woman, in a certain city, must needs act this jugglery in a certain cross-way, in which she watched throughout the night, that being the fittest season for deeds of darkness. Here she received such a terrible fright by an apparition, that some people found her the next morning half dead ; and, although they contrived to revive her, her intellect was gone, and consequently they could obtain from her no distinct account of what had happened to her, she being, apparently, unable to comprehend their questions. At last, after some days, she exclaimed with many sighs, " Oh ! God forgive the old woman ! What a thing is it that he has sent me ! " Shortly before her death she recovered her senses, and related how, that after, in this evil fashion, she had placed herself in this cross-way, a fiery bier appeared before her, which had frightened her so much, that she had fallen into the sickness,

whereof she, as it turned out, died. See the *Hellish Proteus* of Erasmus Franciscus, p. 811.

“From the same author,” continues Dr. Bräuner, “we will adduce another and a similar example,” although we, that is, the translator, ought to have previously mentioned, as an elucidation of the text, that one of the superstitious beliefs of that era was that, if a person drew off his or her shoe, and threw it backwards over the threshold, the lover would appear, and cast down a knife, or any implement that shadowed forth his profession.

Premising this much, we proceed to the story: “Some years ago a freak of this kind was practiced by a young girl in Austria, who had every prospect of doing well, if she had only conducted herself in a godly and honorable manner, had patiently awaited the time of her good fortune, and had placed her reliance upon the providence of God. A man cannot do better, nor walk more securely, than by leaving the question of his prosperity or adversity with the omniscience of Him who has said ‘I will lead thee with mine eye.’ Whoever, on the contrary, will peer into futurity with the eye of the Devil, who is the spirit of darkness, must needs tremble and fall, as happened to this Austrian maiden. This girl had, by the advice of an old beggar, who was

under Satan's orders, and was an old wrinkled hag in his service, desired to see her future lover at midnight by the performance of the ceremonies set forth above, whereon a shoemaker appeared with a dagger, which he threw near her and immediately vanished. She picked up the dagger so thrown and concealed it in a trunk, and shortly after was married to the shoemaker, whom she had seen in the vision. Some years afterwards she went to the trunk to take out something that she required for the following day's labor, and, just as she had opened it, her husband came up and would needs see its contents. As she resisted him he threw her violently away, and looking into the trunk, espied his lost dagger, which he immediately seized, and desired her to tell him, forthwith, how she had come by it, as he had lost it at a certain previous period. In her confusion she was unable to devise any ready excuse, and confessed outright that it was the same dagger which he had thrown down on that particular night, when she had summoned him to her. Hereupon the shoemaker, with a fearful curse, exclaimed, 'Vile woman, then you are the girl who on that night tormented me in such a brutal manner,' and immediately plunged the dagger into her heart."

For this little playful sally, we are told that

the shoemaker was shortly after shortened by a head by the public executioner, and that the whole affair is very circumstantially narrated by several authors and others, wherefore it must be true, although we are left in the dark as to how it happened that the recognition was not mutual in the palmy days of courtship, the advantage having evidently been entirely on the lady's side.

Frommannus in *Fascinazione Magica*, or *Magical Illusions*, book 3, part 6, chap. 7, page 79, gives us another example—

“A young girl residing with her parents endeavoured, by these means, to try her future fortune in marriage, and was persuaded by a lady, in whose service she had formerly been, to try this accursed art. She placed upon the table three glasses, the first filled with water, the second with beer, and the third with wine (we may mention by the way that this is, or was, also a superstition in Scotland, and performed in the same manner, *barring the costume*). Then with two of her sisters she sat down, each, *in primitivo*, before one of the glasses. The lady in question, the door being ajar, peeped in and saw the girls thus sitting waiting for their lovers.

“Shortly after, a house servant, (or rather a spirit in the appearance of one,) came in, took up the glass of water and vanished with it.

After him came another, whose occupation we are doubtful of, but conceive him to have been a ribbon weaver, (*ein buttner, oder bandner,*) and walked off with the glass of beer; and lastly, came a village schoolmaster in a long black cloak and linen breeches, and made free with the wine.

“And now we must record the upshot of this dumb-show, as told by the third girl herself, to the parents of the aforesaid Frommannus: the first maiden to whom the glass of water appertained, married a servant and rued it, for she had a precious small quantity of bread to eat, and must needs quench her thirst with nothing stronger than water, and often mingled the sweat of her brow with her tears: the second married a ribbon weaver well to do, and was therefore easier in her worldly circumstances; but her marriage was unhappy, whereby we may know for a verity that marriages brought about by such means are usually attended with strife and squabbling. What befel the third, who related these circumstances to Frommannus is not known, or what sort of a husband she got, as she was at that time still residing with her parents, and seldom went from home. She, however, afterwards married a schoolmaster in those parts.”

“At the above story,” quoth Dr. Bräuner, “one hardly knows whether to laugh or cry, yet one can hardly read without laughing, what some years ago befel certain love-sick damsels in Krann. Walking one holy Christmas night in a narrow pathway in a wood, they agreed to try their fortune at a certain pool. Now a young bumpkin, unperceived by them, had overheard every word of their confidential conversation, and the name of the particular pool, to which they intended to proceed, he being also well inclined to marry one of them. He slipped away in front of them through the wood unperceived, and came to the designated pool. Here he found a tree growing hard by, which overshadowed it, and which he deemed admirably adapted to his purpose, which was that the two girls should see his reflection in the water. He therefore pitched upon it as the hiding-place whence he should play his tricks upon the two conjuring damsels, and, climbing up into it, perched himself upon a branch which overhung the water, and there impatiently awaited their arrival. He had the more hopes of succeeding in his trick, because he had overheard them say that they must neither speak nor look behind them, as had been specially enjoined them by an old beggar-woman. There was only one

thing rather against him, and that was that it was a fine, clear, moonlight night.

“Now, when these two damsels had reached the pool, they stooped down in hopes of seeing the reflection of their lover in the water, which the country lad perceiving, he craned out his neck as far as possible, in the hopes that they might see his reflection in the water. But the bough on which he was seated was old and rotten, and unable to bear his additional weight, so that it incontinently broke 'ere he had accomplished his object; whereby, instead of producing his reflection in the water, he plumped into it *in propria persona*. He made such a tremendous splash as he fell in, that the two girls thought that it was no less a personage than Old Nick himself, who had suddenly appeared before them, so that they took to flight, without troubling themselves about their garments, and ran back, as fast as if he were at their heels all the way to the village, where they lay several days very ill with the fright.”

We have another story from the *Proteus* of Erasmus Franciscus, at his 818th page, and which is stated to have occurred in Silesia. Three young ladies of the Court, upon one of these nights, which we have indicated as being those especially devoted to these arts, sat down

to a table laid out for supper, as it were, and opposite their respective places they placed plates and chairs for their expected mysterious guests. After a short time, two cavaliers came in, and took their seats opposite two of the young ladies; but the third was left to sit sad and solitary. Now, such a significant hint that whilst her more fortunate companions were to be provided with husbands, she should be destined to lead apes, was more than human nature could bear, especially as they were witnesses of the scene. She accordingly rose and went to the window to conceal her vexation; but was exceedingly startled to observe, directly opposite her, a coffin containing the exact representation of herself. The consequence was that she sickened and shortly afterwards died. Dr. Bräuner tells us that he has abundant more anecdotes of the same kind, and of this there can be no doubt seeing that he had at his disposal such voluminous authors as Hildebrand and Erasmus Franciscus; but enough has been adduced to show the prevailing characteristic of this particular phase of superstition, and that imagination had generally a large share in working out the result. In fact, the popular belief in Satanic agency being employed in this species of second sight was gradually giving way even

in Dr. Bräuner's time, before the light of the Reformation, and he freely confesses that there were many fables mixed up with the various anecdotes which were current on this head.

CHAPTER IX.

"Cui in manu sit. quem esse dementem velit,
 Quem sapere, quem senari, quem in morbum injice,
 Quem contree amari, quem accessori, quem expete."
 CÆCIL. AP. TERTUL.

"The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
 'T will make a man or woman madly doat
 Upon the next live creature that it sees."
 MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,
 Act II., Scene 2.

OF LOVE PHILTRES.

It is a notion of very long standing that, by means of philtres, or love potions, and other arts of that nature, it is quite feasible for any individual to inspire another of the opposite sex with a violent passion for the party who has employed these means. These love philtres

were extensively used by the heathen nations of old, instances of which, in Ovid's works more especially, will recur to the mind of the classical reader ; they certainly did not fall into disuetude in the darker ages of the Christian churches, as manifested by the following pages, and have been too frequently practised in India upon young and thoughtless officers, who, in consequence, have been compelled to quit the service with shattered intellects and blighted prospects ; and therefore we are little disposed to question the accuracy of Dr. Bräuner's assertion that such drugs can be manufactured, although, as their effects can readily be accounted for by natural means, the use of them hardly falls within the legitimate course of a work devoted to demonology. But, in Dr. Bräuner's time, their potency was mainly attributed to the special agency of the Devil, and we therefore do not feel disposed to break the continuity of the work by the omission of the chapter, especially as the said belief tinges the whole of his speculations and narrations upon this point.

He informs us that there is no question, but that people are able to manufacture these philtres, whereby men become raving mad and deprived of their senses ; and, as classical quotations were, in his days, generally looked upon

as decisive of any question, he gives us the authority of Ovid—

" Philtres nocent animis, vimque furoris, habent."

Of the truth of this he tells us that there are, unfortunately, too many examples, such as that of Cæsonia, who made her husband, the Emperor Caligula, stark mad with a love potion: Calischenes, too, according to Suetonius, in the 25th Chapter of his *Life of Caligula*, destroyed the Emperor Lucius Lucullus, by similar means; and the renowned Aristotle also mentions that a woman made away with her husband by a draught of this nature. Reuter, upon *The Power of the Devil*, page 1152 *et seq.*, abounds with similar instances.

The following story is recorded by Pfitzerus, in his *Account of the Wicked Life of Dr. Faustus*. A certain German nobleman, who had lived for a considerable period in the gay city of Naples, became deeply enamored with a maiden, whose doors stood open daily, siren-fashion, to welcome all who called. He became so infatuated with this damsel, hight Doroclea, that, instead of following those pursuits which became his rank, he bent his whole thoughts as to how he should secure her undivided affections to himself. He consequently lavished all his means in presents to her, till he came much nearer to the end of

his purse than he did to the object which he had in view by making ducks and drakes of his ducats. He therefore found that it had become highly expedient for him to quit the city. His intention became known to Doroclea, who, had she known the state of his finances and that that was the impelling cause, would have "whistled him down the wind." She, however, was by no means inclined to part with a pigeon, who stood plucking so contentedly, and therefore invited him to sup with her before his departure. The cavalier came, and all sorts of cates and delicacies were placed before him, amongst which was a particular lozenge that she affectionately pressed upon his attention. But a full heart and empty pockets had taken away the cavalier's appetite, and he could by no means take it, although he compromised the matter by putting the lozenge into his breeches pocket, 'ere he took his leave, which he did with many tears, thinking, poor fool, that he was leaving his affianced bride.

Now as he journeyed, and had already got more than half way to Capua, down fell his horse, apparently, "never to rise again." Up sprung the cavalier, and took off the saddle and bridle, but the horse was not a whit the better; whereon he bethought him of the lozenge that

was warming in his pocket, and which Doroclea had recommended him as a capital stomachic, possessing (pardon the anachronism) more virtues than Godfrey's cordial, and forthwith forced it down the animal's throat. No sooner had this renowned lozenge played about "the cockles of his heart," than up sprang the steed, and, unsaddled and unbridled as he was, started off back to Naples with such speed that no man could attempt to stop him on the road. The cavalier followed him as best he might, and, as he happened to be on foot, the horse must have had the advantage of him by some days. At length he reached Doroclea's door, which happened on this occasion to be shut, and well it was for her that it was so, for there was the horse raving mad, flinging his heels against the door, endeavouring to effect an entrance to Doroclea, with whom, of course, he was desperately in love. The cavalier reflected upon what a piteous condition he would have been in, had he consented to Doroclea's insidious attentions, and quietly, like a wise man, hired another horse, and rode back to Capua again.

This true and veritable history does not inform us whether the panels of the door, which stood such an incessant banging, were made of *lignum vitæ*, or not ; why Doroclea, who was so

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fond of keeping her doors open, should have had them fortunately closed at this particular juncture, or how the horse managed to support life during all the days that he was travelling, and afterwards clattering away at the door; but probably the drug was a compound of Parr's celebrated Life Pills, and the no less famed Dr. Holloway's Elixir, in which case, the horse may perhaps be found alive and exercising his vocation to this day, that is, if the doors have held out so long.

Reuter, however, rather judiciously affirms that there is no inherent virtue either in these philtres, or in incantations to produce these effects, but that people are very apt to lay their sins to their door instead of to that of their uncontrolled passions.

Jacob Vallyck, a priest at Goossen, in his *Treatise upon Necromancy, Witches, and Sorcerers*, gives us an account of a party at which some young people of both sexes were assembled, when a young man of the company affirmed that by the administration of a certain cake he could induce any of the young women there present to fall deeply in love with him. A foolish young woman laughed at and defied him, on which he took a portion of a very harmless

cake out of his bag and gave it to her to eat, on which she jestingly exclaimed, "ah! my friend, I feel myself already over head and ears in love with you." No one, save the thoughtless damsel thought anything more of the matter, and the party broke up. When she went to bed, she could not get the thoughts of what she had eaten out of her head, and continually exclaimed to herself that she regretted deeply that she had eaten the Devil's bread. At last, she could no longer lie still, and rose and went to the young man to have her doubts solved, which he speedily did in a manner that redounded to the honor of neither party. The priest, however, expressly calls him an excellent young man, because he did not employ any of the wicked means of the Devil. So much for the morality of the Romish priesthood.

Dr. Bräuner, following up the idea of Reuter, relates the following story as being fresh in his memory:—In his time there lived at Inspruck, in the Tyrol, a beautiful girl, whom her father wished to marry to a certain silversmith. She, however, had no liking to him, and, notwithstanding her parent's entreaties, regarded him with aversion, so that it was generally conceived that her affections had been pre-engaged by some individual. At last the general rumour fixed

upon a certain secretary, who was supposed to have given the girl some love elixir to swallow. The report at length came to his ears; but, as he did not know the girl, nor had ever spoken to her, he treated it as a jest; and here the matter would probably have ended but for an old woman. Oh! these old women, they are always in mischief, and Napoleon was not far wrong in his usual enquiry, whenever he heard of any accident or misfortune, "tell me who was the woman," being convinced that every evil under the sun could be traced to that agency. Well, this old woman managed to introduce the two to each other, and they contrived to fall in love at first sight. As the secretary had to proceed to Wier the next day on duty, the girl consented to elope with him, and the elopement was so well contrived that she was not missed till the evening, nor any traces of her discovered till some months afterwards. The story is told at great length, and with much circumstantiality, and has been principally introduced here in illustration of Dr. Bräuner's remark—that most of the instances adduced of love having been inspired by witchcraft, are to be accounted for on the grounds of people giving loose to their unbridled desires, or, in his quaint language, "*Wer gern tanzt, dem ist bald gepfeffen*," "who-

ever wishes to dance will be at no loss to find one to pipe to them."

There are, however, certain means by which the effect of these love potions may be neutralized, and divers prescriptions for that purpose may be found in the *Dreck-Apothecker*, (we decline translating the term) of D. Paullinus. One of the genteelest of these is the use of St. John's wort, an example as to the efficacy of which is to be found recorded in the 14th chapter of the said work, page 258 *et seq.* He tells us that at Halberstadt, Dr. Michael Wirtzler, Rector of St. Martin's school, informed him how he knew a journeyman joiner, to whom a girl had given a love potion, so that he could not bear to be out of her sight. But his mother bought him a pair of new shoes and lined them with St. John's wort, in consequence of which, as soon as he had put them on, he was obliged to proceed at a swinging trot to Wernigeroda, till the perspiration poured down from his head and cheeks. After he had returned and had cooled down a little, his mother gave him a can of broth, or rather, "Scottice brose," which he poured into his right shoe several times, drinking off the contents each time, until he became affected with so violent an aversion to the girl that he never after could hear her name mentioned without horror.

Gokelius in his tract on *Witchcraft and Sorcery*, at page 112, gives us an account of a cavalier in Pomerania, who was cured of his love by putting *something else* into his shoe. No matter what it was—it is an experiment that we would not recommend the most desperate lover of modern days to try, or he would assuredly be kicked out of the first company he came into as a most unsavory hound. The classical reader may find a clue to its nature in the following lines from Ovid :—

“ Ille tuas redolens, Phineu medicamina mensas,
Non semel est stomacho nausea facta meo.”

The same author tells us of a certain medical student who was an intimate friend of his, and whom a neighbour's daughter tried to wheedle out his affections, but he regarded her with distaste. He used to sleep with his brother at home who observed that he used often to get up at midnight, run to the maiden's house and kiss the house door. His brother pointed out his folly in vain to him, until it happened one day that his clothes were sent to a tailor's to be altered, when a hare's foot and a lock of hair were found sewn up in his trousers in a linen bag. On these being removed, his infatuation ceased.

The next is an instance of Roman Catholic

superstition, although our author admits that he thinks there is something fabulous in it:—

Stephanas Paschasius quotes from the 2nd Epistle of the 1st Book of *Francis Petrarch*, a story of a magic ring, which was hid under the tongue of a woman who had recently died, in consequence of which Charles the Great was so befooled that he fell so desperately in love with the corpse that he neglected the affairs of his kingdom, and devoted himself to the corpse, which he had embalmed, and placed in his own bed, devoting his time to embracing and kissing it. At length the Bishop of Cologne, whilst praying beside the altar, heard a voice declaring that this insensate love of the Emperor was caused by something concealed under the tongue of the corpse. He took advantage of the King's absence, opened the mouth of the body, and found the ring set with precious stones, which he put into his pocket. Little did the poor bishop think what he was doing: the Emperor had no sooner returned than, forsaking the corpse, he ran after his reverence with all the *empressement* which he had hitherto shown to the body, and the bishop did not know how to free himself from his master's importunities, until he bethought himself of throwing the ring into a neighbouring pit. No sooner thought of

than done ; and the bishop regained his quiet, saving an occasional sigh, doubtless, after the diamonds, which he had been compelled to sacrifice.

We have then a variety of examples given us of people who have been wrought upon by the administration of these philtres, and abundance of authority given for them ; but we are sick of these fooleries, and shall only advert to the case of a woman of Berne, in Switzerland, as being thus afflicted, until the doctor gave her an emetic, on which she threw up a large quantity of black, pitchy matter ; but it was supposed that the dose was not sufficiently strong, as the woman died raving mad fourteen days afterwards.

The next chapter of our author is the longest in the book, being precisely on the subject in which the Romish priesthood delight to revel, being on the decay of the physical powers. We do not intend, however, to enter upon it, and shall merely gibbet the names of the Popish writers who give us these stories, viz., Dr. Ulrich Molitor, Hismarus ; of course, Thomas Aquinus, sometimes termed the divine or seraphic doctor, whose writings are well known as the filthiest of that very filthy collection ; Peter Bornellus, John Wierus, Rodriguez a Castro, even St. Augustine, Reuter, Hildebrand, M. Wolfgang,

Pfitzerus, Grillandus, Bodinus, and Paulus CEmilius; a list amply sufficient to show that there is no lack of materials at any rate.

Any one conversant with the state of morals on the continent at the period of which we write, especially in Italy, Spain, and Austria, will be well aware how lax were the principles of morality then; and, in truth, they have not greatly improved since. The marriage tie was hardly, if at all, regarded; exceses of all sorts were indulged freely in by both sexes; men became prematurely old, and, if three or four children were the result of any one marriage, it was looked upon as an unusually large family. But men instead of attributing these consequences to their own vices, in those days looked around them for extraneous causes, and the pages, which we pass over, are crowded with examples of unhappy women who suffered at the stake for causing that which was the result of the vice of those who denounced them. There is one feature, however, which distinguishes the sufferers under the denunciations of this species of witchcraft from those who were summoned to the tribunals in other cases, viz., that, whereas, all those in the latter were aged and decrepid women, these, on the contrary, were mostly young women, who had previously fallen a prey to the arts of their

accusers, who took this method of stilling the clamours whereby they disturbed the serenity of that married state into which their seducers had recently entered; and, with the violent death of their victims, forget the double injuries which they had inflicted on them.

The picture is a frightful one—it displays Romanism in all its hideous deformities; but the reader must be contented to take it on our authority; for we dare not further lift *the veil*.

CHAPTER. X.

“ This is the hag, when maids lie on their back,
That presses them.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act i., Scene 5.

OF THE NIGHT MARE.

It is with pleasure that we are able to assure our readers that we turn now to cleaner pages ; and that, though we shall have abundant superstition in the following pages, we shall not be compelled to exorcise by wholesale in some parts, or to give a turn to the author's writings, so as to avoid offences against decency, And now, we will preface these succeeding chapters with the

language of Washington Irving, the renowned historian of New York. "I cunningly led my readers, at the first sally, into two or three knotty chapters, where they were most woefully belaboured and buffeted by a host of Pagan philosophers and infidel writers. Though naturally a very grave man, yet could I scarce refrain from smiling outright at seeing the utter confusion and dismay of my valiant cavaliers—some dropped down dead (asleep) on the field; others threw down my book in the middle of the first chapter, took to their heels, and never ceased scampering until they had fairly run it out of sight; when they stopped to take breath, to tell their friends what troubles they had undergone, and to warn all others from venturing on so thankless an expedition. Every page thinned my ranks more and more; and, of the vast multitude that first set out, but a comparatively few made shift to survive, in an exceedingly battered condition, through the five introductory chapters.

"What then! would you have had me take such sunshine, faint-hearted, recreants to my bosom at our first acquaintance? No, no; I reserved my friendship for those who deserved it; for those who undauntedly bore me company, in despite of difficulties, dangers, and fatigues.

And now, as to those who adhere to me at present, I take them affectionately by the hand."

History of New York.

And now turn we to the text of our author. He tells us that the night-mare is a thing of very common occurrence, and well known to both the learned and the vulgar; although a great deal more is said about it than is deserving of credit. It is something that happens to mankind in sleep, and presses upon them so that they can neither stir nor call out, but all this is easily explained by natural causes. Physicians term this malady Incubus, or Ephialtes, which so oppresses men's breath, when they are in a deep sleep that they can neither speak, nor call out for assistance. People in these circumstances usually dream that they have something lying on their breast; and some foolish people have gone so far as to declare that they have seen a dwarf, or something like one, crawl upon their bed and lie across their chest. It occurs to people of all ages, and lasts half an hour, or an hour; but generally for a much shorter time. They speak in their sleep, but not so as to be understood; when they awake, and have shaken it off, they still experience a trembling and weakness of the limbs, as if they had been beaten.

Our author goes on to account for the causes of night-mare, and, although they are well known at the present time, we will venture to transcribe his remarks, as affording a picture of the medical knowledge of that day. "This malady generally affects those who lie on their back, especially with both arms under their head. Dr. Twinger, in his *Conscientious Physician*, page 1060, says, 'several superstitious and simple women, who yet imagine themselves extremely wise, persuade themselves and others that night-mare is occasioned either by a spirit or by witchcraft, by which people are terrified in their sleep.' It is a rash imagination also, when people attribute divers diseases, which are difficult of cure, to witchcraft. The ancient physicians, who had not deeply studied anatomy and chemistry, were of opinion that this complaint was caused by the fumes arising from an overloaded stomach, by which the stomach and the lungs are oppressed, and the motions of the diaphragm interfered with, so as to impede respiration. But as this malady overtakes people, who have not overloaded their stomach by eating supper, I am rather inclined to believe that this is occasioned by a *Halitus narcoticus*, or a thick and unwholesome vapor, which mingles with the volatile spirits, especially those which proceed from

the eighth pair of nerves that belong to the chest, and the muscles connected with the organs of respiration, and so enervates them that they become completely unstrung, and respiration is impeded, which interruption occasions dreams and phantasies. I also hold with many learned men that by this malady a spasmodic contraction of the nerves of the diaphragm, and of the muscles of the chest is caused, as also of the air-vessels of the lungs, whereby their action being impeded, respiration is affected.

“ Those especially, who are of a melancholic atrabilious temperament, are more often affected than others, especially when they lie on their back, in consequence of which the blood can with difficulty pass through the great artery, the Vena cava, into the right auricle of the heart, and thence through the lungs into the left auricle.

“ Some assert that, by lying on the back, the back-bone and adjacent parts are pressed against the heart, whereby its pulsations are interrupted. When this interruption occurs, there is great oppression and dull pain in the region of the heart, which gradually ascends to the brain, and fills it with all manner of frightful images, as if there were a spectre lying on the breast. In fact, when the heart is oppressed,

the lungs must be similarly affected, and the breath is choked, so that when people, labouring under this complaint, feel desirous to call out to others for assistance, the lungs refuse to perform their office, and they are unable to cry out. Others say that, when men lie on their back, the animal spirits are unable to flow and to keep the lungs and thorax in play, whilst the brain in which these animal spirits are engendered, presses upon the cerebellum, and thus stops up the passages through the spinal marrow to these spirits. Vide Mr. Gottfried Voigt's *First Hundred of Physical Pastimes*.

“Others again hold that this night-mare is a ghost, which creeps upwards from the feet, and gradually seizes the whole body, so that people are completely in its power, and cannot call out for assistance.—*Bernhard Gordon, de pass cap. part 2, page 264.*

“Yet others again say that this night-mare is nothing else but accursed men, who can have no rest until they have crept into people's bed-chambers and oppressed them. They even go so far as to assert that, although the windows and other entrances may be secured, they can, nevertheless, creep through a small hole bored for that purpose; and that, if that be carefully stopped up after they have entered, they cannot

escape, although all the windows and doors be thrown open. They further say that the night-mare, after having lain down on the person's body, puts his tongue into the mouth of the party, which prevents him from calling out. In order to get rid of this malady, the body must be turned in the bed, and the feet placed where the head lay. The person must lie upon his stomach instead of the back, so that when the incubus creeps in and, believing the body to be in its usual position, would go through his usual pranks, he finds that he has been 'tricked' and being nonplussed, slinks away ashamed, never to return.

"They say, also, that some men have tried to drive away the night-mare by placing a sharp-toothed comb on their back, but the old fellow was too cunning for them, and, removing the comb, turned the person over, and then lay across his chest.—Vide Johannes Prætorius, in part 1 of his *New Description of the World*.

"Although the fables narrated out of the fore-cited Prætorius are not to be credited, yet the Devil is by no means idle in the present day in his attempts to withdraw men from God's protection by the above means, wherefore some learned physicians divide the night-mare into two classes, natural and supernatural, and

establish the distinction by many notable examples, one of the most remarkable and laughable of which is to be found recorded in Dr. Kœnig's *Cas. Consc. Miscell.* chap. 2. and in the 79th question of *Frendius*."

Really, Dr. Bräuner, you are too bad. Here have we, at the beginning of this chapter, assured our readers that you were improving in your morality, and, before the ink, which penned that assurance, is dry, we have already given a very equivocal cure for night-mare ; and now we come not only to one but to two stories, which, although you term them laughable, are shockingly indelicate, so much so that we must leave them in their native German. And there you are in your woodcut frontispiece, with your reverend locks straying from under your doctor's black velvet cap, sitting composedly in your arm chair, smiling with most Pickwickian benignity upon us, and laying your hand upon an open book, representing, probably, your own work, and pointing significantly to, we doubt not, these very tales. But perhaps you never expected to be immortalized in an English translation ; and wrote only for the unsophisticated readers of your own age and country, so we pass over the offence with this gentle admonition.

Franciscus, in his *Proteus*, gives us an instance of two young girls, who were sisters, and who, as their parents had left them very little property, endeavoured to maintain themselves creditably by taking in fine needle-work in a hired room, in a certain city. The house they lived in had a bad name as being haunted by a ghost. Very often, yea, several times in a week, and sometimes three or four times in one night, as soon as they had lain down, they felt something fall upon them, and lie upon them like a heavy weight, so that they could neither cry out nor call for assistance, and this repeatedly happened, not only when they were asleep, but when they were wide awake. They often saw by moonlight something like a dark shadowy image, which came up to them, and threw itself upon their bed. This occurred too not only at night, but often by day, the appearance coming into their sitting room as well as into their bedchamber. Often too they heard upon quite a calm day, such a rattling and rumpus in their rooms, that they were fain to scamper for it, until at last they were advised to quit the house altogether, after which they were no longer troubled with the spirit. Hence we may conclude, (quoth Dr. Bräuner,) that these night-mares are not always witches, but that Satan himself

repeatedly appears in that form.

Heurnius in *Tract de Morb. Capitis*, chap. 30, informs us what formerly happened to a certain individual in his time. "I remember," he writes, "that, when I was a little boy, I used to sleep with a very honorable and virtuous matron. Once, when I was sleeping with her, I saw an immense black man come and lie across her outside the coverlid. The next morning she complained that she had had an attack of night-mare : I being a little boy, did not like to tell her what I had seen, especially as the black man had threatened to punish me severely if I blabbed of what I had seen." We fear that we must place Heurnius' matron in the same category with Magdalena of the Cross.

Dr. Bräuner concludes his account of the night-mare thus : "I will here relate a story of an Incubus which occurred in my youth in the castle of Torgau. I was then a boy and used to sleep in a room with the maid servant, who was accustomed to attend upon my mother. The cook also slept in the same room, but in a lower and separate bed. She complained that for several weeks something or other came to her bed two or three times during the night and tormented her so that she could not call out : in consequence of this every one got so frightened that

they were all unwilling to sleep in this room. When this rumour had become current, the Incubus did not make his appearance for fourteen days together ; whereon my father's suspicions were aroused, and, keeping a sharp look out on his servants, he concluded that the Incubus must be the footman, as he was wont to crack his jokes with the cook. My father therefore promised the clerk, who slept in the same room with him, a dollar provided he could get to the bottom of this trick. Now this clerk was a good watcher, and took care to keep the promise of the dollar quite a secret. One night when he retired to bed, the footman was very tedious in undressing himself, whereon the clerk pretended that he had already fallen asleep. The footman immediately slipped out, and began to press the cook, according to his wont. He was speedily followed by the clerk, who, finding the servant maids' door open, gently closed it, and slipped the chain on it, so that no one could come out. He then went and knocked gently at my father's door, and told him that he rather thought that he had secured the Incubus in the servant maids' room. Although it was midnight, my father arose, and taking a corporal and a file of men proceeded to the chamber, where they found a very substantial Incubus, who would gladly

have jumped out of the window, only that he would have broken his neck by the act. So this long dreaded Incubus was placed in quod, and the cook locked up in another room till the next morning. Finally they were both punished for their levity, with fourteen days' imprisonment, and were then discharged from the service the nickname, *Alp*, or Incubus, ever after being applied to the footman.

CHAPTER XI.

*"Quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant curant, vident,
quæque agunt vigilantis, ea quique in somno accident."*

CIC. DE DIO.

The things which employ men's waking thoughts and actions, recur to their imaginations in sleep.

OF SOMNAMBULISM.

Somnambulism, which is so well understood in the present day, presented many inexplicable phenomena to the enquiries of the preceding centuries: hence, we find them confounding Somnambulism with trances, looking upon each of these as modifications of others, although essentially distinct. Many individuals, who had

fallen, or pretended to have done so, into a trance during the period of which we write, were wont to relate many marvellous things that had happened to them while in that condition, and these tales, as well as every prediction which they uttered, were implicitly believed. Somnambulism, at the present day, is divided into four classes: 1st, essential or proper somnambulism, arising from some particular nervous disposition in persons, who are otherwise in the enjoyment of perfect health; 2d, symptomatic, or morbid, occasioned by and dependent on certain diseases; 3d, artificial, or such as is induced by animal magnetism, or mesmerism; and 4th, extatic, or religious somnambulism; excited by high wrought enthusiasm.

Of these the two last were utterly unknown a century ago; and the two first form one class of Dr. Bräuner's somnambulism, the second being comprised of trances, properly so called, of which he treats more at large than the other. It was the opinion of his time that these were properly so classed because it was believed that though the body remained in a death-like torpor, the soul was meanwhile wandering even to the ends of the earth.

With this preface we proceed to the consideration of the instances adduced. The first one

we meet with is extracted from the first part, page 80, of Felix Maurus' *Wonders of the World*. He informs us that a learned man records that "a schoolmaster at Wimback, a town of Schwarzanburg in Thuringia, about twenty years before, had been seized with so severe an illness that he remained to all appearance dead. His wife and relations, believing him to be dead, sent a messenger to Angstett, the duties of Wimback being performed by the priest of Angstett, and requested that functionary to come and bury him. Now, as in the said Wimback there were several other sick patients lying, whom the *padre* was in the habit of visiting, he was on his way thither, when the messenger met him and informed him of the death of the schoolmaster. But, when the father came to the first patient, intelligence reached him that the deceased schoolmaster had come to life again, and could talk of nothing else than the wonderful visions which he had seen during his apparent death. The priest hastened thither, and found it even as it had been stated to him. The schoolmaster gave out that the Lord Jesus Christ had taken him into hell, and had shewn him the prison and the torments of the damned, and pointed out to him the persons of many known and unknown people, then alive, who, He in-

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formed him, were all consigned to hell, with an account of the sins which they had committed ; and what was wonderful was that he described their appearance with such accuracy that those, who knew them, declared that it was just as if he had drawn their portraits before them, although he, the schoolmaster, had never seen them. The most remarkable thing was, that he declared that he had seen in hell, undergoing certain torments, a particular nobleman then living, whom he had never seen except in his trance, and had neither known him nor heard of him, setting forth the particulars with such minuteness that all men marvelled. When the schoolmaster had circumstantially related all these things, he declared that he had now fulfilled his commission, and that the Lord Jesus Christ was about to take him to heaven : then, lying quite still for about an hour, he gave up the ghost full of hope and joy."

It is needless to remark that the schoolmaster was a tool in the hands of some designing person, most probably the priest, to terrify certain obnoxious persons, who might have been rather remiss in paying up their *duties*. "We have also examples," says Dr. Bräuner, "of men who have fallen to the ground in a death-like trance, and, when they have recovered, they have given

a complete account of far distant countries ; and when people have had a subsequent opportunity of visiting these places, they have found the description tally exactly." This reminds us of a story that we have read of a certain Laplander. There was once upon a time a Frenchman, who had travelled to a very distant country, and, as he was very anxious to know how his wife and children were getting on at home, he summoned to him a certain Laplander in those parts, desiring him to bring him an account of them within a few hours. This the Laplander promised to do for a named reward, the Frenchman stipulating that he should bring a token with him, to assure him of the truth of his account, although the Frenchman was little inclined to believe that he could perform what he had promised. Hereupon, the Laplander, after certain violent tremors, fell to the ground, and remained for some hours as if he were dead. When he came to himself, he not only gave the Frenchman a circumstantial account of his wife and children, but also produced the wedding ring of the former, (which the Frenchman immediately recognised as the one which he had given her on the marriage day,) as a token that his account was really true, on which the other greatly wondered. After a considerable time he returned

home, and, missing the ring off his wife's finger, asked her what had become of it; to which she replied that upon one occasion, when she was performing her ablutions, she laid the ring upon a table, no one being in the room at the time except herself and her maid. When she began to dress she missed the ring; and, although she had had the maid punished for the theft, she had never been able to recover it. The Frenchman, having minutely enquired as to the day and the hour in which she missed it, found that the time corresponded exactly with that in which the Laplander fell into the trance. Hereon, he told her what had happened, and to her great astonishment put the ring upon her finger again. From this story, the author (whom by the way Dr. Bräuner does not mention,) is of opinion that, when a person falls into a trance, the soul is veritably separated from the body, and, as the Laplander was able, in so short a time, to send his soul hither and thither to such a distance, and it could bring the ring back with it all that way, we must believe that very often ghosts and hobgoblins can appear by these means. Now, as it may be doubted that the above circumstances actually occurred, men must not believe that the soul of the Laplander itself really undertook this journey, but rather believe, if

the story be true, (there's the hitch) "that these things are done with the assistance of the Devil."

All we can say with regard to the above story is, that it beats mesmerism and *clairvoyance* by chalks. It not being our intention to treat in this place of the entranced spirits of men, but simply of somnambulism, we will put these materials on one side, and set forth how often such people perform many marvellous things, without their own knowledge, and unwittingly rising in their sleep out of their beds by moonlight, passing out of the window, running into other houses, and clambering over places where men in the day time could neither stand nor walk. They open closed doors, pass in and out through them, and come back to their bed unperceived: they often climb upon the roofs of houses and other unusual places; then return to bed and sleep; and, when they awake, are either perfectly unconscious of what they have done, or believe they have dreamt them. It is remarkable that so long as no one encounters them in their night perambulations, and calls out to them by name to arrest them in their wanderings, they can pass over the smallest branches of trees, and other dangerous places in perfect safety; but, as soon as any one calls to them they begin to reflect, and cannot advance

another step. Consequently, it is not advisable that any one should thwart or address them, as they are thereby likely to fall into danger.

Lavater, P. I., chap. 10, writes, "I have heard that there are people, who do such things in their sleep as they could not perform when awake. Now, if any man meets one of these night wanderers, either dressed or undressed, and afterwards hears that he was found in his bed, they believe that they have seen his ghost; and the same thing occurs when they hear him wandering about the house."

Horstius de natura noctamb., chapter 1., informs us that there were three brothers in the fort of Bernstein of noble birth, who for a considerable period had been in the habit of sleeping together. Upon one occasion one of these rose up from his bed in his sleep, went silently to the window, and seized the rope which was used for drawing things up from the garret to the roof, and by its means climbed up. On the roof he found a magpie's nest, which he robbed and returned to his room. The next morning, when he awoke, he told his brothers that he had had an extraordinary dream, and that it was to the effect that he had gone up upon the roof and robbed a magpie's nest. They at first laughed at him; but finding the young magpies in the room, they

proceeded to the turret and found the nest robbed and destroyed.

Galenus L., *de musc. motu*, writes that he himself had walked upwards of a mile in his sleep, and did not awake until he struck his foot against a stone.

P. Salius *Diversus de affect : particular.*, chap. 18, writes as follows : " I knew a young man who dreamt that he was obliged to ride forth on his business, on which he rose up, dressed himself, booted and spurred, and then sat across the window sill, driving his spurs into the wall, and uttering the words of encouragement which he was accustomed to use to his horse. He was suddenly awakened and nearly lost his life, which frightened him so much that he came to me the next morning to be cured of his propensity. I cured another individual who was of a very quarrelsome temperament, and who often dreamed that he was fighting a duel with another ; on which, he would rise from his bed, take his sword, draw it, and slash in every direction, just as if his opponent was in front of him. At last we were obliged to remove every description of weapons from the room, and make him sleep by himself in order that he might not injure either himself or others." Kornmann de Mirac, writes that a somnambulist of this

description, unwillingly killed a boy: and Sennertus Paralip. IX., in the 1st book of the *Practice of Medicine*, mentions, from Henry ab Heer in *Obseruo Medic.*, a young man who rose up at night, made verses, and committed them to paper, reading them over repeatedly, and laughing outright. When he awoke, he was perfectly unconscious of what he had done, and was greatly surprised when he was shown the verses in his own handwriting. Omitting several other instances adduced by Dr. Bräuner, we take the following: In Hamburg the following case occurred:—There is a certain unfrequented tower there, which no one had entered for many a long day, and the door of it was kept constantly locked. A certain goldsmith's apprentice had often remarked that house-swallows in the summer built at the top of this tower, and that their nest was not far from a hole, which went through the wall, like an open door; he, therefore, often thought how he should manage to come by the nest. It so happened that, not far from this tower some lofty buildings were in the course of erection, in consequence of which, enormous ladders were left lying there by night as well as by day. Upon one occasion, when the other inmates of the house arose, this young man was missed, although his clothes were found

by his bedside. No one knew where to look for him, although one of the forementioned ladders had been removed and placed as though a person had wished to climb into the tower by its means. But this supposition was abandoned as the ladder was six ells to short. Whilst every one was considering for what purpose this great ladder could have been placed against the ruined tower, they observed that the door was open, and upon entering, and ascending the stairs, they found the goldsmith's apprentice fast asleep upon a heap of rubbish, considerably above the hole which has been alluded to ; so fast, indeed, that it was with difficulty they could awake him. Now, when he awoke, he was not in the least aware where he was, nor how he had come thither : but everybody especially wondered how a slight lad could convey so large a ladder to the tower, which the strongest labourer could not effect by himself ; and, further, how he had been able to climb from the ladder to the hole, seeing that the former was some ells to short to reach it, consequently, it was a matter of doubt whether he had effected it by natural means.

The above-mentioned author writes—"A curious circumstance occurred to me, which many will remember, how, about two-and-thirty years ago, a certain student at Armstadt got exceedingly

drunk, and in this state proceeded to his hotel, took his landlord's sword in his hand, then ran out of the house, and, with many curses and imprecations, challenged his host to come forth. Upon the neighbours and citizens collecting together for the purpose of quelling this disturbance, the fuddled student rushed back into the house, ran up to the garret, clambered dexterously through an attic window on to the roof, up to the very ridge, where he danced away as if he had been on *terra firma*, and hurled the tiles at those who wished to seize him, until by fair words he was at last persuaded to descend from his perilous position. The citizens placed him in confinement, in the watch-house, and, as he was exceedingly riotous, he came in for his share of blows: notwithstanding that his priests and tutors plied him with good admonition, it was all thrown away, until he had slept off the fumes of intoxication. He was then totally ignorant of what he had done; and when, at a subsequent period, he must needs go perfectly sober on to the roof, and skip after the fashion of his drunken moments, he was within an ace of losing his life." "Now," says our author, "although this is not a case of somnambulism, yet it originates the question, how this drunken man could be preserved in his dangerous situation?"

If now it should be required how it is that somnambulists can control their movements, we reply that the *spiritus animales*, or animal spirits and muscles, put the half-sleeping body in motion, and carry it along with them, working on it by phantasies and images, which are shadowed forth in dreams. Many various causes, also, contribute thereto, as the moon, unwholesome vapors, drunkenness, inordinate indulgence in food or liquor, as also melancholy, and a disturbed state of the brain, as Vossius writes excellently in his 25th chap. *De Idol.* Semnius, in his 2nd book, chap. 5, *de Occult nat. Mirac.* is of opinion that the reason why people walking in their sleep do not fall is, that their bodies become filled with wind and air from the unnatural heat of their spirits which makes them lighter; and that their security is effected, as Vossius and Sennertus also hold, by the determination of the animal spirits to their limbs, so that they can lay hold of anything; and, therefore, when these somnambulists awake and see their danger, and the animal spirits flow back from the muscles and tendons to the heart, the body sinks and falls down. Felix Maurus, in his *Great Wonders of the World* part 1. page 72, and *seq.*, has treated more at large upon this subject.

CHAPTER XII.

“By my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most suspicious star; whose influence,
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.”

TEMP., Act i., Scene 1.

OF HOROSCOPES.

No one will deny that the knowledge of the stars is a very profitable and excellent science, from which men can discover a variety of things, provided it is not pushed to superstitious usages. It is a piece of great rashness to suppose that the horoscope, or the star presiding over a man's

birth, can know and prophesy to him what good fortune, or ill luck, what diseases, what sort of marriage, and the like, will be his portion. Also, what shall be a man's vocation and profession, whom he or she shall have for a wife or husband, and what will befall him to-morrow; whether he shall be pious or wicked, rich or poor, in good health or sickly, honorable or despised, beloved or hated, fortunate or unfortunate: whether he shall die in his bed or in battle, be killed by thieves, drowned or burned, and whether he shall die a peaceable or violent death, &c., &c. See Hildebrand in his book of *Arts and Wonders*, part 3.

L. Dunte, *Decis. cas. Consc.*, chap. 3, qust. 3, lays down that, according to his views, the heavens are divided into twelve houses, in which the planets are placed. The first house points out the degree of health to be enjoyed (according as this or that planet shines in it, and is, in their phraseology, the lord of the ascendant); the second refers to riches; the third house relates to marriage, and whether we shall live in harmony with the brothers-in-law; the fourth to personal estates; the fifth to children, whether they shall be numerous or few, boys or girls; the sixth to housekeeping, what description of men or maid servants we shall have; the seventh

to what kind of wife may fall to our lot ; the eighth, to what kind of death we shall die ; the ninth, to the nature of our religious creed ; the tenth, to what pitch of honor we shall attain ; the eleventh, to whether our friends shall prove true or false ; and the twelfth, to whether we shall be in captivity. Having arranged all these, he shows what prosperity or misfortune will follow ; there must be two benignant planets, as Jupiter and Venus, and two malignant, as Saturn and Mars. Mercury associates with them all so well that, into whichever of these houses he comes, and breaks bread with them, he sings to the same tune. The sun and moon have their influence likewise, according to their position.

Having laid down this doctrine, they enforce it by examples, as Nicholas Pfitzerus, in the following, wherein he says that Cardanus de Genitur. Gen. X., is of opinion that the reason why that prince of orators, Marcus Tullius Cicero, so miserably lost his head, was occasioned by the unlucky hour of his birth, wherein there was the blood-red star of Mars and a deadly opposition of the malignant star of Saturn to the planet Jupiter. The same Cardanus in Genitur XL., affirms that the reason why the emperor Nero committed such a fearful suicide is to be found in the circumstance, that at his

birth the blood-thirsty planet Mars was in the seventh house of the heavens, in the unlucky Cancer, and in the sextile of the malignant Saturn. Further, that the reason why the prince of Mayland, Callacius Sfortia, was murdered with thirteen wounds by three villains banded together, was that at his birth the Sun was in the sign Aquarius, a very powerful sign, whilst the bloody planet Mars was in opposition. Moreover, in his XLIV Genit. he writes, that the valiant constable, Charles Bourbon, lost his life under the walls of Rome by a shot from the enemy, solely in consequence of the malignancy of the planets in which he first saw the light, for he had for his ascendant planet the malevolent Saturn in the first house, in conjunction with the Dragon's Tail, and the powerful star of Hercules. Virgan, in *Isagog*, fol. 722, writes that the death of the second Henry, king of France, before he had quite attained his fortieth year, in consequence of wounds received at a tournament at the marriage of his daughter, the princess Elizabeth, is to be attributed to his unlucky natal star. The death of the valiant elector, Maurice, who was shot from behind by a treacherous villain, is to be traced to his unlucky natal star, although some others, and particularly the Jesuit, Alexander de Angelis,

mentions that, at the elector Maurice's birth, the astrologers could not discover the lines and stars, which circumstance predicts a sudden and violent death. Yea, so boldly do these eminent mathematicians, of whom Cardanus is one, handle this subject, as to cast the nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ by the stars, on which blasphemy it is better to be silent. Consequently, whatever these astrologers have written upon this science is to be treated as fabulous, since the knowledge of things future belongs only to God, and by Him alone can be revealed. And what knowledge can men extract from the stars, since the preacher Solomon says, chap x. v. 14, "Man knoweth not what shall be; and what shall be after him, who can tell him?" "And truly happiness and misfortune, life and death, poverty and riches come not from the stars, but from God." Sirach xi. 14. "He giveth understanding and wisdom, riches and honor, and addeth thereto length of days." I. Kings, iii. 12, 13." We omit upwards of a dozen of other Scriptural quotations, as the point is too plain to require further illustration, and have given these to shew that good sense occasionally breaks forth from our author. He thus proceeds:—

The ancient fathers have fully enquired into

this matter, and have ever, in all their writings, spoken against this unhappy prophesying. Lactantius, book 3, chap. 17, writes, "It is a devilish conceit that men are able to prophesy from the stars, the entrails of beasts, and the flight of birds; likewise, when men endeavour to practise this art by opening the Word of God at hap-hazard, (the *Sortes Virgilianæ*,) and by necromancy; and whatever they practise, openly or secretly, to this end, all which things are vain and have no foundation. Epiphanius, book 1, tom. 1, characterises it as a senseless and foolish art, and altogether absurd. The excellent king of Arragon, Alphonsus, who is so highly esteemed for his learning, and who yielded to no one in his knowledge of astronomy, banished all astrologers from his court, all such dubious knowledge taking its origin from the superstitious Egyptians and Chaldeans. On being asked why he so little esteemed astrologers, he replied, 'The stars govern fools, but a wise man knows that they have no control over him.'"

An astrologer having in his predictions fearlessly asserted that Henry the VII. of England would positively die that year, the king caused a friendly note to be sent to him inviting him to come to him, when he had him asked in his presence, whether he could positively rely on

his art, and could determine and declare by the stars what should befall any one. On the astrologer affirming that he could, thinking thereby to enhance and extol his art, the king asked him whether he had drawn his own horoscope, and knew what should happen to him ; and, Christmas being close at hand, whether he knew where he should spend that holiday. When he replied that he could not tell, the king answered, “ then I am wiser than you, for I know it well,” and ordered him to be thrown into the Tower until the year was expired, at the close of which the king remained in good health. Finally, common sense demonstrates to us that these deceptions and this art are to be rejected ; for in the length and breadth of the world there are, every day, thousands of men born at the same hour, who are yet entirely differently constituted, their learning and pursuits are dissimilar, various degrees of fortune and misfortune befall them, although they all ought to fare alike if the stars had anything to say to it. It would also be necessary that none others should fall in battle, and on a certain day, or perish by shipwreck, but those whose natal planet had decreed should thus die, &c., &c., &c.

Lassenius, in his excellent *Table Talk*, among other anecdotes mentions—“ As a thief was

being conveyed to the gallows, he made many objections thereto, saying amongst other things that it was not fair to hang him, for that he was born to steal, such and such planets ruling at his birth; on which one replied to him, "If you were born to steal, you were also born to be hanged."

A celebrated theologian and chronologist once shewed Philip Melancthon his horoscope, which, when he had glanced at it, he laughingly returned to him, saying, "*Non plus fatu, quam pia votu valent,*" i. e. "Be content; an Almighty Father can regulate all that concerns us." Abraham Buchholzer, the celebrated historian, says that he knew of a horoscope, which was only common amongst good Christians, in which was God the Father; in the mid-heaven Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world; in the sixth house, the Holy Ghost; in the third, the Devil, sin, and the wrath of God; in the fourth, Moses and the Law; in the fifth, the prophets, apostles, and the creed; in the seventh, the sacraments; in the eighth, repentance, faith, hope, and charity; in the ninth, our Father and the Lord's prayer; in the tenth, the cross and passion; in the eleventh, death; in the twelfth, the blessed resurrection from the dead and eternal salvation. It was supposed that the

use of this horoscope, when Saturn was below the horizon, instead of being overhead, staved off his malignant influences due as a punishment, and that then a man need trouble himself very little with the conjunction of Satan and Saturn.

Others insist that instances can be adduced of the fulfilment of predictions, as, for example, the death of Henry IV., who was stabbed in his carriage on the 14th of March, 1610, at Paris, was foretold him by an astrologer. The following account of it, is taken from the 27th Book of the *History of the Netherlands*, by Emanuel von Meteren :—“ It is related,” says he, “ that the Duke de Vendome, his illegitimate son, had that day warned the king to take care of himself, because Dr. La Brosse, an old astrologer, had said that the king ought to be on his guard on this day, for an attempt would be made on his life. The king replied that La Brosse was an old fool for his pains, and Vendome a young one for believing him : nevertheless it just as truly happened ; for, at four in the afternoon, the king directed his carriage to be got ready, with the intention of proceeding with his treasurer, the Duke de Sully, to the arsenal for the purpose of giving some orders relative to an approaching triumphal procession, which was to be held on

the public entry of the Queen and the dauphin. There were also in the carriage with him the Dukes of Espernon and Mombasson, besides two other lords. The king would not allow his body-guard to accompany him. On arriving at the street called Sasconerie, near the Innocents, he was followed by a murderer, a very powerful man, who had long been waiting for an opportunity. The passage of the king's carriage was here obstructed by a dray, on which the murderer pressed through the crowd, and stabbed the king twice with a two-edged knife, a foot long, on the left side, right to the heart, whereby the principal artery was divided; so that the king was unable even to call out, and fell forwards a corpse in his carriage."

The following remarkable story is related by Ge. Ph. Hurzdorffer, in the twenty-seventh story of the second part of the *Grand Theatre of Dreadful Murders*. Cariton, it appears, was a nobleman of Urbinum, who, from his youth up, could not be content with lawful learning, but must needs pry into futurity, and sold himself to Satan by addicting himself to astrology, in which there was a great mixture of truth and error. He had reduced the calculations of his nativity to paper, and a variety of experiments, which he made, all declared that he should not

die a natural death, but be murdered by a son-in-law. This impending fate was continually in his thoughts, and he bent his attention to averting it. He had three daughters all unmarried, and, that they might continue so, he directed them to take the veil. The two eldest, who were rather inclined to that way of life, readily consented; but the youngest, who was of an ardent temperament, requested time for consideration, at the expiration of which she declared that she had not an inch of nun's flesh about her, that she had no inclination to that mode of life, and not the slightest intention of dedicating herself to the service of God. When her father found that neither threats nor punishment could shake her resolution, he locked her up in a gloomy prison on his estate, in which she could not see the light of either the sun or moon. The steward of this estate sympathised greatly with this innocent prisoner, and mentioned to Marso, a nobleman, who, on account of a manslaughter which he had committed, did not dare to venture near Urbinum, and had fled to this estate, disguised in peasant's clothes, how this young girl was confined there on account of her father's superstition. Marso delighted to hear him talk of her, and contrived to get himself into the steward's service without

being recognised by him ; so that, in a few days, he had an opportunity of seeing this Eugesta, fell in love with her, and was beloved in return. As they were well aware that old Cariton would forbid the marriage, they determined to make a runaway match of it, and betake themselves to Livornum, for which an opportunity speedily offered. Cariton was soon informed that his daughter had effected her escape, and proceeded with a menial servant, named Sylvius, (which was the assumed name of Marso) to Sivornus. This intelligence troubled Cariton day and night, as he was ignorant of his person, although he doubted not that he would be his son-in-law, and, as far as he could see into futurity, would be the person to murder him. It fell out that Cariton offended the prince of Urbinum, by slandering him, and was obliged to fly to Livornum, a price of some hundred crowns being set on his head. Thus he came to Livornum with the intention of sailing for Spain. He was immediately recognised by Marso, who had seen him before at court, although Marso was unknown to him. Marso purposed to prostrate himself with Eugesta before the old man's feet, and for this purpose engaged two of his friends to accompany him. On the party approaching Cariton, he was seized with the

idea that they were coming to apprehend him, and rushed to the door armed with pistols and a sword. On Marso's kneeling before him, he fired at him, but the ball passed over his head. Marso, conceiving that his father-in-law designed to take his life, drew his sword to defend himself, and ran Cariton through the body, he himself being wounded in the arm. Cariton survived till the evening, acknowledged his superstition, which had led to this mischance, and wrote to his prince, requesting that he might have a full pardon, which was granted, and he was re-instated in his estates, after doing homage for them.

Magnus Gabriel Block, in his tract upon the *Uselessness of Astrology*, writes as follows, at page 100 and 101 :—“An old trustworthy man relates that, in his youth, he and some other Swedes, upon some particular occasion, began to jest with their hostess and to tell her that she would die at the expiration of a month, but she made light of the prophecy. It so happened, however, that she fell sick in that month, and then began to reflect, and suspected that the Swedes knew more than other people, and that very probably they were Laplanders, of whom she had heard many wonderful stories. This idea took more and more possession of her

mind, until the phantasy was firmly fixed in it, and she expired at the end of the month, a victim to her imagination. And further, Martinus Hortensius of Delft, in Holland, and professor of mathematics, in Amsterdam, took a journey into Italy, where he cast his horoscope, which showed him that he would die in 1639, which accordingly happened. He further discovered that two of his fellow travellers would soon follow him, one of whom died shortly afterwards; the second, who is supposed to have been Daniel Heinsius, was so troubled and worn to a shadow that he was within an hair's-breadth of verifying the prediction; however, he lived till the year 1683, as we have upon the authority of Borlett. "Oh! excellent art!" exclaims Descartes, in his letters to Merserius and Boxhornius, "which is well adapted for killing people, who would never even have fallen sick, had their death not been predicted."

On the other hand experience shews that for the most part these predictions are falsified. A rich boor had his nativity cast, and, because the astrologer confidently predicted to him the hour and the minute of his death, he was induced to believe him implicitly, and determined to leave a will which should be no cause of contention amongst the expectant heirs: he therefore made

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an exact account of his property, and determined how much he must spend *per diem*, so as to have run through his property at the hour of his decease. But the calculation was altogether erroneous, as he lived many years beyond the predicted time, and, being reduced to want, had to beg his bread from door to door, continually exclaiming—"Pity a poor man who has made an error in his calculations." *Vide* the *Table Talk* of Lassenius. Philippus Camerarius, in his *Oper. Subcis. Cent. Prim.* chap. 41, mentions that there was a rich man in Lyons, who, in consequence of his being misled as to the time of his death by consulting the supposed ruling star of his birth, gave away all his goods to the poor, and had, in consequence, to beg to the day of his death, he attaining an extreme old age. Pope John the XXII., whom some call the XX., and others the XXI., (formerly Petrus Hispanus,) was well versed in astronomy. He cast his horoscope, and persuaded himself that he would live to a good old age, and long rule the papacy, of which he made no disguise to his relations. Nevertheless, four months after he had done this, he was killed by the fall of a dome or chamber, which he had built, on the spur of the moment, in a new palace that he was erecting at Viterbo. He was not, however,

killed on the spot, but jammed between the stones and the rafters and died on the seventh day after the accident. This happened in the year 1277. See *Nigrinus on the Papal Inquisition*, page 488. The Landgrave William of Hesse, was deeply read in this folly and took a fall (*Sortes Virgilianæ*) in the book of John Garcæus de Judiciis Geniturarum, whence he drew his horoscope, and calculated his life to extend to 46 years 9 months 1 day 22 hours and 40 minutes. In the margin he wrote his name and the following quotation out of Psalm xxxi. 16, "My times are in thy hands," which period agreed with his decease better than the other, inasmuch as he died 15 years afterwards, and in the 60th year of his age.—See Augustine Pfeiffer in *Antimetamorphosis*, book 1, chap. 29, page 551.

But Gabriel Block, in his remarks upon Astrological predictions and soothsaying, writes as follows: "No man can show me, amongst these predictions, one that has come to pass, for one hundred that have failed. If one happens to be accomplished in the predicted manner, it is commonly the soothsayer himself, or an accomplice, who has carried out the application, according to a preconcerted plan of their own, generally by vague and obscure phraseology and

double entendres, of which they have made a large collection before people come to consult them; added to which they have a shameless and brazen countenance, and do not blush when detected in an untruth. Moreover they have a hundred subterfuges at hand, and also a dozen of ill-assorted interpretations of the right meaning of the prophecy, and the cause of its failure, by which people are deceived." The author of this interpretation writes: "I do not hereby condemn all astrology, (astronomy, qu.?) but would rather aver that it is a noble and excellent art from which much can be learned. But I deny that these people can attain to those things which are controlled by God, under the influence of man's free will, and other accidental circumstances"; in which opinion agree all the learned astronomers of those times, Henelius, Cassini, Huigens, Bilberg, Krock, and many others, who affirm that this so-called astrology is sheer knavery and foolishness.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ It may well be called Jove's tree, when
It drops such fruit.”

AS YOU LIKE IT.
Act. iii., Scene 2.

OF THE WISHING OR DIVINING ROD.

There are various descriptions of divining rods of which the mountaineers avail themselves in order to discover whether this or that métal lies concealed in the mountain : before, however, we (that is Dr. Bräuner) disclose our own views of the subject we will first declare what Theophilus Albinus writes in his tract,

entitled *The Idolatry of the Divining Rod unmasked*. First, then, as to the name of the wishing rod, and for what reason so denominated; second, what was the origin and invention of it; third, of what materials it is usually made; fourth, what must be observed as to the time of using it; fifth, what circumstances must be attended to in cutting and using it; sixth, what is required as to the appearance of the rod, and mode of carrying it; and seventh, in whose hands it can be profitably employed. All these points will be laid down on the authority of Simon Heinrich Reuter's *Kingdom of the Devil*, and the 1st part of Maurer's *Great Wonders of the World*.

First then, as to its name; it is termed in Latin *virga aurifera*, *metalloscopia*, and commonly, *virgula divina*, *seu divinatrix*: it is also called *mercurialis*, on the authority of Matth. Wille, from the 486th page *et seq.* of *Ezlerus*, either from the planet of this name, as it partakes of its nature, and oscillates, or else from Mercury, who was a man versed in several sciences, which he imparted to mankind, and was, in consequence, ranked by them amongst the gods: he was also employed as a messenger between the gods and men. He was, moreover; a learned physician, who, by means of his

caduceus and herbal, raised men from the dead, which caused him to be placed amongst the gods after his decease. Amongst us Germans it is called the fortunate rod, (*Glucks-ruthe*,) but generally the wishing rod, (*Wunschel-ruthe*,) either from the obsolete verb, *wunschelen*, which is so pregnant with meaning in the Pantomysteri; also *wanckeln*, or *schwandern*, that is to say, *virga vacillans*, or oscillating rod; or else it is derived from *wunschen* (wish), because men hope, by its means, to discover and ascertain that which they desire, Matth. Wille, qu. 1; or from *winden* (to twist,) because it turns and twists itself in the hand. *Idem ibidem*.

Some people trace the origin and knowledge of the divining rod as far back as to Noah and his immediate posterity, since Thubalkain, upon Genesis x. 2, asserts, in his history of them, that they were accounted the progenitors of the mountaineers of Europe; and, because Job, who was a pre-eminently learned man, was also probably a diviner by the rod, Job xxviii, 1 and 5. Others trace the origin of the wishing rod to the time of Moses, the scripture repeatedly mentioning that he used his rod for the purposes of divination. But all these derivations are very ill supported, and we must seek for some other origin which shall be mentioned in its

proper place. The bush, from which formerly alone the divining rod was broken off, was commonly the hazel nut. On this point the above quoted F. Maurer observes: "If a medlar grows upon a hazel nut bush such a rod is more powerful, because men must observe that *singulari quadam sympathia*, or by a certain peculiar sympathy, a white field snake is wont to harbor in a bush of this description. And the forked branches which point towards the rising of the sun, have more virtue than others." When a regularly ordained priest consecrates rods of this description, *ut creaturam Dei suam adurem creatam* (as God's own creature to the thing created), "in order that God's own creature (the sun, so termed as his noblest inanimate work) may shed its kindly influences on the thing created, or called into existence by its beams." Such we believe to be the meaning of the passage, but our latinity lies dusty, and worm-eaten on our shelves, and we are open to correction from any lately birched, newly breeched, and totally unfledged stripling, or from the hands of any of that numerous tribe of gentlemen who rejoice

"In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink,"

or, without any superstition, by cutting off these branches a cross is made, and holy words, with

prayer and praise to God, are spoken ; so that instead of bringing loss, it is more likely to produce the desired blessing. At the present day all kinds of wood are suitable for this purpose, as the beech, the birch, the fir, the ash, the elder, the oak, the apple, the pear, the yew tree, &c. Indeed men may use for this purpose wire, paper, a sword, fishbones, snuffers, brooms, black puddings, a foot-rule, a tailor's scissors, a book-binder's press, knives and forks crossed, tobacco pipes, books with wooden covers, bucket handles, pot hooks, dove cotes, in short, any thing which is at hand and can be readily brought into play. (No doubt that they are all equally valuable.) Nevertheless, there is a difference between the rods, inasmuch as some use only one rod for the discovery of all sorts of metals, some use a distinct rod for each kind of metal, and some again use only one sort of wooden rod, which is broken off from the parent stem at different periods, according to the prevailing influence of the planets.

As to the period at which these rods should be cut there is a difference of opinion amongst the rod diviners ; some assert that this should be done on a Sunday (on the old principle, we suppose, of "the better the day the better the deed"), after the new moon, and early in the

morning, before the sun has risen, the months of September and December being the best in the whole year. Keppelius, the hill inspector at Annaberg, recommends the Friday before Easter as the best day; but if a person cannot wait so long, then, on a Sunday, at the full of the moon, and also before sunrise. Andrew Libavius of Vallemont, recommends it to be done before sunrise, in the first quarter of the moon, upon the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, viz—about the vernal equinox. Others again say that these rods must be cut on a Wednesday, at the hour when Mercury is in the ascendant. Others hold out for Easter, or Christmas-day as being the most fortunate, or else at the solstices. Vide Schaub. Dissert. Acad. Marpurg. § 11. n. 2. Others again assert that it is absolutely necessary to go forth on St. John's night, between the hours of 11 and 12 *in puris naturalibus*; it would seem, as it is necessary on this occasion to speak certain words as a charm, that the devil is very close at their elbow.

There is an equal diversity of opinion as to the ceremonies to be performed on these occasions. Some declare that the branch must be severed at one stroke; others say that it must be done with three, in the name of the Holy

Trinity. But the generally received opinion is, that the person who cuts the rod must face the east, cut behind him, and put full faith in the operation. As to the use of the rod there are many customs in vogue: some carefully divest themselves of every particle of metal when about to use the rod; others again, when divining by it, take the metal and samples of the things they are seeking for in their hands, without which they are unable to tell in what direction the rod points. And, in like manner, they can tell what description of metal lies concealed under their path, viz., that of which they carry a portion in their hand, and if no metal similar to that of the rod is passed over, the rod will not point, though there may be a variety of other metals in that spot. Further, there are many things which are sought for by the rod which cannot be carried in the hand, as water, thieves, murderers, stolen goods, &c.

Others, in order to obtain a fortunate rod, pray over the words from St. John's Gospel, "In the beginning was the Word." Vallemont writes, that some apply to the rod the words of the twenty-third Psalm, "Thy rod and thy staff comfort me."

Regarding the appearance and shape of the rod see Kircherus and Schottus. It is used in

various manners, as we have stated above, and no one has any certain knowledge of what pertains to the carrying of it, only the rod must be properly held and managed in order that the results from it may be profitable. The fullest account on these particulars is to be found in the fore-cited Albinus.

There is much, also, to be said as to the use of the divining rod. We will here set forth from Albinus, facts, by which it may be seen at a glance how sadly the world has been blinded in these particulars. First, he has sought with it for hidden treasures: subsequently he has applied it to discover springs under the earth, wells, and other concealed waters; and with the foolish impression that the rod could indicate to him how deep the water lay; what was the strength of the spring, and what were the superjacent strata; whether gravel, limestone, sand, or rock, and what was the thickness of the strata. Martin Mauritius, in his *Account of the Practices of the Ancient Jews*, mentions, that in his time the rod was used not only for the discovery of ores, but also for many other purposes, when men wished to divine or know anything. For a perfectly straight rod, without any one's touching it, has bent itself quite round, or rather made a circle, upon a person's pro-

nouncing the name of that which he desired. Vallemontius also bears testimony to this, when he says "I know several individuals who have discovered most extraordinary secrets by the rod." And Albinus says "I cannot pass over in silence what was revealed to me on this subject by a woman, still living, under the seal of confession. Her tale was, that in her youth she was in service in a considerable city, where she made the acquaintance of a young gardener, and they betrothed themselves to each other, with this proviso that, as they were both very young, he should travel for some years, and marry her on his return: in order that they might keep each other in remembrance, it was agreed that they should maintain a correspondence, and some of his letters I have seen. After some time, another suitor paid his addresses to her in a very pressing manner: however, she excused herself, saying that she was engaged, and that she hoped that her betrothed would soon return. The new lover would not desist, and hinted to her that she would never see him again. The perplexed girl did not know what to do, or how to decide, but was informed by a female relative that in a certain city, there was a soothsayer, who had a divining rod, which enabled him to tell future

events." We will shorten this lengthy story by telling the rest of it in our own words. The woman, of course, went with her friend; the soothsayer performed certain ceremonies with an iron, or wire rod, and, after receiving his fee, told her that she should certainly marry her first lover if she would only wait for him, provided that he was as constant to her as she was to him, a point on which he could give her no information; his prediction being therefore a perfectly safe one, and which did not require a resort to divination. After some time the new lover resorted to the stale trick, of having forged intelligence of the gardener's death conveyed to the woman in a letter, and confirmed by various people, on which she forthwith married him. Of course, the first lover came back immediately afterwards, and, after some reproaches, told her that she would enjoy no happiness in the married state, which accordingly happened, her husband falling sick, and continuing an invalid throughout his life, which the author attributes to the impiety of using divination, although the divining rod appears to have had very little to do with the leading events.

Passing over an uninteresting account of the discovery of a theft by the divining rod, we

arrive at a story, which is remarkable at least for the circumstantiality of the details. A procurator of Lyons in the kingdom of France, named Virginay, tells the following curious story of a countryman, who by means of the divining rod traced a murder more than 45 (315 Eng.) miles by land, and 30 (210 Eng.) by water, which happened thus :—On the 15th July, 1692, at ten o'clock at night, a wine seller and his wife were murdered in their cellar, and a small box containing their money, which they used to keep in their bedroom, carried off, which was done with such rapidity and secrecy that at first no one could trace by what road the murderers had effected their escape. One of the neighbours of the murdered parties, however, knew a countryman of the name of Jacob Aymar, who was well to do in the world, and who was well known as a dexterous discoverer of thieves and murderers. This man was brought before the procurator, and promised him that if the place where the murder was committed were pointed out to him, so that he might receive a suitable *impression*, he would discover the villains. He said that he required nothing more than to make use, at his own selected time, of a divining rod, which he had properly cut, and which he used for the discovery of springs,

mines, and concealed treasures. He was here-upon brought into the cellar where the deed had been committed. On his entering the cellar, his pulse beat high, as if he were in a raging fever, and the rod in his hand struck the two places where the bodies had been found. The following morning he went out of the town, over the bridge which crosses the Rhone, following the direction pointed out by his rod, and then turned to the right, pursuing the course of the river. Three persons, whom he met, told him that they had repeatedly seen the traces of three accomplices, but that occasionally there were only the footsteps of two. In this uncertainty his rod directed him to the house of a gardener, where he speedily ascertained their number; for, when he entered it, his rod powerfully indicated to him that they had sat at the table, and had touched one of three bottles that were in the room, which the rod struck in the sight of all looking on. At length two children of the house, aged nine and ten years, acknowledged that three men, whom they described, had slipped into the house when the door was open, and had drunk some wine out of the bottle, which the peasant had pointed out.

Guided by the statement of these children, the countryman with his companions proceeded

thence half a mile down the banks of the Rhone, when the countryman became aware, by the footsteps of these villains, which he counted, that they had taken to the water, and, entering a boat, he followed their traces to beneath an arch of the bridge, through which it was not usual for people to pass, whence he conjectured that the rascals had lost their way from having an indifferent steersman. In this journey the countryman touched at all the places where the murderers had landed, and the lookers on were surprised to see how he pointed out the beds whereon they had lain, the tables at which they had dined, and the vessels which they had touched. At length he arrived at the camp near Sablon, where he found his rod tremble violently, thereby assuring him that the murderers were to be found amongst the numerous soldiers there assembled. Being afraid, however, of giving them offence, he returned to Lyons, where he procured letters of recommendation, and went back to Sablon. He found, however, that the villains were no longer there, and tracked them all the way to the fair at Beaucaire, in Languedoc, pointing out, as he went along, all the beds, tables, and chairs that they had touched.

Now, whilst he was at Beaucaire, and hunting

about the streets, his rod led him to the door of the prison, on which he immediately declared that one of the murderers was confined there. On the prison being thrown open to him, he found 14 or 15 prisoners there, and passed before them all with his rod, but it would not tremble except immediately in front of one of them named Bossu, who scarcely an hour before had been apprehended for a robbery. The countryman immediately strenuously asserted that this was one of them, and went out, forthwith, to continue his search after the others. He found that they had proceeded along a footpath leading to Nismes. On this occasion nothing further was done except taking Bossu to Lyons, who contradicted the countryman, and swore that he had never been to Lyons in his life.

Afterwards he was taken back along the road which he had pursued in his flight, and was recognised by the landlord of the inn, where he had slept. He confessed that he had been in this house with two men in whose company he had travelled down the Rhone. He further acknowledged that they were two natives of Provence, who had taken him into their service, and compelled him to take a part in the transaction, although he had had no hand either in the

robbery or the murder, which had been committed solely by these Provencales, he receiving no more than six dollars and a half. This confession was very satisfactory to the countryman, as proving that he had made no mistake.

In his first examination at Lyons, Bossu stated that, on the day when the murder was committed, these two natives of Provence had taken him into a shop, where they purchased two woodcutter's axes, and that at ten o'clock at night they proceeded to a wine seller's, whom they induced, along with his wife, to proceed to the cellar to fill a large flask of wine, which they pretended that they required; whereon these two men, without taking him with them, crept after the unfortunate couple and killed them with their axes: that they returned to the shop and broke open a box, out of which they took 130 dollars, 8 Louis d'Ors, and a silver girdle: that they then quickly left the place, and concealed themselves in a large court; and that at daylight they went out of the gate which opens on the Rhone, and had drunk some wine in a gardener's house in the presence of two children. He also confessed that they had loosed a boat on the river, and had proceeded to the camp at Sablon and to Beaucaire, and had

slept at the inn, to which the peasant had brought him for further enquiry.

This confession of Bossu brought many things to light which were not previously known, for they found in the shop which these men had made use of instead of a private room, a new woodcutter's axe, all bloody, and a flask quite full of wine.

On this the process was hurried on against Bossu, and this wretch, who was little more than nineteen years old, was condemned to be broken alive on the wheel before the wine seller's house, whither he was accordingly taken. This poor sinner had scarcely been brought to the appointed place before he made a full confession and begged the forgiveness of the spectators, acknowledging that his doom was deserved, inasmuch as he was present at the robbery, and had stood sentry during the murder.

The foregoing story is easily accounted for, divested of its miraculous properties. We have only to suppose that the countryman was more acute than others in seizing the first tracks of the murderers. At the gardener's cottage he obtained an accurate description of their persons, and, pursuing the clue, he followed up one and one only of the parties.

We remember to have read a much more

miraculous story of the discovery of a murder some thirty odd years ago, extracted from, we think, a New York paper, the Americans being famous for their veracity.

A certain individual was wrecked upon a desolate island, being the only survivor of the ship's company. It was his wont to climb every morning a high hill overhanging the spot where he was wrecked, for the purpose of looking out for vessels. One morning, when so employed, he saw a ship come to anchor, and a boat with four men in it push off for the shore. He hastened down from the eminence to meet them, but before he was a third way down, the party had landed, and a struggle commenced, three against one. The latter was speedily overpowered, and, as he sunk to the ground, he threw up his right arm, and shouted to the horrified spectator, "I call upon you to witness this murder." At this instant a thick fog rolled up from the plain, and when he had reached the spot, and vision was again all clear, he saw neither the parties nor the vessel: looking carefully on the sand he discovered the traces of a violent struggle, and digging into it, found a human skeleton. He was subsequently rescued from his lonely situation by an American vessel, which carried him to New York, and, whilst

walking in the streets thereof, encountered a man whom he recognised immediately as one of the murderers. He caused him to be arrested on the spot, told his tale to the jury, and the wretch, discerning the finger of Heaven in his capture, made a clear breast of it, and confessed to an act of piracy in that particular spot, where he and two others had murdered the captain of the ship. He was incontinently hanged, and the tale affords another of the various proofs in existence, that America whips all the world in story telling. *Mais revenous nous a nos moutons.* Dr. Bräuner goes on to give us a catalogue of the various articles and circumstances that can be ascertained by the divining rod. Suffice it to say that they embrace every point on which a human wish can be framed. We pass them over with a candid declaration that we have often secretly sighed for a pocket, or invisible wishing rod ourselves. We wish, for instance, occasionally, to understand in what particular Insurance Office the old Indian Generals have insured their lives; it must be a profitable insurance to the office. We wish to know whether the Court of Directors will ever grant the Senior List, or the Furlough Memorial, or whether they will sanction the establishment of horsed field batteries, in lieu of their bullock

karkhanahs, which are thoroughly useless for the purpose for which they were created. We wish to know whether we have a chance of a good fat appointment, or of rising hereafter to be Commandant of Artillery, and fifty other things of that nature. We wish that ladies in their evening costume would dress more modestly, and leave something at least to the imagination, in lieu of dressing almost like Eve before the fall; we would wish them to prefer their husbands to flirtation, and their nurseries to the more than questionable polka.

In fine, gentle readers, we all carry a wishing rod about us—the ladies under their corsets, and the gentlemen under their waistcoats; and it would be well for us if we could get rid of it altogether. When our wishes are attained we have not the gratification which we expected from their fulfilment; when, as they too often are, they are crossed and disappointed, we become the subjects of care and melancholy, and there is only one really good wish to be wished for, and that is, to wish less about things temporal, and more about things eternal.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare, while in half-sleeping fits;
Or upward rugged precipices fits,
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their paths again."

KEATS.

OF GNOMES, SATYRS, FAUNS, DRYADS,
HAMADRYADS, ET HOC GENUS OMNE.

This is a formidable title, and, truth to tell, the original German one is but one word, *bergmannlein*, or mountain pigmies; but it is comprehensive and typical of a formerly extensive

class, now rapidly dwindling away : gamekeepers have long ago driven them out of England. There are no Oberons, and Titanias, and Pucks now-a-days, and the advance of civilization has left them no longer a *status* even in Germany, so we must record a few of their freaks that their memory perish not for ever.

Our author informs us that there are many anecdotes current amongst the common people of these gnomes or pigmies, and that numerous fabulous narrations have been imposed upon the unlearned by writers of fiction ; Theophrastus Paracelsus bearing away the palm from all others. He gives this last mentioned gentleman a somewhat indifferent character, declaring that he has raked out all sorts of foolish stories from ancient authors, and invested them with every appearance of truth. He gives, however, at tolerable length, his accounts of wood-nymphs, fauns, pigmies, salamanders, &c.

We are informed that the four classes which we have just enumerated are called ghostly, or spectral men, as they have the outward appearance of mankind, although they have not descended from Adam, but are a création distinct from both men and brutes. In some particulars these spectral men closely resemble mankind ;

in others they are essentially different. What pertains to their nature is set forth as follows : the spectral men, or gnomes, have flesh and blood and bone, but are destitute of a soul ; therefore Christ has not died for them : and here the author breaks out into devout exclamations as to the goodness and omnipotency of God in thus diversifying his works, which, having an erroneous notion for their entertainment, we omit.

The gnomes, rear families, speak, eat, drink, and walk ; they have the same variety of condition that we derive from Adam ; as they are poor or rich, clever or foolish—are accustomed to labor with their own hands, and addicted to the use of clothing : they have sufficient knowledge to be able to rule their community on the principles of equity ; but, having no souls, they have no inclination to serve God, nor to walk in his ways. They have, however, an honorable position in the works of nature ; and, as the sons of Adam are next to God, so do they come next to the Adamites, and on that account are denominated men. Their arts, customs, and gifts, are coarser than those of the Adamites : they fall sick and recover just as men do, but their drugs are taken out of the earth : they die like men, but without souls ; that is to say, they

are annihilated at death : their flesh corrupts like that of other mortals.

The gnomes, again, in various particulars, are different from mankind, for Adamitic flesh is a gross, earthly material, which men can lay hold of and feel like any other substance, whilst theirs, on the contrary, is of a subtle description, which men can neither bind nor lay hold of, for it is not composed of earthly materials : it forces its way through solid walls without itself yielding ; it requires neither doors nor apertures, and yet is not bruised ; they are swifter than men, and, though they have a spirit and body, as we said before, yet have they no soul.

The gnomes, then, are to be classed before brutes, but lower than men. Like the beast, they have no soul, but they speak and laugh like men, and consequently they are more nearly allied to mankind than to the brute creation. In reference to mankind they are like the ape, which, amongst the brutes, most nearly resembles man in external appearance and actions ; and, as regards internal anatomy, they are on the footing of the sow, which is nearest man in this particular : but they are superior both to the ape and to the sow, and are merely deficient of a soul : a gnome is the image of man, as he is the image of God. Now, as the Adamitic man

is not God, but has been made in the image of God, so are these not men, but only the image of them, and remain a distinct creation.

The habitation of these spectral men is various—according to the elements in which they live: the water-people are nymphs or undines; the air-people, are sylvani, or sylvestres; the hill-people, gnomes and pigmies, and the fire-people are called salamanders, or vulcani. To the water-people the water is their atmosphere, the earth is that of the gnomes, and the fire that of the salamanders. The sylvani confine themselves to our atmosphere, they most closely resemble us, and die a death very similar to our own. As a fish can live in water, so can each of these in their own element, without being drowned, suffocated, or burnt.

The undines have the human appearance, both male and female; they dwell in water and in running streams, and often approach so near that the air-people, or sylvani, can catch them when they are bathing or riding. The sylvani resemble mankind, but are somewhat stouter, taller, and stronger than ourselves; they use the same food as men, but dwell in the deepest recesses of the forest. The gnomes are only two spans high, and have their dwellings among the hills, where people often find their habita-

tions amongst the caves, the roofs being scarcely a cubit high. The salamanders are small, long, and thin; live in the fire, and find their sustenance in it and in the earth.

That these things are facts, quoth Theophrastus Paracelsus, nobody can gainsay; the first sort are often seen by people who approach the water; the second by those who wander in the forests and desolate places; the third by the miners in the neighbourhood of productive mines; and the fourth are seen in Mount *Ætna*, where they carry on carpentry and other wonderful things. In all points they closely resemble us, except that they die like the brutes, and do not rise at the general judgment. They have their laws and regulations according to their respective natures, just as the bees have their queen, and the wild geese their leader. The sun and the firmament shine upon them as they do upon us, and the earth does not intercept the light of the day from the gnomes, because it is their natural atmosphere, through which the sun and moon shine clearly to them. They sleep and wake like men. They are subject to diseases, and have fevers, small-pox, and other disorders.

These spectral men do not confine themselves to their habitations, but often appear to men in

the guise of ghosts, devils, and angels, so that it is evident how much on this point we ought to believe and hold for truth. Further, the miners have not only seen but conversed with them, and even received gold, and, occasionally, blows from them, as will be mentioned more at large hereafter. The water-people have been often met with on the margin of the water, and seized and carried away prisoners, so that afterwards they have behaved and conducted themselves like men; and the wood and fire demons have often allowed themselves to be seen.

The nymphs appear in human clothing, having the aspect and appearance of men; the wood-gentry are rough and hairy; the sylvans appear short, about half the height of a man; the *Ætnaites*, or vulcanists, appear fiery, and are fiery in all their habits and clothing.

The spectral men cannot carry away people, for they have very limited power over them: neither can they bring them to their wonted resorts, being unable to accomplish it by their choas;* consequently, after intermarrying with mankind, they remain with them, being able to learn and comprehend their language.

The fire-people, and dwarfs, must be reckoned

* This appears to be the Greek word *Koas*, croaking, taken from the sound emitted by frogs.

as ghosts and spectres, because, although they have flesh and blood like men, they are very swift and active : they also know things future, and can give men an account of things past, present, and future. The undines partake of the nature of spirits in agility, but the sylvani are somewhat grosser in their nature. Now, whoever has an undine for his wife, must not allow her to approach the water, nor affront her in its vicinity : in like manner, the pigmies must not be affronted in their peculiar locality, for, if this happens, they vanish away and can never be found again. A man is apt on these occasions to suppose the party in question dead, and thinks of marrying again, but let him beware of doing so, for the marriage tie still subsists in full force, and she will appear against him at the day of judgment as a witness of bigamy, although, as not being a partaker of the resurrection, it is not clearly shown how she can manage to effect this. The above-mentioned spectral men have also, occasionally, monstrosities born : amongst the nymphs, or water-people, are produced syrens, or water-nuns, and water-monks, who spring from the mountain of Venus and Melusima.* Really, these monks and nuns

* Derived from the Greek, ΜΕΛΟΣ, Melody.

are everywhere, but their parentage on this occasion corresponds with their practices.* Amongst the sylvani are produced giants, and amongst the earth and hill-people, pigmies or dwarfs.

Now these different creatures have not been called into existence without an object, but are appointed by God to guard the treasures of the earth. The gnomes, or pigmies, and vulcanists, watch over the treasures of the earth, and, wherever these gnomes are to be met with, these treasures are in abundance, for they take them and heap them up and hide them, in order that they may not see the day before the appointed time. When they have been discovered by men, these pigmies appear there no more, for the proper time for their discovery has arrived, and, in this way are all the treasures of the earth distributed which have been discovered since the commencement of the world.

The fire-folk keep their watch over those treasures which are to be found in subterraneous fires, and, when the fire goes out, up comes the fire-dwarf and watches over the treasures, until the period arrives for their being discovered by

* They also claim the element of fire ; purgatory being reserved only as a special favor to good Roman Catholics ; heretics not being entitled thereto.

mankind. The sylvani watch over the treasures which lie exposed in open day, and which have been omitted and abandoned by their fire brethren, and which, up to that time, have not been discovered. The undines watch over the treasures of the deep, as well as over that which has been abandoned by the fire-kings; other fables of this description are abundant.

“Now,” says Dr. Bräuner, “this is what has been forged by Paracelsus, and palmed off upon mankind, as an oracle from God and Heaven’s own truth; but we will briefly set forth the circumstances correctly, and what is to be believed on this head. The nymphs, sylvani and pigmies, were well known to the ancient heathen: the nymphs were painted as young virgins of an exquisite countenance, and there was an innumerable multitude of them. The heathen, being ignorant of the omnipresence of the Deity, assigned to him a great number of inferior deities, to assist Him in the cares of government. They bestowed various names upon these nymphs, according to the place of their habitation, and the nature of their pursuits. Those who dwelt in the woods were termed Dryads and Hamadryads, and had them under their particular care; the Orcades and Orestiades had charge of the hills; the Napœæ were

entrusted with the valleys and low grounds; the Hemoniades with the fields and meadows; the Nereids, Nerincæ, Oceanides, or Oceanicæ, with the sea; the Naiads with the wells; the Polamides with the rivers; and the Linnades with the marshes. All the accounts of Syrens by the heathen are, however, either fabulous or exaggerated."

Having thus given Paracelsus a knock-down blow, Dr. Bräuner proceeds to say that he will set him on one side altogether, and will lay before his readers, according to his plan, what we really ought to think of these gnomes, who are to be considered rather as evil spirits, than as spectral men, and who show themselves in a visible shape below the surface, and in mines, to the labourers, to which we have the testimony not only of the miners, but also of several learned authors. Olaus Magnus affirms it in these express terms: "It is an undoubted fact that the demons, who are commonly called gnomes, assist the inhabitants of the land, especially in those places and mines where they break and comminute the stones, which work these gnomes help to perform, as well as to throw the fragments into the buckets, and work at the windlass, and other labor of this kind. They occasionally permit themselves to be seen.

and appear to the miners in an agreeable form ; they jeer them, they blind them, and make all manner of fun of them. Sometimes they call them to a distant spot, and when they reach it there is nobody to be found there. They throw anything at their feet, and when the miners stoop to pick it up, presto ! it is vanished."

Lavater testifies to the same effect in his writings, in which he says : "The miners assert that, in some of the copper mines, spectres or ghosts are to be seen, who are clad like the miners : they run about in the shafts and passages of the mines, and appear to be very hard at work, although, literally, they are doing nothing ; they dig out (apparently) the veins, collect the ore, and throw it into the buckets. It is asserted that they very rarely do any mischief to the miners, unless they mock them, or make use of abusive language to them, or else throw gravel or sand at them, or, in short, injure them in any way. People say that they are generally found in those localities where the mineral is most abundant."

Lavater, *De Spectris*, part 1, chap. 16, mentions, upon the authority of a learned and God-fearing man, that, near Tafuuns, upon the grey peak of the Alps, was a silver mine, from

which the Burgomaster of the place, a brave man, of the name of Peter Boul, had derived a considerable fortune, resorting to no improper means.

In this mine there was a gnome, who, when the miners were throwing the ore into the buckets, generally on a Friday, made himself uncommonly busy, pouring the ore from one vessel to another, and whom the Burgomaster would not allow to be interfered with; only taking care to make the sign of the cross, whenever he entered or quitted the mine, and never injuring the spirit. One day this demon was uncommonly troublesome, on which one of the workmen flew into a passion and abused him grossly, bidding him pack off, and go and be hanged, adding thereto sundry nine-cornered German oaths. Now, as prayer is man's protection against the evil one, so does cursing give the devil an effectual handle, and so it happened accordingly, for the gnome seized the man by the head in the midst of his swearing, and twisted his neck so effectually that he turned his face quite round to the rear. The man, however, did not die in consequence, but lived sometime in that condition, being seen in this plight by a great number of people, some of whom were still alive in Lavater's time; how-

ever, he died within the year after his neck had been thus *thrown*.

Georgius Agricola, a man who was intimately acquainted with every particular belonging to the miners, mentions in his Dialogue *De re Metallica*, and the assertion is clenched by Bermannus with solemn protestations of its authenticity, that it is no fable, what men relate of these gnomes. "We may laugh at it or not," says he, "as we please, but it is a fact, confirmed by experience, that there is a species of demons who haunt some mines, and do no injury to the miners, but only flit about the galleries and shafts, and appear to be extremely hard at work, though, in reality, they do nothing: sometimes they will be digging a gallery, or vein, sometimes throwing the ore into the baskets, and sometimes working away at the crane, as though they would draw something up: sometimes they will lead the miners astray; and all these things, generally, they do in the mines which have either proved very rich, or which the miners expect to find so. Sometimes they are very mischievous, as happened some years ago at the mine of St. Annaberg, called the Chaplet of Roses, wherein, as is known to many, they slew twelve miners in consequence of which the mine, though very productive, was abandoned." (This was

probably an explosion of fire or choke damp.)

A little further down he says : " Some of them, it is supposed, are so wicked, as to frighten the miners by appearing as the plague, and, as if they were fleeing before them. Others, again, are gentle, and the miners do not regard them as unfriendly, but rather desire that they would often come to them and amuse them with their mock labor." This author further makes a marked difference amongst these gnomes, and asserts that some are very dangerous, ugly, and frightful to look on ; as for example, those mentioned in the account of the mine of the Chaplet of Roses, at St. Annaberg. He further says, that they sometimes take the appearance of a monstrously long-necked horse, with fierce eyes, and a vapor proceeding from their nostrils, with which they kill people, as they did these twelve miners. We pass over some other transformations equally puerile, lest we spin out this chapter to an unreasonable length.

Schwenckfeld and Schickhusins tells us of a Venetian merchant, who, after traversing the so-called giant's ground, on the borders of Bohemian Silesia, came at length to a meadow, not far from the source of the river Zacke, and there, amidst some lofty rocks, dug out a great quantity of gold and precious stones. A wicked

spirit set himself hard to work to hinder him from prosecuting his labors, and to this end assumed various shapes, but all to no purpose, for the stout-hearted merchant only wrought the harder, although none of the inhabitants of the country followed his example, being under a false and superstitious dread that this spirit had killed several people by twisting their necks. See Balbinus in *Miscell. Histor. Bohem.*, book 1, chap. 6, § 2, page 13 to the end. The same author writes that, as the churches of the saints are built upon nearly all the metal-producing hills of Bohemia, so the caverns of the latter are inhabited by wicked spirits who dwell therein and watch over the treasures concealed in darkness, which, we fear, tells little in favor of the saints that they should be found in such company, if there is any truth in the proverb that "birds of a feather," &c. Zacharias Therobaldus, in his *Treatise upon Spirits in the District of Cubiten*, writes that these demons often appear to the miners in the guise of an old man, three ells long, and with a beard reaching below the pit of the stomach, sometimes dressed as miners, with lanterns, rammers, hammers, and other tools; and if men do not mock them nor offer them any interruption, but behave kindly to them, they will do them no

injury. In the book just above mentioned, the aforesaid P. Balbinus mentions, that in the mines at Cutna these demons have been often seen going in and out in great numbers, and when there are no miners below, but especially at seasons when great loss and damage are about to ensue, people have heard them raking, digging, thumping, stamping, and performing other miners' work. Sometimes they are distinctly heard hammering like a smith upon the anvil, and turning the iron to meet the blows of the hammer. In these same caverns they are heard knocking and hammering as if three or four smiths were at work, and as these noises are often heard in houses where there is about to be a very great change to either prosperity or misfortune, these demons are called by the Bohemians house-smiths.

In the far-famed mine at Kutterberg, which is called Smytna, in the year 1509, these wicked spirits began to work lustily: men heard them for several days and nights consecutively laboring and digging away, which was looked upon by the inhabitants of Kutterberg as a prognostication of the death of the miners, who shortly afterwards lost their lives. A year afterwards these demons were seen to fly out of the mine in various shapes and to different places, many

of the inhabitants of the place having witnessed their flight through the air.

Many wiseacres rank all these accounts as fabulous ; and, although they cannot deny that these demons have been repeatedly seen and heard by the miners, they will not be convinced that they really are demons, but ascribe everything to a heated imagination. But if any room can be found for attributing these things to the imagination, the erudite and clever physician, Thomas Bartholinus, who carried his researches into the rarest and most curious enquiries as to the extent of the power of natural causes, would not have written—"The mines in Norway compel us to entertain no doubt of the existence of gnomes, for they have been repeatedly seen :” and, with a view of convincing us of this fact, he gives us the following story of a silver-mine, contained in a letter from his son Christophorus Bartholinus, and which he showed as a curiosity to his uncle Johannes Finch.

The gnomes inspire the miners with hopes of obtaining a rich booty, when they appear visibly to them. "I myself," says he, that is, Christophorus, "have conversed with a miner, who, when he was at his work, saw a gnome of middling stature with a long beard, but his body all black, standing at his side. This dark com-

panion did not offer to say a word to him, but presented his snuff-box to him that he might take a pinch. The miner was annoyed that he should attempt to interrupt his work, and knocked the snuff-box out of his hand. For this piece of politeness the gnome, very naturally, flew at his face, but the miner stood on the defensive with the weapon which he had in his hand. However, thinking that the sooner he was out of that the better, he turned to make a bolt of it, and very speedily found a heavy burthen on his shoulders, which *was* nothing less than the gnome riding *him* after the fashion of Sinbad's old man of the sea. It was with *great* difficulty, and only by the *help of God*, we are informed, that he managed to effect his escape out of the mine, but his shirt was torn to ribbons, and his body scratched and pinched to all the colors of the rainbow by the devil's talons, and he carried the marks of them to the grave. We are surprised that Christophorus should have humbugged his good father, the doctor, with this story.

These gnomes, however, are not confined to Europe, but are found in all parts of the world. We wonder whether there are any on the Neilgherries: should we succeed in catching

one we will start an opposition coach to our uncle of Agra.*

The negroes on the coast of New Guinea tell many wonderful stories of them, but, as they partake very much of the nature of Dr. Bräuner's, we refer the curious reader to the *Neu-Africanische reise Beschreibung*, fol. 460, or an account of a recent journey in Africa, published, we know not when. Dr. Bräuner winds up this chapter by saying that he has thus established the existence of these gnomes beyond question; and, that the only point to be considered is, whether they are really spirits, or a cross between a man and a brute, which point, he says, is too knotty to be solved. For our own part, we suspect that the old gentleman chuckled hugely as he penned this chapter, and, laying his finger to his nose, said "Tell that to the horse marines."

* The Agra Bank, established for lending money to individuals who want it, on unquestionable authority, and at ten per cent.

CHAPTER XV.

“ All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bids them.”

TEMP. Act ii., Scene 2.

OF THE WILL O' THE WISP OR IGNIS FATUUS.

Who has not, at some period or other of his life, in his native land, encountered, and, perchance, been led astray by a Jack o' Lanthorn, until, haply, he found himself plunged neck deep in a morass. But these natural Wills o' the

Wisp are not to be weighed in the balance with the moral and spiritual ones, which lead men continually astray. Who is there that can look back to the period of boyhood, and not reflect how sadly the stern, the bitter realities of after existence have proved at variance with the day-dreams which he then formed, when, lying, perchance, extended in all the luxury of laziness, along the sunny bank of some babbling brook, visions of the future floated before him. His whole life has been a clutching at the mockery of the rainbow which recedes as he approaches; castle after castle in the air has been raised only to be demolished, even ere it assumed all its full proportions, and the burden of his experience is that of the poet,

“ Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.”

This condition is finally expressed by Young in his *Night Thoughts*, as follows :—

“ Behold the picture of earth’s happiest man ;
 He calls his wish, it comes ; he sends it back,
 And says he called another : that arrives—
 Meets the same welcome ; yet he still calls on ;
 Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
 But holds him fast in chains of darkness bound,
 Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free ;
 A freedom far less welcome than his chain.”

Who is there that has passed through even half of the threescore years and ten, allotted as the term of mankind’s earthly pilgrimage, who can look back without discovering, in the gloomy

vista that he has passed through, the spectres of blighted hopes and ruined expectations, of friendships given to the air, or (if they have survived the rude shocks to which they have been subjected by the frailties of mortality) dissolved by death, so that, again he can take up the language of the poet and say,

“The spider’s most attenuated thread
Is cord—is cable to man’s tender tie
On earthly happiness ; it breaks at every breeze.”

But we have also spiritual Wills o’ the Wisp, and, without touching on those of the Romish Church, which are abundant enough to furnish a Jack o’ Lanthorn at every half mile between this and purgatory ; and *that* is, we take it, *rayther* more than a mile and a bittock from this ; we shall simply allude to those which are set up by various professing Protestants as erring lights to show the way to Heaven, the most notable thereof being Arminianism—that rag of popery, in all its various phases.

But come, we will call a halt to these meditations and doff the black coat and don the brown holland, for we are now going to peep into Dr. Bräuner, who says “That what we Germans call ‘*Irrwisch*’ is, by writers upon physics, termed *Ignis fatuus*, which the common people generally consider to be a legerdmain of the Devil : others hold the groundless opinion that

they are lost souls, who in their lifetime were wont to remove their neighbours' land-marks, for which offence they have been doomed to flit about in the shape of men of fire, and some suppose that they often mislead men by night and bring them into great bodily peril, of which they adduce many examples."

The *Ignis futuus*, however, is a fiery material, caused by gross vapors, which arises from the earth and burns like a brimstone match; consequently, it is generally to be met with in sulphureous localities, in decaying forests, in church-yards, in places of execution as well as in all fat marshy spots, and occasionally in large plains, which have been moistened by the blood of men and animals, wherein it appears like several torches, which at times unite and then again separate into distinct flames. After having given this unexceptionable explanation, Dr. Bräuner, in whom the love of the marvellous predominates, proceeds to inform us that, though the Will o' the Wisp is to be traced to natural causes, yet the devil often plays his tricks of jugglery with it; that sometimes men have only themselves to blame when any mischance befalls them; although it is not to be denied that many persons who pursue it are led into water, or boggy places, or sometimes are

induced to stray from the right path : the Jack o' Lanthorn is not the cause of these accidents, but the people themselves, who are influenced by a superstitious dread, and run gaping after it ; for this fire naturally seeks to return to the place whence it derives its origin, in order to re-unite itself with the clammy and sulphureous exhalations. It is true that it comes close to people and settles upon their bodies, inducing the utmost terror, which springs solely from their imagination. M. Johannes Gottivalt in *Disput. de Meteor. Ignit.* s. 49, opines that such wandering lights are clearly a trick of the Devil, and affirms that, when they are far distant, if a man whistles to them, they will rapidly glide up to him and torment him sadly, in some cases, even to death.

“Now, it is not to be doubted,” says our author, “that Satan, as mentioned above, is man's deadly enemy, and generally sets his traps for him at night, and can make use of these wandering meteors for that purpose,” an opinion confirmed by Fromondus, *De Meteoribus*, book 2, chap. 2, who tells us that, as one of his relations was travelling at night, in the middle of a field, he was suddenly surrounded by three or four wandering lights, which put him into such a stew that he fell, forthwith, at full length on the

ground. These wandering lights remained a long time stationary within a few paces of him, until he bethought himself of calling upon God for help, on which they left him with the same celerity that they had approached him, and went away more than a mile over the Moselle. Our traveller, thinking that he had got rid of them, rose from his recumbent posture, but had only taken a couple of paces on his road, when back they came and surrounded him as before; when our valorous bully again rubbed his nose vehemently against mother earth, taking care not to rise again till he found that they were finally departed. These flittings of the lights Fromondus holds as an evident proof that they must have been under the special guidance of the Devil. A much more likely circumstance is, that his relation would reach home in such an unsavory plight that all his acquaintance would "stop their noses at him."

And now we have a quaint story of what befel the worthy Dr. Bräuner himself. "I can here," quoth he, "lay before the honored reader an undoubted fact which occurred to myself and two right good friends, who are even now living at Spire. In 1675 we three were in company at Neustadt on the Hard, situated in the Palatinate, where we sat till we were belated; but,

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as we knew the road to Spire well, we determined to travel half the way by moonlight; we had hardly, however, emerged from the city when we were met by a man, unknown to any of us, who told us that if we were bound to Spire, we should fall into danger, for that a few hours before, a strong detachment of the French had issued from Philipsburg, and he warned us that we could not escape them. My two companions, however, were not to be deterred by this, so we determined to proceed. Upon leaving the city, which lies somewhat low, and reaching the top of the hill, the moon shining brightly, we saw, at a considerable distance, in front of us upwards of a hundred watch-fires, and concluded that there was a large camp full of the enemy there, in consequence of which, we determined to make a circuit, although it would considerably lengthen our journey. We therefore directed our steps to the upland country, but, which ever way we turned, there was the camp alongside of us; in fine, we wandered so long that not till eleven at night did we reach a village, and then discovered we were at Freumarsheim, a village situated in the diocese of Spire, not far from Landau. Being excessively fatigued, we were compelled, from the absence of an inn, to request a night's lodging of the

parish priest, M. Nagelein, which he cheerfully accorded us. The next morning the priest sent out some of the villagers to get tidings of the said French encampment. One of these affirmed that he had been at Philipsburg till three o'clock that morning, and that up to the moment of his quitting it, not a soul of the garrison had stirred thence; whereon we resumed our journey, and, passing over the place where we had seen the watch-fires, there were not the smallest traces of them nor of an encampment having been there, and the people of the place assured us that not a single soldier had been seen there. "Now" says Dr. Bräuner with delightful simplicity, "we beseech the honored reader to consider whether this could have been anything else but the devilish walking of spirits by night—like the ghost in Hamlet,* we presume, which compelled us to take a circuit that cost us four hour's walking. As to the man who warned us near the city, we will not venture to say whether he was genuine flesh and blood, or whether he was a spirit that had assumed the human appearance."

We do not wish to hurt your reputation, Rev. Dr. Bräuner, but we cannot forbear just

* "Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires."

breathing a gentle suspicion that, whilst you and your two friends were sitting so late at Neustadt, you were not altogether dry lipped, but might have taken a drop, only a little drop, too much, or how are we to account for your companions being so pot valiant, although their valor so rapidly, like that of Bob Acres, oozed out of their fingers' ends, and your having so many lights dancing before your eyes, if you did not see double, or were not in the happy condition of the poet Burns, when he exclaims

“ The rising moon began to glow'r
 The distant Cumnock hills out-owre :
 To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
 I set mysel ;
 But whether she had three or four
 I could na tell.”

And then, to dub the kindly stranger, who gave you a friendly though indirect hint, that you had better go to bed and sleep off your liquor, an incarnation of the Devil, really, we must say, Dr. Bräuner, is, at the least, very uncharitable. And, Dr. Bräuner, you are ungrateful too. What would you have said if, instead of meeting the friendly stranger after you had, like Mr. Pickwick, found the milk punch a little too good, and a little too strong, you had encountered Captain Boldwig, and been wheeled off to the pound, instead of planting, as you were permitted to do, your legs under the priest's

mahogany, and making yourself so exceedingly comfortable, although you give us no hint as to how you spent your evening.

One more example will conclude this chapter : it is extracted from the *Hellish Proteus* of Erasmus Franciscus, p. 174, and is as follows :—
“Some years ago,” says he, “a worthy man, who was travelling in company with me, informed me that, a short time previously, he had been riding along with a good man, between Nuremberg and Nordlingen, his fellow traveller having pressing business. They had taken a torch with them from the last town, which they lighted before arriving at the toll-house on the bridge, on approaching which, several Wills o’ the Wisp began to flit about them, and at no great distance from the water, and several more to dance around them, when they got near the bridge, (a great portion of which was under water owing to a flood,) in order to dazzle and mislead them into the deep stream, a catastrophe which would certainly have happened, if my companion, who narrated this story to me, had not been thoroughly acquainted with the road from often travelling it ; for these wandering lights, which had hitherto flitted close around them, now began to multiply and endeavour to mislead them ; some flying before them, settled

upon the bridge; others, upon the water on either hand of the bridge, and some upon those parts of the bridge which were under water. As these two travellers arrived at the place where the commencement of the bridge was under water, the companion of the narrator was sore perplexed, and his horse began to back with him, so that he would have infallibly been carried into the stream, had not his companion, who knew the road well, called out to him to stand still, and, riding back to him, put him in the right road again, encouraging him to pluck up heart and follow him. They then rode on with extreme caution over such portions of the bridge as were under water, until they reached the dry part of it, the lights, in the meantime, dancing and flitting around them, and playing all manner of pranks, whence they concluded that they were ghosts at their gambols, and that, if they had not had a lighted torch with them, one or other of them, i. e., the travellers, would infallibly have been extinguished."

Dr. Bräuner ridicules the idea entertained by some in his day, that, when prayer would not avail against these lights, then men should resort to cursing and abuse, by way of a change, with smacking of their whips, &c., and says

that by far the best plan is, for a man, if he must travel, to take the broad-day light for his journey, as the night is the season of the powers of darkness, when all sorts of bedevilment are abroad, although he is not candid enough to attribute half the wonderful things seen in those witching hours to late suppers and *schnapps*.

CHAPTER XVI. *

" I must fill up this Osier cage of our's
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

* * * * *
Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act ii., Scene 2.

OF THE MANDRAGORA.

We pass over Dr. Bräuner's chapter upon the flying dragons, which is only an uninteresting description of the aurora borealis, shooting stars, and other similar meteoric phenomena, and proceed to that which contains his description of the Mandragora, or, as it is called in

German, the Allraunen, or Galgenmannlein, literally, gallows dwarfs, and in this chapter we must take considerable liberties with them. This root was largely used as a means of sorcery, either for obtaining wealth by unsanctified means, or removing the curse of sterility, or, in short, to procure good fortune of any kind. Johannes Rint, in his work upon the *Universal Folly of Mankind*, states that the word was originally Rhun, or Alruhn, an old German word formerly in use, although both these, as well as that of Allraun, are now obsolete. It was so termed, as being supposed to be invested with the gift of telling things to come.

This root, called in Latin by botanists Mandragora, is affirmed by Zorn, in *Botanologia*, page 420, to be a root of excellent virtues. It is supposed to be generated by the droppings from the corpse of a malefactor left to swing to and fro on the gallows, whence its name of *Galgen-mannlein*, which people in former times were wont to give large sums for, and with it worship the Devil to a great extent, for which we have the authority of Bartholinus, cent. 2, *History of Anatomy*, chap. 51st; of Theophrastus Paracelsus on *Long Life*, book 3, chap. 4; and of Delrio in his *Disquisition upon Magic*, chap. 2, quest. 6, sec. 4.

Its figure resembles that of a man, and it has broad leaves with yellow flowers. The digging it up was supposed to be attended with no ordinary peril; for, on being torn from the ground, it shrieked and howled fearfully, so that the man, who was venturesome enough to procure it in this fashion, died on the spot. To avoid this catastrophe, the following precautions were necessary:—The person must, on a Friday, before the sun was risen, stop his ears carefully either with cotton, wax, or pitch; (we apprehend that this last substance would give *Tom the barber** some trouble) and, on reaching the spot where it grew, make the sign of the cross over it: it was then to be carefully dug round, so as not to leave the smallest fibre in the ground. After this it was to be tied with a thread to a dog's tail, and the person was to run before the dog, holding a piece of bread in his hand. As the dog ran after the bread, with the root dangling at his tail, the shrieks of the root would have such a powerful effect upon him, that he would fall suddenly dead to the ground. The unfortunate dog having been thus converted into a scape-goat, the noxious powers of the root were so far destroyed as to allow it to be

* It is part of the duties of this functionary in India to clean the ears of his customers.

handled with safety. It was then washed in wine, wrapped up in red and white silk, and afterwards put, rolled up in white linen, into a wooden box for four weeks, leaving only the head uncovered. These ceremonies being duly observed, it would then answer any question put to it, and frequently declare things future. We have then an account of the same, given word for word from the Jewish historian Josephus; but, as it does not differ in any material particular from the foregoing, we omit it, referring the curious in these points to his 7th book, and 23rd chapter.

Erasmus Franciscus, at page 489 of his *Hellish Proteus*, writes, that the Devil having entered into a Mandragora root, it was, by order of the Mayor, put into the pulpit, there to await his arrival. Meanwhile, the root made many vows and protestations, which were heard by several people, although the speaker was unseen. On the Mayor's entering the pulpit it immediately became dumb, and he passed sentence upon it, that it should be buried by the hangman's hands under the gallows, to which the root, like a good and obedient devil as it was, submitted without a murmur.

Israel Fronschmidt, at page 626, gives us a very detailed account of these *allraumen*: we

shall merely advert to such points as we have not previously met with. In the first place the virtues of the *altraunen* are considerably improved if it has sprung up under the gallows of a thief of the first water, especially if his mother, whether she was in "the longing way" with him, made no distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. On this principle, as the *altraunen* have become very scarce in consequence of its being the fashion now-a-days to let none but petty rogues swing, we would strenuously advise that one-half of the Calcutta mercantile world should string up the other, (Union* Bank Directors will yield the best plants,) and then improve their dilapidated fortunes with using up their old partners as *altraunen*. We can imagine a new song coming out in the City of Palaces, commencing somewhat thus, to the tune of Toby Philpot :—

"Dear Tom, this *altraunen* I am steeping in wine,—"

The next point is that a man must not be in *too* great a hurry to get rich, but always bear in mind the fable of the boy and the goose with golden eggs. If you exact too much from an *altraunen* it dies, but it is a good animal notwithstanding, yielding a very pretty profit of cent. per cent. If you put half a dollar into its

* A reference is here made to the disgraceful disclosures of 1848.

box at night, and you should not allow your avarice to induce you to exceed that sum, you will be sure to find another half dollar alongside of it the next morning.

Another peculiarity of the *albraunen* is, that instead of falling to the eldest son at the death of the father, it becomes the property of the youngest, who, in order to secure his inheritance, must put a piece of money and a morsel of bread into his father's coffin. If, however, the youngest son should die before his father, the elder brother must perform the like kind office for him, and then the *albraunen* falls to him at his father's death, as a matter of course.

Johannes Prætorius, in his *New Description of all the Wonders of the World*, gives us an account of all the juggleries which travellers are wont to impose upon others with reference to the *albraunen*, and tells us that it is only the two forks of the root which have a faint resemblance to a man's legs, but that the rest of it is quite dissimilar in shape from the human body, and that it is very easy to give any root a rude resemblance to the human form: that if men bury bryony and oats together the former, when dug up and dried, will have the appearance of the human hair. Matthiolus, in the 71st chap. of his 14th book, (what a voluminous writer)

Diascor, writes that rogues cut the roots of reeds, of the *hünds kurb*, or dog's gourd, and of other plants into the resemblance of a man or woman. Then, in the places where they want hair to grow, to represent the hair of the head, the beard, &c., they stick barleycorns and bury the root in the ground, slightly covering it with sand. In a few days after these barleycorns have begun to shoot, which is usually effected in about twenty days, they dig it up, and with a sharp tool, fashion the fibres to represent these appendages to the human face divine, and Matthiolus mentions an *altraunen* of this description that a highwayman at Rome sold for a good round sum to the foolish people there.

“A deception of this kind,” quoth our author, “fell under my own observation : a respectable officer of the army having shown me an *altraunen* that he had purchased for ten ducats, and which he set great store by, as having no doubt whatever as to its being genuine. There was, however, a non-commissioned officer in his regiment, who let me and some others into the secret, saying that in the month of June he had taken a tolerable-sized frog and stripped its skin over its ears, and having disembowelled it, filled the cavity with some root or other, stretching it out into shape, and returning the skin

over the belly, extended it on a board with the fore and hind feet at full length : he had then made a head out of the *schmeer* root, sticking barley-corns into it, from which, in a short time, he had produced the hair in the manner previously described. After drying it slowly in the sun, it had assumed the appearance of a human figure, the head having been artfully fixed to the skin with a needle and fine blue silk ; it had then been fastened on to a small stand covered with blue paper, and put into a small box with a clean piece of glass at the top for a cover, so that it looked wonderfully curious."

And this was the *altraunen* that the officer in question had put so much confidence in, and had already squandered some hundred guilders on it, in hopes of obtaining good luck.

Now, all this, we are told, is a gross delusion, although the Devil occasionally conceals himself in the *altraunen*, finally seducing covetous people to the bottomless pit ; and those who imagine that by the Devil's assistance they will eventually become rich, will find themselves grievously mistaken ; for, though the Devil knows where treasure is concealed, he has no power over it, as Dr. Faustus experienced, when he once demanded money of his familiar and could not obtain it, although he snubbed him famously,

and desired to see a specimen of his art in this way. The Devil, too, knows right well that it is not for his interest to make his votaries independent of him ; but, on the contrary, to keep them poor, so that they may serve him more fervently; and if he does, occasionally, apparently favor one of them with a gift, he manages to deprive him of double its value in some other way, of which we have the following example :—

“ A corporal, sixty years of age, made a covenant with the Devil to serve him, provided he would give him seven guilders a day, the whole of which he was compelled to spend, not reserving a single stiver thereof till the night-time. He was prohibited from wearing new clothes, but was compelled to throw over all his other garments an old black vestment, whence we may gather,” says the doctor, “ how chary the Devil is of his gifts, although he compelled this corporal to wallow daily in the mire of sin, and left him no loop-hole for repentance. It is a lamentable thing,” continues he, “ that people should be so misled by the Devil as to believe that such a root can be produced from the distillations of the corpse of a criminal, and that they can grow rich thereby, thus departing from God, and submitting themselves to the Devil’s yoke. Thou fool!” he thus apostrophises such,

“wilt thou please thine arch-enemy, and be eternally damned, by entertaining the belief that the soul of the hanged man can enter into the root, and enrich thee, when it is actually the Devil himself that is in it; inasmuch as the soul of the thief is in limbo and cannot continue the evil practices of his lifetime, being securely kept by the righteous decree of the Almighty until the day of the final judgment?” We should require to put on the black coat again to enable us to do justice to the rest of this sublime peroration, and in this weather it would make us so uncomfortably warm that, taking the nature of the subject into consideration, we should begin to believe that our pockets were stuffed full of *albraunen*, so the reader must imagine the remainder.

We shall conclude this chapter with a story of a widower, a potter, who in a certain city married a clockmaker's daughter. This latter continued with other potter's wives to sell her earthenware in the market. At last her husband gave her something wrapped up in a cloth, telling her that, as long as she kept it she would find a speedy and excellent market for her goods. The foolish woman must needs show her talisman to her fellow-women, and, as curiosity is an amiable weakness of the sex, they were not

content with an outside inspection, but ripped open the cloth, and found therein a thief's thumb with the nail grown as long as a Chinaman's. An immense hubbub ensued, and, "as two of a trade never agree," the unfortunate potter was denounced to the authorities. He said, on being questioned, that the talisman was given to him by an individual whom he met in his travels, as being the thumb of a thief that had been burned by the hangman's hands; but, whether the magistrates happened to be a little more enlightened than common, or whatever was the cause, he was let off on this occasion with a whole skin, although Dr. Bräuner is decidedly of opinion that he ought to have been set down as a sorcerer. And here we close this edifying chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames."

ÆNEID, III., 56.

"Oh, cursed hunger of pernicious gold
What bonds of faith can impious luere hold?"

DRYDEN.

OF HIDDEN TREASURES.

We tell you, what it is, Dr. Bräuner, that if you think that we are going to break our back with transcribing your long-winded sermons about the evils of covetousness, you will find

yourself cruelly mistaken. The thing has been much better done by the Revd. Mr. Harris, in his far-famed *Mammon*, with a trifling error or two, in which he declares Omnipotence to have been repeatedly foiled by the Devil, whom he makes the stronger party, a mistake from which, to do you justice, you are free, as you do circumscribe the power of Satan a little. But there is this much to be said in favor of the former, that, being an Independent, he would fain make the Devil independent also; and that, in aiming at fine language, he has thoroughly mystified himself and his readers, and the poor man did not actually know what he was writing.

We will therefore suppose our readers to be fully convinced of the fact that, "the love of money is the root of all evil," by which people are led captive of the Devil, and proceed to what Dr. B. says after the passage we have skipped.

He tells us that it is an undeniable fact, that great wealth and riches are concealed in the ground, being sometimes treasure that people have buried in war time, and then dying, the knowledge of the hiding-place has perished with them. With this treasure the Devil plays his juggling tricks, although he has no power either to appropriate it to himself, or bestow it

upon others—which latter impediment, we presume, does not give him the heart-ache, if we are to believe all that we were told in the last chapter of his niggardly disposition. However, he is able so far to make use of it as to blind the eyes of those men who are intoxicated with the love of wealth, and are not satisfied with what Providence has bestowed upon them.

Now it is beyond doubt that those people who, under the full dominion of covetousness and avarice, go and dig for these Devil's treasures, are the joy of his heart ; but people should not so far give the rein to their desires as to ascribe power to the Devil, who can only have as much as God pleases to allow him. It is certain that Satan leads many men into his net, by deluding them with the hopes of hidden treasure, and, knowing how generally men desire to be rich, he delights to take up his abode in those places where many people are to be found who are filled with these desires, and disregarding the blessing of God, seek to be rich with his assistance. We will not affirm it as a positive fact that we have ever seen his Satanic majesty, but we have a vivid recollection of having in our younger days seen a suspicious looking gentleman very busy on the Royal Exchange of London ; but whether it was Lucifer or a beef-

eater we cannot positively assert. All that we know is that he came very close to the description—

“ And pray how was the Devil drest ?
Oh ! he was drest in his Sunday’s best ;
His coat was red and his breeches were blue,
With a little hole behind, where his tail came through.”

Be that as it may, we are informed that sometimes he throws a sudden glance of light into the corner of a room, whereon the foolish inhabitants are immediately persuaded that there must be treasure hidden somewhere thereabout, and begin to grub and dig, using many heathenish ceremonies, hoping, by the Devil’s assistance, to discover it, thereby running post haste into his net ; to say nothing of the minor consideration of having a long bill for dilapidations brought in by the landlord at the next quarter day.

Having thus hooked, as it were, the unfortunate treasure-seeker, Satan keeps up the delusion, impressing them with the idea that there is plenty of gold in this or that place, and there are several examples of people picking up a single dollar or a solitary coin, and the rest of the treasure which was before their eyes vanishing suddenly away. The Devil’s treasure, however, is easily discriminated from that which has been buried in time of war, as the former

is pushed to the surface and vanishes; whereas good, honest treasure and jewels remain stationary and do not take to flight.

A great many people have squandered their hard earnings in seeking after treasure. There have been Dousterswivels in all ages, who have led these superstitious people by the nose, and who are well provided with a hundred excellent reasons, for the non-appearance of the precious deposit. Many learned men, we are informed, have been led astray, by this craving after concealed treasure, and have given us directions as to the mode of digging for it, the best authorities on this point being Wolfgang Hildebrand, a deeply learned mathematician, who, in his book on *Arts and Wonders*, p. 300, writes, on the authority of Theophrastus Paracelsus, Tom. IX. of *the Occult Sciences*, as follows: "we must here say a few words, as to how we may ascertain, recognise, and obtain possession of the treasures and concealed money which lie below the surface, and also with reference to the dangers and wonders which accompany the attempt. In the first place, we must shew you by what tokens a person may be able to ascertain whether a treasure is concealed in a certain spot: and in order to put this point beyond doubt, he must pay particular attention as to

whether a great number of ghosts allow themselves to be seen and heard there at night time, kicking up a great disturbance, so that the people, who pass in that direction, are in a terrible fright, breaking out into a cold perspiration, and their hair standing on end. The ghosts are more troublesome on Saturday nights, and, if people carry a light with them, it is blown out as if they were passing through a current of air. It often occurs too, that, when treasure lies concealed in a house, abundance of ghosts are to be seen and heard making a most tremendous uproar. Now, when these things occur, you may rest assured that there is a heap of concealed treasure there, without requiring any other token. Treasures are, however, of two sorts, one which belongs to a human mint, and which may be found and possessed, and the other not. Consequently every treasure-digger must pay attention to the signs above mentioned, as the divining rod is deceptive, being equally influenced by a penny, which may have been lost, and the other means which necromantic treasure-seekers make use of, such as mirrors and goblets, are equally so; therefore let no man depend upon them.

Now the proper way to go to work in digging for treasure so as to have a successful issue is

as follows: In the first place, begin to dig under the influence of the Moon or of Saturn, and when the Moon is entering into Taurus, Capricorn, and Virgo. There is no occasion to make use of any ceremonies, or to draw a circle, or give yourself any trouble of the kind; but dig away right cheerily; and don't be in a stew about ghosts, for although several will appear, they are only airy shapes and phantasies, of which you need not be afraid; therefore dig away, my hearties; troll out a merry carol or two, and keep up a lively conversation amongst yourselves; for you are not forbidden to speak, as some fools, who know nothing of the matter, would fain persuade you."

"Thus far Paracelsus," quoth Dr. Bräuner; "but this doctrine of his is all fiddlesticks, by which people are befooled and led by the nose. Now, in order to deter and alarm these treasure-diggers, I will here give an instance adduced by the renowned J. Ct. D. Benedict Carpzov, in his *Practice in Criminal Cases*. A certain man, who had been marked by the Scabini* with the initial letters H. K., confessed that he had promised some individuals that he would recover articles which they had lost: and that about

* We plead ignorance as to who these gentry were.

three years before, he had summoned a spirit named Sybille on three consecutive Fridays, who always appeared in the guise of a child clothed in greyish-white long garments, and had a most extraordinary countenance, with a long crooked nose, and a chaplet composed of long thorns in the shape of a crown upon its head. The two first times H. K. could not elicit any satisfactory information, owing to which, he summoned it the third time, and then conjured it by the allegiance which it owed to the prince of devils, Beelzebub ; whereon it appeared, and on his straitly charging it and conjuring it by the above mystical letters, that it should shew him in what part of the house the treasure lay concealed, the apparition Sybille informed him in a low weak voice that he should mix melted wax with myrrh and incense, make a candle of it, light it, and put it into the hand of a pure virgin, who should perambulate the house with it, and wherever the light went out that there would be the place where the hidden treasure should be found." He followed the directions, and only reaped a dollar for his pains ; and Dr. Bräuner rather sensibly asks whether a single dollar was worth taking all that trouble for.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“When an old woman begins to dote and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams.”

ADDISON.

ON WERE-WOLVES.

“Geneidigten leser!” which is, being interpreted, beloved reader, in one of the first chapters of this most veracious history, we informed you that were-wolves had been discarded from Satan’s livery stables; but we did not let you into the reason why; inasmuch as

K 2

we intended to give you a full account of this dangerous animal, which intention we now proceed to fulfil. And first, we must ask you whether you have any clear conception of what a were or wehr-wolf is. Our forefathers, good simple souls, believed that there was a sort of transmigration of souls; by virtue of which, if a man became mortally offended with another, he would throw his soul headlong into the carcase of a wolf, leaving his own body, for the time being, inanimate on the ground, and in his new temporary shape would sorely torment his adversary. Now this opinion was combated both by the learned Dr. Bräuner, and by Augustus de Cavit, *Dei*, book XVIII., chap. 8; but principally upon the grounds that after the body has once become exanimate, no power of man or devil can make the soul return to it, that being exclusively the prerogative of Deity. Yet they will not venture altogether to deny the existence of were-wolves; but ascribe them to false apparitions conjured up by the Devil, who has the power of manufacturing a resemblance of a wolf either out of the air, or of some other element. Now, were-wolves are not altogether extinct at the present day: specimens are occasionally to be met with; although not produced as in the "good old times" by metemp-

sychosis, but by a species of moral metamorphosis; every Jack in office, who takes advantage of his situation to bully those beneath him; every husband, who thrashes his wife, or throws a leg of mutton at her head, is a moral were-wolf. Some of the journals would indicate their existence within that magic circle which, measured by the full batta compasses, falls within two hundred miles of the Presidency, and measured by those of the Post office, considerably exceeds those limits. But we think that they have mistaken the genus: at all events, it must be a distinct species from our's; and, if they will only procure us the fangs and a few of the back teeth, we will, by the help of Dr. Bräuner's *Cabinet* and Cuvier's *Comparative Anatomy*, prove them to be wrong to their own entire satisfaction. And now we will proceed to the genuine were-wolf, apprising our readers that we intend to pick out a pretty moral or two as we go along for our mutual benefit. Our first tale shall be from Erasmus Franciscus, extracted from Lercheimer's reflections upon this subject *apud Dedekium*, vol. II. *Consilior*, fol. 434. He tells us of a countryman who came to a certain bailiff's house: not one of your seedy tipstaves of the Supreme Court, that "moveable prison," as Bishop Earle calls

him, who "is an occasioner of disloyal thoughts in the commonwealth, for he makes men hate the king's name worse than the Devil's," but a good, jolly, fat, substantial land bailiff, who delighted in roast beef, and a barrel continually on the tap. Now this was a house of call which jumped mightily with the tastes of the countryman, who ate and drunk his skin full, until he fairly dropped from the bench to the floor.

The jolly host, who thought that he understood how the land lay, ordered his people to leave him alone, and not disturb him. The next morning, however, a horse was found lying dead in the paddock, cut right in two with a scythe, and, the host's suspicions being excited, he interrogated his guest as to what he knew of the matter. He confessed himself to be a were-wolf, and that he had done this for the following reason, viz., that in that field a witch (witches being the natural enemies of were-wolves, who cease not to persecute them,) flitted about in the shape of a light flame. As he pursued her with a scythe, she took refuge under the belly of the horse; and, in aiming a blow at her, he had unfortunately cut the horse in two. Thus, there being no such a thing as metempsychosis, this countryman confessed to

a crime which he had not committed, and which he had only dreamt of.

We now see how it is that witches no longer ride upon were-wolves—they are their husbands, to whom they have so natural an aversion, that they will not come into so close contact with them, no, not even for the satisfaction of belabouring them with a broomstick. We are also enlightened as to the origin of these two incarnations. A man, who had a wife that he disliked, denounced her as a witch, and the numerous instances in which this was done, established the existence of the race: on the other hand, wives, who were tired of their liege lords, dubbed them were-wolves. In these degenerate and more civilized times, the husband can go no farther in a matrimonial squabble, than to term his rib “a dear angel,” and the lady’s vocabulary extends no farther than to call him in reply “a horrid brute.”

The aforementioned author, Erasmus Franciscus, tells us as follows:—“I once went with a sexton, a friend of mine, into the house of a land-bailiff or steward, who had what he called a were-wolf in confinement, which he ordered to be brought before us, in order that we might enquire of him into the nature of his transactions with mankind. This man, (for he was

then in his human shape,) behaved like one out of his mind, for he laughed and capered just as if he were leading the pleasantest life imaginable, instead of having been brought out of a dungeon. He told us, amidst a host of other lies, that on the night of Easter-day, he had appeared to his relatives in the shape of a were-wolf, although their residence was more than twenty German miles from the spot, and a river ran between, twice as broad as the Rhine, at Cologne; we asked him how he had contrived to disencumber himself of his fetters, on which he replied, that he had drawn his feet out of them, and flown out of the window. 'How did you manage to cross the river?' 'I flew over it.' 'What did you do amongst your relations?' 'I marked the places where they were lying asleep.' 'Why did you return to your confinement?' 'Because I was aware that such was the will of my master.' He praised his master hugely; we told him that he was a very bad one, on which he replied, 'Will you give me a better? If so, I will go to him.' We were grieved to see and hear this poor man, and entreated that he might be released; but there was no alternative, and he was condemned to be burned. Now this man lay twenty miles off from the place where the horse had been killed, shut up in a

tower, and, therefore, could not have been present in the house of the other bailiff, neither could he have been in the paddock, and killed the horse. The Devil must have done both things, and persuaded this poor man, who lay in such a deep sleep, that he had done those things which he confessed, and thought he had done." There is a wonderful confusion here; but it appears that the same person is meant in both stories, which are related as separate ones; probably the poor lunatic did actually make his escape, and pass the night in the house of the first bailiff, as narrated in the first instance.

We are informed that there are several instances of the force of these imaginations and phantasms of melancholy to be met with in the more northerly regions of Europe, where the density of the fogs is peculiarly favorable for Satān to carry on his trade, inflicting great perplexity and trouble upon the people. However, as has been already mentioned, it is beyond his power to carry a man's soul out of his body, and bring it back to him again.

"We will here," says our author, "relate one story from among many of a man thus transformed, which is affirmed to be true, and request the reader to lay it to heart. Nich. Rem. Garzon mentions that the Archduke of

Russia, having seized the sorcerer Lycaon, who often transmogrified himself into a wolf, and in that shape inflicted much injury on the peasantry, had him securely bound with iron chains. He then commanded him to go through his transformations into a wolf, and show him what tricks he was in the habit of playing in that character. Lycaon promised to do so, provided his keepers were ordered to stand a little on one side, which was no sooner done than he squatted down, and after some incantations, changed himself into the appearance of a wolf, opened his jaws, shot fire from his eyes, and raged so fearfully that his keepers had quite enough to do to hold him, whereon the archduke, without giving him time to resume the human form, slipped two strong young hounds at him, who forthwith tore him to pieces, thus affording an apt illustration of the maxim of the Psalmist, 'Put not your trust in princes.'” But Lycaon in putting his trust in a Russian prince, of all people in the world, showed himself a greater fool than the evil genius in the *Arabian Nights*, who was persuaded by the fisherman to put himself again under the power of Solomon's seal, after he had been once released from it.

Puceros, *De Divinatione*, page 170, writes on

this subject; "What I have heard regarding these transformations is fabulous and ridiculous to the last degree; but not so that which I have heard from many learned and wise people, who were trustworthy to boot; who informed me that they had learned from the confessions of several individuals, who had been apprehended and put to torture for these practices, that in Livonia, and the adjacent countries, they were in the habit of assembling for twelve days after Christmas. Their statement was, that as soon as Christmas-day was fairly over, a young man, who limped with one leg, makes his appearance, summons all those who are sold to the Devil, and commands them to follow him. If there be any among the assemblage, which is said to be vast, who are lazy and loitering, there is another immense man with a whip composed of iron wire and chains plaited together, with which he lays upon them so unmercifully, that the weals and scars are visible for a long time after, and they are put to excruciating agony." Verily, we must depute those editors of the daily press who are in the habit of wasting so much printer's ink in lamenting over an imaginary tyrannical power vested in commanding officers, to the Devil's dominions, in order that they may pen a strong editorial upon the diabolical

cruelty of using such a whip, and that without a court-martial. And here they have a *fact* to go on, which they had not in the other case. When they come to the appointed place, they are all transformed into wolves, to the number of one thousand, their leader preceding them with an iron whip, when they all fall upon the flock of sheep, and do infinite damage; but they have no power to attack the shepherds. Should they come to a river, the leader smites it with his iron whip, whereon the water divides, and they pass over dry foot. After twelve days they resume their proper shape.

Remigius, in his second book, chap. 5, advances a story, which would go to demolish our prettily-spun theory as to the antipathy between were-wolves and witches, but we are not going so easily to submit to the attempt. We allow our castles in the air to melt away one after another, and do so with lamb-like patience; but a theory—“*c'est une autre chose,*” that is another pair of shoes, Mr. Remigius; and, if we placed our affections anywhere beyond the domestic circle, it is upon a pet theory, which we will maintain to the last drop of ink, and so we will demolish the old woman, without having the fear of the Supreme Court before our eyes, for we will do our little bit of

spiriting beyond seas, where that most excellent tribunal has no jurisdiction.

The account of Remigius is as follows: that there was a woman, who had taken a grudge against a certain shepherd; and employed her devilish art in transforming herself into a wolf and worrying his flock. On one occasion, however, the shepherd hurled an axe at the wolf, and wounded it grievously on the hip, whereon the wolf fled into a bush at hand, by way of resuming the human shape and garments, standing greatly in need of a piece of the linsey-woolsey petticoat to staunch the blood. But the shepherd was too close upon her traces, and rushed to the bush, intending to finish the wolf, where, to his great surprise, he found a woman bleeding most profusely from the very part of the body in which he had wounded the wolf. She being thus detected with a "particular mark" that would have identified her before any Pension Committee, (had it been in such a part of the person as is displayed before these committees,) was handed over to the judge, and by him handed over to the stake.

Now, we contend that this was not really a woman; but a virago, who, by constant wearing of the breeches, had been transformed into a man to all intents and purposes, before she

assumed the shape of a wolf. One of those sea-monsters, in short called bathing women, by courtesy, who were the terror of our infantile years, and who, by the constant immersion of their lower extremities in the ocean, become so fishified, that Cuvier himself would be puzzled to decide whether they were man, woman, or hermaphrodite. Our theory therefore holds good ; at least, we are determined that it shall, which amounts to the same thing.

Sennertus, on the authority of a respectable man, informs us that a certain woman was apprehended on the suspicion that she was a werewolf, which she also acknowledged. The magistrate promised to spare her life, provided she would shew him how she effected her transformation, which she promised to do, provided that he would send to her house for a certain pot of ointment. On its being brought to her she anointed her head, neck, shoulders, and other members with it, and immediately fell down before him in a profound slumber, which lasted three hours. On her awaking, she was asked where she had been in the interval, and what had kept her so long. She replied that she had taken the form of a wolf, and had proceeded to a neighbouring town where she had first torn a sheep and afterwards a cow. The magistrate,

by way of ascertaining the truth of her statement, sent thither to inquire, when he found that this precise damage had actually been done. But Sennertus wisely, as Dr. Bräuner thinks, is of opinion that the Devil did the mischief whilst she was asleep, and then perching himself at her ear, as Milton's toad did to mother Eve, influenced her to dream that she had done it herself. The magistrate was probably of a different opinion, in which case her prospect of the stake was exceedingly imminent.

Bodinus, in his book 2nd upon *Demonology*, chap. 5th, and several others are of opinion that the power of the Devil is quite sufficient to effect these transformations; but Prætorius, of Blocksberg, who is a sensible fellow upon the whole, adduces sundry sound arguments to the contrary, in which he is followed by the author of the *Malleus Judicum*, who exclaims against it as a foolish superstition.

On the other side, again, we have Petrus Mamorius, who, in a tract upon *Sorcery*, affirms that he has witnessed this metempsychosis in Savoy, with his own eyes. Johannes Fincelius, in his second book of *Miracles*, declares that he saw a were-wolf at Padua, whose feet the people cut off, and when it resumed its human shape, the man was mutilated of both hands and feet.

Henrius of Cologne in *Tractat de Lamis*, and Ulric Molitor, in the tenth dialogue of his pamphlet upon *Witches and Sorcerers*, are also firmly of the same belief; whilst Bodino, in the 6th chapter of his 2nd book, adduces several instances of Lycanthropia.*

Sprengerus, part I., *quæst.* cap. 9, and Steinhart, in *epist. histor.* pp. 83 and 84, with many others, affirm that women can be transformed into cats, and Caspar Goldworm, gives us a history of how the Devil brings innocent and upright people into trouble by their means, informing us that in the bishoprick of Strasburg, (the particular locality is not indicated,) an honest man was standing in his court-yard, cleaving firewood, when a vicious and powerful cat suddenly made its appearance, and took a fearful spring at him with the intent of fixing its talons in his face, against which he defended himself with might and main, when a much larger and more diabolical looking one came and attacked him in the rear. One would think that these two were enough; but no; up comes a third, larger and fiercer than the others. One seized him by the nose, and another by the jaws, and there being no more room on the

* From *Lukos*, a wolf, and *Ανθρωπος*, a man.

“human face divine” for the third to hang on by, it amused itself with the calves of his legs. In this desperate condition the man bethought himself of his prayers, and then struck about so vigorously that he fetched one cat such a desperate cut on the head, the second on the back, and the third on the feet, whereon they all scampered off.

Having wiped his forehead, he resumed his occupation of cleaving wood, when he was disagreeably interrupted by two constables, who bound his arms and carried him as a malefactor before the justice, who was one of the Nupkins' class, and directed him to be thrown forthwith into the deepest dungeon the city afforded. The poor man submissively requested, *a la* Pickwick, to be informed what crime he had committed; but the justice only looked the more pompous and took snuff, until a prototype of Mr Jinks suggested that perhaps he had better tell him, on which Mr. Nupkins senior (he was born long before Boz's) broke out, “you vile knave, how can you attempt to deny and conceal your evil deeds, when you have this day wounded three honorable matrons of this city so grievously that they are confined to their beds and are unable to move.” On this a sudden light broke in upon the poor man, and

he recollected his adventure with the three cats. He thereon told the justice that he could prove by his neighbours that he had been employed all that day in cleaving wood, on which the justice discharged another volley of abuse at him. The man replied that he had certainly severely wounded three cats that day, as he could prove by witnesses ; but as for a woman he had not touched one. This alarmed the justice, who now desired him to tell his story, which being finished, the justice and his brother Shallows on the bench clearly saw that it was the Devil's work, and released him from custody, strictly charging him, as these matrons were people of high family, to keep a shut mouth, if he wished to preserve his head, and there being no special reporters in those days, the secret was preserved, whence we see that the letting off offenders of high rank is not so recent an innovation as some fondly imagine.

A similar story is told of a Highland laird, who found that nightly depredations were committed in his cellar. Attributing his losses to witches, he went into his cellar at the witches' hour of midnight armed with his broad sword, and taking no light with him. He conceived that he saw several pair of eyes like cat's eyes glaring upon him, and laid about him lustily.

On his sword striking something, he concluded that he had hit one of them, and posted off to the house of an old woman strongly suspected of witchcraft, and found her lying in bed bleeding profusely, and under the bed was discovered one of her legs severed from her body, which established the fact of her having been in his cellar under a cat-like form. The fact was attested by four ministers of those parts.

We will conclude this chapter with the story of a witch, who converted herself (not into sausages) but into a hare, which we take from the 24th chapter of Peteus Goldschmid's *Verworfenen zauber und hexen-advocatem*, § 2; he himself quoting J. W. Scheffer, *licent. med. et Archiat, Reg.*, in the kingdom of Denmark, as his authority, the latter gentleman vouching it to be a notorious fact. It happened that in some part of Nieburg, a huntsman, with two dogs and a dog-boy, went out to course a hare, but were unsuccessful. He therefore turned into a countryman's house to pass the night there. He went to bed, and the dog-boy lay down on a bench with the dogs at his feet. In the middle of the night in came the hostess, and believing them to be both fast asleep, leisurely divested herself of her garments, and anointed herself from top to toe with an ointment, which

she took out of the oven. This done, she redressed herself, and putting back the pot of ointment into the oven, left the room. The lad, who had had one eye open all the time, and had heard (*by anticipation*) of Holloway's ointment, "celebrated throughout the globe," conceived that this must be the identical miracle worker, and as he was footsore from having passed over the frozen ground, he off with his shoes and stockings, and rubbed the ointment on his legs and feet, whereby he obtained immediate and wonderful relief, to which effect we are perfectly ready to give the *Professor* a certificate. *Clairvoyance* had also enabled him to read a certificate given in the year of grace 1846, that this ointment was a sovereign cure for grease or *burrasauty* in a horse, and he therefore thought it would answer for dogs, on which he accordingly rubbed the dogs' feet with it.

The next morning the huntsman took his dogs and the lad into a field to try if he could find; when up started a hare, which, with the dogs and lad, ran off with such incredible swiftness, that, before he could rub his eyes, they were all out of sight. He tracked them back to the village, where, on arriving at a bakehouse, which, according to the fashion of the country,

stood somewhat back from the house, he found the lad, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and the hounds lying down, panting and breathless, with the swiftness of the race. He rather angrily inquired of the lad what he had been doing to the dog on which the latter replied that he had given chase to a hare, which had sprung into the oven, and there turned into a woman. On his looking into the oven, he found his hostess quietly squatted inside the oven, and then the lad told him the whole affair.

Now, why a woman should convert herself into a hare by way of amusement is inexplicable, except upon the single ground that it is the delight of the sex *to be run after*; and we therefore suppose that this lady was a village coquette, whose husband was old and ugly, and who, consequently, adopted all measures to secure the attentions of younger lovers.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Fictis meminent nos jocari fabulis."

PRÆD. I., PRÆL. I.

"Let it be remembered that we sport in fabled stories."

OF GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.

The worthy doctor, after admitting that a great deal of what is related of ghosts is fabulous, yet strenuously maintains that there is no doubt of their existence, and that it had never been questioned till the "so-called" Reformation came in. He then proceeds to hit the

poor Protestants* very hard with texts of Scripture, which he calls "knocking them down with the pen of the Holy Ghost." We don't intend to follow him into this knotty controversy: suffice it to say that he establishes his point about as happily as the Romanists do that of Transubstantiation, the texts he quotes being just as illustrative in one case as in the other.

With amiable candour the doctor informs us, that the Roman Catholics consider ghosts to be the damned souls of Englishmen, and spirits either of devils or human beings. The reason why Englishmen are so particularly selected is, we are told, that they, being heretics, have no purgatory to go to; heaven, of course, won't admit them, and hell is closed against them till the day of judgment. They must have *some-where* to go to, and so they wander about the earth as discontented ghosts. We are not particular ourselves, but, if this be true, we opine that we should prefer being a Protestant ghost, taking a pleasant walk by moonlight, to being a Roman Catholic one, frying in purgatory, with

* Dr. Brauner was himself a Protestant, but only partially delivered from Romanist superstitions. He, therefore, believes in ghosts, and quotes the supposition of the Apostles when they saw the Lord walking on the sea; and again, when he appeared after his resurrection to them, the doors being shut, in corroboration of what he advances.

the comfortable prospect of not being released therefrom in a hurry, owing to the slight omission of the parish priest to say the masses for which he had been paid beforehand, or owing rather to those masses being utterly inefficacious, so we will proceed with the substance of this chapter.

We are told by the author that the truth of there being such things as ghosts is fully established by the following occurrence, related in the *Monthly Magazine* for July, 1689. It happened to no less a person than Martinus Schookius, formerly honorary professor at Frankfort on the Oder. This learned man once arrived, whilst he was travelling, at an inn ; but, in consequence of its being crowded to excess, he was unable to procure quarters for the night. The host informed him, that it was true that there was an inner chamber, which was unoccupied, but which no one dared to enter, as it had the reputation of being haunted by a ghost. Now, Schookius, remembering how incontestibly he had proved by his writings the non-existence of ghosts, determined to support his theory, just as we did our's a few pages back. He therefore valorously desired that the room might be got ready for him, and marched into it with his carpet bag.

After having partaken of an excellent supper, our man of theory put on his night cap, and retired to rest. But, at the witching hour of midnight, he heard a noise and a clattering gradually approaching, which made him sweat for his theory. The door opened, and in marched the ghost and no mistake, stalking straight up to the bed. The poor professor saw no more, for he put his head under the blanket as sharp as possible, devoutly wishing he had never published his *Principia*, and thus involved himself in such danger. The ghost, who was clad as a German of the preceding century, and whose figure was that of a soldier who had been killed in battle, was not so easily baffled. Martinus Schookius had denied the existence of his race, and he was determined that he should pay the penalty of his presumption; so, whipping off the coverlet, he dragged the unhappy Schookius out, and pitched him under the bed, quietly taking the professor's place between the sheets. Meanwhile, we are told that Schookius was suffering a thousand terrors, and learned to pray, from which general outline of the story we may gather that Schookius was a Protestant, it being currently believed amongst the Mariolatrists that Protestants never have recourse to prayer. The ghost,

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however, who appears after all to have been a gentlemanly fellow, only kept Martinus out of his bed for an hour ; after which he rose and walked out again. As soon as Martinus was certain that the coast was clear, he crept from under the bed, put on his breeches with all speed, and ran to the landlord, confessing his error, and telling him how unpleasantly he had been undeceived. He bought up his *Principia*, and burned it, freely retracting what he had advanced therein, thus affording an example which newspaper editors *never* follow, of an admission that he had been mistaken. We apprehend, however, that it was a very substantial ghost, and that Martinus was in too great a hurry in thus giving up his theory.

We are informed that ghosts appear in all manner of shapes, and principally in places where murder has been committed. They are to be met with, not only in lonely places, such as woods, moors, streams, &c., but even in the house of God ; and generally at midnight or at noon, when they play their pranks to the great terror of mankind ; and this is done by the permission of God, that religious people may be more circumspect in their daily walk, and the wicked be alarmed into repentance.

“ Now,” says our author, “ in order to place

beyond doubt that there are such things as ghosts, we will set before the reader a veritable story on this head. G. P. Hurzdorffer in his *Theatre of Cruel Murders*, and the last tale, writes as follows :—

“ ‘ As a French nobleman, named Robert, was riding in a certain part of Italy, having lost his way, a ghost appeared to him, and pointed out an inn, in which a murder and robbery had been committed. In consequence of this information, Robert seated himself at the fire, with his dagger drawn, and his pistols cocked, taking a book to read in order to pass the time. At midnight the ghost reappeared to him, and beckoned him to follow him, which he did. The ghost led him to a well in the garden, and then vanished. Not being very anxious to return into the house, he remained by the well all night, and when day broke, rode off to the nearest magistrate, and related his adventures to him. The magistrate made enquiries, and the body of a recently murdered merchant was found in the well. Some of the murderers were shortly afterwards apprehended and executed. Two days after their execution, the ghost paid Robert a third visit, and told him that, as he had acted a friendly part by him, he promised to appear again to him three days before his

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death, in order to give him time to prepare; he then vanished, leaving Robert greatly in doubt whether he was a good or an evil spirit. He subsequently returned to France, married, and led a pleasant enough sort of life of it. The friendly ghost at length appeared to him again, and warned him to set his house in order, for that within three days he would be numbered with the dead. Robert did not neglect the warning, although, as the three days rolled on, and he continued in rude health, he began to doubt the truth of the prediction. At midnight of the third day, the dog, which Robert always had sleeping in his room, began to bark furiously, on which he sprung from his bed, and, sword in hand, opened his room door, with the intention of waking his household. On the stair-case he was run through and through, the sword remaining in his body, and the murderer, springing over him as he lay in the agonies of death, made his escape.

No one could tell who had perpetrated this cold-blooded murder, but the sword with which it had been effected was recognized as the property of one of his most intimate friends, who was at that time in Holland. Robert heartily forgave his murderer, and charged his friends with his dying breath not to revenge his murder,

expiring shortly after in a most christian frame. Sarmont, the friend in question of the deceased, had paid his addresses to Nerina, before Robert had married her, and was well known to the people of the house before he left those parts for the Netherlands, and Falsa, a maid servant of the family, therefore asserted that he had either murdered her master himself, or procured some one else to do it, in order that he might marry the widow, an assertion to which the sword being his property gave color. This declaration was further confirmed by Falsa, who, in the pangs of childbirth, and in imminent danger of her life, confessed that not only was Morin, a servant of Sarmont's, the father of her child, but also Robert's murderer; his master having trained him to the use of the weapon, and lent him his sword for the occasion. The flight of Morin established the point beyond all doubt.'"

Here is another story from the same author, being contained in part 3rd, and tale 77th of the same book. "A butcher at Stockholm conceived a passion for his maid servant; but, as he happened to be married, he could not espouse her until his wife should choose to die. The old lady, however, was, as all old ladies are, especially if they have any money to leave, or

are standing in any body's way, extremely tenacious of life, and would not oblige the butcher by dying. A good sweeping plague, however, broke out, and the butcher, taking advantage of it, built a coffin for the wife, and, having knocked her on the head with his pole-axe, screwed her down in it, and buried her, giving out that she had died of the plague. No one consequently suspected foul play, and the butcher duly married the maid.

But a frightful ghost ever after haunted the house, and kicked up such an unearthly riot that the wicked butcher and his bride were fain to occupy another house, leaving their own tenantless. It so happened that shortly afterwards a Diet of the empire was proclaimed, and a certain noble widow lady was obliged to come to Stockholm for the prosecution of a legal suit. From the crowded state of the city, every house was occupied but the haunted one, to which she decided on repairing. The people endeavored to dissuade her, telling her that it was haunted, but she replied that she was not afraid, but put her trust in God. In the middle of the night the ghost came into the room, making a terrible uproar, on which the lady turned her face to the wall, and prayed fervently till the ghost departed ; the lady catching a

glance of it just before it vanished, which enabled her to see that it was a woman with her scull cleft in twain. The lady reflecting that the ghost had done her no harm, determined, should it appear again the next night, to speak to it, it being an anciently established rule that ghosts cannot speak till they are spoken to. Accordingly, on the ghost's coming into the room the next night, the lady, after an ejaculatory prayer, addressed the ghost, telling it that all good spirits love God; on which the ghost replied, 'I am a good spirit, and do love God.' The lady, hereon plucking up heart, asked it why, if such were the case, it loved to wander about such a gloomy old mansion, on which the ghost told her that she had been cruelly murdered in that house, and could not rest in her grave till her husband, who had done the deed, was hanged. What a revengeful old ghost this must have been! Verily, the jury which sat upon the body, ought to have brought in the celebrated verdict of '*sarved her right,*' In fine, she made a confidant of the lady, who told the story to the magistrates, whereon the grave being opened, and the scull being found cleft in twain, the butcher was seized and hanged; after which we hope the old

woman's soul made itself as comfortable as it could in purgatory."

On the 8th June, 1686, we are told that two gentlemen were travelling towards Basle, and being not far from Coira, saw an infant lying in a bush by the way side. One of the gentlemen taking compassion on it, desired his servant to dismount and take up the child before him on his horse, intending to carry it to the nearest village. The servant, having alighted for this purpose, found that his utmost efforts could not raise the child from the ground, at which the two gentlemen greatly wondered, and desired the other servant to dismount and assist him; but it was all in vain, for they could not stir him with their united efforts; on which the child told them that they might as well leave him alone, as he had no intention of budging with them. He further told them that that year would be exceedingly productive and abundant, but that there would be great mortality, on which he vanished. The gentlemen told this story to the magistrates of Coira on their arrival, and the prediction was verified. But, as Dr. Bräuner cannot take upon him to say whether this was a ghost or not, we must leave our readers unenlightened on this head.

On the 18th August, 1644, as the Elector, John George the First, was travelling in the vicinity of Chemnitz, his people caught in the woods a wild woman, only an ell long. Her face, hands, and feet were quite smooth, but all the rest of the body covered with hair. This woman called out, "I prophesy, and bring prosperity into the country." The Elector ordered his servants to release her, because about twenty-five years before, a man of the same description had been captured and kept in bondage, and tumults and wars were the result. *Vide the Annual Chronicle, for the year 1664, by Gottfried Schulzens, who speculates largely whether this was a "spirit from heaven or blast from hell."*

Wierus, book II., chap 22, *de Præstig.*, gives us an account of a very wicked and malignant spirit, who was to be met with in a village on the Rhine. This spirit used to work false miracles, and deceive the gaping crowd with many tricks of *leger-de-main*, they not being able to unravel his cunning, and considering those tricks more as a recreation than otherwise. At first, he did not render himself visible, but afterwards he used to amuse himself with throwing stones at the people and knocking at their doors. He pretended to discover

robberies, first indicating one party and then another as the thief, whereby many innocent people were thrown into prison, and great contention and enmity was caused amongst the villagers. At last, he began to set fire to dwellings, barns, and all kinds of buildings.

But one poor man was the especial object of his persecution. Wherever the man moved, there was the spirit at his side. He burned down his house for him, and excited all his neighbours against him by making them believe that he was the author of all the mischief which he himself produced. The unfortunate fellow, his house being burned down, was obliged to remain in the open air, as all his acquaintance avoided him as a man to whom a curse cleaved, so that no one would receive him under his roof. In order to protect his life from the fury of his neighbours, the man was obliged to purge himself from the imputations cast upon him, by holding a piece of hot iron in his hand, which he managed to do, thereby clearing himself of the suspicions attached to him. Nevertheless, the accursed spirit would not leave him alone, and set fire to the standing corn. As this persecution increased daily, the man was looked upon as a universal curse; the matter was finally laid

before the Bishop of Mayence, who directed certain priests to sprinkle the fields with holy water and salt; but the spirit cared as little for these things as the imps whom we have previously mentioned. Why do the priests and Roman Catholics continue to pin their faith to these unavailing receipts? At last, they betook themselves to prayer and exorcism, on which the spirit ceased his mischievous pranks, and was never again seen nor heard of in those parts. Dr. Bräuner tells us that it was all the fault of the foolish people themselves that he ever did any mischief at all; for if they had not originally consulted him, he would have had no power; whence we perceive that we ought to be just as cautious what spirits we admit to our intimacy, as we ought to be with reference to human friendships.

CHAPTER XX.

“ Therefore, go with me ;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
* * * * *
Peas' blossom ! cobweb ! moth ! and mustard seed !

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

OF GOBLINS AND HOBGOBLINS.

We are informed by the author that there are various stories afloat amongst the common people respecting these hobgoblins ; but that not one in a hundred knows how dangerous it is to their souls to have these goblins in

their service. As, however, the creatures perform a good deal of household work, and demand no wages, that is earthly ones, people are too ready to entertain them.

Wierus in his 1st book, chap. 22nd, § 5, of his work entitled *de Præstig. Dæmonium*, informs us that hobgoblins are a species of spirits, which frequent houses, stables, &c., especially of those people who lead a godless life. Here they wander about, performing household duties; appear when they are summoned; go down the stairs; open the doors; stir the fire; draw water; lay the table; and perform every sort of household duties; but this is not a universal rule, but holds good only with those wicked landlords, who constrain them to perform these services, as well as to watch their cattle, never considering what infinite damage they are doing their own souls the while.

Georgius Agricola in his work *de Animant. Subterræ.*, or *Subterraneous Spirits*, tells us that there are two kinds of hobgoblins; one of which shew themselves visibly to mankind, either whilst performing a part of their daily work, or whilst tending the cattle; these are termed by the Germans *Kutel*, or *Gutel*, because they do good to mankind, and behave in

a friendly manner to them; the others are called *Trulen*, which assume the male or female sex, and were wont to enter into the service of the ancient Slavonian nations, such as the Swedes and others.

This is that kind which the Russians, in their language, call *Coltri*; and *Melitenius* informs us that they live upon all kinds of food. They conceal themselves under the piles of wood, and in secret places of the house. They steal wheat out of the neighbours' barns, and support themselves in this manner. The way to secure their services is for the master of the house to mix the dung of horses, cows, sheep, or goats, at night in a pail of milk, and this precious mixture must then be drank by every one of the family, on which the hobgoblin will appear and is thereby fast bound to the service.

Agricola tells us that the second description of goblins are generally called mountain dwarfs, as they appear in mines, clad as men, and performing their work with many anticks; but our present business lies with the house goblins, and here we will give the story of one who was repeatedly seen in the bishopric of *Hildesheim*, but was most generally to be found in the Bishop's palace. Why the Right

Reverend Father should hold such intimate communion with the Devil, it is not our intention to enquire; we leave the matter to be sifted by the R. C. Bishops of the present day, if they can go into court with clean hands themselves.

Our author terms him a wicked spirit, who was long seen in those parts by different people, and was clothed as the countrymen usually were, but always wore a felt hat, we suppose by way of distinction; whence he was called by the boors *Hutgen*, or in Saxon, *Hedekin*, which means "the chap with a hat." He appears after all to have been an indifferently good Devil, as the world goes, for, barring a few extraordinary feats which he performed, none of which were half as bad as Popish miracles, he was very conversible, and always kept a civil tongue, except when any one put his back up by scoffing at him, when he would immediately fly at him, and never leave him until he had obtained ample satisfaction.

When Burgkard, Count of Ruca, was murdered by Count Herman of Winsenberg, the latter lost his dominions in this manner:—The above-mentioned spirit went in the middle of the night to his master, Bernard, the Bishop of Hildesheim, and roused him up, saying,

“jump up you old bald pate, arm yourself, and call your people together, for Winsenberg is half empty, the people being gone on a murdering expedition, and you will easily be able to seize it.” The Bishop, disregarding the incivility of the address, or rather sinking it in the welcome intelligence, jumped up with apostolical ardour, and in a trice was on his way with his people to Winsenburg, which fell an easy prey to him, being taken by surprise, and, with the king’s permission, he annexed it to his bishopric of Hildesheim, thereby reading Count Herman a bitter lesson, how much better it would have been for him, instead of cutting throats at a distance, to have been protecting his castle at home, especially when he had for his near neighbour a grasping old priest, who had a Devil’s imp in his service to boot.

This spirit used often also to warn the Bishop of coming danger, and was frequently in his kitchen when the dinner was being dressed, (we remember the old proverb that “the Devil sends cooks,”) and was very intimate with the cook. At last, when his appearance had become quite familiar to everybody, he suddenly disappeared and never returned again. We suspect that he was afraid of having his morals corrupted by the Bishop. See Hildebrand’s book

of *Arts and Wonders*, part II., p. 316.

It is, however, true that both Hildebrand, and Franciscus Erasmus, in his *Hellish Proteus*, p. 797, assign another reason for the departure of the spirit. They tell us that there was a sort of scullion boy attached to the Bishop's kitchen, who used to amuse himself with throwing dishwater over the spirit, who complained repeatedly to the cook, who only laughed at him, and told him that if he were a spirit he ought to be able to defend himself against a mere lad like that. On this the spirit replied that, as the cook would not check the scullion for his malicious practices, he would avenge himself. He was as good as his word, for one evening, when the lad was lying overpowered with sleep in the kitchen, he slit his windpipe for him, and then, cutting the body into small pieces, he threw them into a pot and set them on the fire to boil. The cook coming in and seeing what he was doing, exhausted his whole vocabulary of abuse upon him. The goblin replied that he would have his revenge on him too, which he accordingly effected a few days afterwards, for as the cook was turning a nice little bit of roast on the spit for the Bishop's dinner, the imp came and basted it all over with a lard made of smashed frogs, which

spoiled the Bishop's dinner, and *his* welcome to the palace. But Wierus, on the authority of Trithemius, states that the Bishop was compelled by the censures of the church to banish him, not only from his palace, but from his diocese. His Holiness does not admire one of his subordinates engrossing more of the Devil's attentions than himself.

We had nearly omitted to mention one good service that this spirit performed. He used to go his rounds at night, and wherever he found a watchman napping on his post he tweaked him by the nose.

On the same authority we have the story of a citizen who had a Messalina for his wife, and, what was worse for his peace of mind, he knew it. Being constrained to take a distant journey, he committed her to the care of a hobgoblin that he had. We need not detail the measures he adopted against the lady's numerous lovers; we are not going to spoil our trade; suffice it to say that he did "his spiriting" so well, though not "gently," that the lady was constrained to observe strictly the seventh commandment, though sorely against her will. On his master's return the goblin told him all that he had done, but entreated him never to assign the same task to him again, for that he would undertake to

keep the whole of the swine of Saxony in order, rather than endeavour to preserve a woman's honor against her inclination, and that his mistress had nearly torn his eyes out for his pains. We think that if we had only a dozen or so of this description of hobgoblins, "warranted faithful," we might be able to make a pretty little fortune, by parting with them, by private sale of course, "the strictest secrecy being observed," for a man would not like to bid for such an animal at a public auction. It is one thing to wear horns, and another to proclaim the fact to the world.

In the year 1707, a butcher at St. Ulrich's, at Vienna, paid his addresses to an accomplished damsel of the place, but, inasmuch as a tailor and habitmaker, who was a widower, and well to do in the world, had been dancing attendance upon her for some years, he could not obtain the preference, the tailor's purse being too heavy for him. In short, the latter carried off the prize; but "there's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip;" and on the bridal day, when the party were in the height of their festivity, the unfortunate tailor was taken suddenly ill, and betaking himself to his bed, died in three days. Now, we will not say what he died of, or where he was buried, no, not even in

German or Dutch ; lest, should the butcher be living, (and, if the Germans attain unto the longevity of Indian Generals, we see no reason why he should not be,) a case should be attempted to be got up against him in a certain Court, where the practice is exceedingly sharp. No matter then, what carried him off—he died, and there was an end of the matter, so far as he was concerned.

The widow, of course, was inconsolable. If the bridegroom had died at the expiration of the honeymoon, she might have been a model of becoming resignation ; but dying at the church door, as it were, gives quite a different aspect to matters. She therefore requested some of her friends on the day of the melancholy occurrence to sit up with her in the house wherein lay “the dear departed.” But, behold, in comes a most outrageous hobgoblin, kicking up a fearful riot and upsetting everything, yet without inflicting any personal injury. But amongst his little playful tricks he threw the contents of the dishes that were upon the table at all the young ladies’ heads, sent the plates flying in every direction, and the tumblers and glasses after them, till it was universally agreed that such a mischievous imp had never been seen before. Thereon they summoned a Capuchin

monk to their aid, who pattered away some prayer or other, which, as it did not help them a whit, we presume to have been a supplication to the Virgin Mary. The good father then put his breviary with other consecrated things on the top of a goblet full of wine ; but our friend Puck cared as little for these as for the Litany to the Virgin, and swept the breviary and goblet, wine and all, off the table. We confess ourselves sceptical on this point : a Capuchin monk would have drained off the goblet before he put the breviary on it. However, the hobgoblin was proof against all adjuration by "book, bell, and candle," and the bride was fain to return to her parents' house, on which the hobgoblin disappeared and was never seen again ; whence people concluded that the butcher had not only sent the goblin thither, but that he had also wickedly —— the tailor, ah ! how near we were letting the cat out of the bag ! But we are still masters of our secret, and intend to remain so.

CHAPTER XXI.

“ PUCK. — How now, Spirit ! whither wander you

FAIRY.—Over hill, over dale,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere.”

MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT DREAM,

Act ii., Scene 2.

OF FALSE SPIRITS.

There are many things in nature which people hear, such as the scratching of a cat, a rat, or a mouse, which the superstitious at once conceive to be occasioned by the perambulations of a ghost. If a horse paws the

ground, or the wind throws anything down, the same idea enters their mind. If the walls, tables, or benches creak with the wind at night, or the cry of the bittern or any other bird be heard; or if the teredo be gnawing a plank, all their fears are forthwith aroused, and the noises which they hear are ascribed to a spirit.

Nicholas Remigius, in his 3rd part of *Demoniolatry*, mentions that in the Jesuit College at Naples, there was a young Jesuit, of good parts, but constitutionally timorous to an extreme: the slightest noise in the College, even the rustling of the leaves on the trees, he was wont to take as a ghost—we fear that he had a disturbed conscience. He was continually complaining to the Superior that the college was full of ghosts, but was only laughed at for his pains. One night, when all the brotherhood had retired to rest, a door, which happened to be ajar, clapped backwards and forwards with the wind, on which one of the fraternity, whose slumbers were disturbed thereby, rose up to shut it: the night being very dark, he lost his way in returning along the cloisters, and could by no means find his own cell again, not knowing whether he should turn to the right or left. In this dilemma he reflected that all the doors of the cells, except his own, were shut,

and he resorted to the expedient of tapping, as he groped along the wall, at every door that he came to. At last, after having wandered to a great distance from his own apartment, he arrived at the library, the door of which being open, he thought that he had hit upon his room at last, went in, and closed the door behind him. He speedily found out his mistake, but the door was one of those wicked ones that could only be opened from the outside, on which he began to thunder with might and main against it, in order that some one might come and release him from "durance vile." No one's ears were so sharp as those of the timorous Jesuit, who, as he heard the hammering, began to sweat and tremble in his cell, for here was, as he thought, a ghost in real earnest. At last, he could stand it no longer, but rushed in an agony of fear to the Superior's room, and begged him to accompany him to the place, where the hammering was going on with renewed energy, in order that he might be convinced with his own eyes of the reality of the spirit. The Superior was finally persuaded to accompany him, but when he heard the knocking, there was not a pin to choose between him and the young fellow, for he got into as great a fright as the other, and, conceiving that it must be a ghost, fell to

exorcising at a most fearful rate. By degrees the whole fraternity were collected to the spot, and the alarm being universal, they made a solemn procession with the Holy Cross, and all the images of the Saints that they could press into the service; but, above all their chaunting, the din rose higher and higher, assuming a most unearthly sound, for the unfortunate friar, who was the cause of it all, had been standing all this time in his night gear, and, as it was the depth of winter, his teeth were chattering in his head like fifty pair of castanets. At last the procession, trusting to the force of the united exorcisms which were spluttering from half a hundred mouths, ventured nearer to the door. The poor shivering wretch inside, saw through a chink of the door the light approaching, and recollecting that his shirt was of Lismahagian scantiness, his modesty was alarmed, and he bellowed out, "Take away the light—take away the light." This exclamation encouraged the party outside, and they boldly replied, "Ha, ha, now we know what sort of a spirit you are—you are an imp of darkness, since you avoid the light." "But you must be out of that—pack off to the bottomless pit; do you hear?" The other called out and begged the harder, as the light

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approached nearer, that they would remove it; on which the Superior and the Jesuits waxed bolder and bolder, supposing that, since this light-avoiding devil appeared so terribly afraid of them, he would not be able to stand an instant against exorcism, whereon they set to jabbering away faster than ever. At last they summoned up sufficient courage to open the door, and rushed in, surrounding the shivering Jesuit, who would have hid himself if he could, and whom, in their preconception that he was a spirit, they did not immediately recognise, and consequently thoroughly drenched him with holy water, till his body became, what Sam Weller terms, "a mask of ice." As, however, he did *not* vanish, they began slowly to perceive who he was; and this adventure (for the relation of which we are indebted to the Jesuit, Father Schottas, who gives it in his *Physical Curiosities*, from the mouth of one of the parties then living) became a standing joke against the fraternity.

Many people, as Lavater mentions in part I., chap. 9, of his work on *Spectres*, disguise themselves as ghosts. Pfizer, in his *Remarks upon the Life of Doctor Faustus*, and Munster in the 4th chapter of his *Christian Doctrine of Spirits*, writes, that there was in the city of Augsburgh, in the year 1569, a respectable man, who had a

maid servant and several men servants, who held the doctrine of the Jesuits in very low esteem, which vexed their master greatly, as he was a bigotted Roman Catholic himself. He thereupon complained to a Jesuit of the trouble which he had with his servants in this particular, and the latter promised him that he would speedily sicken his servants of their Lutheran heresy. He accordingly dressed himself up as a devil, and hid himself in a part of the house where the servants used occasionally to pass. The maid coming by, he sprang upon her, and told her, that if she did not return to the bosom of the *Holy* Roman Catholic Church, he would come back the next night and carry her off to hell. The maid, on escaping from him, was dreadfully frightened, and mentioned the adventure to one of the men servants, entreating him not to pass that spot. He was, however, a good stout fellow, who smelt a rat—"a rat behind the arras;" and, having to follow his master past the place in question the next night, with a light, took the liberty of carrying a sword in the other hand. On the pretended devil springing out upon him it was "dead for a ducat," for the servant ran him right through the body; so that six feet of earth was all he took by his motion. We are told that the

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dressing themselves up as devils was a favorite diversion of the monks, and that four Dominicans were apprehended in 1509, at Berne, in Switzerland, and burned for these practices; which we look upon as the height of injustice, *seeing that they dressed strictly in character.*

Masinius gives us a story of a soldier named John Bergensis, who, after having been rather addicted to robbery in his younger days, turned monk. For the better understanding of the story of which he is the hero, we must explain that in some parts of Germany the lower part of the chimney is made very wide, and projecting over the fireplace, as it were, and in this space hams are often hung up to be smoked; whilst for protection against thieves, a cross bar or two is fastened about midway up the chimney. Now this John Bergensis with some of his companions determined to lighten the parish priest of some excellent Westphalias, which were disposed in this manner. He was therefore let down the chimney by his companions, until he arrived at these cross bars, and then sitting astride them, by means of a line and a hook, his companions holding the end of the string, he sent one ham after another up the chimney. Just as he had completed his task, the bars on which he was seated gave

way and down he tumbled into the kitchen ; and the clatter which he made, whilst it sent his companions scampering, roused up the priest and his servants, who turned out to see who was their unbidden guest. But as the thief was blackened all over with soot, he had the appearance of the Devil, of which he was not slow to take advantage, when they came to assault him with sticks and staves. He personated "His Darkness" as Byron calls him, so admirably that he struck them all, priest included, with terror ; the latter commencing the usual exorcism, "*In nomine Dei, exorciso te ;*" whereon, the supposed Devil told them that, if they would only throw open the doors and windows, he would rid them of a visitor, who appeared so disagreeable to them. The offer was gladly closed with, and as a matter of course the D^évil vanished. The vicar of Wakefield could not have been more proud of the effect of one of his sermons than was the *padre* of the efficacy of his spiritual thunder. He strutted like a turkey-cock before his admiring menials, exclaiming, "see, see, how I battered Satan with my exorcisms, and made the house too hot to hold him !" Finally, he returned to bed to dream of a Cardinal's hat ; but towards morning his slumbers were disturbed by one of his ser-

vants, who came to inform him that all his hams were stolen—

“ Just such a man, so pale, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtains at the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burned.”

The *padre* jumped up forthwith ; and, on fully ascertaining his loss, laughed, we are informed, on the other side of his mouth.

The same author tells us that a locksmith purposed to proceed to a neighbouring fair to sell his goods, and a neighbour agreed to accompany him. They were to set out early the next morning ; but the locksmith, having one of *Savory and Co.'s* best watches in his pocket, was induced by it to set out fully two hours before the correct time. After having proceeded a good German mile, and finding that day did not break, he determined to rest and wait for the coming up of his companion. Finding a nice little bit of turf, he lay down there (quite ignorant that a thief, who had been hanged some days before, was swinging on a gallows right over his head,) and was soon fast asleep. Presently, his companion passing by, looked up at the gallows, and jokingly cried out to the pendant ornament thereof, “Holloa, old fellow ! won't you come along with me ? You have been there long enough, I should think.” The

locksmith, waking up, and thinking that his companion was addressing him, sung out, "aye, aye ; wait a second, and I will be with you !" His friend, supposing that the answer proceeded from the lips of the hanged thief, took to his scrapers, and did not cease running till he reached the town, where he told his tale ; and it was universally agreed that the Devil had taken possession of the corpse of the thief, until the arrival of the locksmith an hour or two afterwards with *his* version of the story, set them right.

We have another story of a publican, who dwelt in a town, and who was returning thither from the vineyards, where he had put up a good store of wine under his belt, along with two other wine sellers. As the fuddled party drew near a gallows, whereon three malefactors had been hanging for a twelvemonth, one of his companions said to him, "you bearish publican, here are three of your boon companions hanging ;" on which he replied, "Very well, they shall come and sup with me to-night." On arriving at home, the drunken publican, after having with difficulty dismounted, staggered into his room, and was immediately seized with such a terrible fright that he was unable to call out. One of his servants, coming in to pull off his boots,

found him lying half dead on the floor, whereon he summoned his mistress. After he had been somewhat recovered, he told them of the invitation which he had given to the three gallows birds, and that, immediately after he had entered his room, the three ghastly corpses sat down at the table, one of them beckoning to him to come and take his seat along with them, but that they had vanished on the servant's entrance. This the author naturally ascribes to his imagination heated with the fumes of wine. It, however, made such an impression on him that he kept his bed for three days.

The next tale is an English, or rather Irish one, which we have not met with before, and which is related with extraordinary circumstantiality. It is to be found in the *Curious Histories of Happelius*, page 251, part I., and is entitled "*the Cavalcade of Ghosts.*" and is as follows :—

Francis Taverner, a servant of Lord Chichester's, Earl of Donegal, was riding homewards late at night from Hilburgh, in the year 1662, and observed, when he was not far from Dunbridge, that his horse suddenly stood stock still, which occasioned him to dismount and bleed him from the vein in the neck, under the idea that the animal was seized with the

staggers; Shortly afterwards he perceived himself joined by two horsemen; but, to his great surprise, the tread of their horses was inaudible; but his surprise was greatly increased on being joined by a third horseman in a white cloak, who rode close alongside of him, and whose features he recognised to be those of a man named James Haddock, an inhabitant of Malone, who had died five years previously. Taverner was courageous enough to adjure him to tell him who he was; and, on the other replying that he was James Haddock, requested him to give him some token whereby he might be assured thereof. The Goblin horseman reminded him that he, James Haddock, with two friends, had called upon him about five years before in his father's house, and that he had treated them to some filberts, and that, therefore, there was no reason for his being now alarmed. Taverner remembered the circumstance well, and reflected that he had been on good terms with the other two horsemen as well as with Haddock, whereon, growing bolder, he asked what was the reason then that he disturbed him by appearing to him, on which the ghost replied that he did so, because he was the most courageous man that he knew, and that he wanted a little conversation with

him, and had something to entrust to him. Taverner, who felt little inclination to keep company with these ghostly riders, fairly bolted, and, striking into a bye path, got quit of them. As he parted from them, there rose a tremendous hurricane and an unearthly wailing, which caused him to put spurs to his horse. He shortly afterwards heard a cock crow, which assured him that he was in the vicinity of a farm-house, on which he dismounted, and prostrating himself returned thanks fervently for his deliverance from so great a peril.

The next night, however, James Haddock's ghost appeared again to him, and commanded him to go to Eleanor Welch, married to a man of the name of Davis at Malone, and who had formerly been James Haddock's wife. The son of this James Haddock had been deprived by his mother, after her second marriage, of a certain rental; and Taverner was commissioned to enquire of her whether her maiden name was not Eleanor Welch, and, on her replying in the affirmative, he was to inform her that the ghost imperatively ordered the restoration of his son's inheritance. Taverner, feeling some qualms and misgivings, neglected to fulfil the ghost's com-

mission, whereon, at the expiration of a month it appeared again with a terrible aspect, and with many hard words required immediate compliance. Before each appearance of the ghost, the man generally was overtaken with a terrible fit of apprehension; and, when it did come, his countenance underwent a ghastly transformation, which his wife observed, although she could neither see nor hear the ghost. At length Taverner, by way of getting rid of these visits, determined on partially fulfilling the message, and therefore, went to Davis's wife at Malone, and asked her whether her maiden name were not Eleanor Welch, in which case, he had a secret to reveal to her. She replied that it was, on which he rose up and returned home, with the most important part of his message undelivered. The next night his slumbers were unpleasantly disturbed by something at his bed side, and on rubbing his eyes, there was the ghost again, clad in a white smock frock, who politely enquired whether he had fulfilled his commission; bid him be of good cheer, and bestowing upon him rather a gracious smile, vanished in a fine clear vapour. A few days afterwards, his troublesome visitor appeared again, and threatened to tear him into shreds, if he any longer hesitated to

deliver the message entrusted to him. Poor Taverner, on this quitted his house altogether, and betook himself to Belfast, in the county of Antrim, in the north of Ireland, which also belonged to his master, the Earl of Donegal, where he lodged with a shoemaker, named Pierce. Here he sat up all night with his host and two other men, smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire. His companions, who had heard his tale, were all curiosity to see and hear the ghost, and were very nearly gratified; for at midnight his countenance changed fearfully to an ashy paleness, and he began to tremble in every limb, he then remarked to them that the ghost was waiting for him in the next room, and seizing a light, went into it, and there was "*Monsieur Tonson come again!*" The poor man earnestly entreated him to inform him why he persecuted him in this outrageous fashion, on which the ghost replied that the cause was none other than his ill observance of the duty which he had laid upon him, and after having uttered several fearful menaces with a most wonderful distortion of countenance, disappeared as a transparent ghost.

The next day, Taverner, who was sorely troubled with this new adventure, went to Lord Chichester's house, and complained of his woful

condition to one of the servants, who brought him before my lord's chaplain, Mr. James South, who, after he had heard his story, advised him to go to Malone as he had been ordered, stating that he himself would accompany him. They both started on their journey, and on the road met a clergyman of Belfast, Dr. Lewis Dows, who, on being informed of the circumstances, at first ascribed the visions to a deceased and melancholy temperament ; but was finally induced, by the circumstantiality of the details, to doubt whether the man had not better deliver his message. In fine, it was determined that they all three should proceed to Malone, and that Taverner should deliver his message to the woman. On reaching her house he told her, in the presence of his fellow-travellers, how the ghost of her deceased husband had repeatedly appeared to him and menaced him greatly, enjoining him to assist the son which she had had by him to the recovery of his just rights of which she and her second husband had deprived him. He had no sooner said this than he felt his bosom wonderfully lightened, and, thanking the two clergymen for the service they had rendered him, repaired to his brother's house, at Dumbridge, where he remained a couple of days. On the night of the second

day the ghost re-appeared to him, and, with a gay countenance, asked him whether he had delivered his message in full. On his replying in the affirmative, the ghost told him that he must go and make the lad's guardians acquainted with all the circumstances in order that the good work might be completed. During this conversation, Taverner asked the ghost whether it intended to take any revenge upon Davis, on which it looked grave and at first declined to answer; but at length said, that, upon consideration, it thought that Davis was sufficiently punished by the loss of the property.

The next day Taverner was obliged to relate all these particulars to my Lord Chichester, with whom there were Dr. Jeremy Taylor, the Bishops of Down and Connor, and Dromore, and a great multitude of others. My lord furnished him with a great number of questions, which he desired him to put to the ghost on his next appearance; and the same day he was sent to lord Conway, who lived three miles off, to tell his story there. He remained there all night, and, about nine or ten o'clock, as he was standing at the window with his brother, his countenance changed, and all the premonitory symptoms of the presence of the ghost came on. Hoping that the ghost would be civil enough

not to kick up a riot in my lord's house, he went out into the court-yard with his brother, and there saw it standing on the top of the wall. The ghost asked him whether he had delivered his message to the trustees, to which he replied he had, and begged to know why the ghost continued to plague him. "*Monsieur Tonson*" replied that he had nothing more to fear; but he requested him to deliver a civil message to the boy's guardians to the effect, that if they failed in their duty to him, the ghost would be "at them." His brother remembering an expression which lord Chichester had told them would "lay" the ghost, pronounced it; but, instead of a reply, the ghost slowly vanished to the sound of delicious music and was never seen again. "Now," says Dr. Bräuner, "what is remarkable is that the shoemaker, Pearce, being asked whether he had seen or heard the ghost while in his house, stated that there was a thick cloud before his eyes all the time, so that he could see nothing, (the doctor forgets that there were four burly fellows smoking,) and that he heard only an indistinct murmur, but could not distinguish the words." However, the boy was restored to his rights, and one of his guardians, named Costolet, who swore that he would have nothing to do with assisting him,

and who had even commenced an action at law against him, came to a miserable end ; for one day, when he was very drunk, he fell off his horse, and broke his neck, being picked up dead.

This story is easily accounted for on the principles of Dr. Dow, which we have mentioned in it. There is a very interesting article in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, Vol. II., page 182, on the the subject of apparitions, far too long to extract, and to which we must therefore refer our readers. Instances of delusion, more remarkable than that recorded in the text, are minutely detailed, some of which, as in the case of Sir Humphrey Davy, are to be ascribed to the voluntary inhalation of nitrous oxide, and others, to the effect of miasma on that mysterious agent—the nervous system of the human frame. It is probable that the story given above may be placed in the latter class, or else it was one of those clever tricks which make the superstition of the age available for the enforcement of justice. We shall conclude with a tale of a false ghost, or apparition, from Hoppelius in his *Swabian Ariovist*, part II., page 62. A young Spanish cavalier, of the name of Don Diego, who appears to have been a prototype of Child Harold,

“ Who ne'er in virtue's ways did take delight ;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of night,
Ah, me ! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel, and ungodly glee ;
Few earthly things found favor in his sight
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.”

One carnival night, this debauchee, who was wont to turn night into day, was seated at supper with some of his friends, and, after he had become heated with wine, he began to abuse some absent people, who were defended by the party present. Displeased at being contradicted, he slipped away from the company with the intention of seeking more genial society elsewhere, and, taking his sword with him, proceeded through the most lonely parts of the city. He had not traversed half the distance that he purposed, when he arrived at a house perfectly strange to him, the door of which was wide open, but the interior as dark as pitch. Being one of those pragmatistical fellows who like to meddle with other peoples' business, he drew his sword, and with the naked weapon in his hand, passed boldly along a gallery or hall till he came to a square, which was just as dark as the passage. Here pausing, to collect his thoughts, lest he should be taken unawares, he began to reflect that the ad-

venture was a rash one, but he was anxious to see the end of it. He therefore proceeded, groping along the wall of the court, until he arrived at a half-open door which he pushed open, and on entering, made a false step, by which he was precipitated into a hole ten or twelve feet deep ; but was so fortunate as to escape without bodily injury, although he lost his sword, which he would fain have kept for his defence.

As he reached the bottom he heard a voice, proceeding apparently from a short distance off which called out, " who is there ?" As he had not recovered from his fall, he did not immediately reply ; but, on the question being repeated, he called out that he was a single man. " you are a man," said the voice " come in." The Spaniard began now bitterly to repent whither his rashness had led him ; but, conceiving himself bound to follow out the adventure to its termination, he proceeded in the direction of the voice, when he found himself in a large apartment, dimly lighted (which added to his dismay) by four lamps suspended from each corner, which gave so faint a light that he could hardly perceive the objects which were presented to his view.

As he moved forwards he observed two men

clothed in black, like mourners, one of whom sat with his head resting on his hands as if asleep, and the other was seated apparently watching a corpse, which was lying stretched out at his feet clothed in Capuchin habits, and covered with linen cloth.

This terrific sight rather startled Don Diego, but he plucked up his courage nevertheless. Meanwhile, the sleeper woke up, and both asked him, "Art thou Don Diego?" "Truly I am," he answered, "but how came you to know my name?" "That boots very little," replied they, with a harsh and grating voice, "you must answer the questions which we shall put to you, for thereon hang many things which we will explain to you this night." Diego, on hearing this, wist not what to do, and inwardly bewailed his idle curiosity: but he was obliged to meet the adventure with a stout heart, and replied, "well, what then? I am Don Diego, and you are two devils."

"It appears he knows us," said one to the other, and then, turning to him, said, "you must remain here and watch this corpse; meanwhile we must go to make certain other preparations, and whatever you see or hear, do not alarm yourself." Thereon, they rose and went out, closing the door behind them, and leaving

Don Diego alone with the corpse, and not slightly alarmed, as may easily be conceived.

Finding himself in this unpleasant predicament, he began to consider that it was a just retribution of Heaven for his manifold sins, and therefore, signed himself with the cross all over his body, committed himself fervently to the protection of the Almighty and all the saints; for the very admonition which he had received, not to be alarmed at anything that he might see or hear, only increased his terrors. Shortly afterwards Diego heard a heavy sigh, followed immediately by a rattling of iron, as if a heavy chain were being dragged along the floor, and making a clatter as if the house were shaken from its foundations. These noises began to induce him to think of getting out in the same manner in which he had entered, and he therefore went to the door for that purpose, when he heard a distant feeble voice calling him and saying "Don Diego, how thinkest thou to escape hence? Turn back—turn back, it is not permitted thee to leave me; come back again, or I will pursue thee." Perceiving that escape was impossible, he returned, and then became aware that the voice proceeded from the corpse, which continued thus, "knowest thou that I am he whom a few days back thou didst deprive

of life ; and that inconsiderately, inasmuch as I never wronged thee ? Thou wretch—thou barbarian ! thinkest thou that Heaven will not revenge my cause on thee, and that a terrible fate awaits thee not on earth, to punish thee for thine evil course of life. By the wonderful providence of God thou hast been brought hither to hear my just reproaches ; but draw closer that thou mayest understand me better.” Diego, not doubting that this was the spirit of Leander* come back from the other world to torment him, was not at all inclined to come any nearer to the corpse, which accordingly proceeded, “ I acknowledge that you overcame and slew me when we fought hand to hand ; for, from my youth up, I had no knowledge of fencing ; an art in which you were well versed, and therefore, the victory was easy to you ; but now I call you to account : listen, let us two try a fall in wrestling together, on these conditions :—If you throw me, I promise you henceforth, never to molest you, and will prevent your being injured by my companions ; but, if I come off victorious, you shall bind yourself every year to keep a lonely watch over my grave

* We are not informed who Leander was ; but he was evidently a man that had been slain by Diego in a duel. It would appear from the subsequent part of the story, that a similar occurrence had happened to the other Diego.

all the night long, of the anniversary of my death."

Diego, seeing that the match was unequal, replied that he knew nothing of the art of wrestling ; for he considered it utterly hopeless for the weakness of man to engage in a struggle with the unearthly strength of a spirit. As, however, the other insisted upon it, and he began to consider it an opportunity of demonstrating his courage, he at length consented to the match, and threw himself into the best attitude that he could.

So soon as he heard the rash Diego consent to the match, up rose the corpse in its Capuchin habits, and appeared to be of far larger proportions than pertain to mankind ; and at the same moment, down came the four lamps crashing to the earth.

And now a cold sweat began to break forth from every pore of Diego's body ; he trembled and shook in every limb, and was so terrified that he was scarcely able to stand. The corpse, however, was not idle, and attacking him viciously, seized him in its arms, and hurled him a good three feet from where he stood, to the earth, where he lay for some time insensible, partly from fright, and partly from the injuries which he had received in his fall.

After he had come to himself, he could not make out where he was ; but, as he gradually recollected himself, and the previous occurrences, he observed that the day began to break, and looking around him he perceived four walls, but could observe no traces of what had occurred in the night time : the Capuchin, who had given him such an unfriendly fall, the two watchers, and the four lamps, all had vanished.

As the daylight became brighter, his wonted audacity returned with it ; and he resolved on searching the house thoroughly from top to bottom, but not a single thing could he discover except his sword, which he had wanted so greatly in his hour of peril. He therefore quitted this haunted house, and returned home, before it was broad daylight. He determined, however, to enquire in the neighbourhood as to who were the occupants of the house, but, as it was so early, no one was afoot, and he returned home weary and went to bed. He had not long lain down before one of his friends, named Don Antonio, came in and asked him how he had spent the night. "As for my part," he continued, "I have passed it indifferently," and then proceeded to tell him how he had laid a trap for a Don Diego, of Cordova, who had given great offence by his

haughtiness. This Don Diego was in love with the daughter of a rich advocate, a window of whose house looked out upon the church-yard, by means of which he used to visit his lady-love. Antonio, knowing that he was a coward at bottom, told him that the church-yard was haunted by a ghost that was wont to drag an iron chain behind him, and that the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had been obliged to quit it in consequence, a story to which the fact of several tenants of Antonio's, who lived in one of the houses there, having recently quitted it, gave a color, especially as he would not at that period let it again. Don Diego, however, laughed at the ghosts—all men do so by daylight ; on which, Don Antonio had devised the plan of frightening him in the manner which befel the other. But, that same night, when Antonio was to have led the Cordovan Diego to the neighbourhood and left him there to be the victim of the plot, he was suddenly arrested by four soldiers and carried before a magistrate to give evidence in a matter in which some of his friends were concerned : knowing that his detention for this purpose would prevent his leading Don Diego into the snare, he flatly denied all knowledge of the transaction, on which the magistrate consigned him to a solitary cell for

contumacy, and forbade his having communication with any one. He had only that instant been released, and had come directly thence to his friend's house to complain of the marring of his plot, which was the one that had actually been in execution against the listener.

The narration of this story, of which we have given a brief abstract, opened Don Diego's eyes, and he discovered that he had suffered for the real Simon Pure, on account of the similarity of the name. We may add that the individual selected to play the part of the corpse was a remarkably tall, powerful man, so that Don Diego's fears had not magnified his proportions.

END OF VOL. I.