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SUPERNATURAL ILLUSIONS.

SUPERNATURAL
I L L U S I O N S.

BY
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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SUPERNATURAL ILLUSIONS.

CHAPTER XXII.

“Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak: if savage,
Take or lend.”

CYMBELINE.

OF THE BANQUETS OF GHOSTS.

Those people who have ever thought about ghosts at all, have ever considered them a melancholy sort of race; who, having done with eating and drinking, and all the pleasures of

this sublunary world, haunt those scenes, which recal to their memory joys departed, never to return ; or which, perhaps, have been rendered memorable as the scene of a cruel murder. Ghosts are looked upon as a race of dampers, being not only thus melancholy themselves, but the occasion of melancholy in others ; having nothing earthly to do beyond sitting down on a cold tombstone full in the moonbeam, or some such similar employment.

When, therefore, we assure the reader that ghosts must eat and drink like other people, and that they are rather fond of a good spread and a handsome service of plate, we fear that it will require all the credit attached to our veracity to ensure belief on the part of the public ; but we will give chapter and verse for it.

Speidelius, in *speculo variarum observat., sub voce spirit.* (in his *Mirror of Various Observations*, and under the head of ghosts,) No. XLVI, p. 439, *et seq.*, mentions that, once upon a time, Albert, Baron of Zimbern, went to pay a visit to his prince, Frederic, Elector of Swabia, with whom he was a great favorite, and with

whom he had been brought up. On arriving at the place, he found this prince setting out for a ride, in company with his counts and barons, of whom there was generally a goodly number at his court. Their ride was directed to the count Erhinger's, of Magenheim, who dwelt in a castle of the same name, situate in Zabergan, and whither they had often ridden before. This count had married Maria, a Countess of Tubingia, by whom he had two daughters, but no son and heir. The count himself was a jovial fellow, fond of the pleasures of the chase and other athletic exercises.

As the party proceeded along through a large and pleasant forest, called the forest of Stromberg, at no great distance from the castle of Magenheim, a fine tall stag started up, which the hunters had seen some time before, but which, on that occasion, they were unable to run down. The whole company, but especially the count Erhinger, were highly delighted with the sight, and forthwith gave chase.

In the pursuit, the baron of Zimbern became separated from his companions, and riding in

a solitary part of the wood, came upon a large and stately roe, the like to which he had never seen before : he pursued it hard through the wood, but speedily lost sight, and all traces of it.

Whilst pressing on he was met by a man of such a terrific appearance, that the Count, although a brave and courageous cavalier, was somewhat startled, and made the sign of the cross for his protection. The other observed that he need not be alarmed, for he had been sent by God to reveal something to him: he bade him follow him without fear, and told him that he would shew him wonderful things, such as never before had met mortal eye ; and that no harm should befall him. Baron Albert, instigated by curiosity, followed his frightful guide, who led him fairly out of the wood. It appeared to the Baron that they had emerged upon a delightful meadow ; and, in the midst of an enchanting scenery, a splendid castle with numerous turrets rose to view, so exquisitely ornamented that the baron had never seen one that could compete with it. As they drew near the castle a large train of people, resembling a baron's retainers, issued forth to meet them ; and, without speaking a word, held his

horse for him and led him away ; the baron maintaining a dead silence, as his guide had cautioned him against speaking to any one but himself, and that he must strictly do as he directed him.

Thus they entered the castle ; and his guide led him into a large and richly furnished banquetting hall, where a prince with his courtiers was seated at table. They all rose from their seats on the baron's entrance, and, having bowed courteously to him, resumed their seats, as if about to continue the repast which had been thus for the moment interrupted. The baron remained standing with his good blade in his hand, which he resolved to part with on no consideration whatever. He observed meanwhile, with amazement, the massive silver dishes which were brought on and removed at each course, and the elegant plate with which the table was profusely covered. Everything was done, however, in perfect silence, and the guests at the table appeared to take no further notice of him.

After he had looked on for a considerable time, his conductor desired him to bow to the prince and his courtiers, for that he was

about to take him back again to the gate at which he had entered. He did so, and the prince and his attendants again rose and returned the salute with great courtesy. He was then led back to the castle gate, where he found his steed standing ready for him, held by the same people who had taken it from him ; and who, after having enjoined the utmost secrecy on him, turned noiselessly into the castle. The baron girded his sword on, and rode back by the same road by which he had issued from the forest of Stromberg.

He then applied to his guide to inform him what castle this was, and who was the owner thereof. The spirit, for this fearful looking guide was a ghostly one, replied, "The lord whom thou sawest, was thy father's brother, who was a godly* man, and often fought against the infidels. I, and the others whom thou sawest, were, during his life time, his retainers, and are now doomed to suffer unspeakable torments. He sorely oppressed his serfs with heavy taxes, spending all the money thus wrung from the poor people, in these wars against the infidels. This was done by our

* That is, he is called godly, because he fought against the infidels.

counsel and advice, and we are, therefore, condemned to suffer these torments so long as it shall please the Almighty. This, on account of thy great virtues, has been revealed to thee, that thou mayest take warning, and, avoiding such practices, amend thy life. Behold, there is the road which will lead thee back through the wood to the place whence thou camest; yet mayest thou return once more, that thou mayest remark into what misery and anguish our former prosperity has been turned." Having said this, which was an uncommon long speech for a ghost, the spirit vanished.

Hereon, Count Albert turned back again to the castle into which the ghost had conducted him; when, behold! all was blazing with fire, pitch, and brimstone, the smell of which grievously offended his nostrils; and then he heard dire lamentations and shrieks of unutterable anguish, on which he incontinently got dreadfully alarmed, so that his hair fairly raised his hunting cap from his head. Thinking that he had both seen and heard enough, he wheeled his horse round and rode back to the Elector Frederic's as hard as he well might, where he arrived such an altered man in appearance, that no one at first could recognise

him. They marvelled greatly at him, nor was their wonder lessened when he recounted all his adventures to them.

Then Count Albert prayed the Count Erhinger, that he would, in his great clemency, permit him to build a church on the spot where he had seen this ghostly castle, which the other graciously accorded; this being the approved Roman Catholic method, in all ages, of wiping away sins; the priesthood cunningly preferring a damnable superstition which fills their coffers, and rivets the chains which they have thrown around the necks of their deluded followers, to pointing them to the simple mode of salvation laid down in the Bible, in which God in Christ is everything, and the priest—nothing. The Elector, Frederic, contributed largely to the funds: and a nunnery (by way of keeping the priests' devotion *warm*) was also built there. We have the authority of Speidelius, that this occurred in the reign of the emperor Lothario the Second, A. D. 1134; and whatever doubt there may be as to the reality of the ghost, there is none about the church and nunnery.

For the following story we are again indebted to the *Hellish Proteus*, of Franciscus, page 426.

Frederic III., King of Denmark and Norway, had called a large meeting of his nobles at Fleissburgh, which he intended to grace with his presence. Amongst the nobles who were wending their way thither, was a reckless, dissolute fellow who feared neither devils nor ghosts; and people said that he was wont to make a jest of them. This nobleman delayed his journey so long, that on arrival he could not find a vacant lodging suitable for him. At last, he came to a house, the landlord of which frankly told him that every room he had was occupied except one, which he would not advise him to venture upon, as it was haunted, and some mischance might befall him through the fright that he would receive. The nobleman laughingly told him that he had no apprehension of ghosts, whose existence he considered as old wives' tales; and desired him to place a light upon the table, opposite to which he seated himself, in order to assure himself with his own waking eyes, that there was nothing to be seen; or, in case of anything appearing, to enable him to ascertain by the light, that it was only a pretended ghost.

The host did as he was ordered; and, after placing lights enough on the table, withdrew,

wishing his guest good night, but secretly thinking that he must stand sorely in need of a sweating bath to select such a sleeping apartment. He was not mistaken, for the night was not half passed when something began to stir more and more in the hall; and one noise was heard succeeding the other, which made the nobleman begin to man his heart, and nerve himself against approaching terror. Meanwhile, the tumult increased, and the young nobleman's flesh began to quiver like aspen leaves, notwithstanding all his efforts to keep his courage up. After this noise and tumult had lasted some time, there came down the chimney of the room in which he was sitting, first a leg, then an arm, afterwards a belly, a breast, &c., and, finally, a head, when all these parts united together, and assumed the appearance of a serving man. Then came down more legs, arms, &c., going through the same process, to the great astonishment of the nobleman. Lastly, the door was flung open, and then entered the bright appearance of a kingly court.

No hungry man ever approached the dinner table with half the rapidity with which our nobleman bolted from *his*; and, as he could not

get out of the door, a ghost or two barring his exit, he fairly took refuge behind the oven, whence he saw the table covered, in the twinkling of an eye, with the most royal service, and abundance of gold and silver goblets.

Now he, having very little stomach for sitting down in such suspicious ghostly company, was speedily accosted by one of the ghosts, who invited him to consider himself "*an honorary member.*" Whilst he begged to be excused, a large silver goblet was handed to him, and he was requested to return thanks, in a neat speech, for his health having been drunk. The unfortunate victim, who became more and more thoroughly convinced that his visitors were real, undoubted, ghosts, took the cup, principally because he thought that he could not help himself, and that, if he declined, means would speedily be found to compel him; but, in an agony of dread and apprehension, he called upon his Maker for protection. No sooner had he uttered that sacred name, than all the food that was on the table, and every ghost, speedily vanished. The silver goblet, however, which was in his hand, and all the plate on the table remained, along with the solitary light he had obtained from mine host.

The nobleman laid his hand upon it all, as thinking that he had a fair right to retain it after the stew that he had been put into ; but the landlord would by no means allow of this, and laid claim to it, as being in his house. Not being able to agree on the subject, and the edifying fable of " The monkey, the two cats, and the cheese" not having been then written, they had not means of being warned thereby, and carried the cause before the king ; who enacted the monkey's part, and directed it to be put in the royal treasury as "treasure trove," coolly remarking that he was the greatest man in the country, and had, therefore, the greatest right to it. The nobleman loudly protested against this decision as unjust, inasmuch as he had obtained the treasure by the sweat of his person ; whereon the king magnanimously referred the case to the decision of the judges, who, calculating to a penny what their places were worth, unanimously returned an opinion in the king's favor. With this verdict the nobleman was forced to be content, although no one could guess where this quantity of plate came from.

Our author thinks that it was hidden treasure to which the nobleman had been

helped by the ghosts, inasmuch as he remained convinced of the fact of the existence of these gentry, and of devils, to the end of his life ; but contends that, as it was found in the landlord's house, he, in virtue thereof, had the fairest claim to it. We suspect that he had a better title to it than this ; and that he had planned the trick of the ghosts to frighten his guest, and had "lent his plate for the occasion." In which case he must have looked exceedingly foolish at seeing it all swept into the royal coffers, and it would be a long time ere he ventured on such a practical joke again.

We shall conclude this chapter with an anecdote of a poor student, who was more successful in retaining the treasure which the ghosts are so good natured as to leave behind them. After the conclusion of the 30 years' war, this student, who was journeying to Strasburgh, and pondering how he was to maintain himself, whether by becoming a private tutor, or by adopting some other mode of life, was suddenly overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, from which he saw no means of escape except by taking refuge in an old ruined castle, which was close at hand, and which seemed to him likely to afford shelter. On hastening thither,

he could, however, find no protection from the weather, except in an old ruined hall, the walls of which were partially fallen in ; here, suffering greatly from hunger, thirst, and cold, he was detained several hours after night fall, there appearing no abatement of the storm ; and it seemed probable that he would have to take up his night's lodging there.

As the darkness increased apace, the wearied traveller fell fast asleep, and did not awake till midnight, when he saw three noblemen's servants in crimson livery and shoulderknots enter ; one of whom brought two burning wax lights into the old hall, and the other two a table, which they placed in the middle of the floor. These two then took their departure, but the third came up to the trembling, shaking student, and said to him, "fear nothing, no harm shall happen to you ; but when you see the lordly company enter the hall, remain here quiet where you are ; and if any one shall ask you who you are, or what you are doing here, answer him never a word, but remain as still as a mouse : if it is necessary, I will answer for you." Meanwhile, the other two servants returned, and brought in a large basket containing all the dinner equipage, which they placed

upon the table, covering it with the richest service of silver, hot-water plates, (*doppeltentellern*,) finger-cups, and salt-cellars, with splendid lights, but no napkins, (we presume that ghosts must have some peculiar way of drying their hands after using the finger-cups). By-and-bye, the perplexed student heard the beating of a pair of kettle drums, and then a stately looking lord, dressed in gold and velvet, entered the hall, followed by eighteen military officers in splendid uniforms. These again were followed by so many serving men and lacqueys that the whole hall was filled with them. Dinner was then served, and it appeared to the poor famished student as if they enjoyed their "victuals and drink" amazingly, so that he mentally exclaimed in the words of "John Bull in Paris,"

"I should like to sup with this Nongtonpaw."

But, however fond ghosts may be of good living themselves, and, however liberal they may be in leaving their plate behind them, hospitality to mortals is not one of their virtues.

At length the prince cast his eyes around the

hall, and, seeing the stranger, he called to him, and desired him to approach, on which the first-named servant also drew near, and replied, for the student, to all the questions of his master, as to who and what he was, whence he came, and whither he was going. After the lapse of another hour, (ghosts sit long at the table,) the prince, and all that goodly assemblage rose from the table, and the crowd of servants vanished out of the hall like a flash of "greased" lightning ; then went the guests, the prince being the last to take his departure, when the student again heard the clang of the kettle-drums. In a moment, all was as dark as pitch in that gloomy old hall ; not a ray of heaven's light falling into it by reason of the still heavy clouds which yet overhung the spot, leaving the student to hum to himself,

" I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted ;
Whose lights are fled—whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

He then committed himself to the care of God, and again fell into a sound sleep, having first picked out the softest heap of stones that he could find, for his pillow. He did not wake again until the rays of the sun glanced cheer-

fully along those sombre, ivy-tapestried walls ; when, after rubbing his eyes, he proceeded to reconnoitre. He then observed that all the splendid plate which he had seen decking the table, was strewed here and there upon the ground. Fear, trembling, and a feeling of joy, would not allow of his coming to any resolution ; so, leaving the articles where they lay, he strolled outside the walls to complete his survey. Nothing, however, met his view but the old sober grey walls, and the thorns and thistles that had plentifully sprung up in that deserted neighbourhood.

At last he determined upon securing the booty for himself, being well aware that if he left it there, and some adventurous after-traveller were to discover it, small indeed was his chance of seeing it again. Whereon he set to "with a will," and had speedily concealed it all effectually under the various heaps of rubbish that were lying about in all directions. Putting a pair of empty silver salt-cellars into his pocket, he wended his way into the nearest town, and sold them to a silversmith of the place. Having carefully pouched the proceeds, he bought for himself an old cloak, together

with a good sized sack, and hired a room in the suburbs of a poor widow, giving himself out as a teacher of youth. Having paid a week's lodging in advance, he took the key into his own possession, and, when the dews of evening fell, proceeded again to that old castle, which now possessed a charm in his eyes. Finding that his treasure was undisturbed, he proceeded to load himself with as much as he thought that he could conveniently carry, without attracting observation, until he had bagged four dozen silver plates; eighteen silver dishes; four cases of silver-gilt goblets; three handsome candlesticks, together with spoons and knives; all of which he quietly transported to his room; and, afterwards, putting them into a box, which he strapped on his shoulders, proceeded to Strasburg, where he carefully, and by degrees, converted them into bullion. Finding that his treasure amounted to two thousand rix-dollars, which he converted into ducats, he went to the Hague, where he lived frugally enough, well wotting that a treasure of that kind does not fall to a man's lot twice in his life.

After this he married a young widow, who kept an hotel, (she must have been a

syren, of course, *vide* chap. XXIII,) and who was well to do in the world, with whom he led a very comfortable life.

After some time a privy councillor happened to be journeying to the Hague, and it so fell out that he put up at this hotel. On hearing his host's name, he enquired whether he was a native of those parts, and if not, what had induced him to come thither. Having listened to his reply, he informed him that they had been fellow students together, and that he was a near relative. On this the *ci-devant* student opened his heart and frankly related every circumstance to him. Hereon, his friend weighed all this kingly service of plate for him, and found it to weigh 233 marks ; which, reckoning the mark at sixteen florins, amounted to 4728 florins, which this poor student had thus acquired by his prudence and discretion.

We regret that it is not in our power to inform the Douster-swivels of the age where ghosts now hold their banquets, and leave their spoons and forks behind them, as little boys and big ones too, for that matter, are requested to do when they quit a boarding school at the expiration of the quarter. We have never

even had a card of invitation ourselves, which we consider unhandsome, seeing that we are the faithful chroniclers of ~~their~~ festivities: (quite as good as the *Morning Post* is of those of the "fashionable world,") and we would not recommend the experiment to be tried at a table of living guests, lest the hapless filcher should, unexpectedly, find himself sent, to what the native articles of war call, "Bunkal Point," or the Tenasserim Provinces.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea maid's music !”

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

OF SEA MONSTERS.

Dr. Bräuner, in this chapter, as well as in four others, entitled respectively, “the Wonders of Creation in the Water,” “the Wonders of Creation in the Earth,” and so on of the other

two elements, treats of those things which are now no longer wonders, such as mermaids, syrens or *melusima*, whales, sharks, &c.; and which we, therefore, thought at one time of passing over altogether; but we think, upon consideration, that we can do a nice little bit of allegorical in them, and so we will take his animals as our prototypes, and see whether in the *genus homo*, that race which furnishes so much food for satire, and which is so often, alas! to be wept over for its vices and follies, we cannot find the antitypes; and, as each class will smart in turn under the lash, we hope none will take offence, but rather that all will seek amendment; for there is a vast field for improvement in all.

And first, as in gallantry bound, and strictly adhering to Dr. Bräuner's arrangement, we begin with the ladies. Our author tells us of many syrens, that, in his time, were wont to inhabit the stormy shores of the Cape of Good Hope, and, by their enchanting songs, allure ships to destruction on the L'Agullas bank, or on the shores of the Bay. In our days these syrens "have given up the sea," and betaken themselves to the shore. Instead of dancing bewitchingly on the crest of a curling wave, coquettishly combing their locks the while, they

now—I blush to say it—let lodging-houses ! And it is a most remarkable circumstance that nearly all the lodging-houses at the Cape are, or were, let by widows : we have had a horror, only equalled by Tony Weller's, of widows, ever since we spent, in the years of our griffin-age, three long weeks in the house of one of these enchantresses. They are so practical to deceive—so amiable—so affable, when they walk in with the nice hot buttered toast to the morning's repast—so ready with their smiles, that the unfortunate victim is half in a fool's paradise all the while ; never dreaming, poor dolt, that each smile goes down in the bill, and stands him in about a rix-dollar apiece. But, when the day of reckoning comes, then he finds himself between Scylla and Charybdis ; if he pays the bill, he is reduced to his last sovereign, or, perhaps, to a solitary shilling—*there* is Scylla ; if he attempts to shirk it, or to cut it down, a change, passing strange, flashes over the syren's countenance—she is no longer a syren—she is Mrs. Raddle, who has left the Borough, in London, to pursue the same occupation at the Cape—*there* is Charybdis ! Why are not all widows compelled by law to marry again ? They could then Caudleise only *one*

unhappy wretch—as matters now stand, they victimize the lords of creation in a body at large.

The next female sea-wonder, (we take Dr. Bräuner's title of the chapter, "*Meer-wundern*," literally here,) is one of very rare occurrence. It was not known in his days, and has only been occasionally seen in ours; and, in fact, has not yet been entered in the naturalist's nomenclature; it is, in short, a young lady coming out under engagement to be married in India, who does NOT get married at the Cape to a fellow-passenger. Rare as the animal is, it is getting scarcer every day, and the *genus* will probably be soon extinct, inasmuch as men are growing wiser by experience, and make a *sine qua non*, now-a-days, that their bride elect shall come out overland. Not that the superior shortness of the passage is much of an impediment in the way of the young lady's falling in love; but there is no opportunity of getting married by the way. True, there is a clergyman at Aden, but the steamer does not remain there long enough to fulfil the period required by the law to legalize a marriage; so that, if the gentleman who has ventured on the perilous speculation can manage to be on the beach when the steamer heaves in sight; or, better still, to have

his foot on the side as she drops her anchor, he is as secure as a man *can* be, provided he gets her to go ashore in the same boat with him, in which the last difficulty to be overcome, lies.

And now we come to the whales; which, although Dr. Bräuner tells us that they do not come north of the Cape, we will take the liberty of transporting to the Indian seas; and not only thither, but actually see whether we have not something very like them on shore.

When we see a corps, for instance, that has just purchased out one of its officers, giving a farewell dinner to the man that it has just shelved, and one of the members, rising on the removal of the cloth to give a bumper toast, and dwelling at large upon the circumstance of the great loss which the retirement of "our esteemed guest" will inflict upon the corps, wishing in his heart of hearts all the time that he could rise and propose the same toast for half a dozen his seniors; or rather that they would die off, or invalid, or retire in any way *gratis*—is not this—very like a whale?—and when the guest rises in return, overpowered by the recollection that just that day week some

thirty or forty thousand rupees had been passed to his "private account," and states how overwhelmed his feelings are at parting with brother officers whom he has known and loved so long—we are much mistaken, if all this pretended *blubber*-ing does not cover something very like another whale.

When a lawyer rises in the Supreme Court to open the case against a man on trial for his life ; and, "weeping like a crocodile, with his hands in his breeches pockets," to use the late Lord Londonderry's celebrated simile, assures the Jury that it is the most painful duty which ever devolved upon him in the whole course of his professional experience, and then, forthwith, rushes into the most virulent tirade against the prisoner, distorting or heightening all the points that bear against him—we think that this is also very like a whale.

When a man, with a handsome income, indebted to the Union Bank to a very heavy tune, comes forward at the public sale of all those debts, and buys in his own at a fourth of its value, and would then try to persuade the easy-going public that he was consulting the interests of the Bank and not his own, inas-

much as he gave more for it, than any one else would *venture* to give ; is not this a whale that would *cut up* profitably ? When the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Heirarchy come forward in a body and solemnly repudiate any design upon the Church as established by law ; when they declare that they loathe and detest as impious the doctrine that no faith is to be kept with heretics ; and that persecution for religious doctrines is not only lawful but commendable ; while these points are duly inculcated in every seminary of that apostate Church—this is something more than very like a whale—it is a *Leviathan* !

When Mr. Feargus O'Connor protests that he will die on the floor of the House of Commons, and then runs his neck into a Chartist noose—when Mr. Cobden declares that Free Trade is more efficacious than gunpowder to keep this wicked world in something like order—these, and fifty other things like them, are either very like a whale, or a tub thrown out to catch one. But we are sick of whales ; the surface of society swarms with them—and will turn to the next genus—Sharks.

Of this numerous class we will select only

six, whom we purpose placing before the reader: the bottle-nose Shark; the white Shark; the ground Shark; the shovel-nose Shark; the blue Shark; and the hammer-headed Shark.

I. THE BOTTLE-NOSE SHARK.—The intelligent reader—we like this phrase occasionally, it puts a man on good terms with himself and the author at once—the intelligent reader will easily divine that, as all lodging-houses are kept by syrens; so are all hotels, especially Indian ones, kept by the bottle-nose Shark. They hang out an inviting exterior, and some high sounding designation, such as the Union Jack Hotel, and the victim flounders in. There is this difference between the syren and the bottle-nose Shark, that the former makes his profit by charging for “becks and nods, and wreathed smiles;” whereas the latter makes his by charging two hundred and fifty per cent. on his liquor, whence his characteristic designation of the bottle-nose is derived. He has a greater attachment to his native element, the sea, than the other species have; for, whereas *they* are often to be found inland, *he* is sure never to wander far from the beach.

II. THE WHITE SHARK.—This species, on the contrary, is essentially a migratory animal—it is what is called, in human parlance, a sponge; one of those unnatural creatures that profess to live entirely and solely on their friends; and, as a friend won't cut up for ever, the white Shark is compelled, like the Hermit Crab, to shift his quarters from time to time. We remember falling in with an interesting specimen of this *genus* some years ago at Penang. How he got into our domicile we forget; but, at all events, he did not appear in his true *Sharkeian* character, but under the guise of a Captain of Bengal Native Infantry. We think that the first thing that opened our eyes, as to the real nature of the animal was, the reply to an innocent question which we put, as to whether he knew so and so in Bengal. "Oh! yes," was the ready reply, "he is the best friend I ever had:—*I lived on him for two years!*" This alarmed us, and we were exceedingly anxious to get the Shark out of the house; no easy matter. However, we accomplished it by means which give us a twinge of conscience to this hour—we gave him a letter of introduction to a friend at Singapore. Having occasion three or four months after to visit that Settlement on duty for a day or two, we proceeded thither;

and the first object that met our eyes was the white Shark, seated at our friend's table, coolly discussing wine and walnuts. We took the earliest opportunity of asking our friend, how much longer he intended to exercise his hospitality. He sighed, and replied that he could not get the white Shark to take the most palpable hints. We suggested as the readiest means, that he should take the opportunity of the sponge's "fetching a walk," to send his port-manteau and "shake-down," to the bottle-nosed Shark's hotel, on the beach; which was done, and the door resolutely closed against him on his return.

This piece of good nature, on our part, involved us in a fresh dilemma. We forgot at the time that the white Shark has a mortal antipathy to the bottle-nose. The white Shark penned us a note from the hotel, saying that he was going to return to Penang, and volunteering to accompany us thither in the steamer, and take up his old quarters again. We pointed out the impossibility, inasmuch as the steamer was a Government one, and carried only Government passengers, and suggested that, as we could not accommodate him, he had better proceed to China, or New Zealand, or the

North Pole ; and away we steamed without him. But he followed hard on our traces, and, finding "no admittance," coolly sent on his shake-down and portmanteau to the Resident Councillor's, with a note asking for a night's lodging, taking special care to follow so closely that there was no time to bundle his "traps" out again. Thus, seating himself on his portmanteau, like the smith with three wishes, who threw his cap inside the gate of heaven and sat upon it, he effected a lodgment in the same manner. We know not how long he remained there ; if we mistake not, he was still there, when we left six months afterwards.

Now we are always glad to accommodate a friend, when he asks us to house him for a week or a fortnight ; but we have ever since returned a steady denial to a man, who asks us for "a shake-down *only* for the night." We sum up his character in the words of Bishop Earle :— "He is one whom, all other means have failed, and he now lives of himself. He is some needy cashiered fellow whom the world hath oft flung off, yet still clasps again ; and is like one a drowning, fastens upon any thing that is next at hand. Amongst other of his shipwrecks, he has happily lost shame, and this want supplies him. No man puts his brain to

more use than he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meal a new stratagem. He has an excellent memory for his acquaintance; though there passed but how-do-you betwixt them seven years ago, it shall suffice for an embrace, and that for money." * * * "Men shun him, at length, as they would do an infection; and he is never crossed in his way, if there be but a lane to escape him. He has done with the age, as his clothes to him; hung on as long as he could, and at last drops off."

The third species is the ground Shark, which is divided into two varieties; the constable, and the bailiff. They are both extremely dangerous, and remarkable for the tenacity of their gripe. They, however, cater more for the provision of the next three species than their own, being in this respect a sort of jackal, or lion's provider. Though their pursuits are nearly the same, there is a slight diversity in their character. We will sum up their description in the words of Bishop Earle:—"A constable is a viceroy in the streets, and no man stands more upon it that he is the king's officer. His jurisdiction extends to the next stocks, where he has a commission for the heels only,

and sets the rest of the body at liberty. He is a scare-crow to that ale house, where he drinks not his morning's draught, and apprehends a drunkard for not standing in the king's name. Beggars fear him more than the justice, and as much as the whip-stock, whom he delivers over to his subordinate magistrates, the bridewell-man and the beadle."

The bailiff, again, "is the creditor's hawk wherewith they seize upon flying birds, and fetch them again in his talons : he is the period of young men, or their full stop ; for when he meets with them they can go no farther : his ambush is a shop stall, or close lane, and his assault is cowardly, at your back : he respites you in no place but a tavern, where he sells his minutes dearer than a clock-maker."

We have now to consider the fourth species ; the shovel-nose shark. This includes all the pettifogging attornies of the Dodson and Fogg class—those limbs of the law, who, when business is slack in the Supreme Court, find means of making it by fomenting disputes among their neighbours, and who will take up a cause "on spec." They answer to Butler's description of a knave, who, he tells us, "is like

a tooth-drawer that maintains his own teeth in constant eating by pulling out those of other men." He is an ill moral philosopher, of villainous principles, and as bad practice: his tenets are to hold what he can get, right or wrong: his tongue and his heart are always at variance, and fall out, like rogues in the street, to pick somebody's pocket; they never agree but, like Herod and Pilate, to do mischief: his conscience never stands in his light when the Devil holds a candle to him, for he has stretched it so thin that it is transparent." * * * * *

"He is like a pike in a pond, that lives by rapine, and will sometimes venture on one of his own kind, and devour a knave as big as himself; he will swallow a fool a great deal bigger than himself; and, if he can but get his head within his jaws, will carry the rest of him hanging out of his mouth, until by degrees he has digested him all. He has a hundred tricks to slip his head out of the pillory without leaving his ears behind. As for the gallows, he never ventures to show his tricks upon the high rope, for fear of breaking his neck. He seldom commits any villany but in a legal way, and makes the law bear him out in that for which it hangs others. He always robs

under the vizer of the law, and picks pockets with tricks in equity."

The blue Shark is, of course, the barrister. We do not mean to include those high-minded gentlemen of the law, who never undertake a cause, but one in which they feel convinced that their client has truth and justice on his side; *they* are out of the category altogether. But we mean barristers of the description of "Lawyer Tongue," who first pleaded for "Nose" in the famous spectacle case tried before Chief Baron Ear, and then changed sides, and pleaded for "Eyes" *versus* "Nose;" those men, in short, who will plead in any cause, provided they have a retaining fee. Of one of this class, Bishop Earle says:—"His business gives him not leave to think of his conscience; and, when the time, or term of his life is going out, for doomsday, he is secure; for he hopes he has a trick to reverse judgment." We dismiss *them* in the words of Baxter. "When money will hire you to plead for injustice against your own knowledge, and to use your wits to defraud the righteous and spoil his cause, or vex him with delays, for the advantage of your unrighteous client, I would not have your conscience for all your

gains, nor your accompt to make for all the world." These are your "Oily Gammons."

The last species is the hammer-headed Shark; or the one who "charges the jury." The less said regarding this species the better. It derives its name from a hammer-headed protuberance projecting from either side of the head: one is the criminal hammer; the other the civil. It occasionally happens that when the victim escapes being knocked down by the civil hammer, it is floored by the criminal one, or *vice versa*.

After all, we will terminate this chapter here, and leave it to time to develope whether we shall resume this portion of our subject.

CHAPTER XXIV.

" Soll ich dir flammen bildung, weichen ?
Ich bin's, bin Faust, bin deines gleichen."

GOTHE.

" Shall I yield to thee, thou shape of flame ?
I am Faust— I—I am thine equal."

OF ENCOUNTERING GHOSTS.

We have often wondered why the Irish peasantry should entertain so deadly a hatred against the Saxons, which no benefits conferred upon them appear to remove, but on the

contrary to strengthen: they are naturally a warm-hearted, affectionate race, and would, one would imagine, regard their benefactors with gratitude. We have seen it asserted, over and over again, that they are misled by crafty demagogues for their own vile and selfish purposes; whilst others have asserted that it is owing to the difference of creeds. Both are wrong, dear reader; for worthy Dr. Bräuner affords us the solution in this very chapter. He tells us that all Roman Catholics are instructed to believe that there are but two descriptions of ghosts, or wicked, wandering spirits, the one of which are the English, and the other the brood of Hell; and further, that there is a vast variety of legends among the Papists, as to how the former, not being content with damaging the Papacy by Bible Societies in their life-time, inflict all sorts of mischief upon the Romish Church by their wicked pranks after death. If such be the case we must say that the Romish priests are greatly to blame for it all; why do they so resolutely exclude all heretics from Purgatory? We should have thought that it would have been just the snug little place to shut them up in, and prevent them playing their cantrips. We have it: they have already peopled it so thickly with their own flocks, that

there would not be convenient room ; and the priests do not like to admit any to the "privileges of the place," who will not pay handsomely in the shape of masses for *getting out again*, which these obstinate heretics will *not do*. They, therefore, keep the non-payers *out*, in order that *these* may drive the payers *in*.

We shall pass over the various methods given, whereby we may distinguish good spirits from bad ones, because we are told that they appear, now-a-days, only to the Roman Catholics, amongst whom we shall probably find few readers ; but, we may mention a couple of anecdotes, out of the *Lives of the Fathers*, of men who appear to have been very little terrified by their ghostly visitants, who, we should observe in both these instances, were Satan himself transformed into an angel of light.

In the first the Devil said to the spiritual brother, "I am Gabriel," to which he replied, "You were probably sent to some other person, I am not worthy that God should send an angel to me ;" whereon, the angel vanished. The second instance relates to a hermit, who, in his cell, had many a wrestling in the spirit with the Devil : on one occasion of the Devil's appearing,

he said to him, "I am Christ," on which the anchorite observed, "I have no desire to see Christ in the flesh in this world; I shall be quite contented if I see him in the world to come;" which caused the Devil to flee. *Vide L. Dunte Cas Conse de Angelis*, chap. 4, quest. 2.

These two, however, were beaten in coolness by a sturdy assessor to the Westminster Assembly, who saw the Devil, one fine moonlight night, standing by his bedside. This assessor, eyeing his Satanic Majesty with supreme contempt, after waiting awhile to see whether he would say or do anything, said, "If *thou* hast nothing to do, *I* have," and so turned himself to sleep. *Vide Penny Cycl.*, Vol. II., p. 185.

The means used by Roman Catholics to drive away ghosts are various; such as the relics of saints, holy water, salt, the chrism, palm leaves, wax-lights, signing of the cross with the repetition of the first verse of St. John's Gospel, Invoking the names of the Blessed Trinity, the holy angels, and the martyrs; all which Dr. Bräuner justly characterises as vain and nugatory, and gives eight other very excellent methods, which, as we are not writing a theological treatise, we omit.

“We will now,” says Dr. Bräuner, “relate a story how a spirit assumed the semblance of a living person, and how, by the grace of God, it was overcome.” And here we have recourse to page 1097 of the *Hellish Proteus* of Franciscus, who learns, he says, from Dede-kinnus, that a certain nobleman, who had been long afflicted with prostration and weakness, was called upon by a traveller, who informed him that he was bewitched, and promised to bring before his eyes the woman by whose instrumentality it had been effected, to which the sick man consented. On this, the scamp told him that whatever woman should come into his house the next day, and, seating herself by the hearth, should grasp the pot-hooks, the same was the party who had bewitched him.

The next morning, a near neighbor, and serf of the nobleman, whom he knew to be a good and upright woman, came in, and acted precisely as had been predicted by the stranger. At this the nobleman wondered, knowing the woman to bear a good reputation ; and, a doubt crossing his mind, as to whether all was exactly right, he secretly despatched a servant to her house to ascertain whether she was at home. The servant found her there spinning flax, on which

he requested her to accompany him to his master's house, which she did : as she set her foot on the threshold, the spirit vanished, on which the nobleman congratulated himself and her, as he was very near having her burned for a witch.

We will pass slightly over a very uninteresting story of a Coburg ghost, who persecuted the Master of the Horse of the Landgrave, John Casimir, from house to house, constantly assuming the appearance of his wife, even to her very habiliments, so that the poor Master of the Horse could never tell which was his wife, and which was the Devil ; a want of discrimination, which, although rather common, does not say much in favour of the lady's temper ; and which said ghost was uncivil enough, on one occasion, when thus personating the lady of the house, to hit her sister-in-law such a slap in the face that her beauty was spoilt for some days. We are inclined to think that the story is a concealed satire, and that the lady's temper was none of the sweetest ; especially as we know that sisters-in-law, particularly if they are young and pretty withal, must occasionally lay their account with receiving such treatment. We are glad to inform our readers that the Devil suddenly dis-

appeared one day and never returned ; but, we are left in a pleasing state of uncertainty as to whether the lady cleared her brow of her own accord, or whether her husband “banged” the demon out of her ; in consequence of which half the moral of the tale is lost to both husbands and wives.

We proceed, now, to one of Dr. Bräuner’s “facts,” which he tells us has been placed beyond the possibility of a doubt, by the testimony of several thousand persons ; who, for many years, had seen the troublesome drummer, the hero of the tale.

Mr. John Mompesson was travelling, in the year 1661, from Tedworth, in the county of Wilts, to Ludgarschall ; but where the latter place was situated it surpasses our geography to tell, unless it be an old-fashioned way of spelling Ludgate-hill which it can hardly be as we are told that it was a town : never mind ; the story is equally true. When there he heard a drum beating, and enquired of the mayor of the place what was the meaning of it. The other replied that he was very much annoyed by a scape-grace of a drummer, who was ever demanding money of the constable of the place ; and who produced a

passport, which he considered to be forged. Mr. Mompesson summoned him before him, and asked him what induced him to make such a tremendous rub-a-dub with his drum. The drummer replied that he had taken out a licence to that effect, and produced a paper purporting to bear the signatures of Sir William Crawley and Colonel Ayliffe, of Crettenham. Mr. Mompesson, knowing the handwriting of these gentlemen well, pronounced the paper a forgery ; and telling the vagabond to put down his drum, desired the beadle to take him to the Justice of the Peace, in order that he might be well trounced. Hereon, the drummer confessed his knavery, and begged very hard to have his drum given back to him, which Mr. Mompesson promised to restore upon certain conditions ; but, in the meanwhile, left it in charge of the mayor. Shortly afterwards the drummer was discharged from custody.

A month afterwards, as Mr. Mompesson was preparing to return home, the drum was sent to him by the before-mentioned mayor. On reaching home his wife informed him how dreadfully she had been alarmed by thieves in his absence, and who had well nigh broken into the house. Three days afterwards a similar

alarm occurred, and there was a tremendous hammering at the doors and the outer walls of the house. On this Mr. Mompesson rose, and, with a brace of loaded pistols, sallied out at the door whence the noise proceeded; and, as soon as he had got outside, he heard first one thump and then another, but though he made the complete circuit of the house, not a person was to be seen, although he now and then heard a strange, hollow sound; so that he went to bed again. He had no sooner laid down again than there seemed to be a distinct row-de-dow of a drum proceeding from the top of the house, which was shingle-roofed. This commonly occurred for five successive nights, and the next three everything was quiet, because the drummer was obliged to be away on guard.

After the expiration of a month, he, that is, the drummer, left the outside of the house and entered the apartment, generally in the evening when they had just gone to bed, or half an hour afterwards, and thumped away on his drum for usually about two hours. How Mr. Mompesson missed these capital opportunities for lodging an ounce of lead in him, we are not informed; but he appears to have been in-

visible. The signs by which they were wont to expect his approach, were that then they heard him beating "the alarm" apparently in the atmosphere surrounding the roof; and, when he went away, he beat off "the retreat. The most remarkable thing was that the noise, for two whole months, was confined to the chamber where the drum lay; and Mr. Mompesson, although it broke his rest sadly, determined to sleep there in order to detect the disturber of his slumbers: he was a donkey of the first order not to put his foot through the drum in the first instance. The drummer had, however, some of the feelings of humanity about him, for the night that Mrs. Mompesson was confined not a sound was heard; and the house remained perfectly quiet until she was up and about again a week after. He made up for lost time, however, by redoubling his noises, at the expiration of that period, and making them in the day-time as well as the night. But the younger portion of Mompesson's family experienced his incivility the most, for he shook their bedsteads so vehemently that an accident was dreaded as likely to occur to them. Still, on touching the posts, nothing appeared to be striking them, although they trembled violently (there were

shivering fools inside). At length he began to entertain them with all sorts of drum music ; there were "Marches" "Reveillees" "the Troop," "Retreat beating," "Tattoo beating," &c., accompanied by such scratching under the bed, as if something with hard iron claws was marking the boards handsomely. He used to chevy the little children out of their beds, and hunt them from one room to another ; he delighted to play his tricks especially upon them. Now, there being one room in the house, which was as yet free from all these diabolical noises, the little ones were put to rest there ; but, as soon as they lay down, though it was clear daylight, their persecutor attacked them.

"On the fifth of November, of this year, a laughable alarm occurred, which has given occasion," our author remarks, "for many people, especially those who put no faith in witches, to laugh ; although at the time they considered it no laughing matter." Two boards of the floor of the room were seen to move, and one of Mompesson's servants desired one of them, which was upwards of a yard from him, to come to him, which it immediately did, although no one could perceive by what means it was put in motion. He then

ordered it to come into his hand ; it did so : he threw it away, and it returned to him ; this jugglery being continued until Mompesson desired his servant not to have such intimate communion with the Devil. It was, however, repeated at least ten times, in the presence of several people, who also testified that they were certain that the drummer could not be far off, for that there was a most villanous smell of brimstone. "What do you say to that?" quoth Dr. Bräuner, "after a fervent prayer to be delivered from such fearful assaults of the Devil." "Why Dr. Bräuner," we reply, "the Cock-lane ghost beats it hollow, to say nothing of the clever servant-maid, who set all her mistress's crockery dancing 'like mad,' by means of horse hairs, at Stockwell, in the county of Surrey ; or the good Devil of Woodstock."

We can only afford to give a brief analysis of these two stories. The first occurred on Monday and Tuesday, the 6th and 7th of January, 1772, to a Mrs. Golding, who, about noon on the first of these days, heard her crockery go smash in the back kitchen ; and her maid, coming into the room, told her that it was all falling off the shelf. On her going into the kitchen she saw another row fall down and

break, and several other articles followed the example without any visible cause : in short, hams, cheeses, everything was in motion ; and the Stockwell ghost made more noises than the Cock-lane one. Some years afterwards, the servant, Ann Robinson, confessed that she had been the author of all the mischief. She had fastened horsehairs to some plates, which she pulled ; and others she threw down dexterously when not observed : she had put the hooks through the skin only of the hams, &c., so that the hold presently gave way ; and, by putting a chemical powder into pans of water, had made the latter appear to boil.

The pranks of the good Devil of Woodstock lasted longer, viz., from October 16th, to November 1st, 1649, and were played off on the commissioners who came down to survey that manor. They consisted chiefly in the extinction of the candles, with a sulphurous smell ; throwing billets of wood about ; violently lifting up the beds, &c. The true secret came out some years afterwards : this good Devil of Woodstock being a person named Joseph Collins, commonly called " Funny Jos.," who had hired himself as a servant to the commissioners, and

carried on his tricks with the aid of two others, who were confederate with him. The candles were blown out, by gunpowder having been introduced into the wick.

CHAPTER XXV.

"The times have been,
That when the brains were out, the thing would die,
And there an end."

MACBETH, Act iii., Scene 4.

MACBETH.—"I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born."

MAID.—"Despair thy charm."

IBID., Act v., Scene 7.

OF A CHARMED LIFE.

We have never been so hard put to it as we
have been to give an equivalent translation of
the comprehensive German title of this

chapter, "*Vom Vestmachung.*" "Invulnerability" won't answer, for it is something more ; it secures you not only from gunshot wounds and sabre cuts, but also from the hangman.

Once get the recipe, and you may be strung up at eight o'clock in the morning, and you will continue your gambols on the gallows till sunset, and be as lively as you were when you started ; whilst the sheriff, who is superintending, what was intended for, "a judicial murder," (as some lachrymose editors, who hold out for the abolition of all capital punishments, would term it,) has either fainted away with hunger at the foot of it, or been floored by a *coup de soleil*.

We always lay it down as a rule, that a man who so earnestly contends for the abolition of Jack Ketch's office, has some undivulged crime on his conscience, which, ever and anon, produces a spasmodic contraction of the thorax, to be surely followed, in the stage of convalescence, by an editorial against hanging. But *vest-machung* ensures you against drowning as well as hanging ; against railway accidents as well as bullets ; against the blowing up of steam-boats as

well as against the severing of your head from your shoulders : so that would not do. Then we thought of translating it " Insuring your life," but that would not do either ; for people generally insure their lives for the benefit of their creditors ; whereas, the *vestmachung* is solely for your own. Next we thought that we had hit it, and were on the point of heading the chapter "*Vom vestmachung, or the OFF-RECKONINGS ;*" for the old gentlemen who succeed to these, are extremely tenacious of life. They go out grouse shooting at the age of ninety, neither shoot themselves, nor are shot by their gamekeeper ; or, if out duck shooting, their punt does not upset, neither does their double-barrel burst in their hands. But we determined to treat them tenderly, having an eye to the land of promise ourselves ; and so we have generalised it under the head of " a charmed life."

Now, we are told by Dr. Bräuner that the question as to whether it is possible to make the body bullet-proof has been answered affirmatively by several authors ; amongst whom he cites the writer of the pamphlet "*des alles anbellenden menschen hundes,*" who says that the foul fiend can thus preserve his followers

from the thrust of a dagger, the cut of a sword, or the penetration of a bullet; although he allows that natural causes can also account for this, and adduces the following story to show that a person may be secured from the effects of a bullet, if fired close to his person. "Some six or seven years before," he observes, "there were, in the Netherlands, two cavaliers, a Colonel and a Lieutenant-Colonel of the same corps, who were at enmity with each other, and could find no better way of settling the dispute than by exchanging shots on horseback. The Lieutenant-Colonel discharged his pistol first, the wind of his ball being felt by the Colonel, who rode up to him, and, presenting his pistol close to his forehead, fired; but the ball, instead of penetrating, bounded back, and made a mark of a burn on the Colonel's own brow. On this a great outcry was raised that the Lieutenant-Colonel could not have acted fairly, but that he must have had his life charmed." "Amongst other people," says the author, "I was consulted on the subject, and delivered this as my opinion; viz., that, when the Colonel was two or three paces from his adversary and had presented the pistol at his head, the ball had become loosened in the barrel by the

motion of riding, so that a portion of the charge escaped in front of it, whereby it lost its force and had no power to penetrate." Such is a very long explanation, in the text, given in brief, and which is pretty near the truth.

Pfitzerus, however, in his *Remarks upon the Life of Doctor Faustus*, p. 262, affirms stoutly, that not only is *vestmachung* possible, but that it is altogether and entirely the Devil's handy-work; and then he puts the posing question, which only a Jesuit could solve; namely, whether, this being so entirely a diabolonian invention, it is lawful for a Christian man to avail himself of it as a safeguard. Whereon he goes on to say, it is not here a question whether these things can be done, since repeated experience has shown, that not only men, but also horses and dogs, who have been thus fortified, have not received the slightest injury from being poisoned or hanged. We have Dr. Menger's testimony to this effect, who writes, in the ninth chap. of his *Scrut. Consc.*, that these wicked people will make a herring so hard that it is impossible either to cut or eat it; an example of which he himself saw, with great astonishment, at Jena.

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Passing over a page or two of uninteresting matter, we are told of a certain General who was wont, after an action, to shake the musket bullets out of his clothes like so many peas; and Dr. Bräuner tells us of another officer, high in rank, whom he was personally acquainted with, who, in a siege of a certain fortress, went boldly outside of the trenches accompanied by a staff officer on his right and left, whom, when the fort commenced firing on them, he desired to "fall in his wake" and to "cover" him exactly, which they did. The consequence was that each bullet and round shot passed to their right and left, and none of them received any injury. "By what means the general thus acquired perfect immunity, I leave others," quoth Dr. B., "to decide."

Luther mentions that a Jew came to the Elector, Albert of Saxony, and gave him a sort of gorget, which he told him would infallibly preserve him from cold steel and lead, if he wore it. The elector told him that he would prove his work upon the inventor before he tried it on himself; and, taking the luckless Jew into a field, he hung the gorget round his neck in the manner which the Jew pointed out,

then, drawing his sword, ran him through the body, so that the wonderful inscription of the words, "*Schemhamphoras Tetragrammaton, &c.*," availed him nothing.

Abundant experience, however, we are told, has established that there are certain plants, which the chamois, goats, stags, rhinoceroses, &c. eat, which render their hides so tough that they are impenetrable, or nearly so, to a bullet ; for they receive no mortal injury from it, but, if they fall by one, they speedily spring up and run off again. As the virtue of the plant only lasts forty-eight hours, they are obliged to have recourse to it again every third day. The hunters are so well aware of this, that when they have fired at one of these charmed animals they pursue it for two successive days, and fire at it on the third, by which time, the powers of the herb being evaporated, the hunter is generally successful in bringing it down.

These being natural means, which Providence has provided, Dr. B. thinks that men may use them without sin : and the eating of the plant, the juices of which enter into the

circulation, effectually case-hardens the human frame. The misfortune is that we are not informed what the plant is.

But not only can men thus protect their own bodies by a charm, but, by an illusion of Satan, can produce the appearance of squadrons and regiments in the field of battle; whereby the enemy is disheartened and betakes himself to flight.

A certain cavalry officer, in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, whose name is not mentioned, whenever he found the enemy too strong for him, used to beat them in this convenient manner, frightening them by spectral soldiery, and leading on his own detachment, who, being case-hardened as well as himself, committed fearful havoc amongst the fugitives. By this unfair way of fighting, great odium was incurred by the Swedes, and, in order to remove it, Gustavus handed over his cavalry officer to the tender mercies of the Bavarians: and here Dr. Bräuner is guilty of perpetrating a pun. The same word, "Bauer," signifies both "Bavarians" and "boors;" and Dr. B. remarks that the Bavarians put the

officer to a boor's death by thrashing the breath out of his charmed body by means of flails.

The best way of accounting for these spectral combatants which the Bavarians fancied they saw, is, by making a reference to the known habits of the Bavarians, who were accustomed to drink deep with one eye looking down into the goblet that they were draining, and the other fixed on the flagon, whereby they became afflicted with a villainous *strabismus*, or habit of squinting, which occasioned them to see double; and, if their army surgeons were as successful in operating for it as a certain *medico*, who operated upon an artilleryman afflicted with this complaint and made him see *six* objects where formerly he saw but two, their eyes must have been cut into nearly as many facets as a spider's.

Schererzins, *de Spectris in fine Admonitionis decimæ, lit. I.*, mentions an anecdote of two experienced soldiers, who, by the help of the Devil, were wont to conjure up imaginary platoons, and then proceed to plunder the Bavarian villages. They finally repented of their evil deeds, and, on their repentance, were

re-admitted into the bosom of the Roman Church.

Many people assert that these imaginary armies were repeatedly seen, not only on the field of action, but also in the clouds ; a notable instance of which is recorded as having been seen in the environs of Berlin, on the 8th January, 1675, when people distinctly saw two armies of horsemen combating in the air ; the clash of their swords being heard, and the flashes from their pistols seen, but not followed by any report. Their valiant fellows went out snipe shooting at this army in the air, and, although they fired uncommonly close to them, they could not manage to bring down a single bird, notwithstanding they had eight days practice at them. They were, no doubt, afflicted with the *strabismus*, to which we have alluded and which is more general than supposed.

We have never yet met with an individual who could see straight—obliquity of vision is the universal inheritance of fallen man. He squints into his neighbour's heart with one eye, and, Pharisee-like, fixes the other on the

heaven, which he has mistakenly looked on as his "inheritance in reversion." We are a bit of an oculist ourselves, and we therefore give *our* cure for *strabismus*. When a man finds his eyes turned right and left, and searching out the peccadilloes of his neighbours, trumpeting forth his fancied discoveries through the length and breadth of the land, he should not apply to even the most eminent oculist: he should not even have recourse to Jonathan's expedient, which is an extreme measure; we mean, having his eyes gouged out altogether, but, by an effort beyond his own strength, order his eyes to "inward about wheel," and look into his own heart, till he knows its depths; and we will answer for it that he is cured of every thing but the *natural* "Strabismus."

A somewhat similar deception is to be found in a pamphlet, published in 1679, as follows:—
"A true account of divers most strange and prodigious Apparitions, seen in the air at Poins-town, in the county of Tipperary, in Ireland, March the 2nd, 1678—9: attested by sixteen eye-witnesses.

"Upon the second day of this present month,

being Sunday, in the evening, near sunset, several gentlemen and others herein after named, walked forth into the fields; and the sun going down behind a hill, and appearing somewhat bigger than ordinary, they discoursed about it, directing their eyes towards the place where the sun set.

“When one of the company observed in the air, near the place where the sun went down, an arm of a blackish blue color, with a ruddy complexioned hand at one end; and at the other end a cross piece with a ring fastened to the middle of it, like one end of an anchor, which stood still awhile, and then made northwards, and so disappeared. While they were startled at the sight which they all saw, and wondered what it should be and mean, there appeared at a great distance, in the air, from the same part of the sky, something like a ship coming towards them; and so near to them it came, that they could distinctly perceive the masts, sails, tacklings, and men; she then seemed to tack about, and sailed, with the stern foremost, northwards, upon a dark, smooth sea, (not seen before,) which stretched itself from south-west to the north-west; having

seemed to sail thus for some few minutes, she sunk by degrees into the sea, her stern first; and, as she sunk, they perceived her men plainly running up the tackling, in the fore part of the ship, as if it were to save themselves from drowning.

“The ship disappearing, they all sat down on a green bank, talking of, and wondering at what they had seen, for a small space; and then appeared (as that ship had done,) a fort or high place, strongly fortified, with something like a castle on the top of it; out of the sides of which, by reason of some clouds of smoke, and a flash of fire suddenly issuing out, they concluded some shot to have been made. The fort then immediately was divided into two parts, which were, in an instant, transformed into two exact ships, like the other they had seen, with their heads towards each other. That towards the south seemed to chase the other, with its stern foremost, northwards, till it sunk, with its stern first, as the other had done: the other ship sailed sometime after, and then sunk with its head first. It was observed that men were running upon the decks in these two ships, but they did not see them climb up, as in the last

ship, excepting one man, whom they saw distinctly to get up, with much haste, upon the very top of the bowsprit of the second ship, as they were sinking. They supposed the two last ships were engaged and fighting, for they saw like bullets rolling upon the sea while they were both visible.

“The ships being gone, the company rose, and were about to go away, when one of them persuaded the rest to stay, and said he saw some little black thing coming towards them, which he believed would be worth their observation, then some of the rest observed the same, whereupon they sat down again; and presently there appeared a chariot somewhat like that which Neptune is represented riding in, drawn with two horses, which turned as the ships had done, northward. And, immediately after it, came a strange frightful creature, which they concluded to be some kind of serpent, having an head like a snake, and a knotted bunch or bulk at the other end something resembling a snail’s house.

“This monster came suddenly behind the chariot, and gave it a sudden violent blow, then

out of the chariot straight leaped a bull and a dog, which, following him, seemed to bait him : these also went northward, as the former phenomena had done ; the bull first, holding his head downward, then the dog, and the chariot, till they all sunk down, one after another, about the same place, and just in the same manner as the former.

“These last meteors being vanished, there were several appearances, like ships and other things, in the same place, and after that like order with the former ; but the relators were so surprised and pleased with what they had seen, especially with the bull and the dog, that they did not much observe them ; and, besides, they were not so visible as the rest, the night drawing in so fast that they could not well discern them.

“The whole time of the vision or representation lasted near an hour ; and it was observable that it was a very clear, and a very calm evening, —no cloud seen—no mist nor any wind stirring. All the phenomena came out of the west or south-west. They seemed very small, and afar off, and, at first, seemed like birds at a good

distance, and then being come to the place where there was the appearance of a sea, they were discerned plainly in their just proportions. They all made northwards, the ships as appeared by their sails, went against the wind : they all sunk out of sight, much about the same place. When they disappeared, they did not dilute themselves, and become invisible as clouds do, but every the least part of them was as distinctly seen at the last, as they had been all along. The height of the scene on which these meteors moved was about as much above the horizon, as the sun is, being half an hour high." Then follows the names of the witnesses. There is no reason to conclude with Hone, in his *Every-day book*, that the above is a fabrication : it can be accounted for by natural causes.

Dr. Bräuner mentions an anecdote of an old chamois hunter, in Glarn, but where that is we know not, who told him that there were upwards of a hundred chamois goats in a certain rocky precipitous locality, who were so thoroughly charmed that, in forty years, he had not been able to bring down one of them. We must, at all events, admire the hunter's perseverance : he was only one instance among thousands of

men who miss their aim in this life. Dr. Young after a long life spent in vain attempts to secure a bishopric, at length was constrained to write :

“ He aims too low who aims below the skies.”

We shall close this chapter with our author's remark, that the best *vestmachung*, or protection, is to be found in the 91st Psalm.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"What shall he have that killed the deer?"

As YOU LIKE IT,

Act iv., Scene 3.

OF THE WILD HUNSMEN.

This was a superstition, which, once universally prevalent among the lower orders of Germany, was rapidly fading away, in Dr. Bräuner's time, before the light of the gospel. It was supposed

that the jolly old German barons were so ardently addicted to the pleasures of the chase that, even after death, their attachment to it remained unabated ; although a restriction upon their favorite pursuit so far existed, that they could only follow it just before the festivities of Christmas set in.

At this period the ignorant peasantry were wont to be startled in their cottages, at midnight, by an exceeding uproar accompanied by drums and fifes ; after which a vast multitude of ghosts presented themselves to view, marching solemnly through their domiciles, but inflicting no injury on the inhabitants.

An old countryman, of Saxony, told Dr. Bräuner that a procession of this nature once came into his house, and his servant, who saw it and could not make his escape, took refuge in a large barrel ; when the party playfully, in a Tom-and-Jerry-wise fashion, capsized it atop of him, but doing him no injury. These wild huntsman too, in the Swiss Cantons, were very often seen moving in a funeral procession, towards the Protestant burial ground, driving before them a bier covered with a black pall,

and imitating all the ceremonies of funeral processions ; and this in broad daylight. On reaching the walls of the burial-ground they all suddenly vanished.

But our concern lies chiefly with their hunting propensities ; and, as we have the authority of the *Hellish Proteus* of Erasmus Franciscus for asserting that they have often been heard, with the sound of dog and horn, chevyng though the woods at night, and startling the solitary traveller as the train swept by him ; we shall confine ourselves to what is related on this head.

Dr. Bräuner entertains very little doubt that the Devil has a great deal to do in these matters, either by pursuing the chase in person, or by animating the bodies of deceased hunters ; and his reasoning is unanswerable ; viz., that he is a most unwearied hunter as far as the souls of men are concerned. All these wild huntsmen, however, appear to have been barons who oppressed their serfs ; although it appears to be rather a queer punishment making them pursue those pleasures after death, to which they sacrificed the welfare of their dependants during their life-time. But we have Dr.

Bräuner’s word for it, that, when he was a young man, he knew one of these oppressive barons who thus hunted, after death, for no other reason but the very amiable one, that the curses of his serfs had reached his ears while he was alive, and so he was actuated by a pure spirit of revenge.

John Rist tells us of a nobleman of this description, who in his fondness for hunting, had inflicted great injuries upon his serfs. He was at last taken so ill that his recovery was despaired of, and his friends advised him to take care of his soul, and get the Romish passport for Heaven in the shape of the *viaticum*; to which he carelessly replied, “Oh, time enough yet.” Then, ordering all his dogs into his room, he amused himself with setting them in full cry, and then, with folded hands, lamented that he should be obliged to leave such a splendid pack behind him.

Our author doubts not, that, after his death, he was converted into a wild huntsmen, for thus preferring his dogs to his soul, his wife, and his children. Did the rule hold good, we fear the world would, by this time, be

overstocked with these ghostly hunters.

Dr. Bräuner records that, in a certain large village at which he put up for the night, with a fellow-traveller, and adjoining to which was a wood, an adventure of this kind befel him. About half-past ten o'clock, as they were standing at the window, preparatory to undressing, the woods re-echoed with all the sounds of a chase, and the voices of a pack in full cry. This continued for half an hour, the sounds sometimes approaching, and at others appearing to become more distant, until they grew fainter and fainter—until, at last, it seemed as if the cavalcade had plunged deeper and deeper into the recesses of the forest, when they finally died away altogether. Whether the sounds were afterwards repeated the worthy Doctor expresses his inability to declare, as he slept soundly till day-light. The next morning they mentioned the circumstance to the host, who informed them that it occurred every new moon; and as she was in that quarter then, he was not surprised to hear it. "This," quoth our author, "I am the more inclined to believe, because the Theologian, Dr. Müller, observes, in his *Informatorio*, that a secretary of the Duke

of Mecklenburg told him that he had been once benighted, and lost his way in this very wood, when he heard a diabolical uproar and tumult, as if a full hunting party were passing along at some distance; on which he threw himself, as quick as thought, from his horse, which he fastened to one tree, and ensconced himself under another, wrapping himself up in his cloak. Shortly after the Hellish conclave swept by him, making a fearful uproar, but inflicting no injury upon him." It is much to be regretted that some of the party, at least, did not expend a little shoe leather on the prostrate secretary.

King Henry IV. of France, was a great lover of the chase, which he pursued immoderately; in consequence of which the following adventure occurred to him. He was hunting upon one occasion in the forest of Fontainebleau, when he heard the cry of a pack of hounds, the winding of horns, and the view-holloas of several sportsmen, as if a hunt were in full activity. At first the sounds were distant, and apparently about half a mile off, but a minute afterwards they appeared close at hand. The king, highly indignant that any one should

presume to follow game in the forest preserved solely for royal sport, despatched the Count de Soissons, with others, to ascertain who these presumptuous intruders were; and away the latter rode, upon what turned out to be a bootless errand. The cry of the dogs, and the halloas of the men were continually, indeed, in their ears, but neither dog nor man ever came in sight. After they had ridden a good mile in their fruitless search, a tall black man suddenly stepped out from a thick gloomy copse and addressed them; but they were so taken aback that they could not rightly comprehend what he said. Some thought that he said, "*M' attendez vous ?*" "Do you want me?" others that his words were "*M' entendez vous ?*" "Do you hear me?" whilst others, whose consciences were like those of the "Captain gay of Halifax," believed that he said "*Amendez vous,*" "Mend your ways." The ghost then vanished, without having the politeness to tell them which was the correct reading, and the party thought that they had ridden quite far enough for one day. Falling in with some shepherds, charcoal-burners, and other labourers, who were in the habit of frequenting the forest, they enquired of them

with reference to what had just occurred, and were informed in reply that they had often seen a black man going out with hounds, as though he would hunt, but that he had never done them any harm ; and that he was generally known among them by the name of the “ long hunter.”

It is related of a former Margrave of Brandenburg, that he was such a lover of field sports as to be more like a huntsman than a ruler. On one occasion, whilst ardently pursuing a wild boar, he lost his way in the forest, and became separated from his train : it became necessary for him then to take up his quarters for the night in the wood, as the further he rode the darker it became, and there was every chance of his horse stumbling and breaking his neck or his limbs ; he, therefore, dismounted and sat under a tree. “ How fearful was it,” says our author, “ for so noble a lord, who was accustomed to be attended by numerous servants, to be in such a lonely place in a dark, hideous, melancholy night.

“ But, though thus separated from his fellow-creatures, the Margrave was not long

left alone, for that imp of darkness, the Devil, soon caused him to hear the sound of a chase re-echoing through the wood ; and then a whole host of fiendish hunters tormented him most grievously, so as to put him into a sweating bath, and he began to reflect upon the extensive injury that he had inflicted upon his people by his devotion to hunting ; so that when the Devils left him, and he was able to return home by the succeeding daylight, he did so a wiser and a better man."

Hildebrand, in his *Natural Magic*, page 33, relates a wonderful story which Dr. Antonius gives from Vincentius Belluacensis, in book XXVI. of his History, page 2, sum. Histor., tit. 16, chap. 7, § 4, of the *Statue of Venus*, from which Kornmann draws the conclusion that it partakes of the nature of the demons, whom we have described above.

In the reign of the Emperor, Henry the III., there was at Rome a noble and rich young man, who, on his wedding-day, invited a party of his friends to dinner. The meal being concluded, the assembly broke up for a game at tennis, and the bridegroom, as the leader of the sports,

demanded a ball; but, for fear of losing his wedding ring, he placed it upon the finger of a statue of Venus that was close at hand. As all his companions made a dead set at him, he was soon wearied out, and gave up playing. On going to resume his ring from off the statue's hand, what was his surprise to find that the finger on which he had placed it, and which he had left perfectly straight, was now bent into the palm; so that all his efforts could neither straighten it, nor draw off the ring. Like a wise man, he returned to his companions, without saying a word about his loss. When night closed in, he went again to the statue with some of his servants, and found the finger straight enough, but the ring was no longer there. On proceeding to the bridal chamber, he found himself intercepted by some misty substance, palpable to the touch, but invisible to the eye, which ever interposed itself between him and his bride; and at the same time he heard a voice saying, "I am the Venus, on whose finger you placed a wedding-ring, and I will never restore it." After a night of trouble and anxiety, he, by the advice of his parents, went to consult with a priest, named Palumbo, who had a great reputation, as being deeply versed

in the black art. After having been handsomely feed, the priest gave him a letter, and desired him to go and stand, at night fall, in a place where four roads met, when he would see a large cavalcade, of all ages and conditions, and of either sex, pass by on horseback and on foot, some making merry, and others sorrowful ; but he was particularly enjoined not to speak a word. He was further told that he would see a man thick in the body, but tall withal, riding in a chariot, to whom he was to give the letter in silence, when he would obtain the recovery of his ring.

The young man did so, and, as the crowd passed by, he saw a wanton looking damsel riding upon a mule, which she guided with a golden rod. Her hair was long, and streamed down her shoulders and back, a golden snood passing round her forehead, and her garments being as transparent as an opera dancer's. Lastly came the master of the cavalcade, who, eyeing the youth with a countenance as grim as that of Giant Despair when he sallied forth from Doubting Castle to stop the way against Christian and Hopeful, asked him what he meant by standing in the way of his richly

adorned carriage: the young man replied nothing, but with a catchpole dexterity *served the writ upon him.*

The Devil, who knew the seal in a twinkling, did not dare to refuse to receive it, but, upon reading it, put up something between a prayer and an execration to the Almighty, enquiring how long He would suffer the priest Palumbo to carry on his mal-practices. The business, however, admitting of no delay, he dispatched one of his body-guard to the Venus, somewhat in the fashion wherein Peter Stuyvesant sent his cudgel to be laid upon the council table, desiring the restitution of the ring. The lady was loath at first, but was eventually compelled to surrender it; and the young man returned home overjoyed at his success.

Palumbo, having heard of the Devil's petition, considered it to be an intimation that he was not very long for this world, whereon, he detached himself from mundane affections, and, making a full confession to the people of Rome of his diabolical dabbling with the black art, died a saint of the first water.

Hildebrand, at page 132, part XI., of his *Book of Arts and Wonders*, makes some very sage reflections as to the nature of these "*Wuthenden Heer*," which we have translated by the term "wild huntamen," although it does not contain the full meaning, being literally, "raging crowds;" but it is difficult, at all times, to convey the nervous pithiness of the German into that poor English tongue, which Byron distinguishes as a language

"So guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and
sputter all."

Hildebrand's reflections we omit, and add a moral or two of our own, having in view the old song,

"Whilst I touch the string,
Wreath my brow with laurel;
For the tale I sing
Is not without its moral."

We have stated that we considered it a queer punishment to compel men to follow, after their decease, those diversions to which they were addicted in their life-time; but we retract the assertion, perceiving that a moral

lies concealed below the surface : these ghostly huntsmen pursued phantoms which they were doomed never to overtake. The misery of Hell will greatly consist in the carnal passions subsisting in unabated, or rather increased force ; whilst the means of gratifying them have passed away for ever. If hope long deferred maketh the heart sick, what must be the anguish when the breast is torn with corroding passions, which can never be satisfied ? Men really pursue these phantoms in every walk of life ; but, unfortunately, they do not perceive that they are such : it is only in the world of spirits that they will learn the appalling fact, that they are pursuing shadows which ever flee from their grasp, and that the fable of Tantalus is no fable at all, but a stern reality, the deep despair of which is heightened by its eternity.

We conclude this chapter with a quotation from Byron, bearing on the the subject :—

“ We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick : unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst,

Love, fame, ambition, avaricè—'tis the same,
Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And death the sable smoke, where vanishes the flame."

CHILDE HAROLD,
Can. iv., Stan. 124.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FERD.—“ May I be bold
To think these spirits ?”

PROSP.—“ Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.”

TEMP., Act iv.

OF FAMILIAR SPIRITS.

We often hear people talk of “throwing their thoughts upon paper.” We should like to learn the easy process, which must be infinitely superior to the every-day process of writing

them word by word. We would give a trifle to be able thus to daguerrotype our lucubrations, and would willingly incur a head-ache or two in composition, for freedom from pain and stiffness, in our good right hand. But the wish is vain; so travel on in thine accustomed course, thou pen, who, at least, art steel to thy back bone.

Most of our readers are aware of what a Familiar Spirit is, in general terms, but the idea is principally associated with the Witch of Endor, or an old woman with a red cloak and high-heeled shoes, with a black cat perched alongside of her upon her chair, and enabling her to predict future events. The word, however, had a wider signification amongst the old Germans, and familiar spirits were divided into as many classes as the human heart has desires. There were distinct ones for the gratification of pride, emulation, avarice, the desire of forbidden knowledge, anger, hatred, and the whole catalogue of

human vices. We are afraid that we have half expressed a desire for a daguerrotype one in our first paragraph.

These spirits were to be purchased occasionally, but the most usual way of procuring them was for the party desirous of having one, to sign a contract with the Devil, in their own blood, giving themselves to him, body and soul. We have an instance of a wife of a countryman in the bishopric of Eichstadt, travelling all the way to Leipsic to purchase one ; to which we chiefly allude, as she actually did so in obedience to her husband's commands, and we therefore hold her up as a laudable example to the sex. The woman, going about the city in order to fulfil her fool's errand, was seized by a tipstaff, and carried before a magistrate, who, according to a practice not extinct in these enlightened times, punished her first by throwing her into gaol, and then enquired into the case at his subsequent leisure. The woman pleaded poverty,

and her husband's orders, whereon the magistrate was about to commit her to the treadmill, under the Vagrant Act, when somebody or other suggested that it was sheer ignorance, and advised that she should be instructed in the Romish religion. As soon as she had acquired about as much knowledge as is usually imparted to the native Roman Catholic converts of this country, viz., the being able to recite a Paternoster, and an Ave Maria or two, without more than half a dozen mistakes, and without ever having heard of the word of God, she was discharged as a Christian of most edifying piety.

We will here give an anecdote from Dr. Bräuner's personal experience. He tells us "When, in the year 1668, I arrived, in the course of my travels, at Stettin in Pomerania, and wished to rest for a day or two from the fatigues of my voyage and journey, the landlord of the house had no suitable apartment empty, but promised that he would look out for one

for me on the morrow ; meanwhile he allotted me one with merely boarded partitions. I had just concluded my first nap, when I heard a person in the next room praying most fervently, and speaking to some other person, which induced me to believe that this man was laboring under a disease of uncommon severity, especially when I heard him constantly repeating ‘ Look there !—there he is standing at the door !’ This melancholy occurrence effectually banished sleep from my eyes, and I lay devoutly wishing for the morning light. I afterwards enquired of my host what sickness the patient was afflicted with ; and he informed me that the man was in good bodily health, but under great trouble and disquiet of conscience for the last fourteen days, and gave the priests, and the bystanders, no small trouble : the cause was as follows :—

“ The man, a tailor by trade, about twenty-four years previously, had enlisted as a soldier of musqueteers in the Swedish army, in which

he was often reduced to great extremity by want. Whilst lying in garrison in the fort of Pleisenburg, at Leipsic, he observed that one of his comrades was able to spend his time daily at the alehouse, although he drew less pay than himself. He therefore asked him how he managed matters, when his comrade replied that once he was on guard at Pustey Castle, when a man came to him and promised him that he would give him a familiar spirit, by the possession of which he would, every morning, find 2½d. in his purse. He had only to write his name in blood, and put "24 years" after it, when he should have that sum, daily, for that period without any trouble. If the tailor liked to do the same, he would receive the same assistance.

"He did so; but, on his return along the dark winding stair-case, he began to be terribly afraid, thinking how he had perilled soul and body; and, bitterly repenting, tore the paper on which he had written his name, into a

thousand pieces, and hastened home. Nothing occurred to distress him till the twenty-four years had expired, when the Devil began grievously to torment him, and to harass him with spiritual doubts. In the course of the fourteen days that I staid in the house, the man recovered, and was delivered from his ghostly adversary, in consequence of his repentance and his having destroyed the agreement." It is to be regretted that these familiar spirits have abandoned the most laudable part of their avocation; they encourage men still to hasten to be rich by usurious, and other mal-practices, but they never make their appearance at the chamber door, in the stillness of the night, to terrify them into restitution. Your men who charge sixteen and twenty-four per cent. interest, aye, even old cent. per cent. himself, lay their heads nightly upon their pillows without one disturbing thought.

Erasmus Franciscus, in his *Hellish Proteus*, page 329, Fit. XXXIII., tell us that there is

no doubt that the Devil understands all the principal languages of the world, but yet not so perfectly as to make mankind thoroughly understand him, whence it happens that a possessed person is very confused in his speech. We have the authority, however, of Camerarius for asserting that he makes a miserable hand of it when he attempts to speak Greek ; which rather surprises us when we consider on what an intimate footing he maintains himself at the Universities, where he teaches young scape-graces to run head over ears in debt, to support them in their sinful career, and tradesmen to give unlimited credit. We are, however, inclined to credit Camerarius, because we know an instance in which the Devil was put to flight by a rapid outpouring of Greek. It was in the case of an officer (he died four-and-twenty years ago,) who is probably yet recollected, by many, by the name of Wamba, who, when at home on furlough as a young man, was beset, on returning from

the theatre, by one of those unfortunate beings who nightly haunt the streets of mighty London to its shame and disgrace. Deaf to her importunities, he was assailed by her with the foulest epithets, and he knew not how to shake her off, when he luckily bethought himself of his Greek, whereon he turned upon her with “Thou *poluphlosboiou thalasees* —scalene triangle — parallelipedon — trapezio rhomboid—isoceles—quadrilateral,” &c. &c., until he had fairly run himself out of breath, and the Devil, in possession of the woman, was thoroughly frightened, causing her to take to her heels.

Dr. Bräuner mentions that a few years before his time, a priest had tried an evil spirit which possessed a young girl, as to his knowledge of tongues, by addressing her in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; and the spirit could not answer him a single word, on which he reproached him with his ignorance of polite literature. The spirit immediately replied in good round

German, "You fool, spirits understand all languages although they may not be able to speak them."

And this is as true a bill as ever was found—Satan knows as many languages as answer his purpose. The dead tongues are of no use to *him*, whose business is to corrupt the living ; but where is the language spoken on this habitable globe, that he does not largely employ for the purposes of temptation ? These familiar spirits art well represented in the reply elicited by Dr. Faustus, from the third spirit whom he requested of Pluto. The first, on being asked to furnish a comparison of his swiftness, replied that he was as swift as an arrow : that is too slow for me, said Dr. Faustus. The second said that he was as swift as the wind : you are not up to *my* mark, quoth the Doctor. The third said that he was as swift as men's thoughts : you are the spirit for my money, replied the Doctor, who took him into his

service for the remaining twenty-four years of his life.

Yes, reader! the familiar spirits are the imaginations of men's hearts; and it behoves each one to inquire not what is his "particw'lar wanity," but what his imagination is set upon. If you have allowed it to run riot, you have, in the words of old Richard Baxter: "set open the doors of your fancy to the Devil, so that he can, almost at his pleasure ever after, represent the same sinful pleasures to you anew: he hath now access to your fancy to stir up your lustful thoughts and desires, so that when you should think of your calling, of your God, or of your soul, your thoughts will be worse than swinish, upon the filth that is not fit to be named. If the Devil here get in a foot, he will not easily be got out."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"There are mystically in our faces certain characters, which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that can read A B C may read our natures."

SIR T. BROWN.

OF PROPHECIES AND ORACLES : OF FORE-
TELLING WEATHER BY THE ALMANAC : OF
PHYSIOGNOMY : OF CHIROMANCY : OF GOOD
AND BAD OMENS.

We have taken five long chapters of our author and have thrown them into one ; for, truth to say, there is little to be gleaned from

them of an interesting nature. The first, upon prophecies and oracles, contains a very minute account of the oracles of antiquity ; such as those of Delphos, Jupiter Ammon, Arretinum, Dodonæum, Trophonius's cave, Ampharaum, &c. ; all of which we must suppose our readers to have heard of, either through the medium of the original Greek and Latin authors, in whom the account of them is contained, or through that of an English version.

We have had false prophets and imposters in all ages, of whom Peter the Hermit, who preached up the crusades, and prophesied the destruction of the infidels, may be adduced as an instance. We have another instance, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in Hungary. Antonius Torquatus assured the King, Mathias Corvinus, that the power of the Ottoman Porte would be utterly overthrown by the year 1596, at farthest. The Hungarians, who were cruelly oppressed by the Turks, eagerly embraced this prophecy, and, some thirty or forty years after-

wards entered upon an unprofitable war, with them ; and were, finally, most decisively overthrown in a bloody battle at Mohaz, in 1526, in which their King, Louis, was amongst the slain.

John Hilton, a Carmelite monk, a German, delivered the following prophecy in 1487 : that the Turks, in the year 1600, would rule over Germany and Italy ; that Gog and Magog would be the dominant power over all Europe in 1606 ; and that the Day of Judgment would occur, without fail, in 1657.

Camerarius, *Medit. Histor.*, cept I., cap 41, mentions that a certain priest, who was a tolerable learned man and a good accountant, declared, in one of his sermons, that the world would come to an end on a certain day and at a certain hour, according to the interpretation of these mystical words : ViDebVnt, In qVem, pVpVgrVnt ; which is nothing more than the Latin words " Videbunt in quem pupugerunt :"

“they will see that which they are expecting.” We give Dr. Bräuner’s interpretation of it, there being no such Latin verb as *pupugero*. The people were foolish enough to believe him, and wasted their whole substance in rioting and wassailing until the arrival of the prognosticated day, when the preacher ascended the pulpit. In the midst of his sermon a violent thunder-storm came on, and the congregation concluded that the prediction was about to be verified, when, suddenly, the storm passed away. The populace who, it would appear, do not like to be disappointed even in a matter of such awful moment to themselves, any more than they approve of a reprieve at the Old Bailey, would now have torn the false prophet to pieces, had he not managed to effect his escape.

The story of the two old prophets, who cried “Woe, woe, to the city of Boulogne” is well known. Their predictions were, that, unless the inhabitants averted the wrath of the Almighty by timely repentance, the city would

be overthrown—that in 1711 there would be a universal war—in 1712 Constantinople and the Grand Turk would be converted to Christianity—in 1714 all nations would embrace the true faith—in 1715 an illustrious person would appear—in 1716 Africa would be swallowed up—in 1717 the earth would be rocked with a tremendous earthquake—in 1718 would be a universal perplexity of nations—in 1719 the Saviour would come to Judgment. The Jesuits placed them in irons and sent them to Rome, where they were torn to pieces by the people.

The spirit of prophecy is not yet extinct—how many really good and excellent people are there, at the present day, who confidently anticipate, if they do not actually predict, the conversion of the world at no distant period by missionary exertions—a prediction doomed to be falsified for universal war, and all but universal apostacy, with the temporary triumph of Rome, must precede this glorious event. How many political predictions of peace

ensured in one quarter or another of the world do daily events falsify, though in some instances these have been rewarded by peerages and pensions. The time has not yet arrived for the sword to rest in its scabbard ; it has still a fearful and bloody work to perform.

Of foretelling weather, we shall merely instance the anecdote of Louis XI., of France, who on consulting his Court Astrologer, ere he went out to ride, as to the probable state of the weather, was assured that the day would be fine. He had hardly passed the park gates when he encountered a charcoal burner, driving his ass before him, who advised him to return, for that a storm was approaching : the King, trusting to his Astrologer, rode on. He had not proceeded far before he was overtaken by such a tempest that he was glad to clap spurs to his horse, and gallop for shelter. The next day he sent for the charcoal burner, and asked him how he had prognosticated the storm. The man replied that his ass was a never-failing

barometer, and, ever before a storm, drooped his head and ears, becoming dull and phlegmatic; on which the King discharged the Astrologer, and promoted the donkey to the vacant post.

We come now to physiognomy, an art which has commanded credence, to a greater or less extent, ever since man was a civilized being.

On this subject we do not intend to quote from Dr. Bräuner. Every man's experience will tell him how much he has been swayed in his opinion of the character of others by a prepossessing appearance, or otherwise; and how repeatedly he has been mistaken in his judgment. An ungainly—even a forbidding exterior, has often covered a heart, whose tenderness for others none of the rude shocks of this cold world have ever been able to chill; and expansive benevolence has been found to dwell below a rugged external, which would be sought for in vain under a countenance

promising much more fairly, yet baulking all anticipations, whilst suavity of manners is too often the hollow guise under which the practiced swindler imposes on the credulity of those who trust to it.

We remember a somewhat ludicrous instance of this misjudging by externals, which occurred a quarter of a century ago, both the actors in which have passed away for ever from the busy scene of this life. The Resident at a certain native court, who was distinguished no less by his urbanity, than by talents of the highest order, was a man of ungainly, almost forbidding, appearance, and was wont to dress moreover in most slovenly attire. A certain Capt. S—— of H. M.'s——Regt. of Foot, being daily afraid of being arrested, kept himself close in quarters all the week, only "taking the privilege of the day" on the Sabbath. On one of these occasions, he called on the Resident, whom he had never seen; he himself being a recent arrival at the

station. The Resident was out, and he returned home.

In the course of the week, the Resident drove to return the call, but the gate of the compound being too narrow to admit his carriage, he was constrained to alight and approach on foot. On nearing the house, he found Capt. S. reconnoitring him with his nose flattened against a small pane of glass, which he had let into the panel of the front door. "Who are you, sir?" thundered out the Captain. "I am Sir C—M—, come to return your call." "No—no—old fellow! that won't do—old birds are not to be caught with chaff—I have always heard Sir C—— spoken of as a most gentlemanly man; and you are nothing but a rascally—seedy—bailiff." In vain the other attempted to undeceive him, the Captain remained firm in his conviction; and Sir C. returned to his carriage, highly amused at the flattering epithets which had been bestowed on his personal appearance.

The subject of Chiromancy is a fruitful one. Our author quotes no less than forty-five authors, who have written voluminously on the subject ; we pass them all by. Palmistry is now left only to the Norwood gipsies, who, by the way, have, we believe, been rooted out of that far-famed locality. It used to be practiced in a somewhat different fashion, in the past century, in both the military and civil branches of the service, when they were wretchedly underpaid, and had their palms crossed to induce them to wink at all sorts of iniquity. As far as regards them, it has long—long passed away. The circumstance of a judge finding a bag of pagodas upon his breakfast-table on the morning when an important cause was coming on for hearing, or of a commissariat officer having the like temptation placed in his way when tenders for contracts were to be opened, are now merely matters of tradition: would that they had never been, and that the same purity could be found in the lower branches

of the administration ; but the evil is not to be thoroughly eradicated by human legislation or human vigilance.

We shall close this chapter with two short anecdotes from Dr. Bräuner, on good and bad omens ; and we think that the reader will agree with us that we have tolerably compressed one hundred and two pages of the author. We pass over all the good and bad omens, hundreds of which will occur to the minds of our readers, to mention the only one that bears upon these anecdotes ; viz., that it is a bad sign when the Devil is seen standing at the foot of the bed of a dying man, as Giles Scroggins' ghost did at that of the faithless Margaret. We should think it worse when he stands alongside of the bed of a man in full vigour, whose pulses are too apt to respond to his suggestions ; but, we are at our "old lunes," digression, and must proceed at once to the anecdotes.

The first is recorded in the *Life of St. Martin*, of whom it is stated, that when about to expire, he saw Satan on his "post of observation," to whom he sharply, and, somewhat uncivilly, called out, "*Quid tu hic stas, horrenda bestia? nihil habes in me.*" "Why do you stand there, you horrid beast? you have nothing to do with me;" whereon the Devil left him to die in peace.

We fear that Saint Martin, although he *has* been canonized, was not anything like so good a Christian as the poor man of whom the other story is told, and who, when lying in the last agony, saw a tall man standing by his bed with a huge parchment, and a pen and ink in his hand. "Recount to me all your sins, one by one," said the Devil, "that I may write them down, and carry the record to God." The poor man bethought himself of Scripture, and said, "The seed of the woman shall bruise thy head;" on which the Devil disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt."

VIRG., *Eclog.*, viii., 108.

"They feign dreams unto themselves."

OF THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS, AND
OF THE FORETELLING OF DEATH BY THE
APPEARANCE OF SPIRITS.

When we consider the marvellous constitution of man, and that, owing to his possessing an immortal spirit which is ever active,

although the external senses remain unchained in slumber, he is the only being which possesses the faculty of dreaming, properly so called, we shall not be surprised at so much stress having been laid, in all ages, upon the interpretation of dreams. We have said that he alone possesses the faculty properly so called, for, although dogs and other animals occasionally dream, the images presented to them are merely raised by the exercise of memory, and that extending only to incidents which have been immediately antecedent to the impressions produced on the brain. The mind of man, however, goes forth into the regions of fancy, and roves over whatever is to be culled from either the material or spiritual world, affected considerably, nevertheless, by the state of the bodily health, and external causes, the two principal of which are the senses of touch and hearing, which are the two that are the least dormant during sleep. The clearest and most connected dreams are

invariably those of the morning ; and we hold with Lord Brougham, that, however long the period may seem to be over which the dream extends, it is, nevertheless, comprised within the interval of the sensation of awakening, inexplicable, as it may appear.

The whole theory of dreaming is amply and excellently treated of in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, Vol. IX., page 139, *et. seq.*, in which some remarkable instances are recorded. We cannot do better than refer the reader to the article itself.

Without touching on the speculations of Dr. Bräuner and the ancient writers on the subject, which are completely out of date, we will adduce his first story, which affords an instructive lesson as to the gradual encroachment of superstition upon a mind not naturally strong, and expecting a supernatural external agency and direction, to effect that which can only be brought about by the internal operations of the spirit.

Bodinus, in his *Dæmonomania*, mentions a man, who had an attendant spirit which he believed to have been his constant attendant from his birth, although he did not take particular notice of it till he was thirty-seven years old. A year previously he had been the subject of deep religious impressions. During this period he had constantly called, night and morning, upon the Almighty, that he might have a good angel sent to him to guard him from all evil, ghostly and bodily; he fasted once a week, and spent the Sabbath in constant religious exercises. Having read in the *Book of Offerings*, by Philone, the Hebrew, that the most acceptable offering which a man could make to God, was his own body and soul, he solemnly dedicated himself to Him.

With a mind thus wrought on, it is not to be wondered at that from this period he began to have dreams and visions, all of which he conceived to be sent from Heaven, and full of religious instruction, sometimes warning him

against spiritual errors ; at others, guarding him from bodily impending danger ; at others, again, enabling him to solve knotty points in the Divine counsels, or to disentangle the perplexed web of human affairs. At this period, too, he first began to hear the voice of the Deity, audibly reciting passages of Scripture to him as he slept.

As his delusion strengthened, he began to hear the spirit knock at his door at three or four o'clock every morning, when he rose and opened it ; of course, there was no one there. As this continued, he began to conceive that the spirit was an evil one, on which he prayed that a good angel might be sent to him.

Upon this he had apparent visions of the spirit, who now announced his visits by gentle knocks, and, by degrees, established himself as a permanent guest, performing the office of the attendants with flappers, in the flying island of

Laputa. If he did anything wrong, the spirit gave him a gentle flap on the right ear : if his conduct were correct, then he struck him on the left one. We should have thought it hard to have our ears boxed whether we were right or wrong, but our poor visionary was delighted with these marks of favor. In the same manner he gave him intimation of the characters of his visitors ; a good man being pointed out by a box on the left, and a bad man by one on the right ear ; so that, if he saw much company, his ears must have been kept in a constant tingle. We suspect that this spirit must have occasioned the popular superstition, that, when your left ear burns, some one is speaking well of you ; if the right, then you are being back-bitten. The spirit extended his supervision so far, that, if the poor man was reading an improper book, he struck it out of his hand.

We have given this instance of *monomania*, although we have left out many of the details,

because we have known instances in the present day, when a melancholy temperament has produced religious delusion, the same in nature, though less in degree.

There is a dream related as having occurred to Charles IV., of Bohemia, when he was prince and heir-apparent to the throne. His father, John, was under engagements to march a force to co-operate with the Dauphin of France. Whilst the contingent was being prepared, Charles saw, in a dream, an army set in battle array, and a remarkably fine looking youth in its midst, who was suddenly carried away. The prince, being greatly surprised at this, asked another youth, of surprising grace and glory, whom he had observed standing by him, who that young man was, and why was he so sharply dealt with, and such severe torments inflicted on him : to which the other replied, " that is the Dauphin, the eldest son of the king of France, who is

receiving punishment ; such is the fate allotted to the unclean.”

The next morning Prince Charles related his dream to his father, and requested him to countermand the march of the troops, for he felt assured that the Dauphin no longer required them, and that he was already dead. The king, however, told him that no stress should be laid upon dreams, and ordered the levy to proceed *en route*. At the conclusion of the second day's march, intelligence reached them that the Dauphin had been mortally wounded in the groin, by an arrow, whilst besieging a certain castle ; and Prince Charles observed that this was the very place which he had seen in his dream.

Cicero relates a story of two young men, who were travelling in company from Arcadia, and who, on arriving at a certain city called Megaris, took up their quarters with two different landlords ; one a good and upright

man, the other a churlish villain. After the youth who had the honest landlord, had retired to rest, he dreamt that he saw his travelling companion set upon by his host, and foully murdered, whilst vainly calling upon him for assistance. On this he awoke, and looked around him; but, finding every thing quiet, he concluded that it was an idle phantasy and empty dream, and turned himself to sleep again.

Shortly afterwards he dreamt that his companion again appeared and said to him, "although you neither could nor did come to my assistance, yet go out early in the morning to the city gate, and tarry there until my landlord, with whom I lodged, comes out with a load of dung, and you will find my corpse concealed in it." He did so; the body was discovered, and the murderer handed over to the civil authorities for punishment. *Vide* Hildebrand's book of *Arts and Wonders*, p. 921.

Our author goes on to recite the well-known dream of Frederic III., the Elector of Saxony, regarding the destruction of the papal power by Luther. which he had the night before the latter affixed his Theses against Tetzels to the cathedral door at Wittemburg; but, as we cannot suppose our readers to be ignorant of it, we shall not swell our pages by its insertion, merely directing their attention to a somewhat curious addition to the story, given by Dr. Bräuner; that the monk, whom Frederic the Wise saw in his dream, and who represented Luther, was said to be the natural son of the apostle Paul; a circumstance, which, as it elicits no remark of surprise from the author, affords a melancholy proof of the low estimate of morality in those days, and of the debasing effects of popery.

Having considerably curtailed the chapter on the interpretation of dreams, we shall throw into it such selections as we make from the

succeeding one, on the foretelling of death by the appearance of spirits.

The papists held, as we are informed by the author, and, as that church boasts of its unchangeability, we suppose hold still, that these apparitions are of three sorts : first, the spirits of the blessed from Heaven ; secondly, those of the lost from Hell ; and thirdly, those of the human race who are undergoing the pains of purgatory. Those of the first order appear for the purpose of warning and encouraging their visitants, and foretelling the day and hour of their decease. With regard to those of the second, the Romish doctrine is, that, although they are undoubtedly delivered over to eternal torments, yet do they, occasionally, in accordance with the secret counsels of the Almighty, visit the earth and shew themselves to mankind, often to their great alarm and disquietude.

Lavater holds that the spirits of the

damned are confined everlastingly to Hell, and that they can never come from thence till they are summoned to appear for final judgment ; an opinion in which there is a mixture of truth and error ; but we are not now going to discuss the question of a “ separate state.”

Our author asserts that, although it is true that they are doomed to Hell for everlasting, this does not prevent their appearing on earth for certain seasons for the warning and instruction of the living ; and that authors have recorded instances of spirits appearing to their father confessors and wives, in order to inform them for what crimes they are undergoing punishment. But the souls in purgatory are those which are most profitable to the priesthood, for *they* make their appearance in order to inform their surviving relatives what an exceedingly unpleasant place purgatory is, and how many masses must be paid for, and how many donations must be made to the monasteries, in order to shorten the period of their torments ;

so that purgatory is, emphatically, the popish priesthood's inexhaustible treasury.

Amongst these fabulous accounts of the appearances of spirits, of course, that of the white lady stands prominently forward. She used always to make her appearance in those houses wherein any member of the family should shortly afterwards die; and, as the precise individual was never indicated, the whole household was left in a state of pleasing uncertainty as to who the victim should be. She was, as all ghosts are, rather fond of the great ones of the land, her favorite resort being the castle of Rosenburgh, where she was invariably seen before the decease of any of the family. The Jesuit father, Bohuslaus Balbinus, confirms the truth of the accounts given of her, by a host of unexceptionable witnesses, and assures us, that, being aware how much error and fable were generally mixed up in these by the ignorant vulgar, he minutely sifted all tales related of her, and was not satisfied until he

had seen her with his own eyes. Father George Müller, of the society of Jesuits, at Prague, informs us that he himself had seen the white lady, at mid-day, who appeared at the window of a desolate and ruinous tower, up to which there was no access, as the wooden staircase leading thereto, had, long ago, fallen into decay under the iron tooth of time. She was seen not by himself only, but by all the surrounding inhabitants of Neustadt. She was clad in white from head to foot, with a decent white widow's cap upon her head, and her appearance was that of an exceedingly well-bred woman.

Baron Wilhelmus Slavata, the Lord Chamberlain of Bohemia and owner of the castle, confirms the truth of this statement; and Balbinus enters into a long disquisition as to whether she was a good or bad spirit, answering the question in the affirmative of the former, on account of her being very comely to look upon. Although the priesthood have tended, by their deeds, to

consign many a fair face to the regions of torment, they will never admit, by their words, that such can be their destination. It is only your ugly and decrepid old women that they devote to those regions without scruple.

The white lady has, however, a special regard for the interests of the poor. It was a long-established custom amongst the Swedes to give the poor of the land a good meal before the celebration of the Lord's Supper ; and whenever this was neglected, from whatever cause, she made such a tremendous riot that the people had no rest until the usual meal was prepared, when she immediately resumed her ordinary and placid demeanour.

But, Balbinus assures us, that, in addition to this good office, the white lady showed herself to be a good spirit in the following instance, which is recorded in the *Annual Register* of the Jesuit college at Nenhauss :—On the 24th January, 1604, the last of the illustrious house

of Nenhauss, Joachim by name, who was entitled to bear a golden rose or a white field in his coat of arms, was lying at the point of death, and no one had thought of summoning a priest to him. The white lady went and knocked softly at the door of the college, and, entering the chamber of the Father Rector, Nicholas Pistorius by name, who was the sick man's usual spiritual adviser, told him to hurry off with the holy *viaticum* to the castle, for that baron Joachim had not more than an hour to live. The father did so, and found him with the death-rattle in his throat, heard his confession, gave him absolution, and, forcing the water between his teeth, sent him off shrived to Heaven; an instance of spiritual speed not easily matched, and affording another proof of the gross delusion practiced upon the laity of that persuasion, who are thereby induced to believe that, if their breath will only hold out long enough to enable the priest to rattle through the absolution, and to cram the wafer

into the mouth of the insensible, and all but inanimate body, all will be well.

Passing over several accounts of other spirits which have foretold the decease of parties, who were at the time in good health, we have a short story of two friends who entered into a mutual agreement, that whichever of them died first he should return and tell the other whether there really was a future world. One of these was the eminent philosopher, Michael Mercatus, and the other was Marsilius Ficimus. The latter, subsequently, went to a distant city ; and some time afterwards, as the philosopher was seated in his study, he heard a horseman tearing up the street at full gallop ; then, reining up at his door, he called out in a loud voice, “ Oh ! Michael, Michael, it is true—too true, and most fearfully certain ! ” The philosopher recognised the voice of his friend, and rushed out of the house just in time to see him riding off, on a white horse, at lightning speed, and subsequently

learnt that Marsilius had died at Florence at that very hour.

We will close this chapter with a narration of a somewhat similar occurrence, the authenticity of which we can vouch for, knowing all the parties intimately, and having the fullest knowledge of the particulars, though we pretend not to account for them.

A lady, who had gone to England from India for her health, was returning to the latter country by sea. Meanwhile, her husband, who had been removed from a Staff appointment at Trichinopoly, to a superior one at Jaulnah, was going up to take up the new appointment, when he was seized with cholera at Oosoor, and was carried into Bangalore, where he died, on the 24th December, 182—. The ship in which the lady was had passed the Cape, and arrangements were made, in which she largely participated, for dancing the old year out and the new year in. Towards the termination of

the year, however, she was overtaken with a fit of despondency ; and, asserting that she had had a vivid dream of her husband's death, refused to participate in any festivities, and confined herself, for the rest of the voyage, to her cabin, where she remained inconsolable. The vessel reached Madras on the 9th February following, when her worst fears were realized.

But the most extraordinary part of the story relates to her mother, a widowed lady, residing in Brompton, with her daughters, the sons being in India, save one at College. She was a woman of extraordinary courage, and had, on two occasions of her house being broken into, proceeded to the place where the thieves were, with a brace of pistols, fired at them, and made them take to flight.

Before the close of the year in question, she had gone, with a light, into a room off the hall door, as was her wont before she retired to rest, to see that the external fastenings of the

windows were secure, as well as those of the rest of the lower part of the house. We should have said that she was expecting one of her sons, an officer of the army, home on sick certificate. On entering the room, she saw a tall man standing in the middle of it, wrapped up in a military cloak, so that his face and figure were concealed; conceiving that it was her son, who was thus taking her by surprise, she called out to her daughter to hurry thither, for that her brother had returned. The figure, advancing to her, threw open the cloak, and made a gesture as to embrace her. The features were strange to her, and she now concluded that it was a housebreaker, on which she gave the alarm of thieves. The embrace was now completed, and she felt no pressure: becoming now alarmed, the candle dropped from her hand, and her daughter, hurrying thither with another light, found her standing alone. Still under the impression that it was a thief, the two searched the house thoroughly; and it was not until no

traces could be found, that they came to the conclusion that it was the spirit of the sick son, who had died. An accurate description of the face and figure were transmitted to India, and they corresponded exactly with those of her deceased son-in-law, whom she had never seen. We have recorded this, because there was no previous bias of the imagination, the convictions all tending the other way ; but we pretend not to explain it.

CHAPTER XXX.

"The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake :
Where I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's now! I fixed on his head."

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

I think he be transformed into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man."

AS YOU LIKE IT,
Act ii., Scene 7.

OF DR. FAUSTUS AND HIS SERVITOR WAGONER.

A work upon Demonology would be very
incomplete, were it to omit all mention of a

person so renowned in story for the black art as Dr. Faustus, who has been immortalized by Goëthe, and whose name is as familiar as a household word. Like other great men, we mean great in the world's estimation, different places have contended for the honor of having been his birth-place, even as seven cities which had allowed the illustrious Homer to beg from door to door, contended for that honor in his case after his death. Like them, too, the acts of other necromancers have been ascribed to him, just as Aaron's rod swallowed up all those of the Egyptian magi; and more biographies have been written of him than, perhaps, of any other man who has "fretted away his hour" on this mortal stage.

John George Neumann in his *Disputation de Fausto prastigiatore*, cap. 3, § 2, states that to write the life of Dr. Faustus is, in fact, to write the whole history of magic; and, if a man exercises his judgment properly, he will discover that many things which are attributed

to him were really performed by others; for instance, the story that Dr. Faustus conjured up the appearance of Alexander the Great to the Emperor Maximilian, is by others ascribed to Johannes Trithemius; that of the same Emperor having, by the art of Faustus, his bed chamber filled with all beautiful plants and flowers the first thing when he woke in the morning, and with the melodious songs of all descriptions of singing birds, is taken from the history of Albertus Magnus, who was actually accused of this species of sorcery because he had, in the year 1260, at Aix-la-chapelle, conjured up, in the sight of King William, a flower garden of this description in the winter, by means of the black art. And again, the story of Faustus having always a black dog with him is related of another, in the *Life of Cornelius Agrippa*.

A large volume containing the life and actions of Dr. Faustus has been printed in

German, which was subsequently enlarged and improved under the superintendence of George Rudolph Wiedemann ; but it is uncertain who this Wiedemann was, nothing being known of him beyond the account given by Crusius, *Annal. Suev.*, part 3, p. 369, who writes that he flourished about the commencement of the 16th century, and published a great variety of books, all of which were lost in the wars of the Peasants. Dr. Pfitzern, of Nuremberg, published afterwards a new edition, which is trustworthy, his materials having been selected from a M.S. found in an ancient library.

Plazius, a certain theologian, and Johannes Manlius have also written lives of Dr. Faustus, whilst the principal points connected with him have been made known to the very children by the instrumentality of strolling players. Manlius' account is, that Faustus was born at Kundling, now called Knuttling, a town of Swabia, that he studied at Cracow, and there learned the art of magic. *Vide*

Collect. Basil. Edit. 1600, p. 36., that he afterwards travelled a great deal, and picked up a considerable quantity of learning. Andreas Hondorffius allows the correctness of these particulars, and adds, in his *Promptuario Exemplorum*, at the 2nd Precept, page 167, that Faust proceeded to Wittemberg; but, on the Elector of that place issuing orders for his being thrown into prison, he took to his heels, and went to Nuremberg. Wierus declares Faust to have been an imposter as well as a sorcerer. Conrad Gesnerus places him amongst the vagabonds, and compares him to Paracelsus and other dealers in the black art.

Philippus Camerarius, in *Horis subcisiivis*, Cent. I., p. 314, agrees with Manlius and others, and says that there is not any one of the vulgar, who has not something or other to relate of Faustus' art. He particularly mentions that, as Faustus was once in company with certain persons, they requested him to

shew them a specimen of his art. He declined for a long time, but their solicitations increasing in urgency, he at last promised to comply with their request. Hereon they requested him to conjure up a vine upon the centre of the table ; this he agreed to do, provided that they would remain quiet until he gave them permission to pluck the grapes. On their promising to do so, he made them drink until they all became intoxicated, and each man conceived that he had a vine close before his eyes : the guests were eager to begin, and each seized his knife, impatient for the signal from Faust to fall to. After they had been waiting in vain expectation for it for a considerable period, the vine suddenly vanished, and then these inquisitive fellows discovered that each had got the edge of his knife applied to his nose, which he would have infallibly cut off by mistake for a bunch of grapes, had the expected signal been given.

This anecdote is also related by Simon

Majolus, or rather by Georgius Draudius, who is the author of the second vol. of the *Dies caniculares*, which goes by the name of Majolus, in the 2nd Vol. Coll. 3., p. 602, and by Drexelius, in his *Aurifodina*, part. II., chap. 8.

Gabriel Naudœus, in the year 1625, wrote a particular tract on this subject, and thereby falsely incurred the charge of sorcery. He declares that all the stories related of Faust in Germany are unfounded, there being no authentic account of that person who is merely mentioned by Delrio, Wierus, and other writers on witchcraft, of which more hereafter. There being such conflicting accounts, many learned men know not what to make of Faust. Some think that Faust is a feigned name—a Junius, as it were, a *stat nominis umbra*, which was given to a sorcerer who was fortunate in difficult matters; Faustus being the Latin for Lucky. Others affirm that it alludes to Faustus Socinus, who was renowned for his

Photinianismus in Poland, where one Faust is also said to have lived, and who, by the ignorant people, was accused of sorcery on account of his learning and wonderful skill, and that he laid aside the surname of Socinus ; but this opinion does not appear well founded. Others conceive that Johannes Faustus, or Johannes Teutonicus is meant ; but this person was never held in esteem, and had nothing to do with Faust.

There is equal obscurity as to the birth-place of Faust ; Manlius and others state Rudlingen, in Swabia, as the place ; Wiedemann says Rode, a village in Weimar ; and the *Life of Faust*, drawn from a M.S., lays down Sottwedel, a town in the old March.

It may readily be* admitted that Faust attended the academy of Ingoldstadt, (*vide Histor. Faust.*, part I., cap. 1,) although it is not confirmed by any other author, seeing that that academy was in great reputation at that

time, (*vide Erasm. Rotterd. Lib., Epis. 17, p. 121, London Edition*). The name of Wittenberg has, undoubtedly, been confounded with that of Wurtemberg. Although Manlius, in his *Life of Faust*, insists that he remained at Wittenberg, no one will deny that he saw that place, just as he visited Nuremberg, Venice, and Leipsic.

Amongst the acts attributed to Johannes Faustus is the following :—The Emperor Maximilian once came with his whole court to Inspruck, to remain there sometime for a change of air. Dr. Faustus being admitted to court, owing to the various proofs of his art which he had shown to the Emperor, and which had procured him great favor, it happened that on St. James' day, in the summer, the Emperor was walking up and down in his apartment after supper, and summoned Dr. Faustus to come privately to him. He then told him that, as he had given him many proofs of his skill in the black art, so he earnestly requested

him to gratify a particular wish which he had, and, on his kingly word, no harm should happen to him for the exercising of his art. Faust promised compliance with the Emperor's wishes, whereon the latter said, "I was ruminating on the exalted dignity and honor to which my ancestors had attained in the eyes of posterity, and was anxious to be a partaker of their glory; but what is that in comparison to the fame which Alexander the Great attained, who conquered the world in so short a space of time? Now, I desire above all things to see the person of this invisible hero, and that of his beautiful wife, such as they were when actually alive.

After musing a little, Dr. Faustus replied that it should be done as the Emperor wished, without any deception, provided that his Majesty would promise not to speak while they were in presence. Having received this promise, Dr. Faust left the room and gave his Mephistopheles an order to bring these illustrious persons

before the Emperor, after which he returned to the room. Shortly afterwards some one knocked at the door, which opened of its own accord, and Alexander the Great walked in, small in person but of commanding aspect, and with a yellowish sandy-coloured beard. He was clothed in complete and costly armour, and he made a low bow to the Emperor, who rose from his seat and would have shaken hands with the apparition, but Faust interfered. This apparition having retired, in came that of Alexander's wife, Roxana, we presume, who made a deep courtesy to the Emperor, and who was clad in sky-blue silksprinkled profusely with pearls and orient gems. She was so exceedingly beautiful that Maximilian greatly marvelled at her. Remembering that he had read that she had a mole on her neck, he went behind her, and perceiving it there, was fully satisfied of the reality of the vision, and was highly delighted with this specimen of Faust's powers. *Vide Reuter's Kingdom of the Devil*, p. 676,

Suden's *Learned Criticisms*, part I., p. 103, and *Life of Faust*, part II., cap. 10. Notwithstanding these authorities, this is wrongly attributed to Faust, several other writers ascribing it to Johannes Trithemius; and, moreover, Maximilian the First is declared by Cuspinianus, in his *History of the Roman Emperors*, page 444, and by Jovius, in his *Eulogia*, cap. 5, page 155, to have been a godly prince. In the *Thanksgiving Pieces* and other writings of the actions of Maximilian the First, no mention is made of this circumstance; although it is a matter of history, that in his youth he was notorious for his vain curiosity.

Giesbertus Voetius, *Disp. Select.*, Tom. 3, p. 448, says that Faust avowedly made a compact with the Devil, drawing up a written agreement, and being branded in the body. "If this be true, one cannot," says Dr. Bräuner, "consider with Gesnerus in the passage quoted, and with Wierus, that he was a mere vagabond; and Wierus himself, in his second

book *de Prætigis*, p. 143, allows him to have been a sorcerer. *Conf. Thomasii. Disp. de Vug. Scholast.*, § 145."

It is generally supposed that Faust is called Dr. from having taken a degree in medicine: the only person who gainsays this is Freudius, *Casuel de Magic*, page 265, who says that such a vagabond had no title to this honorable distinction, and acquired it just as all quacks do, who impose upon the people by vending their nostrums.

We have next a long-winded argument of the Doctor's, written to establish the fact of the existence of Faust, against all unbelievers whatever, which we pass over. Then, as to the knotty point of the period when he lived; Wierus states that he flourished A. D. 1540, with whom Delrio agrees, who states that he and Agrippa lived at the same time. Now Agrippa flourished in 1529, and afterwards became renowned in the world. Manlius

thinks that we must select the time when the Emperor, Charles V., brought the Pope to listen to reason ; for he says, in *Collect.*, page 39, that Faust used to boast that all the victories obtained by Charles V. in Italy, were gained by his art. This period, according to the account of Thuanus, was A. D. 1527, at which time John was Elector of Saxony, and by an edict banished Faust from his territories as a vagrant. *Vide Hondorff., loc. cit.*

We have said that Wurtemberg, and not Wittenberg, was the place with which Faust was connected. If common rumour is to be relied on this occurrence took place during the thirty years' war, viz., that Saxony being then overrun with troops, a detachment fell upon Breda, a village on the Elbe, the bailiff whereof, in order to secure his house from pillage, persuaded the soldiers that it was very unsafe, owing to the fearful death of Faust, which had just taken place in it; and showed them the walls which he had sprinkled with bullock's blood, at

which they were so terrified that they left his house unmolested. As to the place of his decease, Conradus Dietericus, *In Concione*, 16 *ad Eccles.*, p. 237, mentions that he died at Kundlinger, the place of his birth, where his neck was broken ; but whether accidentally, or by the hands of the hangman, we are not informed. "And this is popularity," as Mr. Slurk said, when the landlord of the Saracen's Head, at Towcester, proved ignorant of the editor of the *Eatonswill Independent*. A man who made a stir in his day, now comes not only to have the actions which obtained him renown attributed to others, but his very birth, his death, everything which comprises existence, is doubted ; and almost every point connected with him is swallowed up in the greater interest excited by his scholar, the servitor Christopher Wagoner.

Of this worthy, the first anecdote that we shall adduce will be out of Wolfgang Hildebrand, in his *Witchcraft Discovered*. When

Christopher was at Padua, he invited a certain lord of that city to dinner, in return for an entertainment which he had given him the day before. When the lord, with several other bidden guests, arrived at the appointed rendezvous, they looked in every direction and saw neither fire nor smoke, nor any signs of dinner, nor a single being belonging to the house, except Christopher's servant, Clauz Möller. Nevertheless, the table was laid in an incredibly short time, and some empty barrels and blocks of wood were placed on the wooden horses around the room, spigots being inserted into them. Then Wagoner converted one of the hall windows into a cupboard, from which dish after dish was produced, some cold and some lukewarm. The guests supposed that this was all their dinner, but they were completely mistaken, for these dishes were removed and a fresh course placed on the table from the same cupboard, which was as inexhaustible as Professor Porson's coat pocket, (in which he

was wont to carry a complete Greek classical library,) which greatly surprised the guests. As they had been sitting in silence for some time, and were growing drouthy, some of them enquired whether there was no such thing as drinking allowed at this entertainment; on which Wagoner struck the wall with his wand, and a handsome youth immediately issued therefrom, clothed as a German, and having two golden goblets, who went to one of the empty casks and drew some capital Italian wine therefrom, which he placed on the table, inviting them to taste it. On looking at the goblets, they found the Grand Turk's name and arms engraven thereon. Shortly afterwards Wagoner struck the opposite wall with his wand, and out of it nimbly stepped forth a beautiful damsel, bearing a tray full of exquisitely wrought gold and silver drinking vessels, inscribed with the names and arms of many princes and potentates, such as the kings of France and Spain, and others. After

they had sufficiently looked and admired, this damsel went to the dry logs and billets, and drew therefrom some luscious Malmsey which she set before the guests. Across the whole length of the table ran a wooden pipe, and when the guests held their vessels under the end of it, water ran out of it as long as they continued to knock upon it, and no one could tell whence the water was supplied as the ends of the pipe were secured with pack-thread. After this, Spanish, Hungarian, and other rare wines were furnished from the same source.

The next course was composed of game and fish, which were entirely foreign to Italy; and whilst they were making merry in came Wagoner's Sprite, Master Anerthan, with a goodly company provided with fiddles, on which they played all manner of dances and sarabands, and committed so many frolics that we have not room to relate them.

The dinner being over, Wagoner dived again into his inexhaustible pantry, and produced therefrom all manner of fruits which grow in Spain, France, Greece, Arabia, and India, with all sorts of delicious flowers, so that every sense of the guests was delighted to the full.

After they had enjoyed themselves for some time, one of the guests entreated Wagoner, "for the love he bore him," to show them some of his tricks, which he declined, saying that they had had entertainment enough, to which all the rest assented; but, as he persisted in his entreaty beyond all good manners, Wagoner told him it should be done; whereon, presto, the head of the inquisitive person was converted into that of a veritable bull with huge horns for appendages, on which his companions jeered him famously. Growing enraged hereat, he would fain have replied to them, but at every attempt he only bellowed fearfully like

a bull. But the worst of it was that his "liquor was stopped," for he could not by any means get his great thick lips into the goblet. Amidst all this uproar, intelligence reached his wife that her liege lord had undergone this strange transformation; on which she came into the room and abused Wagoner in very unladylike language. He, finding that fair words would not stop the torrent of her abuse, effectually checked it by converting her head into that of a heifer with a sweet little pair of horns, and the two were turned out into the street in this fashion, having to walk home amidst the uproarous shouts of the populace.

We know some husbands who would willingly stop their wives' tongues by this compendious method; but although anger and railing transform a pretty countenance wonderfully, the transformation does not proceed quite so far as this. We should have mentioned that the luckless couple got their own heads back

again the next day, and we trust that the adventure was a warning to them more efficient than that of the drummer, upon whom the old colonel of the regiment had often bestowed admonition in vain, and whom he finally addressed, as he was ascending the ladder of the gallows, to which his ill-deeds had brought him, in the following terms: "Ah! Mr. Francis" —shaking his cane emphatically at him—"Ah! Mr. Francis, I hope *this* will be a warning to you, sir!"

Wagoner played a similar trick at Toledo, where he was in company with a number of his friends who desired to see a specimen of his art. He accordingly took Johannes de Luna, in the presence of them all, and beheaded him; then, putting the head in a large dish, he gave it to his servant, Clauses, and told him to run with it to the barber's and have it trimmed. The barber's wife having just killed a calf, the barber took the head of the latter,

and, putting it in the dish, bade Clausen run with it to his master. When Wagoner saw that it was a calf's head he perceived that some one had played him a malicious trick, and would not at first clap it on the man's shoulders, thinking that the parts would not fit. However, there was no time for deliberation, so he must needs do it, and he conceived that after being united to the neck, it might turn again to a man's head; but no, it remained that of a calf, and, by its bellowings, gave Johannes de Luna to understand that it was not his own. Meanwhile, the barber, who thought that he had carried the joke far enough, as he well knew that, if the blood once congealed, the head could not be set again upon the man's shoulders, came running with it, and de Luna got his own again. Wagoner, who now perceived that it was the barber who had played him this scurvy trick, resolved to be revenged on him. Accordingly, he watched his opportunity, and, following the barber when he

was going to visit a patient, turned him into a calf as he entered the house. The barber, ignorant of his transformation, trotted up to the sick man's bedside, and put his off fore hoof on the bed ; on which the sick man roared out for his servants to come and drive away the calf, which they did with sticks, and whips, and dogs, whereby the barber got so thoroughly mauled that it was several days before he was healed of his wounds ; so that he readily understood to whom he was indebted for this piece of pleasantry.

Dr. Bräuner closes this chapter with the anecdote which we have already given in our VII. chapter, which, as we need not repeat, we shall here conclude the account of Dr. Faustus.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"We know how to speak much falsehood like to truth :
We know how, when we will, to tell the tale of truth."

HESIOD.

" Sometimes fair truth in fiction we disguise,
Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes."

ADDISON.

OF LAND MONSTERS.

When we treated our readers with a description of the monsters of the deep, we gave a sort

of half promise that we would give them a kindred chapter on those of the forest, which we now proceed to fulfil. The monsters which our author has thought fit to characterize as such, are the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the beaver, the basilisk, the porcupine, and the Hottentot, which last, he says, it is doubtful whether it be a man or a beast.

We shall take as many of these as may answer our purpose, and we will begin with the elephant. As here are two species of the natural elephant, so are here two of the allegorical; the one so termed from the preternatural length of the nose, or proboscis; the other from its pride of disposition, which causes it to carry that proboscis aloft and sound its own trumpet before it. The first is somewhat rare, and amongst the specimens which may be adduced of it we may instance the unfortunate gentleman, who, whenever he sat down to

dinner, was obliged, previously, to tie his nose in a double-knot, in order to keep it out of his plate.

A more recent and yet living specimen is a Madras cavalry colonel, whose nose is so exceedingly long that one of his friends asserted that, turning hastily into Popham's Broadway at one end, one day, he came full tilt against a nose, and had to walk the whole length of the street, somewhere about a mile and a half, in order to come and make his apologies to the owner thereof, when he found it belonged to Colonel ———. A nose of this length must be exceedingly inconvenient, especially when one has a cold in the head, as there is no possibility of being able to blow one's own nose. Your proud elephant is generally to be found in the upper classes of society, amongst those individuals, whom fortuitous circumstances have raised infinitely higher than they ever would have attained by

their own merits, and they are generally to be found accompanied by silver sticks, although the mere presence of those is no criterion that the individual is an elephant.

There is a much larger proportion of female elephants, of this class, than of males, a great number of very good ladies' maids, by being raised by marriage above their natural condition, are converted into indifferent and troublesome she-elephants: we will give a specimen. The wife of a certain general officer, who carried her head so high that she had never seen her garters since she was fourteen years of age, was returning to India *via* the Cape; the vessel rolled like a porpoise, and, as the lady persisted in walking the quarter-deck, she was several times in imminent hazard of losing both her balance and her dignity. A subaltern having observed these terrible *yaws*, which occurred from time to time, walked up and offered his arm. "Sir!" she exclaimed, looking

a whole armoury of bodkins at him, and nearly snapping the main-yard in the slings with the indignant sweep of her proboscis, "*General Officers' wives do not walk with Subalterns!*"

The next animal on the list is the rhinoceros. He is typical of a class of men, who vent their ill-humour on all around them, and who are secured by their rank from the usual consequences of hurting other people's feelings.

These are generally to be found in the military line, and especially upon parade, where the rhinoceros may often be seen rushing here and there in a blind transport of fury and knocking people down (figuratively) like so many nine-pins. Your rhinoceros has a mortal antipathy to commanding officers and adjutants, running his horn into them, as the real animal does into the belly of the elephant.

There is also the domestic rhinoceros, who enacts the part of a brutal tyrant to his wife, children, and servants. This species, however, seldom remains a single-horned rhinoceros to the end of his life ; his wife, wearied out with his brutality, and tired of the thrusts which she has received from the horn on his nose, generally contrives to adorn him with another, somewhat higher up, just to prevent the other from hurting her, and he passes the residue of his existence in the character of a two-horned rhinoceros.

Your hippopotamus is also of two species ; the first consisting of those ungainly, unwieldy figures, that tailors are in despair, complaining that it is impossible by any rules of art to make a coat, or continuations, to fit them, and would, positively, rather than compromise their reputation, allow them to walk about in adamitic costume to the great scandal of civilized society, did not the timely consideration come

to their aid that such an enormous expanse of carcass offered an unlimited field for cabbage. The other species is your thick-skinned rascal ; a fellow who is acquainted with every depth of iniquity—your broken gambler—your fraudulent insolvent—your man who has been taxed with every ungentleman-like action under the sun ; and who, nevertheless, secure in the impenetrability and toughness of his hide, “owns the soft impeachment,” nor does he “blush to find it fame.” Like his prototype he commits great havoc on the property of the industrious, for mankind is his prey. He comes up, as it were, from the river at night, when men are asleep and unsuspecting, and crushes whatever he takes in between his enormous jaws. The river Hooghly has lately produced a great number of hippopotami, who issue forth to prey upon the unwary living in Calcutta, as the alligators do on the Hindoo corpses which float down the stream.

The next animal on the list is the beaver :

the *habitat* of the natural animal is in North America, on the banks of rivers, where it builds its mighty dams across the stream of compact mud, which it beats into durability with its trowel-like tail : that of the political beaver is to be found in the higher regions of India ; we care not to be too particular in noting its precise locality ; its habits and conformation are considerably altered by the change to a warmer climate. Mud and durable materials being somewhat scarce in the parts to which it resorts, it builds its edifices of sand, which even the flat tail would fail in reducing to a solid mass. But the tail has become relaxed by the climate, and is composed of a number of ill-harmonized joints ; so that just at the period when it is contemplating its work with inimitable satisfaction, up springs a political whirlpool, and the building comes tumbling down about the poor beaver's ears like a house of card, to his manifest perplexity and annoyance.

The basilisk, as our readers are aware, is the same as the fabulous cockatrice, and was supposed to be endowed with the most deadly poison. Its congener in the human race is to be found amongst your backbiters—your whisperers, who separate chief friends, and who contemplate the prosperity of others with a jaundiced, green-eyed, jealousy. The female basilisk is the most dangerous of the two, and there are great varieties of them. There is the one, who fascinates the heart of some unwary youth by the glittering of her eye, and just when he has so far fallen a victim to the lure as to make an unconditional surrender, she jilts him for another. But the one of whom our readers should beware, is she who has herself been wounded in her affections by the inconstancy of a lover or the faithlessness of a husband: let a man meet “a bear robbed of her whelps” rather than such a one.

We might have swollen our catalogue by

many more of the animals enumerated by Dr. Bräuner—by the fretful porcupine, as well as by the insidious crocodile—by the half-humanized Hottentot, and the savage walrus, but we forbear. Enough has been written in this and the XXII. chapter to establish the position that Le Brun was not so far wrong after all when he published his celebrated engravings of the human face divine transformed by unbridled passions or debasing lusts into every bestial countenance under heaven ; and if we wish to avoid our lineaments assuming those of the brutes that perish, let us guard against any approach to the indulgence of those passions which slowly, but surely and irrevocably, tend to produce this result.

CHAPTER XXXII.

—" There waiting women
Stand in gathered knots of six or seven,
Emblazoning his praises to each other:
Some reek his hair or slightest amulet,
For charm or testament."

BREWER.

OF THE GREAT CHRISTOPHER,
THE MYRTYR.

We had originally intended to omit this chapter altogether, but as Christopher is a saint

exalted in the Romish calendar nearly to an equality with the Virgin Mary, and, as the laying open of the abominations arising from the demonolatriy paid to him, will be of service in showing the depth of superstition into which that church has fallen, we have taken it in hand in seriousness and sadness ; and those to whom such a subject is uncongenial, can skip the chapter.

It is no easy task that we have undertaken ; but the profanity of what is attributed to this so-called saint, we entreat our readers to bear in mind, is that of the Papacy, not our own.

Images have been erected and chapels dedicated to this saint, widely over the darkened continent. At Mayence, on the Rhine, there is, or was, a chapel bearing his name, before which no Roman Catholic dared to pass without doffing his hat and making a lowly reverence : at Berne, in Switzerland, under an arch of the hospital door, was an

enormous wooden image of him, and there was hardly a city or town of note, at one time, in Germany but what was desecrated in a similar manner.

According to the *Golden Legend*, printed A.D. 1810, Christopher flourished in the third century of the Christian era, and Molanus, in his XXVII. chapter on *Sacred Pictures*, gives us the following hymn of praise as offered up to him :—

“ Christophore Sancte, virtutes sunt tibi tantæ,
Qui te mané vident, nocturno tempore rident.
Christophori Sancti speciem quicumque tuetur,
Ista nempe die non morte mala morietur.”

which we translate for the benefit of the ladies.

“ Oh! Holy Christopher, thy power is so great that whosoever shall see thee in the morning shall have cause for laughter by night. Whosoever shall behold the image of Holy Christopher shall not die that day by any evil death.”

Christopher is said to have been born in Canaan, and Baronius, the famous Romish champion, writes, in his *Martyrology ad. 25 July*, p. 453, that he is at a loss to express what writers have mentioned regarding his gigantic stature; he therefore gives us this Latin verse,

“Elegans quæ statura, mente elegantior,
Visu fulgens, corde vibrans, et capillis rutilans,
Ore Christum, corde Christum, Christophorus insonant.”

which we again take the liberty of translating as follows :—

“Christopher is beautiful in form, and still more beautiful in mental endowments; he enlightens the countenance, rejoices the heart, and glances through the hair. He has Christ evermore in his mouth and heart.” *Petrus de natalibus sanctis in mens, Julii*, page 128, c. 135, London edition 1519, states, however, that he had a terrible countenance and was twelve feet

high. This is confirmed by the *Golden Legend*, which says that he was taller than any of the giants, and was, at least, twelve ells in height.

The Romanists, having addmitted him into their calendar, have appropriated a festival to him and instituted a form of prayer to him, which is to be found in *Chemnitius in Examine Consilii Tridentini*, part III., as follows :—

“ Oh ! thou glorious martyr, Christopher !
Be ever mindful of us in the presence of God ;
uphold our bodies, spirits, and reputation ; thou
who art worthy to waft the fragrance of Heaven
across the sea to miserable creatures, grant
unto us, according to thy great worthiness, that
we may repent us of our transgressions and
show our love to God, by praise and thanks-
giving for all temporal mercies, and, after all
the allurements of this world of trouble, may be
carried into thy presence, in the kingdom of

Heaven!" And yet Roman Catholics never pray to saints!

It is true that Baronius thinks it doubtful whether St. Christopher ever lived at all, and acknowledges that no writer of the third or succeeding century mentions him; and Hiëronymus, Bishop of Alva, considers what is related of him to be an allegory, in which, however, he is contradicted by Villavincensius, *Lib. 3, cap. 7, de. rat. Stud. Theol.* However, as he *has* been canonized, he must be prayed to, and remain in the Popish calendar, otherwise there would be a confession of being occasionally mistaken.

With regard to the life of Christopher, Hermann, the Swede, writes, in *Critico*, Part I., page 407, that as Christopher was standing in the presence of a Canaanitish king, he said to him that it was his ambition to serve that king who was the most powerful in the earth, which

common report assigned his Majesty to be. The king smiled graciously on Christopher, who was, at all events, a courtier, if he was not a saint, and assigned him a place in his household. On one occasion a buffoon sung a song before the king, in which frequent mention was made of the Devil, and the king, being a Christian, or rather a Romanist, crossed himself every time that the Devil's name was pronounced: he would have done better to have stopped the song. The curious Christopher enquired what the king meant by this, and the latter being unwilling to tell, Christopher threatened to leave him unless he did; whereon the king told him, that whenever he heard the Devil's name he was afraid that he would fall under his power, wherefore he thus signed himself with the sign of the cross. "Ho! ho!" said Christopher, "so the Devil is stronger than your Majesty: I will go and serve him in preference;" on which he took his departure and travelled into the wilderness in search of the Devil, although he

might have found him without stirring a step from court.

In the wilderness he met a large company of soldiers, one of whom, a ferocious and horrible looking fellow, came up to him, and asked him what he wanted. Christopher told him the laudable pursuit he was engaged in, on which the other declared himself to be the individual whom he was seeking ; Christopher, overjoyed, devoted himself everlastingly to his service, and they went forth on their journey most lovingly. They had not travelled far before they came to a cross erected by the road side, on which the Devil put his tail between his legs, like a whipped hound, and, howling dismally, fairly bolted back into the wilderness ; Christopher, however, was too sharp for him, and, running after him, seized him by the tail, insisting to know why he was so frightened at a bit of wood. The Devil was as loath to tell as the king had been, but was similarly com-

pelled to make a confession that he was afraid of anything that reminded him of Christ crucified. "Ho ! ho !" says Christopher, " then is Christ mightier than you, I will serve him ;" on which he became a Christian, although we can't understand how he cancelled his everlasting covenant with the Devil, for we fancy that authority would not attach much weight to a dispensation from the Pope.

We will give one more anecdote of Christopher, from the *Golden Legend*, as illustrative of the blasphemous puerilities with which the Church of Rome diverts the minds of her votaries from eternal truth.

Christopher once came to a hermit, we presume before his so-called conversion, who instructed him in the Christian faith, and told him that he must fast, pray, and do penance, and the like ; to which Christopher replied that he was not accustomed to any of them, and,

to be plain, had no stomach for them. The hermit then said that he would give him another task, which was, that, as he was such a long-legged fellow, he should carry people across a certain river which was very deep, and in which many people had been drowned in attempting to wade across. On one occasion a little child applied for his services, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Christopher could succeed in crossing. Having done so, he said to the child, "you have brought me into great peril; you weighed so heavily that I felt as if I had the whole world upon my shoulders." The child replied, "wonder not at the great weight which you have sustained on your shoulders, I am he that upholdeth the world, the Lord Jesus Christ, whom thou hast served in this matter, and great shall be thy reward."

Christopher is said by *Petrus de Natalis, lib.*
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9. *cap.* 135, (which account is also to be found in the *History of Lombardy*, chap. 95, and other authors,) to have suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Decius in the following manner :—he was first scourged with iron rods ; then a burning helmet placed on his head. He was afterwards placed on a bed of his own length, with abundance of fire below to burn him, and boiling oil poured over his body. From all this he came out scatheless, and preached Christ afterwards. He was then tied to a pillar, and a band of soldiers told to shoot off at him with arrows, all of which proving ineffectual, he was beheaded, which settled the business, the saint having omitted to ensure his neck.

And now we come to his relics, there being bones enough of him to have furnished forth the “exceeding great army” which the prophet Ezekiel found in the valley of dry bones.

According to Chamierus in his account found in *Panstrat. lib. II.*, chap. 26, number 15, his teeth were found at Paris, in Spain, and at Genoa. Joh. Ludovicus Vives, in *cap. 9, lib. 15, Augustini de Civitate Dei*, page 454, Basle Edit. 1512, says that, in a certain church, a back tooth, as big as a man's fist, was shewn to him as having belonged to St. Christopher.

Halle possessed three pieces of the scull, a whole tooth, two fragments of others, seven of arms and shanks, a large piece of the shin-bone, and one hundred and thirteen fragments of other bones. Franzius, in his account of relics in the castle of Wittenberg, says that there was to be met with there a large fragment of a tooth, a part of an arm, a large piece of a thumb, and thirty-six fragments of bones. At Rome they had a whole

arm of this saint, who appears to have been a perfect Briareus.

In the *Artifices of the Romish Priesthood of France*, by an anonymous author, we are informed that Pope Alexander VII., sent, in the year 1668, three large chests full of relics into France to be deposited in the hospital chapel; these chests were secured by red tape, with the seal of Cardinal Ginetti, administrator of relics and papal sacristan. A bull accompanied them desiring all people to worship them without dread. Several curious seals were on the chests in order to lead people to worship them, and the bishop of Bayeux and Cahors, Father Thom. Cosme, Father Crasset, and the Abbé Fromentières were ordered to preach on the occasion. To make sure work, they broke open the chests, and, in the third one, found a head with this superscription, *Caput Sancti Fortunati*. An

unlucky physician, Monsieur St. Germain, took an iron instrument, and, boring into the head, found it made of pasteboard, on putting it into hot water, the outer covering came off disclosing the pasteboard beneath. On this he published a full account of it ; but immediately received a missive, marked “private and confidential,” desiring him to keep his discoveries to himself, unless he was particularly anxious to become acquainted with the interior of the Bastile.

And this is popery. The advocates of the papacy are driven to a two-horned dilemma. They must either say that such things never were, a hard task even for a Jesuit, with the authorities quoted, and the Romish calendar, with St. Christopher’s name in it, staring them in the face—or they must say that these things were, but no longer exist ; and then what becomes of Romish unchangeable-

ness and infallibility; for, be it remembered that the Saint *has been canonized, and Divine honors decreed to him.*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“ Stimme von oben.
Wer ruft da aus dir felsen spatte ?
Stimme unten
Nehmt mich mit Nehmt mich mit !
Ich steige schon dren hundert jahr
Und kan der gipfet nicht erreishen ;
Ich ware garn bei meines gluchen.”

GOSTER.

OF MEN WHO DWELL IN THE BOWELS OF
THE EARTH.

Reader, we purpose making this our concluding chapter, and then we shall bid farewell

to Demonology and you, for a season, at least, and it will depend upon circumstances whether we re-appear before you.

We know not why the earth should be supposed to have any bowels at all, unless it be on the authority of Shakespeare, who says,

“ Thus far into the bowels of the land,
Have we marched on.”

It may be also partly owing to those internal rumblings, which the old lady has, after having taken too strong a dose of tarter emetic and sulphur, which causes her to vomit out of any of the numerous volcanoes which stud her surface like so many carbuncles on a tee-totaller's nose—that rumbling, in short, which Somerville, in his *Country Squire*, more quaintly than elegantly expresses as

“ A strange curnmurring in the guts.”

However, as it has been settled that the old damsel *has* bowels, we are going to have a grope in them. Gaffarellus, in his work "*De Cryptis toto orbe celebribus*, die unter-irdische stadte gar weitlauffig," or, "of the numerous subterraneous cities which are thickly scattered amongst the celebrated caverns all over the world," writes as follows :—

"I should not have believed that such things could be, had I not, with my own eyes, seen dwellings of this description in three different places. For, when I was residing at Malta, in the year 1637, it happened that I accompanied the then Grand Master of the Order of the Knights of St. John, John Lascarus by name, one day into the beautiful valley called Bucetta.

"The discourse turning upon the natural curiosities of the island, the Grand Master informed me that, in a neighbouring hill, there

was a subterraneous city, the inhabitants whereof were subject to him ; and that, if I went with him, he would shew me with what laborious activity they had dug caverns, and erected dwelling for themselves.

“As nothing could be more acceptable to me, I gladly placed myself under the conduct of a guide so thoroughly acquainted with the localities and the caverns, which are called in Arabic Ghaarkebir, or the deep pits. Entering into one of these, I found there a great number of people of both sexes, and boys and girls, who were clothed similarly to the peasantry. Although it appeared, at first sight, as if they dwelt confusedly together, yet had each family its distinct habitation, some of them constructed by art, and others consisting of natural caverns.

“ In these apartments they had their food

stored up, yet placed apart; here was a couch hewn out of the rock, there a cupboard for bread and cheese: in one place byres for cows, asses, and other cattle; in another a henhouse; also earthen vessels containing water: on the walls hung strings of onions and garlic; they had ovens for baking, and the light was admitted so artfully through holes that the wind and the rain were excluded. The ovens had chimneys which prevented the light from them being reflected into the apartments. In the day time the men left the caverns, and went forth to earn their subsistence in the neighbourhood; the women remaining at home, spinning, making cheese, and performing other household duties. Having no fire wood, they dried the cow dung in the sun for fuel.

“These people were hardy, tall, and long

lived; and the women particularly handsome. They were so attached to their caves that, when it was necessary for them to leave them in order to buy or sell in other parts of the island, they felt as if they were in exile. Meat they never touched, but sold it to others, and lived on bread, cheese, onions, garlic, and vegetables.

“In order to assure me of this fact, the Grand Master ordered a table to be spread, and on one side of it meat and other delicacies to be placed; on the other, cheese, onions, and garlic. Hereon he called his own cook, whom he had taken from these caverns into his service, and caused him to sit at the table, when he would not regard the meat and delicacies, but fell to with a right good appetite on the other articles.”

Kircherus observes from this that Solinus, Pliny, and Ælian, told no untruth when they wrote that, near the Red Sea, is a race of people who dwell beneath the surface of the earth. In order to expand his meaning more fully, the above-quoted Kircherus mentions that, in the island of Gozo, there is a similar race of people, who speak pure Arabic without any admixture of Italian.

To these may be added the inhabitants of the Maronite race, who, when journeying back from Italy to Mount Libanus, and, being detained at Malta by stress of weather, celebrated the mass in Arabic, and expounded the Catholic doctrine in the same tongue; for these people are not heathen, but Roman Catholics, who are very attentive to their daily prayers, use their rosaries with great assiduity, and attend mass in the neighbourhood on Saint's days. In their

caverns they have crucifixes, and images of the Virgin Mary placed in convenient situations.

Kircherus states that, in the year 1659, he was travelling to Etruria, and, at one period of his voyage, made the land near Viterbum. In crossing a certain plain, volumes of smoke ascended from the earth, which surprised him and caused him to believe that he was passing over a country containing sulphureous exhalations, on which he asked his travelling companion what the smoke portended. The other laughed a little, and told him that it was no exhalation from the earth, but arose from the chimneys of people dwelling below the surface, the smoke finding its vent in this manner. He then showed him an entrance leading into these caverns, down which they passed, and found every thing in neat order the same as at Malta ; their chairs, beds, &c.,

being all hewn out of the solid rock. This village was called Meonia, and belonged to the Prince Camillus Pamphilius.

The Jesuits affirm that the Brahmins and others dwell in caves of the hills, on the top of which their pagodas are situated. Father Peter Pais states that the inhabitants of the Mountains of the Moon, in Africa, shelter themselves in caves from the fervor of the midday sun. Marcus P. Venetus mentions that a large tribe dwell in the caves of the mountains bordering on Caspian Sea; and Kircherus, (commonly called Father Kircherus,) in his *Roma Subterranea*, says that the Christians at Rome thus concealed themselves during the heat of persecution.

George Christopher Neitschitz in his travels, part II., book 1, chap. 4, in writing of the village of Tobrinitz, in Hungary, not far from Alba Græca, says that there is a village here

below the earth. Only the roofs of the houses are visible above the surface, but the dwellings themselves are built beneath it, and in an extremely curious fashion.

But this village of Trobrintz is not the only one built in this manner, there being one like it in the country called Rascia, in which the people, who are miserably poor, live in holes which they have scooped out with their own hands, and, throwing a few spars across, have covered these with laths and straw, digging trenches around them to carry off the water. They are cruelly oppressed by Turkish despotism, a point on which it is unnecessary to enter.

William Neubrissensis says as follows, *in rerum Anglicarum Revolutionibus*, or *History of changes which have taken place in England*, book I., chap. 26, page 91.

There is a village in the western parts of England, lying about four or five miles from Bury St. Edmunds, near which there are several caverns to be seen, which are commonly called wolf-pits, from which this village derives its name.

One summer, whilst the country people were getting in their harvest, two children emerged from one of these pits, whose bodies were pea-green, and whose clothing was of a most extraordinary character. Being quite dazzled by the light of the sun, which they now saw for the first time, they stumbled about in every direction, until they were laid hold of by the reapers and carried into the above village, a great concourse of people running thither to see them. These children lived some days without any food, and could not be persuaded to touch any of the provisions which the

villagers used; so that at length they were brought to death's door by starvation.

It so happened that a carter was passing by with a cart-load of bean-straw, on which the children eagerly ran up to the cart, but, finding no beans, expressed their disappointment by loud wailing and lamentation. The country people having now ascertained what food they were accustomed to, set beans before them, which they eagerly devoured, and continued to eat nothing else for several months, when they began gradually to like bread. After they had eaten the food of the villagers for some months they gradually lost their pea-green colour, and appeared like other people.

We have heard of simple youths being termed "exceeding green" and of old gentlemen who have attained to "a green old age," but whether folly and longevity are ascribable to a

bean diet, we must leave to heads more versed in metaphysics than our own to determine.

They were then baptised and taught English. The boy, who appeared to be the youngest of the two, died shortly after baptism ; but the girl, who budded out into a very lovely woman, was married to a person of the name of Senna.

After she had learned English, and was asked who she was and whence she came, she replied that she and her brother were natives of St. Martin, a country which she highly lauded. Upon being further questioned whereabouts this country lay, and how she had managed to come to that place where she now was, she replied that she could not tell, but one thing was fresh in her memory ; viz., that one day when she and her brother were tending their father's cattle they heard the tolling of a bell, which proved to be that of St. Albans, which induced them

to visit the upper regions, and they wandered fourth until they finally reached the place where they had been captured. When she was asked whether the people in her country worshipped the true and living God; whether they believed in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, and whether they ever saw the light of the sun; she replied to the first question, that the natives were godly, and the country studded with churches; and to the second, that they never saw the sun either rise or set, neither were they at all enlightened by it, but that they had a sort of glimmering light very much resembling our twilight. Not far from this country lay a beautiful land, which was separated from it by a broad river. This wonderful occurrence is said to have happened in 1140, in the reign of King Stephen.

Kircher accounts for people being found in these places, as follows:—In the time of

pestilence or war people have sought refuge in the caverns of the earth, and have taken their cattle, provisions, seed, &c., along with them for their sustenance ; several instances of which have occurred especially in Germany, during the thirty years' war. Wandering in these caverns, they have been unable to find their way out again, and have thus gradually become accustomed to a subterranean existence. Such too, were people of this description amongst the Jews on the borders of the Caspian.

Further, in the reign of Philip the Third, a new colony of men was discovered, which, beyond all question, had existed many hundred years without any communication with the rest of mankind, and used an entirely distinct language. This colony was discovered by hunters, and the people, who were extremely ignorant, were converted by the Jesuits.

Franzius mentions a similar settlement in Transylvania, in A.D. 900.

We have a description of a similar cave in the Dooab, from the pen of Captain Rollo Burslem, which is very long and interesting: we can only afford room for an extract or two. An aged Moollah is his guide to the place, and it is thus that the Moollah speaks:—

“The name of the cavern is Yeermallic, and the fact of the matter is this,” said he, settling himself in his saddle for a long story, “In the time of the invasion, six hundred years ago, of Genghis Khan, the Tartar, seven hundred men of the Husareh tribe, with their wives and families, and a stock of provisions, took possession of this cavern, hoping to escape the fury of the ruthless invader, and never stirred beyond

its mouth. But the cruel Genghis, after wasting the country with fire and sword, set on foot a strict search for such of the unfortunate inhabitants as had fled from his tyranny. His bloodhounds soon scented the wretched Husarehs, and a strong party was sent to drive them from their place of refuge. But despair lent to the besieged a courage which was not the characteristic of their tribe ; and knowing that, if taken alive, a lingering torture and cruel death would be their fate, they resolved to make good their defence at every hazard. The mouth of the cave was small, and no sooner did the invaders rush in than they were cut down by those inside : in vain were more men thrust in to take the place of those slain, the advantages of the position were too great, and they were obliged, at length, to desist.

“But Genghis was not to be baulked of his

victims, and his devilish cunning suggested the expedient of lighting straw at the mouth of the cave to suffocate those inside, but the size of the place prevented his plan from taking effect : so he, at last, commanded a large fragment of rock to be rolled to the mouth of the cavern, adding another as a support ; and, having thus effectually barred their exit, he cruelly abandoned them to their fate. Of course the whole party suffered a miserable death, and it is, perhaps, the spirits of the murdered men, that, wandering about and haunting it, have given a suspicious character to the place ;” but, concluded he rather dogmatically, “the Devil does not live there now—it is too cold.” *A Peep into Toorkistan*, by Capt. Rollo Burslem, London, 1846.

Captain Burslem was inclined to disbelieve the above tale ; but having penetrated a considerable way into the cavern, he had

ocular demonstration of its truth :—

“ Hundreds of human skeletons were strewed around ! as far as the eye could penetrate these mournful relics presented themselves ; they were very perfect, and had, evidently, not been disturbed since death. Some had more the appearance of the shrivelled-up remains which we find in the Morgue, on the road to the Grand St. Bernard, and lay about us in all the varied positions induced by their miserable fate. Here it seemed that a group had, while sufficient strength yet remained, huddled themselves together, as if to keep up the vital warmth of which death so slowly, and yet so surely, was depriving them. A little further on was a figure in a sitting posture, with two infants still clasped in its bony arms ; and then again the eye would fall upon some solitary figure with outstretched limbs, as if courting that death, which, on the instant, responded to the call. *Ibid.*

The scene enacted by the French upon the unfortunate Arabs who took refuge in the cavern of Dāhira, in Algeria, is a parellel to this ; but it is too fresh in the minds of the public to need detailing.

THE END.

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Supernatural Illusions.

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