

In July of 1867 we made two attempts to go overland on Auckland to the cave where the ship was lost, but discovered only high precipices overhanging the sea, with no means of getting to the water's edge.

During the fall we were sorely afflicted with scurvy, or, as the whalers call it, "the cobbler." The entire party was attacked, and it was only later that we realized how severely our ankle and knee joints were stiffened, and the flesh so swollen that the imprint of a finger would remain for an hour or more. We had heard that a remedy for scurvy was to bury the man all but the head. This we tried in several cases, but it did no good. In closing our mouths our teeth would, on meeting, project straight out, flattened against each other. General weakness and despondency, with a longing for vegetables, was our torment. Severe exercise seemed to be the only remedy. This was our most trying time. The graves of many former shipwrecked men were about us, and on the 23d of September we added one to their number. McClellan was an old man of over 60. When we were first cast away he looked not more than 45, but gradually aged through anxiety. He cut his hand with a piece of copper. The wound mortified, and he gradually sank, dying easily. We formed a mournful procession for his funeral. All cripples, we bore him to his grave. Ashworth repeated the Lord's Prayer, and each one spoke of soon following him. All, even to the sickest, who could scarcely drag himself along, came. This blow, at our period of greatest despondency, was almost overwhelming. A feeling of gloom and dread of being the last survivor came over us all.

From this time forward we were never fairly rid of the scurvy, though at times all partially recovered. In October Tier proposed to take the last boat and make another attempt to reach New Zealand, provided two others would join him. Drew Heyman and I agreed to go, but the others objected, as it would leave them without a boat and confined to one island. This project was therefore abandoned.

On the 19th November, 1867, while Ferguson was on the look-out, and the boat away sealing, he came rushing down in delirious joy, shouting "Sail, ho!" All took fire-brands and started for the wood-piles prepared for bonfires. The wind unfortunately blew too hard for the smoke to rise, though we set nearly the whole island on fire. The sail disappeared behind Auckland, and left us despondent. Tier proposed to pull the boat around to Musgrave's hut, thirty miles away, but we were too hopeless to undertake the journey.

On the 21st November, two days after, while Ashworth was on look-out and each party at its hut, owing to a heavy hail-storm, Caughey went out to cut some wood. It was his cooking week. While plying the axe he looked up and espied a brig sailing close in to the coast. In a moment the good tidings spread, we rushed to the shore, manned the boat, and pulled with

might and main for the brig. Three remained ashore to fire the island. The boat reached the strange vessel, and though our savage appearance at first alarmed the crew, they received us on board. Then were we made welcome to all they could spare. The *Amherst*, Captain Gilroy, of Invercarghill, manned by Maoris, and bound on a sealing voyage, was the means of our rescue. Captain Gilroy beat up between the islands and anchored off our huts. We were all taken aboard, and treated in the most hospitable manner. No Persian monarch ever enjoyed such a treat as we when tobacco and tea were set before us.

As it would have spoiled the voyage to return at once, we remained sealing for the brig nearly two months. Our long experience at this pursuit enabled us to make some request for our kind treatment. On the 8th of January, 1868, we sailed for New Zealand, and landed at Invercarghill in five days. Here every kindness was shown us. A Court of Inquiry was held, and our testimony taken. The whole population crowded to welcome and aid us. Money, clothing, and sympathy were given us in abundance. The *Amherst* was sent by private subscription in search of the mate's boat. She had been gone from us more than a year, and is still missing.

To measure our gratitude is not for mere written words. Only those who have suffered as we did can know how deep are our feelings. On the 26th of January we reached Melbourne, and became the lions of the place.

From this time the ties by which common danger, sickness, hunger, and despair had united us were broken. We again became scattered among the great family of mankind. We may never meet again. Be that as it may, "Yankee Bill" will ever long to grasp the hands of Tier, Caughey, Heyman, Ashworth, and his other companions in misery.

A HUNT AFTER DEVILS.

ON a pleasant evening in July last I arrived at Leipzig just in time for the opera. The new opera-house, of which Langhaus of Berlin was architect, opened in January, 1868, and is certainly unsurpassed for beauty by any in Germany. From the ceiling the Muses and Graces, grouped in their galaxy, surrounded by a ring of oval links, each link a frame for the portrait of some magnate of Art, looked down upon their worshipers. The central place above the stage is given to the poet whom Germany most reveres—Schiller—and on the right and left are Mozart and Gluck. On this evening the building was crowded, for the opera was to be *Der Freischütz*, the work most admired by the people of Leipzig, where, as I was every where told, it is rendered with a magnificence unequaled elsewhere. Indeed, I afterward found that the city regarded itself as having a sort of vested interest in Weber's great work, whose announcement never fails to produce in it a

lively sensation. It was certainly an admirable entertainment; the orchestra of nearly seventy instruments was moved as by one breath of harmony; the singers were trained artists; and from first to last there was no break in the enthusiasm of the rendering or the reception of the charming work. But I very soon perceived that the superiority of the performance of *Der Freischütz* at Leipzig, as compared with its production at other places where I had witnessed it, was the completeness and splendor with which the weird effects and horrors of the infernal scenes of the Wolf's Glen were presented. Hitherto my most distinct impressions, apart from the thrilling music, of this part of the opera, were connected with a masquerade of clumsy imps in animal shapes, a long piece of cotton cloth, with hounds, harts, and boars painted on it, drawn amidst ludicrous squeaks and yells across the stage-roof, all terminating in the fizz of fire-crackers, with an intolerable smoke and smell filling the house afterward.

But the scene as produced at Leipzig was very different indeed. Mr. Pepper's art was employed to raise the tremulous spirits which rose at every step of Caspar's descent to the Glen, warning him back; every tone of Zamiel—who was in a garb black as midnight, unrelieved, as usual, by any touch of red—curdled the blood; and when the magic bullets were being moulded the stage swarmed with huge reptiles, fiery serpents crawled over the ground, a chariot with wheels of fire, drawn by dragons, driven by a skeleton, passed through the space midway between stage and ceiling; and the rush of the Wild Huntsman's chase, composed of animals real to the eye, and uttering animal sounds, presented a scene so striking and wonderful that I can hardly imagine by what ingenuity it could have been managed. The ecstasy of the assembly at this scene is indescribable. Faces flushed, eyes gleamed, and when the curtain fell it was amidst a roar of applause which swelled against it in surges until it rose again, that homage might be done to all concerned.

After this grand apotheosis of diabolism I naturally wended my way to Auerbach's Cellar, to which Goethe's genius has given a world-wide fame as the place where Mephistopheles bored the table with a gimlet, and then flew out of the window with Faust, astride a wine-cask. It is still a wine-cellar, and has considerable reputation for its wines. They certainly are both good and cheap. I paid about fifteen cents for a half-bottle of pure Niersteiner, which included also a proudly attentive guide to all the points of legendary interest in the three rooms comprised by the Cellar. Three or four parties sat about the chief room, drinking their wine and enjoying their sausages, cheese, or other cold viands, which are also supplied. The curiosity with which they watched, and now and then assisted my inquiries, seemed to show that the interest of a foreigner in tracing out the vestiges

of Satan in Leipzig was somewhat unusual; and, indeed, in the book kept for the autographs of visitors I found only German names. The main room is adorned with very old and faded frescoes, representing the various aspects of the legend, several of which, it was claimed, existed there before Goethe wrote his version of it, and indeed suggested to him the idea of *Faust*. I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy of the oldest and quaintest of them—probably about 350 years old—representing Faust disappearing before the amazed revelers. In the centre of the room where the feat of the gimlet is said to have been performed there is a huge cask, and on the walls around are the admirable pictures by Kaulbach, representing scenes from Goethe's "*Faust*," which alone are fine enough to repay a visit to Leipzig. That artist has done nothing better, perhaps, the form and face of Margaret being especially incomparable. But that which chiefly interested me was an old book, a History of Leipzig, which the proprietor of the Cellar had purchased, he said, at a large price because it contained a portrait of Dr. Faustus, and some brief historical mention of him. The book was kept chained to a table, where visitors were permitted, under many cautions as to its value, to peruse it. It is entitled "*Annales Lipsienses*," bears no date, though evidently printed near the close of last century, and professes to give the local history of the town from year A.D. 661 to 1714. Its notice of Faust is very brief, merely stating that in such a year (1525) Dr. Johann Faustus lived in Leipzig and devoted himself to the study and practice of astrology and magic. The portrait is from a copper-plate, and represents a man in the scholastic dress of the period, with a strong, round German head and face, jutting brow, wide between the eyes, which are prominent, and a thin, cynical mouth under small, pointed mustaches. The figure is slightly bent, and would seem—as also the thin, curling gray hair—to belong to a man of about seventy years of age. The general aspect is grave and scholarly.

There is also in the Cellar an old book which belonged, or so it was alleged, to the famous diviner. I could well believe, too, that it might once have been in his library, because of its resemblance to one I examined in the Royal Library at Dresden, written by Michael Scotus, which, there is good reason to believe, was owned by Faust. Both of these books of magic are written in Latin, interspersed with Arabic characters and sentences. There are complete directions for raising any particular devil desired, with incidental advice like the following, as rendered into English:

"Let the master consider well, before any operation, what business he wishes to transact with the spirits, lest in the midst of an experiment there should be confusion or disturbance."

"The master should be alone, or if others wish to be present the number must always be odd."

"Wherefore, that whatever you do may be done wisely, consider the end. Farewell. Michael Scot. Prague in Bohemia."

After which is the picture of a woman, bearing a torch and a key, standing on the curve of the world. In another part of the work is found what is therein called *Sigillum Telschunhab*, a seal in red characters on a black ground, presumably the seal affixed to the bond, signed in blood, between Faust and the devil. The book also contains a picture of Mephistopheles, who, instead of being the Voltairian caricature represented in post-Goethean pictures of him, is here, with all the slyness in his eye, a heavy, thick-built fellow, suggestive of the form, if not the face, of the Dummerteufel, or Stupid Devil, of the later German mythology.

It was very interesting to spell out here and there, in the libraries of the cities and towns of the country, the certain evidences that in the early part of the sixteenth century there did actually live in Leipzig a scholar and graduate of Wittenberg who seriously believed in and practiced the Black Art, and assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of the devil. Convinced that such an individual could not be a mere eccentricity, unrelated to the current superstitions of his neighborhood, I began to fumble about the book of "Annales" already mentioned, to discover, if possible, any antecedents or local elements which might have produced him. Nay, Auerbach's Cellar itself, with its legend, seemed to me a phenomenon which must have some long fore-ground of popular belief, and, perhaps, also, the great cleverness in diabolism I had witnessed at the opera must be regarded as having been reached in response to some local susceptibility to an interest of that nature. Something of this kind, at any rate, was in my fancy as I sat until past midnight poring over the chained volume in Auerbach's Cellar.

I was rewarded by finding accounts of two instances in which the devil was reported to have made sensations in Leipzig. The first of these was entered under date of 1604:

"On the 17th of January the Evil Spirit came to one Jeremy, a Strasburgian marksman in the shooting-ground of St. Thomas, called him by name, and commanded him to hang or stab himself. For that purpose Satan prepared a bath and placed a stool beneath it. But whereas the marksman would not comply with the request, the fiend asked him to jump over a wall with him and go to the court of the Castle, where there was a beautiful pear-tree, from which he was to pluck some fruit. This he also refused to do. The Evil One then disappeared. The marksman sent for a confessor, M. Dario Batnam, the Dean of St. Thomas, and telling him with tears of this apparition, asked for consolation against this temptation, which having obtained through God's Word, he thereafter found rest from the devil."

The other instance occurred in 1635, during a period of excessive cold, which, the history hints, was the effect of diabolical agency. During this cold spell, which was attended by much snow, the devil appeared to a certain soldier, and having taken a seat opposite him at a table, uttered the most fearful blasphemies, and even put the soldier into a mood for cursing. This was repeated several times, until the sol-

dier at length asked to have his quarters changed, which being done he was no more troubled by the diabolical "Flucher."

There were three things which especially interested me in these explorations of Auerbach's Cellar, which also my reader may hereafter find reason to recall. First, there was in the old fresco I have particularly mentioned a small black dog near Faust as he disappears on the cask, there being no appearance of Mephistopheles at all. Second, in the first of the two cases just recited the person tempted was a marksman, in the next a soldier, both of whom were probably in those days also huntsmen. Thirdly, the snow-storm is particularly named in connection with the second appearance of Satan.

After leaving Auerbach's Cellar I walked about the city under the moonlight, and found reason to apprehend that the power of the Gentleman in Black in it had not altogether passed away with his old friend Faust. Most German towns are fast asleep soon after nine o'clock; but there was hardly a street in this one where, long after midnight, groups of students were not raising the—Zamuel, in a much more ordinary way than by either black or dramatic art. A tremendous noise in a certain brilliantly lighted hall, at whose door sat a receiver of admission fees, attracted my attention, and on entering I found a number of young people engaged in a frolic sufficiently grotesque to have suggested the *Wulpurgisnacht*. In the interval following a wild dance there entered a procession of men and women in the strangest costumes and disguises, who, after marching, or rather reeling, around the room, broke off into whirling dances with yells and whoops suggestive of Indian life. Entering the streets again, I witnessed more open and shameless profligacy than I have seen either in London or New York. It is now nearly eight centuries since the Bohemian Wratislav overwhelmed Leipzig, but I should imagine that the Bohemia which is moral rather than geographical might still regard this as its capital.

What a place this to train that Prince of Bohemians, the young Goethe of Frankfort, who here in 1765 passed merely for a dandy and a "fast" youth with his fellow-students and his sweet-hearts, who little knew into what they and their cellars and orgies were being subtly transmuted by the genius of this alchemist. Under the window of his lodging-room, as nearly as I could make it out, in the *Feuerkugel*, I paused and thought of the Then and After of the youth who had probably about the same hour come from Auerbach's, a hundred years ago, and sat down to write to a friend:

"In society, concerts, theatre, feasting, promenades, the time flies. Ha! it goes gloriously. But also expensively. The devil knows how my purse feels it. Hold! rescue! stop! There go two louis d'or. Help! there goes another. Heavens! another couple are gone. Pence are here as farthings with you. Nevertheless, one can live cheaply here. So I hope to get off with two hundred thalers—what do I say? with three hundred.—N.B. Not including what has already gone to the devil."

What know I what that rollicking fellow going along there with his Käthchen may one day become! Yet, alas, though diamonds may have flaws, flaws do not make diamonds.

At last, however, the sounds of revelry became fainter; the revelers reeled away homeward; the moon sank into a cloud on the horizon; and I turned toward my hotel, which was some distance off near the railway station, to be reached only by traversing a comparatively unfrequented region. Having asked direction of a young soldier—a tribe of which the devil may easily find enough to tempt in Leipzig—he politely offered to accompany me part of the way, and I found him very communicative. But now, at an unexpected moment, an incident occurred which cast more light upon the dark subject I had been thinking of than the old book of annals. We turned from an open square into a narrow street, unlighted, and as silent as it was dark. Just as we entered it a dog barked a little way ahead. The soldier stopped as if he had been struck, and, after an instant's hesitation, turned back into the open square we had left, going another and, I was convinced, a much longer way. My curiosity was excited, and I asked why he had turned back; but he evaded the question, and from being voluble became dumb. Indeed, he soon after left me to get to my hotel as I could.

A dog's bark! Some superstition it was, I felt, and not fear of a dog, that had turned the soldier back from the dark and silent street. I recalled that in the opera it was with the yelp of a hound—a yelp followed by a long howl—that the Wild Huntsman's chase had started. I remembered the black dog in the old fresco in Auerbach's Cellar, looking knowingly upon Faust on his cask. But I thought still more of the reappearance of that dog in Goethe's "Faust," that being the shape in which Mephistopheles first appears. The reader will remember it was when Faust was walking with the student Wagner that the black dog appeared, rushing around them in spiral curves—spreading, as Faust said, "a magic coil as a snare around them;" that after this dog had followed Faust into his study it assumed a huge, monstrous shape, until, under a spell, it changes to a mist from which Mephistopheles steps forth—"the kernel of the brute"—in guise of a traveling scholar.

This passage in "Faust" has been traced by some critics to Goethe's antipathy to dogs—an antipathy which he himself associated with the curious speculation known as his Theory of Monades. The statement referred to is that made in his conversation with Johann Falk, at the time of Wieland's death, which Mrs. Austin has translated in the first volume of her "Characteristics of Goethe:"

"I assume," said Goethe, "various classes and orders of the primary elements of all existences as the germs of all phenomena in nature; these I would call *souls*, since from them proceed the animation or vivification of the whole. Or rather *monades*. Let us always stick to that Leibnitzian term; a better can

scarcely be found to express the simplicity of the simplest existence. Now, as experience shows us, some of these monades or germs are so small, so insignificant, that they are, at the highest, adapted only to subordinate use and being. Others again are strong and powerful. These latter, accordingly, draw into their sphere all that approaches them, and transmute it into something belonging to themselves; *i. e.*, into a human body, into a plant, an animal, or, to go higher still, into a star. This process they continue till the small or larger world, whose completion lies predestined in them, at length comes bodily into light. Such alone are, I think, properly to be called souls.... You may call the germ an idea or a monad as you please; I have no objection. Enough that it is invisible, and antecedent to the visible external development. We must not be misled by the *larvæ* or imperfect forms of the intermediate states which this idea or germ may assume in its transitions. One and the same metamorphosis, or capacity of transformation in nature, produces a rose out of a leaf, a caterpillar out of an egg, and again a butterfly out of the caterpillar.... Annihilation is utterly out of the question; but the possibility of being caught on the way by some more powerful and yet baser monad, and subordinated to it—this is unquestionably a very serious consideration; and I, for my part, have never been able entirely to divest myself of the fear of it, in the way of a mere observation of nature."

At this moment, says Falk, a dog was heard repeatedly barking in the street. Goethe, who had a natural antipathy to dogs, sprang hastily to the window and called to it: "Take what form you will, vile larva, you shall not subjugate me!" After some pause he resumed with the remark: "This rabble of creation is extremely offensive. It is a perfect pack of monades with which we are thrown together in this planetary nook; their company will do us little honor with the inhabitants of other planets, if they happen to hear any thing about them."

Those who carefully peruse the account given by Mr. Lewes of the quarrel between Karl August and Goethe, on account of the opposition of the latter to the introduction of a performing dog on the Weimar stage—an incident which led to his resignation of his position of Intendant of the Theatre—may detect this aversion mingling with his disgust as an artist; and it may be also suspected that it was not the mere noise which caused the tortures he described himself as having once endured at Göttingen from the barking of dogs.

From Leipzig I went to Wiemar, and, of course, straight to the house where Goethe had so long resided, and where his descendants still reside—Goethe's only surviving grandson (son of August v. Goethe and Ottilia v. Pogwisch) and his family. A gentleman of the place, however, informed me that I could not obtain admission to it. "It is," he said, "inhabited by the Baron von Goethe, who preserves an offensive hauteur toward visitors and citizens, with whom he is very unpopular. His only son is nearly a cretin, and so ends the house of Goethe!" Nevertheless, I knocked at the door, to be told by the acrid old woman who opened it, as many no doubt had been before me, that visitors were never admitted, that the master was ill, was absent, etc., etc. I softened Cerbera enough, however, to gain admittance into the lower

rooms, which were entirely bare, and to peep into a side-hall where the stairway ascended. Here I was somewhat startled at seeing the single ornament of the lower part of the house—a large dog, made of dark bronze, looking proudly from his pedestal, as if he would say, "At last, 'vile larva' as I am, the spirit of Goethe is my prey; his monas is imprisoned in the brain of the idiot up stairs—the last of his line!" There could hardly have been a more perfect type of the Poodle in "Faust" than this bronze figure, and how it came to grace the dwelling of the detester of dogs I can not divine. Nevertheless, I have no reason beyond the assertion of a person of whom I know nothing, and one who dislikes the Baron, for believing the story about the last of the Goethes.

It is doubtful if Falk is right in describing Goethe as having a "natural" antipathy to dogs. The probability seems to be rather that when he was steeping his brain in the legends and superstitions of the region in which he lived, in order to reproduce their spirit completely, he encountered this one about the dog, and to a certain extent adopted it. There are certain animals whose diabolical associations are known to many mythologies—as the serpent, the bat, the raven, the cat, and the goat. In some of these there are peculiarities of look and habit which may have suggested an evil relationship. But, however this may be, the friendship between man and the dog and horse, the harmlessness of the hind, suggest at once that they could only have become connected with the spirit of evil under peculiar circumstances. I have traced in Saxony, and in the vicinity of the Black Forest, superstitions connecting with the devil the hound, horse, hart, boar, and wolf. That these, the animals chiefly associated with the ancient German chase, should thus be selected, points us at once to the Wild Huntsman of the Hartz Mountains; and when it is remembered that the superstition of that region also extends to the hunting-horn—of which I shall have more to say presently—and represents Satan as especially besetting marksmen and dealing in magic bullets, it is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that with the famous demon of the Brocken began all the Walpurgis Night of devils and witches which have haunted Germany since the introduction of Christianity.

And who is this "Wild Huntsman?" Unquestionably *Woden*, the supreme Scandinavian god, whom Christianity, when it came to the Northern nations, dethroned, outlawed, and gradually transformed from a deity to a devil.

All devils were originally deities. There are spots where the worship of nearly all of them as such yet survives. It is certain that the serpent, for example, was at one period an almost universal deity. It is not difficult to see why it was worshiped; for worship begins with fear; and there was a mysterious subtlety and deadliness about the serpent—a strange disproportion between the mere scratch of its tooth

and the swiftly-fatal consequences of it—which naturally suggested that it was the messenger of some supernatural power, whose stroke, irremediable by earthly means, might be warded off by sacrifices and supplications.

Historians and mythologists have now pretty much agreed that, whatever may have been the very earliest religion of the Scandinavian and Teutonic peoples, Odin was, for at least the five centuries preceding the Christian era, and probably at the time of the introduction of Christianity among them (though the worship of Thor had become then much more prominent than formerly), their Supreme Deity. He was called in various dialects Odin, Woden, Godin. As worshiped in the North, he represented the ferocity and animal vitality of Nature.

Just before the Christian era there appeared the historic Odin, who, claiming the name of the deity by virtue of descent and the possession of preternatural powers, was the scourge and the conqueror of Denmark, Sweden, and all Northern Germany. He became popularly regarded as the incarnation and authentic warrior of Woden, whose religion he every where upheld, but whose worship he gradually superseded; or, rather, he became confused in the popular mind with the god himself, as, indeed, he has been in the minds of several historians. Now the two chief characteristics of this warrior in the vulgar estimates were, first, his irresistible power in war, and secondly, his habitual practice of the arts of magic and enchantment. The old Sagas are filled with stories of his powers of divination. By it he is declared to have won many victories. He invented the Runic characters, with which spells were in those days associated, as the invention of printing in after-years first fostered, perhaps, the legend of Faustus. As the old mythology had represented the god Odin with a raven on each shoulder, which flew over the world and returned to whisper all secrets in his ears, so was a knowledge of all events ascribed to the flesh-and-blood Odin. Long after this wonderful warrior had passed away to Valhalla his worship prevailed, and it was customary to invoke him on every expedition—particularly when setting forth for war or the chase. He had left behind him a large number of priests, whose rites were chiefly those of pretended sorcery.

Such was the Odinism of the Northern nations when King Olaf brought Christianity among them. How he spread the Gospel is well known. To put a pan of live coals under the belly of one, to force an adder down the throat of another, to offer all men the alternatives of being baptized or burned, were the arguments which this apostle applied with such energy that at last—but not until after many brave martyrdoms—the chief people were convinced. He encountered Odin as if he had been a living foe. He destroyed the old temples and altars without compromise; and though several kings afterward restored many of them, yet Odinism never recovered from the fierce

blows dealt by King Olaf after his conversion in England through the fortune-telling of a hermit.

Nevertheless, an old religion lingers among the lower classes, and is cultivated in remote districts, long after it has disappeared from the centres of wealth and from courts. It was for many generations after Olaf's time that Christian priests and civil authorities had to continue the work of trampling out Odinism. For centuries, indeed, it had its secret worshippers, as Christianity had in the days when it was persecuted. The Christians followed the old method of religious innovation, solemnly declaring Odin to be the chief devil, Thor, Freya, and the rest being subordinate fiends. Their priests were proclaimed sorcerers and witches. Thus the old deities were conquered and outlawed, their heaven being degraded to a hell. Poor Odin was reduced to bribe a shepherd or marksman here and there to do him homage or enlist in his service. The worshippers who still held on to the old beliefs had to meet together at night, by fire-light, in caverns and wolfs' glens, or in lonely woods like the Black Forest. All who went forth to mingle in the rites of these solitudes were declared to be engaged in fatal communications with the devil; and as, being outlaws, they lived by hunting and shooting, it was remembered that the boar, the horse, the dog, and other animals of that kind had always been sacred to Odin—who sometimes assumed their shapes—and these were now held to be accursed. This downward transformation of the Northern deities has been traced by Dr. Dasent in the introduction to his "Popular Tales from the Norse."

If, having started our legendary demon-quarry at Auerbach's Cellar, and followed it through Weimar, we pursue it to the Black Forest or the Odinwald, we may bring them all to their very nests and dens. In these ancient woods and weird hills Odinism was so deeply fixed that it has never been extirpated. The wayfarer who, visiting the Brocken, turns aside but a step from the beaten track of tourists, may still hear peasants tell with subdued breath of the Spectre which their own father, or at most grandfather, saw, or of the Headless Horseman, or of the Walpurgisnacht. It would take a goodly sum to induce a lad to visit that region where all the witches of the universe gather for their saturnalia on the eve of May-day—a date which of itself points to the fact that Walpurgisnacht was originally a camp-meeting of Odin-worshippers. Mephistopheles might well take Faust here, where the very rocks bear in their names—Hell, Firestone, etc.—the vestiges of his infernal parent. At Blankenburg one may see the portrait of the "White Lady" who haunts the palace; and at Rosstrappe the print of the hoof of Princess Brunhilde's horse when he leaped a vast chasm to save her from a giant; also the Bode Kessel or Caldron. The *Devil's Pulpit*, *Witches' Altar*, and *Witches' Lake*, will point the spots

where pious people practiced their rites before they had become diabolical; and these names have passed with emigrants into the great mountain ranges of America.

But it is in the Odinwald that the legends of the Wild Huntsman gain their maximum of vitality. There is the *Riesensäule*, or Giant's Column, and the *Riesenaltar*, with mystic marks, which are relics of an Odin temple; and there, near Erbach, is the Castle of Rodenstein, the especial seat of the Wild Jäger, to which he rides with his infernal train from the neighboring ruins of Schnellert. The village of Reichelsheim has on file the affidavits of the people who heard him just before the battles of Leipzig and Waterloo. Their theory is that if he returns swiftly to Schnellert all will go well for Germany; but if he tarry at Rodenstein 'tis an omen of evil.

Thus we may conclude that a people situated as the Germans were might receive one superstition by one ear, and another by the other, and the two might blend in a *tertium quid*. Woden, the aerial warrior, might thus become the aerial huntsman. This main idea being once formed, it is easy to see how the whole brood of animals associated with the chase would come forth of it with preternatural traits, in the eyes of the people, and consequently how they would all suffer the theological brand of diabolism. That the Edda described Odin as having a raven on each shoulder, as feeding two wolves, as having a roasted boar as the *pièce de resistance* on his table every day, was enough to settle the reputation of those animals in the creed of the Christian priests. But we must dwell a little on the cases of several other animals.

And first of all the horse:

"The horse," says Dasent, "was a sacred animal among the Teutonic tribes from the first moment of their appearance in history; and Tacitus has related how, in the shade of those woods and groves which served them for temples, white horses were fed at the public cost, whose backs no mortal crossed, whose neighings and snortings were carefully watched as auguries and omens, and who were thought to be conscious of divine mysteries. In Persia, too, the classical reader will remember how the neighing of a horse decided the choice for the crown. Here in England, at any rate, we have only to think of Hengist and Horsa, the twin heroes of the Anglo-Saxon migration—as the legend ran—heroes whose name meant *horse*, and of the Vale of the White Horse in Berks, where the sacred form still gleams along the down, to be reminded of the sacredness of the horse to our forefathers. The Eddas are filled with the names of famous horses, and the Sagas contain many stories of good steeds, in whom their owners trusted and believed as sacred to this or that particular god. Such a horse is Dapplegrinn, in the Norse tales, who saves his master out of all his perils, and brings him to all fortune, and is another example of that mysterious connection with the higher powers which animals in all ages have been supposed to possess."

It was believed that no warrior could approach Valhalla except on horseback, and the steed was generally buried with his master. The Scandinavian knight was accustomed to swear "by the shoulder of a horse and the edge of a sword." Odin (the god) was be-

lieved to have always near him the eight-legged horse Sleipnir, whose sire was the wonderful Svadilfari, who by night drew the enormous stones for the fortress defending Valhalla from the frost-giants. On Sleipnir the deity rode to the realm of Hela, when he evoked the spirit of the deceased prophetess Vala, with Runic incantations, to learn Baldur's fate. This is the theme of the *Vegtamsvida*, paraphrased by Gray in his ode beginning—

"Up rose the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed."

The steed, however, was not black, but gray. Sleipnir was the foal of a magically created mare. The demon-mare (Mara) holds a prominent place in Scandinavian superstition, besetting sleepers. In the *Ynglinga Saga*, Vanland awakes from sleep, crying, "Mara is treading on me!" His men hasten to help him, but when they take hold of his head Mara treads on his legs, and when they hold his legs she tramples on his head; and so, says Thiodolf,

"Trampled to death, to Skyta's shore
The corpse his faithful followers bore;
And there they burnt, with heavy hearts,
The good chief killed by witchcraft's arts."

This is, of course, the origin of the common superstition of the nightmare. The horseshoe used against witches is from the same region. We may learn here also the reason why hippophagy has been so long unknown among us. Odin's boar has left his head on our Christmas tables, but Olaf managed to rob us of the horse-flesh once eaten in honor of that god. In the eleventh century he proclaimed the eating of horse-flesh a test of paganism, as baptism was of Christianity, and punished it with death, except in Iceland, where it was permitted by an express stipulation on their embracing Christianity. To these facts it may be added that originally the horse's head was lifted, as the horseshoe is now, for a charm against witches. When Wittekind fought twenty years against Charlemagne the ensign borne by his Saxon followers was a horse's head raised on a pole. A white horse on a yellow ground is to-day the Hanoverian banner, its origin being undoubtedly Odinistic.

It is more difficult to ascertain how the dog became associated with Northern superstition. When Bishop Dithmar, Dudo of St. Quentin, and other Christians first visited the Norsemen they found the chief animals sacrificed to be "horses, dogs, and cocks." How did the cock come to be among the victims? Was it a substitute for the raven, in the difficulty of procuring the latter? Was it an importation by the warrior Odin from the Romans, before whom he retreated when he first entered Scandinavia, who we know found oracles in its entrails? At any rate, the bishops seem to have appreciated poultry too well to permit the cock, or even its giblets (*cabala*), to be banished with the horse and dog from the table. As for the dog, I can not agree with those who find in the be-

lief about "dog-days" and "the dog-star" an indication of the Oriental origin of the Teutonic Poodle. It seems to me to be rather some modification of the notion of the great-wolf *Feurir* of Northern mythology, by which all things were to be finally destroyed. To this wolf, of which the prose Edda has much to say, and to the two wolves Geri and Froki, which the chief god petted and fed, is certainly referable the wide-spread superstition of the were-wolf, or wolves that transform themselves into human shapes for fiendish purposes (as vampires in other mythologies).

The dog was, in the days of Odin, more nearly related; and if, as some think, his bark has been acquired by listening to human speech, his howl would recall his former wolfish nature, and it is the dog's howling at night which is regarded as ominous. It is not wonderful, even apart from this, that the German wolf-hound—fierce, shy, hairy-footed—or the fierce boar-hound (*Canis suillus*), which is nearly four feet high, should have fully caught the diabolical mantle of the wolf on his disappearance. At any rate, wherever the Northmen went they carried this superstition.

When Olaf was laying waste the heathen altars it is not to be wondered that Odin should frequently try to cross his path. So at least the "Christian" king and his friends believed. Once Odin appeared to him as a one-eyed man in broad-brimmed hat, delighting the king in his hours of relaxation with pleasant conversation; but he tried secretly to induce the cook to prepare for his royal master some fine meat which he had poisoned. But Olaf said, "Odin shall not deceive us," and ordered the meat to be thrown away. So Odin lingered only among rustics and huntsmen, and was persecuted even there. In the "*Gulathingis Lagen*" of Norway it is ordered: "Let the king and bishop with all possible care search after those who exercise pagan rites, who use magic arts, who adore the geni of particular places, of tombs, or rivers; and who, after the manner of devils in traveling, are transported from place to place through the air." The proximity or flight of these aerial devils was generally signaled by dogs starting or growling in their sleep, by their howling, and sometimes by their madness.

It is not to be wondered that the superstition which included the animals of the chase should extend to the hunting-horn. In Goethe's lively description of his affliction by the barking dogs of Göttingen, already alluded to, he also expresses his horror of the hunting-horns used by the watchmen, "proving to us by the most frightful and alarming noises that they were keeping watchful guard over the tranquillity of our slumbers." His editor, in quoting the passage from the "*Tag-und-Jahres Hefte*," says of the nocturnal horn:

"I once heard it in a most obscure little town in Franconia, just on the borders of the Black Forest. After his blast the watchman recited four lines—a

sort of invocation or blessing—which was clearly a remnant of the Middle Ages. I jumped up and opened my window to hear it, and only regret I did not write it down."

We find this superstition of the magic hunting-horn reaching as far as Spain, where Roland, fighting at Roncesvalles, in the time of Charlemagne, blew a horn which brought help from distances far beyond the sound of any honest horn. Some have tried to trace the magic horn to the pipe of Pan; but it seems to me more natural to associate it with the horn which sounded when the god Odin consulted that giant's head which he preserved as an oracle. It is said in the *Voluspa* :*
 "High bloweth Heimdall
 His horn aloft.
 Odin consulteth
 Mimir's head.
 The old ash yet standing,
 Yggdrasill
 To its summit is shaken,
 And loose breaks the giant."

These superstitions, gaining their greatest influence under the reaction against Odinism, superinduced by Christianity, were of course unable to retain their universality in any country where the animals in question were constantly increasing in value. Gradually superstition would have to limit itself to a suspicion of particular huntsmen, horses, hounds, hunting-horns, and localities; though we may, perhaps, see in the general European aversion from eating the flesh of horses, dogs, and ravens the extent of the curse upon them. As for the direction in which we must look to trace the degradation of the leader of them all—Wodin, the Wild Huntsman—into the familiar devil of popular theology, we may well heed the subjoined passage from Max Müller :

"Christianity had destroyed the old gods of the Teutonic tribes, and supplied new heroes in the saints and martyrs of the Church. The gods were dead, and the heroes, the sons of the gods, forgotten. But the stories told of them would not die, and, in spite of the excommunication of the priests, they were welcomed wherever they appeared in their strange disguises. Kind-hearted grannies would tell the pretty stories of old, if it were only to keep their little folk quiet. They did not tell them of the gods; for those gods were dead, or, worse than that, had been changed into devils. They told them of nobody; ay, sometimes they would tell them of the saints and martyrs, and the Apostles themselves have had to wear some of the old rags that belonged by right to Odin and other heathen gods. The oddest figure of all is that of the devil in his half-Christian and half-heathen garb. The Arian nations had no devil. Pluto, though of a sombre character, was a very respectable personage; and Loki, though a mischievous person, was not a fiend. The German goddess Hele, too—like Proserpina—had once seen better days. Thus, when the Germans were indoctrinated with the idea of a real devil, the Semitic Satan or Diabolus, they treated him in the most good-humored manner. They ascribed to him all the mischievous tricks of their most mischievous gods. But while the old Northern story-tellers delighted in the success of cunning, the new generation felt in duty

bound to represent the devil in the end as always defeated. He was outwitted in all the tricks which had formerly proved successful, and then quite a new character was produced—the poor and stupid devil, who appears not unfrequently in the German and Norwegian tales."

The old religion having become now the shadow of the new—the Scandinavian god fairly metamorphosed into the Christian devil—that shadow would change with every new form assumed by Christianity in adjusting itself to the unfolding conditions of the people. And no doubt, as Mephistopheles can be traced back, step by step, to Odin's hound, the hound could be traced back to the serpent. In other words, Mephistopheles is simply the type of that scoffing skepticism and denial which was the last form of the hostile nature with which the Church had to deal.

Nevertheless, in comparing the Mephistopheles of Goethe with the same figure as he originally appeared, we find him to be a modified and much more modern spirit. The pre-Goethean Mephistopheles persuades men to deny Christian doctrine and to barter morality for pleasure; he thus represents the favorite assertion of the priest that intellectual heresy is related to moral ruin. But the Mephistopheles of Goethe presents a demon belonging to an age of philosophy never anticipated by the Church—an age which has produced those who question the absolutism of the moral sentiment itself. "Gray is Theory, green life's golden tree." Wilhelm Meister is the picture of the corresponding life—a life which protests against the enormous claim of Virtue to overrule intellect and the whole discipline of life. We must, I apprehend, conclude that Goethe regarded virtue as simply the outweighing of near and transient enjoyments by the distant and permanent, and that Mephistopheles, beginning as a theological denier, becomes the representative of modern moral optimism as well. As he himself says :

"Die Cultur, die alle Welt beleckt,
 Hat auch auf den Teufel sich erstreckt."

"Culture, which has licked the whole world into shape, has at length also reached the devil himself."

The devils of Great Britain and America are all of German origin, as also are the cognate superstitions. When King Edwin and the pagan priest Coifi were converted by the preaching of Paulinus, A.D. 627, it is recorded that the priest determined to destroy his altars. "Then immediately," says Bede, "in contempt of his former superstitions, he desired the king to furnish him with arms and a stallion, and mounting the same, he set out to destroy the idols; for it was not lawful before for the high-priest to carry arms or to ride on any but a mare." Thus Christianity found the superstition about Mara already in England. The belief in the nightmare; the nailed up horseshoe; the whispering of horse-breakers in horses' ears to dispel spirits (an old Arab plan, too, by-the-way); the ill omen of the baying dog; the raven on a ruin stamped on mourning-paper; the

* The *spa* or *spell* of the prophetess Vola. From this comes the name *spa* for a medicinal spring, once supposed to act magically. Hence also *spae-wife* in Scotland, and our word *spy*.

ill luck of Friday (when, formerly, marriages were celebrated, Freya being the Northern Venus, a day which the Christians thought it necessary to stigmatize); all these are the vestiges of the Wild Huntsman, whether found in London society, or the Scottish Highlands, or in the forests of New York.

There are, however, regions where the peculiarities of German demonology are so distinctly traceable, even in details, as to be of ethnological interest. That witches and evil spirits are abroad when tempests are raging is a very common superstition in all Northern countries; but I have recently learned a fact which shows how a bit of the Scandinavia of the eleventh century may be preserved in the heart of one of the most educated communities in the Great Britain of to-day. There is in Edinburgh a number of respectable religious people associated for the purpose of praying through every night against the devastations of Satanic agents. Assuming that the dreadful tempests by which so many ships are wrecked and lives lost are the work of infernal powers, they inferred that the reason why they so generally occur in the night is because the pious are then asleep instead of praying, and Satan has no check upon his malevolence. So the association provided that each member should take a particular hour through which he or she should pray, the succession being so arranged that when one left off another should begin, and thus an unbroken chain of prayer be wrought to restrain the Demon of Tempests!

In Scotland, Wales, and Ireland there may probably be found even yet some of those spots mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as being kept barren as the reservation of some deity. Such were "the gudeman's croft" in Scotland, where the very goodness of the deity is preserved in his title, and the "Sith Bhruaith" (mounts) of Wales. It was believed that the spirits for whom these spots were set apart would raise the most fearful tempests if a plow-share touched them, or even a stone were removed. When Borlase was investigating barrows in the Scilly Isles, late in the last century, he was threatened by the inhabitants when a tempest arose, which they ascribed to the anger of spirits associated with the tumuli.

The magic hunting-horn is often met with in English and Scottish annals. The three conchs which form the arms of a branch of the Shelley family, preserving the tradition of the magical effects wrought by sounds from such possessed by the earliest ancestor of the poet, Sir Phineas Shelley—dissolving evil enchantments, subduing giants and other enemies, and winning all hearts to him that blew—carry us directly back to Odin's Runes in the Eddaic Háva-mál:

"I know a song by which I soften and enchant the arms of my enemies, and render their weapons of no effect!

"I know a song which I need only sing when men have loaded me with chains; for the moment I sing it my chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth at liberty.

"When I see magicians traveling through the air I

disconcert them by a single look, and force them to abandon their enterprise.

"If I aspire to the love and the favor of the chastest virgin, I can bend the mind of the snowy-armed maiden, and make her yield wholly to my desires."

A favorite story of the early part of the last century was that of the horse-jockey in Scotland who sold a black horse to a venerable "gentleman in black," agreeing to meet him at midnight, to receive payment, on one of those Eildon Hills formed by the wizard Michael Scott. After receiving the money the jockey was invited to the antique gentleman's abode, where he was taken along ranges of stalls, in each of which stood a motionless charger with a motionless warrior in armor at his feet. "All these men," said his guide, "will awaken at the battle of Sheriff-muir." At length they came to a sword and a horn, which, the guide said, contained the power to dissolve the spell chaining the warriors and horses. The jockey attempting to blow the horn, the horses and men arose and clashed their armor so dreadfully that the poor wight dropped the horn and fled, pursued, however, by a voice which cried:

"Woe to the coward that ever he was born,

That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn."

A whirlwind then blew the horse-dealer from the cavern, whose entrance he afterward sought in vain to find.

The Hart or Hind, as connected with diabolism, may be traced from where they lead Thomas of Ercildoune, "The Rhymer," into the Northern forest, from which he never returns, to the Porte St. Martin, where, as the *Biche au Bois*, it allures the Parisian crowd for several seasons, then crosses the ocean to become the White Fawn of the American stage.

In the annals of witchcraft the devil is represented as frequently trying to save his witch-children by raising tempests about their persecutors, and there is hardly any animal shape in which he did not appear. Sometimes he is a Ferret, or a Hare; often a Raven, or Crow, or Magpie; oftener still a Cat. But far oftener than any other shape the devil was thought to assume in those days was that of the Dog. I have traced more than thirty cases where alleged witches were executed in England and Scotland in which the main evidence against them would seem to have been their intimacy with suspicious dogs.

There can be no doubt that the antics of the witchcraft era were grotesque imitations or caricatures of the ancient rites of the Norse religion; and the confessions of some of the poor creatures really show that they had some kind of belief in the power of beings of whose origin they knew nothing. How completely the spirits of the Norse mythology had by that time become divested of all grandeur and deformed to the popular imagination may be best gathered from the old cathedrals, on which are represented in every distortion of agony and wrath the animals and human bestialities supposed to

have been driven from within the church by the potency of holy-water. Nearly the entire crew and pack of Woden overrun York Cathedral, which is built on an old Saxon foundation, and supposed therefore to be particularly haunted by the old deities, the Augustinian conception of whom may be derived from the horrible creatures on its roof and cornice.

It is impossible not to feel a certain pathos in the miserable forms in which old religions run to seed. The astronomic religions of the East survive in the absurdities of Zadkiel's almanac; the great apotheosis of Nature represented in the religion of the Northern nations declines to a horseshoe over a door or a prayer at the howling of a dog; the once powerful Druid priest is now some old woman in the police court tried for imposture; the Sybil or Soothsayer are now the fortune-tellers in obscure quarters, visited only by fools greater than themselves! Religions thus attain their immortality only on the Tithonic condition of shrinking to be grasshoppers. Their gods preserve only in their names the traditions of their former splendor and of their varied helpfulness to mankind. But "the fair varieties of earth" which they originally symbolized can not pass away; and under the wand of that one foe to superstition—Science—which has destroyed those whom Christianity had degraded, they must all eventually rise again in the perfect and beautiful laws whose discovery must always deform whatever violates their sacred meaning. The devout science of Germany and England to-day is the reappearance of the old Norse worship. Like the wolf Isengrim, who became a monk, but when the brethren would make him utter paternosters would only cry *lamb, lamb*—and whose "thoughts were ever to the woodward"—so the Northman was conquered and made a monk; but from beneath the cowl the old voice of his nature is still heard, and he still yearns to explore the universe in which he beholds the visible raiment of the Deity.

LOVE ON CRUTCHES.

PERSIS came hopping in like a bird. "Dear, dear!" said she, presently, peering out from a cloud of silks and laces, "what shall I do for a dress-maker?"

"Why, where is Rhoda Tracy?"

"Gone to fill a vacancy, mamma. In other words, she has married a widower."

Mrs. Talbot laughed.

"Well, let her go, my dear; you can have Mrs. Blake."

"Oh, but Rhoda is better. Only think of her leaving me and becoming somebody's second wife! For my part I wouldn't thank any man for his affections *warned over*."

"My little Persis, don't fret. No man will ever offer you his affections, either fresh or warmed over, you may depend on that."

"Then he needn't, and I sha'n't have to refuse him," retorted Persis, gayly, as she dipped,

swallow-like, this way and that, laying away the silks.

But there was a painful flush on her young cheeks, and a moment after she swept gracefully out of the room. Unless you looked twice you would never have divined the cause of her peculiar sideways motion. The gold-mounted crutch which peeped in and out of the folds of her dress was like a wand of enchantment, and, as was said of Mlle. Salle, "all her steps were sentiments."

When Persis was a baby her perfect beauty had well-nigh wrought her ruin. The nurse, proud of her superb little figure and graceful poses, was accustomed, with criminal recklessness, to perch her on a broad mantle and show her off to visitors. In this way the little creature had a fall which made one limb shorter than the other, and lamed her for life. Persis had suffered very little physical pain, but the mortification had been intense; it had given a morbid coloring to an otherwise rose-colored life.

"No man will ever offer you his affections, you may depend on that," repeated she, burying her face in a sofa-pillow. "Mamma says it, and it is true; I knew it all before. Stanley Warner means nothing by all his tender words and tenderer glances. He is as proud as Lucifer, and would never abide the mortification of a lame wife. It does seem cruel! But I will not eat my heart for any man!" exclaimed she, spiritedly, springing up and dashing off the unshed tears. "And now for the party, and a gay new dress! I'll send for Mrs. Blake forthwith."

It so happened that Rhoda, in flying away with her widower, had dropped her mantle on Mrs. Blake, who used her needle and scissors like a fairy straight from the land of elves. How marvelous a dress she fashioned out of "such stuff as dreams are made of," and how Persis floated off in it like a vision of beauty! As fair and sweet, said Celia Warner, as a "wounded dove." Persis caught the words, and the little morbid spot in her heart ached afresh.

"No, Mr. Warner," said she, proudly, as he asked her to dance. "I prefer to sit in this window; it is so pleasant to watch the crowd in motion."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Warner, biting his mustache, and moving away with a graceful flourish. "I was thoughtless to make the request."

And he never dreamed that his words hurt.

"He forgets sometimes that I am a 'wounded dove,'" sighed Persis from the window-seat; "but, sooner or later, he always comes to his senses."

There was one man who did not forget, and that was Ephraim Zelic. But then Persis did not care very much what Ephraim remembered or what he forgot. He was a "worthy young man;" and she said, in her girlish intolerance, "If there's one thing stupider than another it is your *worthy* young man!" He taught school