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displayed in this hall, Quast, who speaks from the perspective views of it made by the architect, expresses himself in terms of the greatest admiration, affirming that it would have been to the Athenian palace what the Sala de los Embaxadores is to Alhambra. We dare not indulge our own inclination by pursuing the description any further, and shall therefore only add that Schinkel appears to have mastered very happily the difficulties presented by the irregularity of the site, taking advantage of it to give great play and variety to every part of his design; and that the whole of the Acropolis, as laid out by him, would have been rendered a most fascinating spot, where elegance and refinement would have been so happily blended with the sublime, as shown in the monuments of elder days, that, instead of disagreeably jarring with the dignified structures of classical antiquity, they would rather have heightened their effect by just that degree of contrast which would have given reciprocal relief and value to the ancient features and to the new.

We trust that Schinkel's designs for this Athenian palace, though their execution has been frustrated, will not be entirely lost to his admirers, and that, if not introduced into his "Entwürfe," they will form the subject of a separate publication. If ever any one has conceived his subjects in the true spirit of Grecian architecture, designing, as its best masters would have done, had they lived in our times and been called upon to apply their art to other purposes and exigencies than those they had to provide for, it is Schinkel. Nor can more satisfactory testimony be borne to his taste and ability than that of Schaubert, who, after returning to Berlin from Athens, where he had been contemplating the majesty of the Parthenon, and the finished grace of the Erechtheum, pronounced the façade of the Museum at Berlin to be superior to any other architectural production in all Europe.

In this country, unhappily, we content ourselves with erecting portico after portico, all confined to one idea, all nearly upon the same scale, and consisting of a mere range of columns beneath a pediment, with little other difference than what is occasioned by the order employed, or the actual number of the columns.

It is time for us to attempt, if ever we are to do so, something more than this,—to produce some one specimen at least that should be a complete type of Grecian architecture and decoration, concentrating into a focus, as it were, all its most attractive and imposing qualities;—one that, besides being far superior to any thing we have yet achieved, in regard to positive grandeur of dimensions

and nobleness of material, should also exhibit the full effect of columns in combination, by showing at least one inner range of them behind those in front, which disposition conduces so greatly both to perspective variety and motion, and to the play and contrast of chiaroscuro. The whole should be elaborately enriched: besides reliefs on the inner walls, there should be ornamental accessories enriched with statuary and sculpture;—there should be not only bronze and gilding, but coloring, polychrome embellishments, if not subjects in painting. Beauty of design and material ought to be extended not only to the ceiling, but to the pavement. Not only the portal, but the doors themselves should exhibit the most refined taste,—the most finished workmanship. After requiring so much for the interior, a part of a portico on which our architects scarcely bestow any thought whatever, it is almost needless to say that we should demand sculpture, if not color also, to be liberally employed in the external frieze and pediment. Yet where can we point to a single instance where any thing at all like this has been done? Mr. Wilkins's portico to the National Gallery stops very far short indeed of Athenian taste and imagination, although it may perhaps satisfy those who conceive that a well-spaced range of columns is of itself sufficient to constitute a work of Grecian architecture, and to make us perfectly acquainted with all the essentials and characteristics of that style.

Both the profession and the public seem to stick quite fast at this point; yet a wide space remains to be cleared ere we get fairly within the pale of the real *véμνωσ* of Athenian art; for until we produce at least one finished and perfect exemplar, showing not the mere forms alone, but the varied enrichments, the living hues which the ancients delighted to spread over their edifices, with what would now be considered lavish if not tasteless luxuriance,—we may go on prating for ever of Grecian architecture, but it will be of a common-place ideal of our own; nor shall we be able to attain to any adequate conception of it as it actually existed in Greece itself.

ART. IX.—*Von Bruoder Rauschen, und was Wunders er getriben hat in einem Closter, u. s. w.* (Of Brother Rush, and the Wonders he performed in a Monastery, &c.) Edited by Ferdinand Wolf and Stephen Endlicher. 8vo. Vienna. 1835. Only 50 copies printed.

THE character and form of the unpremedi-

tated creations of man's imagination depend as much upon external circumstances, and upon impressions from without, as upon the variation of character in man himself. The ferocity of Scandinavian or Gothic heroes could admit into its mystic creed no beings but those which inspired awe and terror, because it was unaccustomed to the quiet enjoyments of peace, to pleasant meadows or laughing glens; it contemplated only steel, and wounds, and blood. The wild hunter, who tracked his prey over the barren mountains which were as much his home as that of that of the beasts he pursued, to whom nature presented herself in her most gigantic and awful forms, himself acquainted only with danger, must have a creed which par-took of the character of everything around him—the supernatural world was to him peopled with fierce and malignant demons. Just so the solitary hermit, who in the earlier ages of western Christianity fixed his abode in the deserts and the fens, rude and inhospitable tracts, could conceive them to be peopled by nothing but devils. But to the peaceful peasant, on whom nature ever smiled in her most joyous mood, she was peopled by gay and harmless spirits, who like himself loved to play and laugh—the beings he feared were restricted to the mountains whose heads rose in the dim distance, or their visits were confined within the darkness of night.

Thus, the only beings with whom a Beowulf would claim acquaintance were those against whom he might signalize his valor, the nickers who set upon him in the sea amidst the fury of the tempest, the grendel, the nightly devourer of royal thanes, and the fire drake whose vengeance carried destruction amongst his subjects. The literature which the darker ages have left us is not of that kind which would indicate to us the lighter superstitions of our forefathers. The impressions of fear are deeper and more permanent than those of mirth, and are more speedily communicated. The monks, whose greatest error was not that of scepticism, par-took in all the superstitions of the vulgar—they disbelieved none of the fables of paganism, but they looked upon them in a new light. To them all spirits were either angels or devils, and as their canons assured them that the beings of the vulgar creed, which were in fact the remains of paganism, were not to be admitted into the former class, they threw them all indiscriminately into the latter. The creed of the monks could naturally admit of no harmless devils, of none who played for the sake of play alone, and the pranks and gambols and mischievous tricks of a puck or a hobgoblin were only so many modes by

which the evil one sought to allure the simple countryman into his power, to lead him to temptation and sin. But the playful freaks of Satan were not so often performed before the monks themselves, and therefore seldom found a place in their legends. The fears of the peasantry, on the other hand, were soon imparted to their spiritual teachers, and the latter were, or believed themselves to be, constantly persecuted by the malignity of the demons. It is our impression, indeed, that the monkish superstitions were entirely founded upon the old popular superstitions: instead of fighting against the errors of paganism, they soon fell themselves into that of supposing that they were engaged in a more substantial war against the spirits who belonged to the older creed, and whose interest it would be to support it. Thus, in their eagerness for the battle, they created their opponents. As the monks were generally successful in these encounters, they became bolder, and resolved to attack the enemy in his stronghold, seeking solitary residences among the fens and wilds. Hence, perhaps, arose in some degree the passion for becoming hermits. From all these circumstances it arises that, in the legends of the monks, although it is the creed of the peasantry which is presented to us, yet that creed is there so distorted and so partially represented as to be with difficulty recognised.

We have thus but little knowledge of the mirthful beings, the pucks and robin-good-fellows, of the peasantry, during the earlier ages of our history. That the popular mythology included such beings we have abundant proofs in the numerous allusions to them at a somewhat later period, namely, the twelfth century, after which the traces of them again nearly disappear, until the period when the invention of printing, and the consequent facility of making books, created a literature for the vulgar, and when the stories of their popular belief which had hitherto been preserved orally were collected for their diversion. Then we find that, as in earlier ages separate ballads had been woven together into epic cycles, so these popular stories were strung together, and a certain character of reality given to them in the person of a single hero, a Robin Goodfellow, a Hudekin, or, as in the curious tract whose title heads our paper, a Friar Rush. The sudden appearance of these stories and collections of stories gives rise to problems relating to their formation, which the want of a sufficient acquaintance with the stories in their earlier form renders it sometimes difficult to resolve; and it is only by an historical comparison of our scanty data that we can arrive

at any satisfactory knowledge of the nature and sources of the materials of which they are composed.

In this research, we must not reject even the legends of the monks, for they sometimes illustrate the lighter superstitions of our peasantry, as we may easily enough suppose, because, so long as the monks believed the imaginary pranks of the hobgoblins to be so many temptations of the evil one, there was no reason why, though they were generally subjected to severer trials, he should not at times practise upon them the same jokes, by way of diversifying his attacks. When the great Luther could believe a girl to be possessed by "a jovial spirit,"* we may easily pardon the monks if we sometimes find them in their legends subjected to temptations of the evil one which are very equivocal in their nature, and in which he shows himself in a no less equivocal form. Indeed in some of these temptations it is difficult to say what was the harm intended, and we can only explain the monkish story by translating it into the language and creed of the peasantry, and by introducing Robin Goodfellow upon the stage. As an example we will take a saint of a somewhat later period, of the twelfth century, because we have abundant authorities to prove that the frolicsome elves then held their place in the popular mythology. Every one must have heard of St. Godric and his solitary hermitage at Finchale, near Durham, on the banks of the Wear, a spot too wild not to be haunted by hosts of hobgoblins. Generally speaking, though it is certain that they led him a very uneasy life, Godric seems to have been too strong or too cunning for his spiritual tormentors. Once,

however, he was deceived. A goblin appeared to him in the night, and told him that by digging in a certain place he would find a treasure. Godric was not covetous, but he thought that it would be a more Christianlike act to take the money and distribute it among the poor, than to let it lie buried in the earth—he believed the evil one, in spite of the admonitions of his faith which characterised him as a liar from the beginning,—but out of the hole which he dug, instead of treasure, there came a troop of elves, who laughed at the hermit and fled away. Godric's chief employment was digging in his garden. One day, while he was at work, came a man whose stature and appearance were sufficient to create suspicion—he reproached Godric with idleness, and the saint, who was again deceived, gave him his spade, and allowed him to proceed in his work whilst he himself went to his devotions. On his return, he found to his astonishment that the stranger in the course of an hour had done the work of eight days. With the sacred images which were in his book he put to flight the evil one, and he made the earth which had been dug do penance by lying fallow for seven years.*

If we look upon the two foregoing stories as mere saints' legends, they are out of their place, and appear to us to have no object—the whole amount of the evil done or intended by the devil was but a merry frolic: but when we look upon them in another light, when we consider that Godric himself was but a peasant, and that naturally enough he partook in the superstitions of his fellows, we recognise in the first a treasure legend, one which may be compared with any of those in our excellent friend Crofton Croker's Irish Tales, and in the tall gentleman who dug so efficiently there can be no doubt that we have the laborious elf, the Scottish Brownie, the Portunus of Gervase of Tilbury: who, in the same century, tells us that these spirits, when they found any thing undone in the house they entered at night, fell to work and finished it in an inconceivably short space of time (*si quid gestandum in domo fuerit, aut onerosi operis agendum, ad operandum se jungunt,*

* See Michelet's interesting work, the *Mémoires de Luther*, 1836, tom. 3, p. 170. The alchemists and the rosicrucians even in the seventeenth century reproduced all the superstitions of the monks and peasantry of an earlier period. In the MS. Harl. 6482 (17th century), a most extensive collection of the doctrines of these people, we have the following account of the hobgoblins. "Of spirits called Hobgoblins or Robin-good-fellows. These kinde of spirits are more familiar and domestical than the others, and, for some causes to us unknown, abide in one place more than in another, so that some never almost depart from some particular houses, as though they were their proper mansions, making in them sundry noises, rumors, mockeries, gawds, and gasts, without doing any harme at all, and some have heard them play on gitterns and jews harps, and ring bells, and make answer to those that call them, and speak with certain signes, laughers, and merry gestures, so that those of the house come at last to be so familiar and well acquainted with them that they fear them not at all." The writer goes on to say that, though they seem harmless, they would do harm if they could, and that every body ought to be on their guard against them.

* The life of Godric is given in Capgrave, *Legends Nova Angli.*—but there exists in MS. a life much longer and very interesting, written by a person who conversed with the hermit, MS. Harl. No. 2277. The digging story is found in the MS. at fol. 48, v^o, in Capgrave, fol. clx. v^o, Ed. Wynk. de Worde. The treasure legend occurs at fol. 60, v^o, of the MS. (Capg. fol. clxiiij, v^o). The elves mentioned in the latter were very small and black, which was their general color in the monkish stories. Godric often saw such elves, see the MS. fol. 62.

cius humana facilitate expediunt). Godric was frequently a witness of the playful rogueries of the demon, as well when performed upon others as upon himself (MS. Harl. fol. 47, v^o.), and on one occasion the evil one amused himself, and no doubt the saint also, by dancing before him most ludicrously in the form of a distended sack (f. 69, v^o).

Another story which is told of Godric is equally pertinent to our subject. One day in autumn, the saint was gathering his apples. Suddenly there appeared on the other side of his hedge a great rough looking fellow, whose outer garment, open from his neck to his thighs, resembled green bark, beneath which he seemed to be clad in a rough bullock's hide. "Give me some apples, hermit!" shouted the stranger, and he shouted more than once, for at first Godric paid little attention to him. At last the hermit, turning towards him, said that if he would have any he must ask for them in the name of charity. "I ask for them in the name of charity, then," was the answer, in a gruff and rather embarrassed tone. "Take them," said Godric, "in the name of charity, and give God thanks." But the stranger threw them down, and, turning about, after saluting Godric by certain gestures which were none of the most becoming, marched slowly away, leaving however a testimony of his fiendlike nature in the odor which followed him, at which the poor saint was so horrified that "every hair of his body stood stiff like the bristles of a boar." In our note below, we give this curious story as it stands in the original.* It may, we think, be true, as it is told by one who conversed with the hermit, but it must be true just as long afterwards that another person took the keeper of a forest for Robin Goodfellow: such boors as Godric's devil were not confined to the twelfth century. Godric judged of the nature of his visiter by the smell which he left behind him, but to us

the color of his coat tells to what class of beings the saint was thinking of.

Contemporary with Godric there lived at Farnham in Yorkshire, another pious rustic, whose name was Ketel, and whom we may term the elf-seer. The historian William of Newbury relates many wonderful anecdotes of him. While but a lad, Ketel was one day returning from the field, riding on the waggon-horse, when suddenly, in a place perfectly level and smooth, the horse stumbled as though he had met with an obstacle, and his rider was thrown to the ground. As he raised himself up, Ketel beheld two very small black elves, who were laughing most lustily at the trick they had played upon him. From that hour was given to him the power of seeing the elves, wherever they might be and whatever they might be doing, and he often saved people from their malice. He assured those who were fortunate enough to gain his confidence, for he did not tell these things to every body, that there were some hobgoblins (demons) who were large and strong, and who were capable of doing much hurt to those who might fall into their power; but that others were small and contemptible, incapable of doing much harm, and very stupid and foolish, but which delighted in tormenting and teasing mankind. He said that he often saw them sitting by the road-side on the look-out for travellers upon whom to play their tricks, and laughing in high glee when they could cause either them or their horses to stumble, particularly when the rider, irritated against his steed, spurred and beat him well after the accident. Ketel, as might be supposed, drew upon himself by his officiousness, and by his power of seeing them, the hatred of the whole fraternity. A story equally curious, as showing how the popular legends were adopted by the monks of other countries as well as of our own, is that of the elf who in the earlier half of the twelfth century haunted the cellar of a monastery in the bishopric of Treves, told by our English chronicler John of Brompton. One morning, when the butler entered the cellar, he was not a little mortified at finding that during the night a whole cask of wine had been emptied, and that at least the greater part of its contents had been spilt on the floor. Supposing this accident to have arisen out of the carelessness of his man, the butler was angry, chid him severely, and, locking the door of the cellar, took the key into his own charge. But all his precautions were vain, for the next morning another cask of wine was in the same condition. The butler, now utterly astonished, repaired in all speed to the father abbot, and, after due consultation, they went together to the cellar, where, having sprinkled

* "Cum poma colligeret in autumno quidam procerus et circa humeros plusquam homo distentus, lustrabat seipem, habens exterius operimentum quasi de cortice viridi, ab humeris usque ad renes distantum, interius autem velud corium bovis hirsutum. Qui vociferans, 'Heremita,' dicebat, 'da mihi de pomis.' Ille prius tacuit, sed cum importunius instaret, conversus ad eum, 'Frustra,' inquit, 'laboras, nisi pro caritate rogaveris.' Tunc imperfecta verbi prolatione, 'Pro caritate,' dixit, 'postulo.' Ad hec Sanctus, poma proferens ait, 'Accipe, et Deo gratias ago.' Ille oblata respuit, et cepit recedere lento gressu cum fetore, posteriora sua ostendens, et verenda nimis longa et horrida pro se trahens. Ex hoc turpi aspectu ita vir sanctus inhorruit, ut omnes sui corporis pilos tanquam setas porcorum exurgere et rigere sentiret. Quanto autem ille temptator longius discedebat, tanto magis et fetor et turpitas crescebat." MS. Harl. fol. 69, v^o.

all the barrels with holy water, the latter closed firmly the door, sealed it with the seal of the abbey, and took the key into his own keeping. Next morning he repaired again to the cellar, and found the door exactly as he had left it. The door was speedily opened, and the first object which met his view was a small black elf (*puerulum nigrum mirandæ parvitatîs*) sticking fast by his hands to one of the vessels on which the holy water had been thrown. The abbot took the elf clothed him in the habit of a monk, and kept him long in the school of the monastery, where he never grew any bigger. But one day an abbot from a neighboring monastery came to examine the scholars, and, on hearing the story, counselled his brother abbot to keep no longer the devil in his house. The moment his monkish robe was taken from him, the elf vanished. Similar stories run through the mythology of all the western people;—we will point out the story of the Haunted Cellar in Crofton Croker's *Irish Fairy Legends*, with the premisal that we consider the greater part of those legends as being of Saxon and not of Irish origin.

We could easily multiply our examples of fairy stories inserted among the monkish legends, particularly those of a less ludicrous nature. Godric and Ketel having been both rustics, their lives abound more with legends founded upon those of the peasantry than the life of any other saint, and they thus show us more distinctly the connection between the superstitions of the two classes. We have at the same time a few independent allusions (or nearly independent, inasmuch as though related by monks they are given as popular legends) to these stories in their original form. We will give two examples of such allusions, which are quoted by the Grimms in the introduction to the *Irîsche Elfenmârchen*. The first is of the ninth century, and is told by the monk of San Galen, whose work is printed in the fifth volume of Dom Bouquet. It is a story of the laborious playful goblin (*demon qui dicitur larva, cui curæ est ludicris hominum illusionibus vacare*), and the latter part of it may be compared with the foregoing story of the elf who haunted the abbot's cellar. Our goblin frequented the forge of a smith, where he played all night with the anvil and hammers, to the no small annoyance of their proprietor, who resolved to drive him away by the signing of the cross. But the elf had formed an attachment to the place, and was not willing to go: "Gossip," said he to the smith, "let me play in thy forge, and if thou wilt place here thy pitcher thou shalt find it every day full of wine." The terms were readily accepted, and every night the elf repaired to the cellar

of the bishop, filled his pitcher with wine, and, clumsily enough, left the cask open so that all the rest of the wine ran out upon the floor. The bishop soon perceived what was going on in his cellar, and supposing that the mischief must be the work of some spiritual adversary, he sprinkled the cellar with holy water, and fortified it by the sign of the cross. The night following the elf entered as usual with his pitcher, but he could neither touch the wine nor escape from the place, and in the morning they took him and bound him to a stake, where he was condemned to undergo the punishment due to a thief. Amidst his stripes he never ceased to cry, "Alas! alas! I have lost my gossip's pitcher!" Our other extract is from a very old *Pœnitentiale* which is preserved in a manuscript at Vienna; it alludes evidently to the same class of stories, and to a practice which had arisen out of them, and points out the necessary penitence for those who "had thrown little bows and small shoes into their cellars and barns, in order that the hobgoblins might come thither to play with them, and might in return bring them other people's goods."

From some cause or other, with which we are not well acquainted, our chronicles of the twelfth century are full of fairy legends. The Cambrian Giraldu, Gervase of Tilbury, William of Newbury, and a host of others, give us so much curious information on the popular mythology of their time, that we can, without much difficulty, sketch the outlines of the vulgar creed. We are there made acquainted with the mischievous elf in all his different shapes, and Gervase even is doubtful whether, on account of the harmlessness of his jokes he ought to call him a *demon* or not—"Ecce enim Angliæ dæmones quosdam habet, dæmones, inquam, nescio dixerim an secretas et ignotæ generationis effigies."

The familiar goblin of Gervase of Tilbury, like the fir-darrig of the Irish, and Milton's 'lubber fiend,' loved to seat himself before the remains of the fire after the family had retired to their slumbers: he then appeared as a very little man, with an aged countenance, and his face all covered with wrinkles. He was very harmless, and his great characteristic was simplicity, in which he resembled the rustics, whose houses he commonly frequented. One of his names, indeed, (*folleus*, Gerv. T., the modern French *follet*, which is a diminutive of the old French *fols*, *fou*.) signifies the little mad-cap, and may refer both to his simplicity and to his pranks. The *follets* of Gervase haunted generally the houses of country-people, whence neither holy water nor exorcism could expel them. They were invisible, and made known their arrival by throwing

about stones, and wood, and even the pots and kettles. They also talked with great freedom. Girildus tells us many stories of the domestic and playful elves of his native county of Pembroke, where they were very common, and plagued people by throwing dirt at them, and by cutting and tearing their garments. They took great delight also in telling people's secrets, and they paid no heed to the priests or their conjurations. Sometimes they entered into people, who thus became possessed, and they there continued their tricks and their conversation. An elf of this kind, in human form, entered the house of our Elidore Stakepole, in that county, where he hired himself as a servant, and proved himself extremely faithful and diligent. As in every instance where an elf, whether puck, or brownie, or troll, has formed an attachment to a place, he has brought good luck along with him, so the family of Elidore Stakepole prospered exceedingly—every thing went well with them. But Elidore, like many another in his situation, ruined himself by his curiosity. The elf was accustomed, during the night, to resort to the river, which shows his connection with the whole family of the Teutonic alfen. One night he was watched, and the next day he quitted for ever the house of Elidore Stakepole, after telling the family who he was, and how he had been begotten by an incubus on a woman of the parish.

Before leaving the familiar elf of the twelfth century, we will present to our readers an unedited legend from a work of that century, the manuscript chronicle of Ralf of Coggeshale, which is particularly curious, from its singular resemblance to the more modern story of the German Hinzelmann. During the reign of the first Richard, there appeared frequently, and for a long space of time, in the house of Sir Osbern de Bradwell, at Dagworth in Suffolk, "a certain fantastical spirit," who conversed with the family of the aforesaid knight, always imitating the voice of an infant. He called himself *Malikin*; and he said that his mother and brother dwelt in a neighboring house, and that they often chided him because he had left them and had presumed to hold converse with mankind. The things which he did and said were both wonderful and very laughable, and he often told people's secrets. At first the family of the knight were extremely terrified, but by degrees they became used to him, and conversed familiarly with him. With the family he spoke English; and that, too, in the dialect of the place; but he was by no means deficient in learning; for, when the chaplain made his appearance, he talked

Latin with perfect ease, and discoursed with him upon the Scriptures. He made himself heard and felt too, readily enough, but he was never seen but once. It seems that he was most attached to one of the female part of the family, a fair maiden, who had long prayed him to show himself to her; at last, after she had promised faithfully not to touch him, he granted her request, and there appeared to her a small infant, clad in a white frock. He also said that he was born at Lavenham; that his mother left him for a short time in a field where she was gleaning; that he had been thence suddenly carried away, and had been in his present condition seven years; and that after another seven years he should be restored to his former state. He said that he and his companions had each a cap, by means of which they were rendered invisible. This was the German *tarn-kappe*. He often asked for food and drink, which, when placed on a certain chest, immediately disappeared. The writer, from whom this story is quoted, asserts that he had it from the chaplain who figures in it.*

Another story has been pointed out to us in a manuscript of the thirteenth century, preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford,

* "*De quodam fantastico spiritu.*—Tempore regis Ricardi, apud Dagheurthe in Suthfolke, in domum domini Osberni de Bradewelle, quidam fantasticus spiritus multociens et multo tempore apparuit, loquens cum familia predicti militis, vocem infantis unius anni in sono imitatus, ac se *Malikin* vocitabat. Matrem vero suam cum fratre in domo vicina manere assererat, et se frequenter ab eisdem objurgari dicebat, eo quod ab eis discedens cum hominibus loqui presumeret. Mira et risui digna et agebat et loquebatur, et aliquoties aliorum occultos actus retgens. Ex colloquiis ejus primo uxor militis et tota familia valde territa est, sed postmodum ejus verbis et ridiculis actibus assuefacti, confidenter ac familiariter cum eo loquebantur, plurima ab eo inquirentes. Loquebatur autem Anglice secundum idioma regionis illius, interdum etiam Latine et de Scripturis sermocinabatur cum capellano ejusdem militis, sicut ipse nobis veraciter protestatus est. Audiri et sentiri potuit, sed minime videri, nisi semel a quadam puella de thalamo visus est in specie parvissimi infantis, qui induebatur quadam alba tunica, nimium prius a puella rogata et adjurata ut se visibilem ei exhiberet, que nullo modo ejus petitioni consentire voluit, donec puella per Deum juraret, quod eam nec tangeret nec teneret. Confessa est quoque quod nata erat spud Lauaham, et dum mater ejus secum eam deferret in campum ubi cum aliis messuit, et solam eam relinqueret in parte agri, a quadam ala rapta est et transposita, et jam .vij. annis cum eadem manserat, et dicebat quod prout alios .vij. annos reverteretur ad pristinam hominum cohabitationem. Cap[p]ello quodam se et alios uti dicebat, qui se invisibiles reddebat. Cibaria et potus ab assistentibus multociens exigebat, que super quadam archam reposita, amplius non inveniebantur."—*MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. X. fol. 89, v^o*. The confusion of genders makes the latter part rather obscure.

which at once introduces Robin Goodfellow both in name and action. It occurs amongst a collection of short stories, moralized after the manner of the time, and, as a specimen of the whole, we give both the tale and its moral. "Once Robinet was in a certain house in which certain soldiers were resting for the night, and, after having made a great clamor during the better part of the night, to their no small annoyance, he was suddenly quiet. Then said the soldiers to each other, 'Let us now sleep, for Robinet himself is asleep.' To which Robinet made reply, 'I am not asleep, but am resting me, in order to about the louder after.' And the soldiers said, 'It seems, then, that we shall have no sleep to-night.' So sinners sometimes abstain for a while from their wicked ways, in order that they may sin the more vigorously afterwards. The soldiers are the angels about Christ's body, Robin is the devil or the sinner," &c.*

This last story, if it be of the thirteenth century, is an almost solitary allusion to the pranks of the familiar elf in England for a long period after the century preceding. During the latter part of the twelfth century, and the whole of the thirteenth, a vast struggle and a vast revolution of feelings and notions were going forward in our island. With the change came in gradually a new and more refined literature; the saints' legends were thrown aside to make way for the romances; and the gross and mischievous elves lost their reputation before that of the more airy and genteel race who were denominated by the newly introduced name of fairies. It is worthy indeed of remark, that the manuscripts of the lives and miracles of the English saints are by far the best and most numerous during the twelfth and the earlier half of the thirteenth centuries. We must therefore pass over the centuries which follow, and come immediately to the period of the formation of those histories, of which we shall at present consider the adventures of Friar Rush to be the representative, the more so as his was a story popular throughout the whole of Teutonic Europe.

It had long been supposed that the original of the history of Friar Rush must have

existed in Germany; and at last our excellent friend, Mr. Thoms, (who had previously reprinted in his *Early Prose Romances* the English story) accidentally discovered an early poem on the same hero in the German tongue. He communicated the discovery to his friend Dr. Wolf, who afterwards found several copies of different editions in the German libraries, all of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and from his researches has been produced the curious and elegant volume which we have now before us. This German poem is the earliest version of the story of which we have any knowledge; and, as might perhaps be expected is the simplest in its details. Its hero is introduced to us as a *bonâ fide* devil; but there are too many traits in his actions and character to allow us to be mistaken in identifying him with the elves of whom we have been speaking. There was once, as the legend tells us, a fair abbey—

"In distant land beside a wood,
Well known to fame an abbey stood;
A numerous brotherhood within;
But ill did abbey discipline
Sort with the joyous warmth of youth,
And oftener dwelt their thoughts, in sooth,
On gentle damsel's charms and beauty,
Than on their gospels or their duty."^{*}

The German legend places the abbey in Denmark—

"In Denmarck bey Helsinghore genant,
Do ym das kloster was wol bekannt:"

The Danish poem, on the contrary, fixes it in Germany, in 'Saxon-land;' and the English, leaving the question entirely unresolved, tells us simply that it was 'beyond the sea.' Be this as it may, our worthy friend, Friar Rush, saw that there was a noble occasion of doing mischief, and he repaired to the abbey in the garb of a youth who sought employment. He was well received by the abbot, and appointed to serve in the kitchen. But he soon made it manifest that he was fitted for higher and more confidential service. Before night he performed the part of a skilful envoy, and pro-

* "Nota de Robineto qui fuit in quadam domo in qua milites quidam quadam nocte hospitati sunt, et cum media nocte multum clamasset, et milites valde inquietasset, et a sompno impedisset, tandem clamore fassus quievit. Et dixerunt milites ad invicem, 'Dormiamus modo, quis modo dormit Robinetus.' Quibus Robinetus respondit, 'Non dormio, sed quiesco, ut melius postea clamem.' Et dixerunt milites, 'Ergo non dormiamus hac nocte.'... Milites sunt angeli... Robinus diabolus vel peccator."--*MS. Digby, No. 179.*

* We give the passage thus loosely paraphrased as a specimen of the style of the old German poem—

"Ain kloster vor eim walde lag,
dar in man vil der wunder pfag.
Do waren m^unch ein michel theil,
sie waren iung vnd dar suo geil,
Vnd schwarze kutten truogen sie dar;
sie dienten gott gar wenig zwar.
Ein yetlicher wolt haben ein eigen weib;
des ward vnder ynen mancher strayt."

cured for the father abbot the company of the dame whom he had long desired. The fame of Rush was soon spread amongst the community, and every brother of the abbey was fitted with a bedfellow after his liking. Time passed on, and Rush made continual advances in favor, when a sudden quarrel arose between him and the 'Master Cook,' who seconded his orders by rude strokes of a staff which lay ready at hand. Rush was enraged, seized the cook, and threw him into a pot which was boiling on the fire, where he was scalded to death. The abbot and the friars, hearing that an accident had happened to their cook, unanimously chose Rush into his place, who in his new office gained daily an increase of their good graces by the excellent dishes which he prepared for them, particularly on fast days. For seven years did Rush serve in the abbey kitchen, and in the eighth, he was called before the abbot, and was made a friar in reward for his services.

One day the friars found brother Rush sitting in the gateway cutting wooden staves, and they asked him what he was doing, and he told them that he was making for them weapons, with which, in case of danger, they might defend their abbey. And about the same time there arose great dissension between the abbot and the prior, and between the monks, and all for the sake of a woman; and each party went secretly to Friar Rush and provided themselves with stout staves. The same night, at matins, there was a great fray; the abbot struck the prior, and the prior struck the abbot again, and every monk drew forth his staff, and there were given plenty of hard blows. Rush, to increase the confusion, blew out the lights, so that none knew his friend from his foe; and then, seizing the great bench, he threw it amidst the combatants, whereby not a few had broken bones, so that they all lay together in the chapel in a most dismal state. When the fray was ended, Rush came with a light, pretended to feel great concern for what had happened, aided them to rise, and counselled them to seek repose in their beds.

The devils of the legends, like the elves whose place they had usurped, were very simple, and were often cheated or disconcerted by a trifle. So it happened in the end with Friar Rush. One day, when he was returning late to his cloister, reflecting that there was nothing in the kitchen for dinner, he tore in two pieces a cow which was grazing in the fields where he passed, and carried the one half home with him to the abbey. Next day the owner was dismayed at finding but the half of his cow. As night drew on suddenly while he was still in the fields, he

took shelter in a hollow tree. Now it so happened that this identical night had been appointed by Lucifer, the prince of the devils, to meet his emissaries on earth, and to hear from them an account of their proceedings; and they came flocking like so many birds to the very tree in which the countryman had concealed himself. Without perceiving that they were overlooked and overheard, they began each to give an account of himself, until it came at last to the turn of Rush, who told how he had been admitted as cook in the abbey, how he had set the monks by the ears, and had given them staves wherewith to break each other's heads—all of which they had done to his entire satisfaction—and how he hoped in the end to make them kill one another, and so bring them all to hell. Next morning the countryman left his hiding-place, repaired straight to the abbot, and gave him a faithful account of all that he had seen and heard. The abbot called Rush before him, conjured him into the form of a horse, drove him from the place, and forbade him ever to return thither.

Rush, driven away in spite of himself by the ban of the abbot, hied over the sea to England, where he entered the body of the king's daughter, and caused her many a day of torment. The king, her father, sent to Paris for the most skilful "masters," who at last forced Rush to tell his name, and to confess that none had power to dispossess him except the abbot of "Kloster Esron," for such was the name of the abbey where he had dwelt. The abbot came, called Rush out of the maiden, forced him into his former shape of a horse, which he condemned him henceforth to retain, and made him carry over the sea to Denmark himself and the reward which the king of England had given him.

Such is the outline of the German legend of Friar Rush. Its learned editors, in their interesting preface, coincide entirely in our views of the character of its hero, and their notion of the process by which the present legend was formed is in the main the same as our own, namely, that the fundamental legend of Friar Rush was perhaps originally a Latin monkish legend, now unknown, which took its birth in Denmark, and which was soon spread orally among the people, thus taking a more popular form—that at a later period the original legend, the popular form which it had thus taken, and the well-known legend of St. Zeno, had all been combined together in forming a larger poem, still confined to Denmark, and that either orally or in writing it was thence carried into Germany, (see Pref. p. xxvii). The proposition, however, as thus put, gives rise to one

or two questions, that may at least be stated, if not discussed. First, are we authorized to infer, from the circumstances of the locality of Friar Rush's abbey being placed by the German poem in Denmark, and of the existence of the legend itself in that country, that that legend was originally Danish? After a fair consideration of the question, it appears to us that the probability at least is for the opinion of Drs. Wolf and Endlicher. But we are inclined also to think that, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and perhaps later, it was very common, when people would tell a legend supposed to have happened in another land, to place its locality in Denmark; we have thus in Giraldus the story of a household spirit who served a bishop in Denmark) perhaps the oldest form of the story of Hudekin); we have several stories among our saints' legends whose scene is Denmark; and the oldest form in which we have yet met with the story of Shakespeare's Shylock is in an Anglo-Latin manuscript, where it is said to have occurred in Denmark. Had the name of Denmark been thus accidentally introduced, the story might have been adventitious to that country, and yet might at a later period have localized itself there.

Laying aside, however, the question of locality, there arises another of much greater importance to the history of the legend—did the character of Friar Rush exist among the people independently of the legend which is now inseparable from his name? or, in other words, was Friar Rush a general or a particular name in the popular mythology? The preface of our friends, Drs. Wolf and Endlicher, furnishes us with a passage which we think sets aside all doubt on this question, because it alludes to a tale that with little variation occurs constantly in the popular mythology;—we mean the “*mira historia*” which Pontoppidan relates on the faith of Resenius,—how a nobleman in Denmark one day threatened jokingly his children that Friar Rush should come and take them, and, how the friar was instantly present, and by force invisible held the nobleman's carriage fast to the spot. We are inclined to think that at an early period there came into the popular mythology of our western lands a personage in the character of a monk or friar. In Germany the monk was sometimes Rûbezah, and the story which we quote for our authority affords us another instance how the writers on witchcraft and spirits in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, like the monks who preceded them, confounded elves with devils, which naturally arose from their belief in the existence of the former, and their own peculiar sentiments with regard

to the latter.* In the popular superstitions of England there certainly existed such a friar, who was not less mischievous than Brother Rush. Every body knows the “*friar's lantern*” in Milton which led the people astray from their path. Harsnet alludes to the practice of laying a bowl of cream to propitiate “*Robin Goodfellow, the Friar, and Sisse*” (i. e. Cicely), the dairy-maid,” in which three personages we suspect that we see three others, the *Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and maid Marian* of the old popular morica-dance. Denmark, therefore, and Germany also, may have had their Friar Rush, and we suspect that such a personage under the same name was well known to our English peasantry, for, the first time we meet with him in England, which is early in the latter half of the sixteenth century, he is by no means introduced as a foreigner. We are inclined therefore to think that the sojourn of Rush in the abbey was originally a legend of Friar Rush, and not the legend of Friar Rush, but that this particular legend became so popular that it either absorbed or eclipsed all the others, so as by degrees to leave its hero identified only with itself. The groundwork was the simple story of the visit of the mischievous elf to a monastery, a legend common enough if we may judge by the German stories in Wierus.

A legend, like a ball of snow, is enlarged by rolling, and so soon as Friar Rush became the acknowledged hero of a history, that history increased rapidly in its passage from one hand to another. In the old version, which was published in England, we have many circumstances that are not found in the German, and these additions show us very distinctly in what light those from whom they came must have looked upon the personage of the friar. The English story of Friar Rush is in prose, is extremely amusing, and is easy of access in the curious collection of Mr. Thomas. During his stay in the abbey, after the battle of the staves, Rush continues here his tricks upon the abbot and monks, at one time covering the abbot's wagon with tar when he was told to grease it, at another drinking wine at the abbot's ex-

* “*Ferunt in montanis Bohemix non raro apparere monachum, quem nominant Rubezal, et pæssèpe in thermis conspicuum, iter per montanas sylvas facturis sese adjungere, eosque bono animo esse jubere, se enim ignaros itineris recto tramite per sylvam deducturum, quos simul ac in nemore in avia deduxerit, ut quo se vertant prorsus nesciant, eum protinus in arborem subeulire, tantumque cachinnum tollere, ut vastum inde nemus resonet. Monachus iste vel Rubezal est Satanas ipse, qui assumpta monachi specie istas nugas agit.*”—*Magica de Spectris*, Ludg.-Bat. 1656, p. 79. (Collected by Grosius.)

pense, and saying that he had given it to the horses, and lastly breaking down the stairs of the dormitory, so that when the monks at night would descend to their matins, they all fall down and break their bones. Such stories also have been told of Robin Goodfellow. After having been driven from the monastery, Friar Rush enters into service, and becomes on the whole a very honest and harmless fellow, still retaining one characteristic of the old industrious elf, that of doing much work in a short space of time. He hires himself to a countryman, whose wife is a terrible scold, and will not permit her husband to keep a servant, in order that he may be obliged to go to the fields, and thus give her an opportunity of receiving the visits of her paramour, the priest. Rush becomes very jealous of the interests of his master. At supper, the first day,

“As they sate at meate, Rush demanded of his master what he should doe the next day? his master answered, thou must rise early and goe to the field, and make an end of that which I was about this day, (which was a great dayes worke); so when they had supt they went to bed. Early in the morning Rush arose and went to the field, and wrought so lustily, that he had done his work betimes; for when his master came to bring him his breakfast, all his worke was finished whereat his master had great marvaile; then they sate downe to breakfast, which being ended they went home, and did such thinges as were there to bee done; when his dame sawe that he had so soone ended his busines, she thought that he was a profitable servant, and said little, but let him alone. In the evening Rush demanded of his master what hee should doe the next morrow? his master appointed him twice so much as hee did the day before, which Rush refused not, but got up early in the morning, and went to the field, and about his worke; so soone as his master was ready, he tooke his man's breakfast and came to the field, thinking to helpe Rush; (but he was no sooner come from his house but the priest came to see his wife, and presently she made ready some good meate for them to be merry withall, and whyle it was a dressing, they sate sporting together,—who had bene there should have seene many loving touches.) And when the Goodman came to the field, he found that Rush had done all that which he appointed, whereof he had great marvaile; then they sate downe to breakfast, and as they sate together, Rush beheld his master's shoone, and perceived that for fault of greasing they were very hard: then said Rush to his master, why are not your shoes better greased, I marvel that you can goe in them, they be so hard? have you no more at home? Yes, said his master, I have another payre lying under a great chest at home in my chamber. Then said Rush, I will goe home and grease them that you may put them on to-morrow; and so he

walked homeward merrily and sung by the way. And when he approached neare the house he sang out very loud; with that his dame looked out at the window, and perceived that it was her servant, shee said unto the priest, alas, what shall we doe? our servant his come home, and my husband will not be long after, and with that she thrust the meate into the oven, and all that was upon the table. Where shall I hyde me, said the priest? Goe into the chamber, and creepe under the great chest, among the olde shoone, and I shall cover you, and so he did. And when Rush was come into the house, his dame asked him why he came home so soone. Rush answered and said, I have done all my busines, and master commanded me to come home and grease his shoone. Then he went into the chamber and looked under the chest, and there hee found the priest, and tooke him by the heeles and drew him out, and said, thou whoreson priest, what doost thou here? With that the priest held up his hands and cried him mercy, and desired him to save his honesty, and hee would never come there; and so Rush let him goe for that oncc.”

We give the foregoing extract as a specimen of the style of the English Friar Rush. The priest broke his word, returned, and was again surprised by Rush, who found him hidden under the straw in the stable. A second time he was permitted to escape, though not till after he had received “three or foure good dry stripes,” and had promised solemnly never to return. Yet the priest ventured to break his word again, and in a visit to the farmer's wife their merriment was a third time interrupted by the well-known song of Rush, who was returning from his labors.

“Then wringing her hands she said unto the priest, goe hyde you, or else you be but dead. Where shall I hyde me, said the priest! Goe up into the chamber and leape into the basket that hangeth out of the window, and I shall call you when he is gone againe. Then anon in came Rush, and she asked him why he came home so soone. Then said Rush, I have done all my busines in the field, and my master hath sent me home to wash your cheese-basket, for it is full of haire, and so he went into the chamber, and with his knife he cut the rope that the basket hung by, and downe fell priest and all into a great poole of water that was under the window: then went he into the stable for a horse and rode into the poole, and tooke the rope that hung at the basket, and tying it to the horses tayle, rode through the poole aree or foure times. Then he rode through the towne to cause the people to wonder at him, and so came home againe. And all this while he made as though he had knowne nothing, but looking behinde him, espyed the priest. Then he alighted downe, and said unto him: thou shalt never more escape me, thy life is lost. With that the priest held up his hands and said, heere is a hundred peeces of gold,

take them and let me goe. So Rush tooke the golde and let the priest goe. And when his master came home, he gave him the halfe of his money, and bade him farewell, for he would goe see the world."

After leaving the farmer, Rush went into the service of a gentleman whose daughter was possessed, and persuaded him to send for the abbot of the monastery where he had resided, who cured the maiden, conjured Rush into his own likeness of a horse, made him carry him home as well as a quantity of lead which the gentleman had given him, and then confined him to "an olde castle that stood farre within the Forrest," and the story ends with the pious exclamation, "from which devill and all other devills defend us, good Lord! Amen."

We have spoken of the collections of tales, which, at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, were formed in England under the title of the Adventures and Pranks of Robin Goodfellow, as closely resembling in their shape and character the legend of Friar Rush, and as thus affording a new proof of the identity of those two personages of the popular mythology. Few of these collections have been preserved, but we have good reason for believing that at one time they were extremely popular. There was in the Stafford library, and we believe that it still exists in the library of the Lord Francis Egerton, a unique prose tract, in black letter, of the date 1628, entitled "Robin Goodfellow his mad Pranks and merry Jests," and we believe that there exists also a second part on the adventures of Hobgoblin. Neither of these have we seen, but, before leaving the subject, we will give an analysis of a small tract in ballad verse on the adventures of the former of these heroes, which is supposed to have been printed about the year 1600, and of which a very limited reprint was privately made two or three years ago. Robin Goodfellow, like the familiar elves of the twelfth century, is represented as the offspring of an incubus; whilst he was yet a child his tricks were the plague of the neighbors, whose complaints so grieved his mother, that at last he ran away to escape punishment, and after wandering some time hired himself to a tailor, in whose service he played a joke not unlike that of Rush on the abbot's wagon.

"He had a gounne which must be made
even with all haste and speed;
The maid must have't against next day
to be her wedding weed.

The taylor he did labor hard
till twelve a clock at night;

Betweene him and his servant then
they finished aright

The gownne, but putting on the sleeves:
quoth he unto his man,
I'll go to bed: whip on the sleeves
as fast as ere you can.

So Robin straightway takes the gownne,
and hangs it on a pin,
Then takes the sleeves and whips the gownne;
till day he nere did lin.

His master rising in the morne,
and seeing what he did,
Begun to chide; quothe Robin then,
I doe as I was bid.

His master then the gownne did take
and to his worke did fall:
By that time time he had done the same,
the maid for it did call.

Quoth he to Robin, goe thy wayes
and fetch the remnants hither
That yesterday we left; said he,
we'll breake our fasts together.

Then Robin hies him up the staires
and brings the remnants downe,
Which he did know his master sav'd
out of the woman's gownne.

The taylor he was vext at this,
he meant remnants of meat,
That this good woman, ere she went,
might there her breakfast cate."

Robin afterwards runs away, and, falling asleep in a forest, is there visited by his father, who according to the fashion of the time is called Oberon, and who makes known to him his origin and his power of transforming himself to what shape he will, a power which he delays not to put in practice, and

"—turnes himselfe into what shape
he thinks upon, or will.
Sometimes a neighing horse was he
sometimes a grunting hog,
Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,
sometimes a snarling dog."

Straight he hies to a wedding, in the shape of a fiddler, and there he puts out the candles, frightens the guests, drinks the posset, and runs away "laughing, hoe! hoe! hoe!" But the last story of our tract is the most curious, with regard to the history of our legends. We have seen that in the English legend Friar Rush took delight in disconcerting and punishing the adulterous priest. In the same manner the German Hudekin hinders a fair dame from being faithless to her husband. Precisely a similar story is told here of Robin Goodfellow. An old man seeks to seduce his niece, who, it seems, was

his ward, and he hinders her from marrying a young man whom she loves. In the midst of her distress, Robin makes his appearance.

“ He sends them to be married straight,
and he, in her disguise,
Hies home with all the speed he may
to blind her unkle's eyes;
And there he plyes his worke amaine,
doing *more in one hour,*
Such was his skill and workmanship,
than she could doe in foure.
The old man wonder'd for to see
the worke goe on so fast,
And therewithal more worke doth he
unto good Robin ca-t.
Then Robin said to his old man,
good unkle, if you please
To grant to me but one ten pound,
I'll yeeld your love-suit ease.
Ten pounds, quoth he, I will give thee,
sweet neece, with all my heart,
So thou wilt grant to me thy love,
to ease my troubled heart.
Then let me a writing have, quoth he,
from your owne hand with speed,
That I may marry my sweetheart
when I have done this deed.”

Robin obtains the money and the writing, and immediately seizes the old man, carries him to the chamber where are the niece and her husband, and himself quickly eludes the old fellow's vengeance, and goes to play his pranks elsewhere.

“ Thus Robin lived a merry life
as any could enjoy,
‘Mong country farms he did resort,
and oft would folks annoy ;
But if the maids doe call to him,
he still away will goe
In knavish sort, and to himselfe
he'd laugh out hoe ! hoe ! hoe !
He oft would beg and crave an almes,
but take nought that they'd give ;
In several shapes he'd gulf the world,
thus madly did he live.
Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,
sometimes a souldier brave :
Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare ;
brave pastimes would he have.
Sometimes an owle he'd seem to be,
sometimes a skipping frog ;
Sometime a kirne, in Irish shape,
to leape ore mire or bog :
Sometimes he'd counterfeit a voyce,
and travellers call astray ;
Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
and lead them from their way.
Some call him Robin-Goodfellow,
hob-goblin, or mad crisp ;
And some againe doe tearme him oft
by name of Will the Wispe :
But call him by what name you list,
I have studied on my pillow,
I think the best name he deserves
is Robin the Good Fellow.”

We feel that we are already trespassing beyond the limits which we ought to assign to our paper, or it would be easy for us to trace the familiar and mischievous elf in England, in a hundred different shapes, up to the present day. But we have done enough for our purpose—we have shown the existence of this personage of the popular mythology from an extremely early period up to the time of the formation of the adventures of Friar Rush and Robin Goodfellow ; we have also, we think, adduced sufficient reasons for supposing that the one, as well as the other, was a general and not a particular name ; or, to use again an expression which we have already employed, that the foundations of these tale-books were legends, but not *the* legends of the personages whose names they bear. There is no stronger distinguishing characteristic of the different families of people than that afforded by their popular superstitions, and, were it but on this account, they are well worthy of our attention. Our language, our manners, our institutions, our political position, through ten centuries, have been undergoing a continual and important change ; yet during this long period our popular mythology, deeply imprinted in the minds of the peasantry, has remained the same, and, where it has not been driven away by schoolmasters and steam-engines, it still exists unaltered. It has not only existed during this period, but it has from time to time stepped forth from its obscurity and exerted a powerful influence on the world around. First, it was received or retained unwittingly by the Christian missionaries and converts, and created in their hands a race of beings, designated by the name of demons, which never existed in the pure Christian creed. Afterwards its influence was felt by philosophy, and it had no little share in the strange vagaries of alchymy and magic. Next, it appeared in a more terrible form than all ; singularly enough, as our forefathers became more enlightened, the popular superstitions seized more forcibly than ever upon their minds ; and the destruction of many thousands of persons in the space of a few years for the imaginary crime of witchcraft will bear a permanent and substantial testimony to what superstition can do. The Puritans, who succeeded the Papists, were by no means less superstitious than their predecessors—their devils were but a repetition of those of the monks of earlier times. The popular notion of devils and their works, as it now exists, decidedly owes its origin to the old mixture of popular mythology with Christianity—to it we must attribute the ludicrous character which has so often in popular stories been given to the demons,

their stupidity, and their simplicity. To such devils as these do we owe devil's bridges, and devil's arrows, and devil's holes, and devil's dykes, and the like, which are continually met with in the wilder and more mountainous parts of our island. To these devils, too, we owe haunted houses and haunted castles—they delight in throwing about the chairs and the crockery-ware. Such, also, are the devils who still sometimes make their appearance among the Welsh peasantry, and of whom they tell a multiplicity of tales.

Of these tales we will give the following as a specimen—it is one that we have ourselves heard told in the Welsh marches,—it is the story of Morgan Jones and the Devil. Those who would have another may look into any Welsh guide for that of the Devil's Bridge in Carmarthenshire. Doubtless the Devil's Hole in the Peak had a similar legend connected with it, whose original may also have had some connection with the elf-story told by Gervase of Tilbury as having occurred at this spot. But let us return to our story. Some twenty years ago, when in retired parts of the country the communication between one place and another was much slower and less frequent than it is now, there was a great deal of horse-stealing carried on in the English counties on the borders of Wales. Those counties were and are very full of pretty little towns and villages, in one or another of which there were fairs for the sale of live stock almost every day of the year, and it was easy to steal a horse from one parish, and carry it away and sell it at some one of these fairs, almost before the rightful owner knew that he had lost it. Well, it so happened that about this time lived a lazy careless rollicking sort of fellow, by name Morgan Jones, who contrived to make a living somehow or other, but how it was nobody well knew, though most people suspected that it was not the most honest livelihood a person might gain. In fact, every body was sure that Morgan was deeply implicated in horse-stealing, and many a time had he been brought before the justice on suspicion, but do what they could nobody could find sufficient evidence to convict him. People wondered and talked about it for a long time, until at last they came to the only natural conclusion, namely, that Morgan Jones must have dealings with the evil one.

Now it once chanced that Morgan and some of his chosen cronies were making themselves jolly over sundry pots of ale and pipes of tobacco, at a round white deal table, in the clean parlor of a very neat little ale-house, as all village alehouses are in that

part of the country. And they began to get very happy and comfortable together, and were telling one another their adventures, till at last one spoke plainly out, and told Morgan Jones that it was commonly reported he had to do with the Devil.

"Why, yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that same, sure enough; I used to meet with him now and then, but we fell out, and I have not seen him these two months."

"Ay!" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that, Morgan?"

"Why, then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all." And thereupon Morgan emptied his pot, and had it filled again, and took a puff of his pipe, and began his story.

"Well then," says he, "you must know that I had not seen his honor for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this that I went one evening along the brook shooting wild-fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming up but the Devil himself? But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trowsers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are ye?' and says I, touching my hat, 'pretty well, your honor, I thank ye.' And then says he, 'Morgan, what are ye looking a'ter, and what's that long thing ye're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook this fine evening, and carrying my backy-pipe with me to smoke.' Well, you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the backy; so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and I'll thank ye.' And says I, 'you're mighty welcome.' So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and thinks I, 'I have you now, old boy,' 'cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him; so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth. 'Puff!' says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and he stopped a minute to think about it, and says he, 'D—d strong backy, Morgan!' Then he gave me the gun, and looked huffed, and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen him sincc. And that's the way I got shut of the old gentleman, my boys!"

Such is the ludicrous story of Morgan Jones, who had to do with a proper Welsh devil, without doubt.

In conclusion, we have only to add, that we wish heartily some one well qualified for the task would give us a good work on the popular mythology of England, and we wish still more that those who have it in their power would collect the popular legends and the traces of the popular creed as they still

exist amongst our peasantry. In Germany, the reprint of the adventures of Friar Rush is but one book amongst a thousand which have appeared upon their popular superstitions—much has been done also in Sweden, in Denmark, and almost everywhere except in England, where we have scarcely anything on a subject which is so really interesting.

ART. X.—*Grundriss der Seelenheilkunde*: von Dr. K. W. Ideler, Privatdocent und Lehrer der psychiatrischen Klinik an der Friedrich Wilhelms-Universität, technischem Mitgliede des Königlichen Curatorii für die Krankenhaus-angelegenheiten, dirigirendem Arzte der Irrenabtheilung in der Charité, &c. &c. (Elementary Outline of the Treatment of Insanity, by Dr. K. W. Ideler, Private Teacher, and Teacher of Psychiatric Clinic at the Frederick William's University, Technical Member of the Royal Curatorium for Hospital Affairs, Directing Physician of the Department for the Insane at the Hospital Charité, &c. &c.) Berlin. 1835.

THE first volume of this work, which is all that has yet reached us, contains a system of Psychology. The treatment of Insanity is to furnish the subject-matter of the second. It seems but just, before speaking of the author's method of treating diseases of the mind, to give a preliminary account of his view of its healthy and diseased conditions. The former, it is plain, must rise out of, and find its only explanation in, the latter. The work before us is rather a description of moral and mental phenomena, than an inquiry into their essential nature and intimate relations; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, that he does not consider the nature of the elements of the human character to be his province, so much as their operation.

In contemplating the human character, the most prominent phenomena are seen to be those resulting from the operation of the *impulses of our moral nature*, which constitute its foundation. These impulses are not discovered by reflection, nor are they dependent on reason; they are prior to both. They form that which we denominate the character. They are manifested at first, as the consciousness of a feeling, which is, as it were, at a loss for expression. They require their possessor to seek for a sphere of activity calculated for their development and manifestation. A man never discovers from

reflection the course which he is destined to follow, but from the impulse which he receives from his moral nature. These impulses are all necessary to the present condition of mankind; it is only their excess, or want of development, which constitutes evil. We call them, a love of honor, of gain, of life, of freedom, or, we denominate them according to the object towards which they impel us; religion, ambition, &c.

Of course all these impulses are in being long before our consciousness can give any account of them. Nor are we indeed ever conscious of more of them than we have vested in action. The soul is only conscious of its activity; its contemplation never extends beyond the sum of powers which are, or have been, in operation. Thus, an impulse slumbering in the soul has no existence for the mental sense. When it wakes, it often fills even its possessor with astonishment. A false explanation of the mental phenomena, which these impulses give rise to when waking, or when partially roused, led to the doctrine of innate ideas. Between the depths of the soul, where all is more or less hidden and unknown, and its surface, where consciousness extends, there is often but imperfect and sometimes no communication.

Over the impulses Reason has only a very partial sway. She often attempts to change the character, but her influence is never profound. She has frequently succeeded in demonstrating, to her own satisfaction, the nothingness of religion. But our moral nature cannot be finally deceived on the subject which interests it most. Logical demonstration cannot affect, for a moment, the existence of that faith, which is founded in the character itself. Daily does reason prove to demonstration the vanity of riches. But, often, whilst declaiming against them, she is obliged to find means to satisfy the desire of acquisition. The impulses may be checked and modified, but never eradicated, whilst particular forms of thought are not grounded necessarily in our nature, and die successively away. The former are always in the van of reflection, which can often only judge of and correct them by their consequences.

The only true consciousness we possess of an impulse is furnished by the ideas it gives rise to. These, therefore, whether they be combined logically by reason, or fantastically by imagination, are the only legitimate key to the essential nature of the character. These primitive ideas are communicated by the impulses to the understanding, in order that the latter may seek for a sphere of action, in which the former may find their na-