herb, and where, when only snowdrops are appearing in England, the spires of white asphodel are basking in the sun.

Near Nottingham are the "Popish Holes," close to the river Lene. They are thus described by Stukeley. "One may easily guess Nottingham to have been an ancient town of the Britons; as soon as they had proper tools they fell to work upon the rocks, which everywhere offer themselves so commodiously to make houses in, and I doubt not first was a considerable collection of this sort. What is visible at present is not so old a date as their time, yet I see no reason to doubt but it is formed upon theirs. There is a ledge of perpendicular rock hewn out into a church, houses, chambers, dove-houses, &c. The church is like those in the rocks of Bethlehem and other places in the Holy Land; the altar is natural rock, and there has been painting upon the wall, a steeple, I suppose, where a bell hung, and regular pillars. The river winding about makes a fortification to it, for it comes at both ends of the cliff, leaving a plain in the middle. The way into it was by a gate cut out of the rock, and with an oblique entrance for more safety. Without is a plain with three niches, which I fancy their place of judicature, or the like. Between this and the castle is a hermitage of like workmanship."

These remains pertain to a cell called S. Mary le Rock, a quarter of a mile west of the Castle, and belonged to Lenton priory. It was abandoned after the time of Edward IV., and is supposed to have come down in a perfect form to the time of the Civil War, when it was much injured by the Puritans as Papists' holes. A good many illustrations exist of it after the Civil Wars, as a large folding plate in Throsby's and Thoroton's "History of Nottinghamshire," 1797, but there is none to show what it was before.

It possesses a pigeonry much like that at Brantôme, but on a smaller scale, that wiseacres have pronounced to be a

Columbarium, not for doves, but for the reception of jars containing the ashes of the dead, and have attributed this dovecote to Roman times. Mr. William Stetton, a local antiquary, writing in 1806, stated that the excavation "appeared to have been made in the earliest ages of Christianity, when the converts resorted for secrecy and security to grottoes or caves, and similar places of retirement and seclusion. The style is evidently Roman. The whole interior appears to have been invested with a thin plastering, or perhaps, only a wash, which has been painted in various colours in mosaic devices. The altar still remains pretty perfect notwithstanding the ravages of time and wanton depredation. A Roman column still adorns the north side of it, but its corresponding one on the south side has long been destroyed."

An architect, John Carter, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1860, stated that the "arrangements of the excavations are monastical; and we, with much satisfaction, trace out the infirmary, refectory, dormitory, chapter-house, and the chapel. The latter place gives two aisles, divided by perforated arches, with headways in the manner of groins, and at the east end an altar."

There can be no question now that although the original excavations were possibly enough Roman-British, the Papists' holes, as we have them now, are truly, as Mr. Carter says, monastical.

How absurd old fashioned antiquaries were may be proved by the fact that the chimney that warmed the monks, and up which went the smoke from their kitchen, was pronounced to be a *bustum*, a flue employed for the cremation of the dead. As to the "Roman" column, that also is mediæval.

Curzon, in his "Monasteries of the Levant," 1849, says "the scenery of Meteora (Mt. Pindus in Albania) is of a very singular kind. The end of a range of rocky hills seems to have been broken off by some earthquake, or washed

away by the Deluge, leaving only a series of twenty or thirty tall, thin, smooth, needle-like rocks, many hundred feet in height; some like gigantic tusks, some shaped like sugar-loaves, and some like vast stalagmites. These rocks are surrounded by a beautiful grassy plain, on three sides of which grow groups of detached trees, like those of an English park. Some of these rocks shoot up quite clean and perpendicularly from the smooth green grass, some are in clusters, some stand alone like obelisks. Nothing can be more strange and wonderful than this romantic region, which is unlike anything I have ever seen before or since. In Switzerland, Savoy, the Tyrol, is nothing at all to be compared to these extraordinary peaks. At the foot of many of these rocks there are numerous caves and holes, some of which appear to be natural, but most of them are artificial; for in the dark and wild ages of monastic fanaticism, whole flocks of hermits roosted in these pigeon-holes. Some of these caves are so high up in the rocks that one wonders how the poor old gentlemen could ever get up to them, whilst others are below the surface, and the anchorites who burrowed in them, like rabbits, frequently afforded rare sport to parties of roving Saracens; indeed, hermit-hunting scenes seem to have been a fashionable amusement previous to the twelfth century. In early Greek frescoes and in small stiff pictures with gold backgrounds, we see many frightful representations of men on horseback in Roman armour, with long spears, who are torturing and slaying Christian devotees. In these pictures the monks and hermits are represented in gowns made of a kind of coarse matting, and they have long beards, and some of them are covered with hair; these, I take it, were the ones most to be admired, as in the Greek Church sanctity is always in the inverse ratio to beauty. All Greek saints are painfully ugly, but the hermits are much uglier, dirtier, and older than the rest. They must have been very fusty

people beside, eating roots and living in holes like rats and mice."

On the summit of these needles of rock are monasteries. Of these there were twenty-four, but now seven alone remain tenanted by monks. The sole access to them is by nets let down by ropes and hauled up by a windlass, or as an alternative in the case of that of S. Barlaam, by a succession of ladders.

As an example of a rock monastery and church in Egypt, I may quote the same author's description of that of Der el Adra, or of the Pully, situated on the top of Gebel el Ferr, where a precipice about 200 feet in height rises out of the waters of the Nile.

The access to it is by a cave or fissure in the rock, the opening being about the size of the inside of a capacious chimney. "The abbot crept in at a hole at the bottom, and telling me to observe where he placed his feet, he began to climb up the cleft with considerable agility. A few preliminary lessons from a chimney-sweep would have been of the greatest service to me, but in this branch of art my education had been neglected, and it was with no small difficulty that I climbed up after the abbot, whom I saw striding and sprawling in the attitude of a spread eagle above my head. My slippers soon fell off upon the head of a man under me. At least twenty men were scrambling and puffing underneath him. Arms and legs were stretched out in all manner of attitudes, the forms of the more distant climbers being lost in the gloom of the narrow cavern up which we were advancing. Thence the climb proceeded up a path. At the summit beside the monastic habitations was the church cut out of the rock, to which descent is made by a narrow flight of steps."

Mr. Curzon gives a plan of this church as half catacomb or cave, and one of the earliest Christian buildings which has preserved its originality.

The caves of Inkermann in the Crimea have been already alluded to. Here is a description of a subterranean abandoned monastery and church.

"Having traversed a passage about fifty feet long, we reached a church, or rather the remains of one; for a portion of the living rock in which these works were cut had fallen and carried with it half of this curious crypt. Its semicircular vaulted roof, and the pillars in its corners, indicated it to be of Byzantine origin; while a Greek sculptured cross, in the centre of the roof, told that it was a temple dedicated to that religion. The altar, and any sculpture which might have existed near it, are gone, and have long since been burnt into lime, or built into some work at Sevastopol. Beyond the church we found a large square apartment, entered by another passage, and looking over the valley of Inkermann. A few more cells, resembling those on the stairs, composed the whole of this series of excavated chambers, the arrangements of which at once proclaimed them to have been a monastery. These were the cells, the refectory, and the church. There is nothing in their construction as a work of art; yet there is an absence of that roughness and simplicity which exist in many caverns of the opposite mountain, and which indicate their being of a much earlier date than these."[1]

[1] Scott (C. H.), "The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea," Lond. 1854, p. 280.

CHAPTER X

CAVE ORACLES

STANDING upon the pinnacle upon which is planted the marvellous Romanesque cathedral of Le Puy, and looking north, is seen in the distance the basaltic mass of Polignac crowned by a lofty donjon.

That mass of columnar basalt was occupied and held sacred in Roman times, and was dedicated to Apollo. In the courtyard of the castle is a well, l'Albime it is called, that descends to the depth of 260 feet, and there still exists an enormous stone mask of the solar god that closed it, and from the mouth of which oracles were given. How these were produced is now made clear. In the side of the well is a chamber cut out of the rock that concealed a confederate who uttered the response to the questioner, and the voice came up hollow and with reverberation betwixt the gaping lips of stone, to overawe and satisfy the inquirer.

"Before the old tribes of Hellas created temples to the divinities," says Porphyry in his treatise 'On the Cave of the Nymphs,' "they consecrated caverns and grottoes to their service in the island of Crete to Zeus, in Arcadia to Artemis and Pan, in the isle of Naxos to Dionysos."

And from caves issued the most famous Grecian oracles, and the mysteries were often celebrated in them. The cave in which Zeus as an infant was concealed on Mount Ida naturally became sacred. Kronos had received the Kingdom of the World on condition that he should rear no male children. Accordingly when one was born he ate it. But when Zeus arrived, his mother gave Kronos a stone to eat

in place of the child, and hurried off the babe to Crete, where it was nourished in a cave by the Corybantes, who sounded cymbals and drums to drown his cries.

There was a Charonion at Hierapolis, an account of which we get from Apulæus and Dio Cassius. It was deep. From the orifice, which was surrounded by a balustrade, escaped so dense a vapour that animals held in it died, and men who inhaled it were stupefied. The priests who ministered to the oracle professed to be immune, but Strabo tells us that they simply held their breath when they stooped over the fumes. He who desired to consult the oracle was for a while placed on a platform above the opening.

On the flank of Mount Citheron was a cave dedicated to the Nymphs. Those who desired to inquire of them entered the grotto, when it was supposed that the Nymphs inspired them with a knowledge of the future; and such persons were entitled *Nympholeptes*. The corresponding expression among the Latins was *lymphatici*, expressive of the pale and exhausted condition in which they were when they issued from the cave. Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea says: "There are exhalations that produce drowsiness and procure visions;" and Apulæus says: "Due to the religious fury they inspire, men remain without eating or drinking, and some become prophets and reveal future things."

Apollo was the god of prophecy above all others. He was born at Delos, according to the poets; and it is there that the Homeric poems say was one of his most ancient sanctuaries. Thence, doubtless, issued the twenty famous oracles at the epoch of the colonisation. At Delphi the priestess was seated on a tripod over a crack in the rock, from which exhaled mephitic vapours that rendered her delirious, and her incoherent exclamations were reduced into hexameters by the attendant priests. But there was also at Delos the Manteion, the prophetic grotto. This

has of late years been discovered along with the foundations of the temple. The Manteion is a gallery, naturally bored in the rock. The winds that penetrate it cause strange pipings and hollow moans, that served as an accompaniment to the oracles. But the most remarkable of these caverns was that of Trophonios in Beotia. Pausanius tells us the legend of its origin. The Beotians had suffered from drought for two years and sent to consult the oracle of Delphi. The reply received was that they must refer themselves to Trophonios at home. But who was the party? The Beotians had never heard of him. Then the oldest of their deputies recalled having once pursued a swarm of bees and followed it till it disappeared in a cave. That doubtless was the spot, and there, after the offering of sacrifices, Trophonios obligingly showed himself, and explained who he was and what were his powers. Since that time his oracle was much consulted, and happily an account of how he, or his priests, befooled visitors to the cave has been given us by Pausanius from his personal experience.

Those who wished to consult the oracle had first to purify themselves by spending some days in the sanctuary of the Guardian Spirit and of Fortune, to abstain from warm baths, but to bathe in the river Hercynia; they might eat as much as they liked of the meat offered in sacrifice. "You are conducted during the night to the river, where you are bathed and rubbed with oil by two boys of the age of thirteen. Then the priests take possession of you, and you are conducted to two fountains side by side. You drink of one, that of Oblivion, so as to disengage your thoughts from what is past, then that of Remembrance, to assure your recollecting what is about to take place. After having addressed your prayers to a statue, you go to the oracle, dressed in a linen tunic girded below the breast, and booted in the fashion of the country.

The oracle is on the mountain above the sacred grove. It is surrounded by a marble wall, about the height of your waist. On this wall are planted twigs of copper linked together by copper filaments, and the gates are in this grating. Within this enclosure is a chasm, not natural, but excavated with a good deal of art and regularity, in form like a baker's oven. There is no ladder there for descent into the cave, and one is brought, that is light and narrow. Once at the bottom you see on one side, between the ground and the masonry, a hole about large enough for a man to squeeze through. One lies on the back, and holding in one hand a honey-cake, thrust the feet in at the opening, and then work oneself till the legs are in up to the knees. Then, all at once, the rest of the body is dragged down with force and rapidity, just as if you were swept forward by an eddy in a river.

"Once arrived in the secret place, all do not learn the future in the same manner. Some see what is to befall them unrolled in vision, others hear it by the ear. Then you ascend by the same opening whereby you descended, going feet foremost. No one, it is said, has died in the cave, with the exception of one of the guardsmen of Demetrius, and he went down, not to consult the god, but in hopes of plundering the sanctuary of its gold and silver; his carcase, they say, was not ejected by the orifice that is sacred, but was found in another spot. On issuing from the cave of Trophonios the priests lay hold of you, and after having planted you on the seat of Remembrance, question you as to what you have seen and heard. When you have told them, they hand you over, overwhelmed with fear, and unrecognisable by yourself and others, to other ministers who convey you to the edifice dedicated to the Good Genius and to Fortune."

Those issuing from the cave for long after remained dejected, pale, and melancholy. Pausanius says that after a

while one who had gone through the ordeal could laugh; but Suidas tells us that those who returned from having made the descent never smiled again, and this gave occasion to a saying relative to a preternaturally grave personage, "He has consulted the oracle of Trophonios."

Plutarch gives us some further particulars. The description made by one of the characters he introduces speaks of visions caught by inhaling a stupefying gas. Under its influence hallucinations were produced in which Trophonios himself was thought to appear, and the tortures of Tartarus were revealed. On emerging from the cave into fresh air, the questioner fell into fits of delirium, and thought he still saw strange visions. In the biography of Apollonios of Tyana, Philostratus tells us that the sage and wonder-worker was very desirous to penetrate into the cave, but that the priest raised objections and made difficulties, till at last his patience failed and he entered by main force and remained within seven days. So much in this semi-fictitious biography is true perhaps—that this hero did force his way in. It is also true that he had sufficient discretion not to tell what he had discovered of the tricks there perpetrated.

There was another of these caves at Acharaca, near Nysa, on the road to Tralles. The gas there exhaled had a medical healing virtue, and also gave occasion to the delivery of oracles. Persons suffering from an illness and placing confidence in the power of the gods, travelled thither and stayed some time with the priests, who lived near the cave. Those ministers of the gods then entered the cavern and spent a night in it. After that they prescribed to their patients the remedies revealed to them in their dreams. Often, however, they took their patients along with them into the cave, where they were expected to remain for several days fasting and falling into prophetic sleep.

CAVE ORACLES

About four centuries before the Christian era, there existed at Rome a temple dedicated to Jupiter Capitolinus, by the Tarquins, and beneath it was a subterranean chamber in which were preserved a collection of ancient oracles, the keeping of which was confided to his officers, the duumviri, and the penalty of death attached to the divulgation unlicensed, of their contents.

According to the legend, a strange woman, the sibyl of Cumæ, brought to Tarquin the old nine books of oracles, and demanded for them three hundred pieces of gold. The king considered the price exorbitant, scoffed at the woman, and refused to buy. Thereupon the sibyl cast three of the volumes into the fire, and demanded the same sum precisely for the remaining six. Tarquin again declined to purchase. She then burnt three more, but still required for the remainder the original price. The king now thought that he had acted unwisely, and hastened to conclude the bargain and secure the oracles that contained prophecies relative to the destiny of the Roman people.

The oracles were written on palm-leaves in Greek, and with various signs and hieroglyphs, and the volumes were bundles of these leaves tied together.

In the year 671 of Rome, eighteen years before the Christian era, the old Temple of Jupiter, built by the Tarquins, was destroyed by fire, and with it perished the Books of Destiny. Six years after the temple was rebuilt, and an attempt was made to recover the Sibylline oracles, by sending throughout Italy for oracles reported to be Sibylline. The deputies sent brought back from Erythæa a thousand verses, but the collection rapidly increased in such quantities that Augustus ordered them to be examined, and such as proved to be worthless he burnt. After a second sifting, those that remained were put into two golden coffers and placed under the pedestal of the statue of the Palatine Apollo.

As is well known, there were in circulation a number of forged Sibylline oracles; some of these were the product of the Jewish Therapeutæ, others of Christians. In his hatred of Christianity, the Emperor Julian ordered search to be made for these fictitious oracular books, that they might be destroyed. In 363 the Temple of the Palatine Apollo caught fire and was destroyed. The Christians charged Julian with having caused the fire so as to get rid of the Sibylline oracles hid under the statue of Apollo. But these had not been injured; the gold boxes in which they were, were opened, and to their confusion the Christians found that the oracles contained no prophecies concerning Christ, only *sortes* celebrating the gods Zeus, Aphrodite, Hera, &c.

The accusation brought by the Christians against Julian recoiled upon them, for it was they who, later, by the hands of Stilicho, destroyed the collection. The order for the destruction was given by two Christian emperors, Honorius and Arcadius, on the plea that these oracles favoured and encouraged paganism.

Saul, it will be remembered went to consult a witch in the cave of Endor, where she conjured up before him the spirit of Samuel.

Isaiah rebukes the Jews for "lodging in the monuments," doubtless to obtain oracles from the dead, to raise up the ghosts of the deceased, and exhort from them prophecies as to the future. As already pointed out, the dead and the pagan gods were one and the same. To consult a deity was to consult a hero or an ancestor of a former age.

There is a curious story in an Icelandic Saga of a shepherd, named Hallbjörn, on a farm where was a huge cairn over the dead scald or poet Thorleif. The shepherd, whilst engaged on his guard over his master's flock, was wont to lie on the ground and sleep there. On one occasion he saw the cairn open and the dead man come forth, and Thorleif promised to endow him with the gift of

poetry if he would compose his first lay in his, the dead man's praise. And he further promised that Hallbjörn should become a famous scald and sing the praises of great chieftains. Thereupon the tenant of the tomb retired within again, and the shepherd on waking found himself endowed with poetic gift, and he sang a lay in honour of Thorleif. "And he became a famous scald, and went abroad, and sang songs in honour of many great men, and obtained high honour, and good gifts, and became very wealthy."[1]

It will be remembered that Saul's interview was with the ghostly Samuel through the intervention of the witch. And there are many stories of living men endeavouring to obtain knowledge of the future through invocation of the spirits of the dead. Indeed spiritualists at the present day carry on the same business.

One thing that conduced to the belief that certain caves were inhabited by gods and spirits, was that strange sounds at times issued from them. These were caused by currents of air entering some of the apertures and vibrating through the passages, provoking notes as if these galleries were organ pipes. This is the explanation of the Æolian cavern of Terni, supposed to be the abode of spirits; and a cave near Eisenach was long reported to be an entrance to hell, because of the moans and sighs that were heard issuing from it.

The echo also was quite inexplicable to the ignorant, and was assumed to be the voice of some spirit or mountain gnome living in the heart of the rock, to whose habitation a cave gave access.

An abandoned mine with a pool at the bottom, on Dartmoor, is thought to be the abode of a spirit whose wails may be heard when the wind blows, and whence a voice issues calling out the name of that person who is next doomed to die in the parish of Walkhampton.

The most remarkable representative in the Middle Ages

[1] *Fornmanna Sögur*, Copenh. 1827, iii. pp. 102–3.

of the cave of Trophonios was that in Lough Derg in Ireland, the purgatory of S. Patrick as it was called. The origin is obscure, but it sprang into notoriety through the publication by a monk, Henry of Saltrey, of the descent of a knight Owain into it. Owain had been in the service of King Stephen, and he made his descent in the year 1153. Whether there ever were such a person as the knight Owain, or whether he was a mere invention of Henry of Saltrey is uncertain. Saltrey's account is precise as to the various stages through which Owain passed, and it is a vulgar rendering of the common stories of visits to purgatory, of which Dante's is the highest and most poetical version.

Lough Derg is among the dreary and barren mountains and moorlands in the south of the County of Donegal; in it is an island, with ribbed and curiously shaped rocks, and among these was supposed to be the entrance to purgatory.

Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote his "Topography of Ireland" in 1187, mentions the island in Lough Derg as among the wonders of Ireland.[1] It was, he says, divided into two parts, of which one was fair and pleasant, while the other part was wild and rough, and believed to be inhabited only by demons. In this part of the island, he adds, there were nine pits, in any one of which, if a person was bold enough to pass the night, he would be so much tormented by the demons that it was a chance if he were found alive in the morning; and it was reported that he who escaped alive would, from the anguish he suffered there, be relieved from the torments of the other world. Giraldus continues by telling us that the natives called the place Patrick's purgatory, and that it was said that the saint had obtained from God this public manifestation of the punishments and rewards of the other world, in order to convince his incredulous hearers.

[1] But there is no mention of it among the wonders of Ireland in the Irish Nennius.

Numerous visitors to Lough Derg in the Middle Ages published the narrative of what they had there seen and undergone, and rivalled each other in the extravagance of their accounts. There was a monastery on Lough Derg, and the monks had the key to the entrance to the cavern, but no visitor was suffered to pass within without the consent of the bishop of the diocese, and the payment of a heavy fee. Among all the extravagance that was written by visitors about the purgatory, some retained their common sense, and perceived that there was either fraud or hallucination in the visions there supposed to be seen.

Froissart gives an account of a conversation he had with Sir William Lisle on this subject: "On the Friday in the morning we rode out together, and on the road I asked him if he had accompanied the King in his expedition to Ireland. He said he had. I then asked him if there was any foundation of truth in what was said of S. Patrick's Hole. He replied that there was, and that he and another knight had been there. They entered it at sunset, remained there the whole night, and came out at sunrise the next morning. I requested him to tell me whether he saw all the marvellous things that are said to be seen there. He made me the following answer: 'When I and my companion had passed the entrance of the cave, called the purgatory of S. Patrick, we descended three or four steps (for you go down into it as into a cellar), but found our heads so much affected by the heat that we seated ourselves on the steps, which are of stone, and such a drowsiness came on that we slept there the whole night.' I asked if, when asleep, they knew where they were, and what visions they had. He replied that they had many and strange dreams, and they seemed, as they imagined, to see more than they would have done had they been in their beds. This they were both assured of. 'When morning came and we were awake, the door of the cave was opened, and we came out, but instantly lost all recollection of

everything we had seen, and looked on the whole as a phantasm.'"

It is apparent from this that the wild descriptions given by others were merely an account of their dreams or hallucinations; in many cases purely imaginary accounts, given for the sake of creating a sensation. I do not suppose that the monks of Lough Derg devised any scenic effects, but left the imagination of the dupes to riot of its own accord unassisted. In the fifteenth century a monk of Eymstadt, in Holland, undertook the pilgrimage to Lough Derg. He arrived at the lake, and applied to the prior for admission, who referred him to the bishop of the diocese. The monk then repaired to him, but as he was "poor and moneyless," the servants refused to admit him into their master's presence. Having, however, with difficulty obtained an audience, he begged humbly to be suffered to visit S. Patrick's purgatory. The Bishop of Clogher demanded a certain sum of money, which, he said, was due to him from every pilgrim who came on this errand. The monk represented his poverty, and after much urgent solicitation, the bishop grudgingly gave him the necessary licence. He then went to the prior, performed the usual ceremonies, and was shut up in the cavern. There he remained all night, in constant expectation of seeing something dreadful; but when the prior let him out next morning he had to admit that he had seen no vision of any sort. Thoroughly dissatisfied with his experiences, he went direct to Rome, and reported what he thought of S. Patrick's purgatory to Pope Alexander VI. The Pope was convinced that the whole thing was a fraud, and ordered the destruction of the purgatory. It was the eve of the Reformation; mistrust of miracles was rife, and the Pope was anxious to suppress one that when investigated might prove a scandal.

The purgatory was accordingly suppressed, the cave

closed, but not destroyed, and no pilgrims admitted to it; this was in 1497. The closing of the cave did not, however, interfere with the pilgrimage, and the Archbishop of Armagh in 1503 urged on Pope Pius III. to withdraw the prohibition. This was done, and profuse indulgences were offered to such as revisited the cave or at all events took part in the Lough Derg pilgrimage. On 12th September 1632, Sir James Balfour and Sir William Stewart, carrying out the orders of the Government, seized "for her Majesty's use and benefit the Island of the Purgatory," and unroofed and otherwise destroyed the monastic buildings there. But superstition is not to be killed by Acts of Parliament. By a statute of the second year of Queen Anne all pilgrimages to S. Patrick's purgatory were decreed to be "riotous and unlawful assemblies," and were made punishable as such; and resort to the purgatory had become more frequent owing to Clement X. having granted a Plenary Indulgence to such as visited it. Since then these Indulgences have been repeatedly renewed. At present the pilgrimages are again in full swing, and there is a prior on the island, a hospice for the reception of the visitors, and a chapel of S. Patrick and another of S. Mary. "Between the two churches the space is taken up with the Campanile and Penitential beds. There are five of these beds, and they are dedicated to SS. Dabeoc, Columba, Catherine, Brendan, and Bridget. They are circular in form, measuring, with the exception of S. Columba's, about ten feet in diameter. S. Columba's is about twice the size of the others. They are surrounded with walls, varying in height from one to two feet and each of them is entered by a narrow gap or doorway."[1]

It would seem then that the old superstitious practices are being reverted to as nearly as the spirit of the times will allow, and the destruction of the cave itself will admit.

1 "Lough Derg," by Rev. J. E. McKenna, Dublin, *n.d.*

It is perhaps needless to add that there is no historical evidence for the apostle of Ireland having ever been at Lough Derg. Derg is probably a mistake for Deirg, and Lough Deirg would mean the Lake of the Cave. Gough, in his additions to Camden, thus described the purgatory: "It was about sixteen feet and a half long, by two feet one inch wide, built of freestone, covered with broad flags and green turf laid over them, and was so low and narrow that a tall man could hardly sit, much less stand in it. In the side was a window just wide enough to admit a faint ray of light; in the floor a cavity capable of containing a man at his length, and under a large stone at the end of the pavement a deep pit; the bottom of the cave was originally much below the surface of the ground. It stood on the east side of the church, in the churchyard, encompassed with a wall, and surrounded by circles or cells, called the beds, scarcely three feet high, denominated from several saints. The penitents who visited the island, after fasting on bread and water for nine days and making processions round these holy stations thrice a day barefoot, for the first seven days, and six times on the eighth, washing their weary limbs each night in the lake, on the ninth enter the cave. Here they observe a twenty-four hours fast, tasting only a little water, and upon quitting it bathe in the lake, and so conclude the ceremony.

"Leave being first obtained of the bishop, the prior represented to the penitents all the horror and difficulty of the undertaking, suggesting to them at the same time an easier penance. If they persevered in their resolution, they were conducted to the door with a procession from the convent, and after twenty-four hours confinement let out next morning with the like ceremony."[1]

[1] "St. Patrick's Purgatory," by Thomas Wright, London, 1844. *Analecta Bollandiana*,' t. xxvii. (1908). O'Connor, "St. Patrick's Purgatory," Dublin, 1895. MacRitchie, "A Note on St. Patrick's Purgatory," in the Journal of the Roy. Soc. of Ant. of Ireland, 1901.

As may well be supposed, after the long preliminaries and the heavy fees paid, the penitents could hardly, unless unusually strong-minded like the Dutch monk, declare roundly that they had seen nothing. I do not suppose, as already said, that there was any fraud deliberately enacted, personages dressing up as devils and angels, but that the visitor's own dreams, and his vanity or lively imagination were left to propagate the story of the marvels to be seen and heard in Lough Derg.

But wonderful caves, entrances to a mysterious underworld, are common in all countries. A story is told of Friar Conrad, the Confessor of S. Elizabeth of Thuringia, a barbarous, brutal man, who was sent into Germany by Gregory IX. to burn and butcher heretics. The Pope called him his "dilectus filius." In 1231 he was engaged in controversy with a heretical teacher, who, beaten in argument, according to Conrad's account, offered to show him Christ and the Blessed Virgin, who with their own mouths would ratify the doctrine taught by the heretic. To this Conrad submitted, and was led into a cave in the mountains. After a long descent they entered a hall brilliantly illumined, in which sat a King on a golden throne and by him the Queen Mother. The heretic prostrated himself in adoration, and bade Conrad do the same. But the latter drew forth a consecrated host and adjured the vision, whereupon all vanished.

The German stories of the mountain of Venus, in which the Tannhäuser remains, or of Frederick Barbarossa, in the Unterberg, or the Welsh stories of King Arthur in the heart of the mountain, seen occasionally, or the Danish fables of Holger Dansk in the vaults under the Kronnenburg, all refer to the generally spread belief in an underworld inhabited by spirits.

In the year 1529 died Lazarus Aigner of Bergheim, near Salzburg, a poor man. At his death he handed over to his

son a MS. account of a descent he had made into the underworld in 1484, and this was at once published and created a considerable sensation.

According to his account, in the year just mentioned, he was on the Unterberg with his master, the parish priest, Elbenberger, and another, when they visited a chapel on the rock, above the entrance to which were cut the letters S.O.R.G.E.I.S.A.T.O.M., out of which they could make nothing.

On returning home the priest observed that he wished that Lazarus would revisit the place, and make sure that the inscription had been accurately copied. Accordingly, next day, Aigner reascended the mountain and found the chapel again. But he had started late, having his ordinary work to do before he had leisure to go, and the evening was darkening in. As the way led by precipices, he deemed it inadvisable to retrace his steps that night, and so laid himself down to sleep. Next morning, Thursday, he woke refreshed, but to his amazement saw standing before him an aged barefooted friar, who asked him whence he came and what had brought him there. To this Lazarus Aigner answered truthfully. Then the hermit said to him, "I will explain to you what is the signification of these letters, and will show you something in vision."

Then the barefooted friar led him into a chasm, and unlocked an iron door in the rock, by means of which Lazarus was admitted into the heart of the mountain. There he saw a huge hall out of which went seven passages that led to the cathedral of Salzburg, the church of Reichenhall, Feldkirch in Tirol, Gemund, Seekirchen, S. Maximilien, S. Michael, Hall, St. Zeno, Traunstein, S. Dionysius and S. Bartholmæ on the Konigsee. Here also Aigner saw divine worship conducted by dead monks and canons, and with the attendance of countless dead of all times in strange old-world costumes. He recognised many whom he had known when

alive. Then he was shown the library, and given the interpretation of the mysterious letters, but as it was in Latin, Aigner forgot it. After seven days and as many nights spent in the underground world, he returned to daylight, and as the hermit parted with him he solemnly bade him reserve the publication of what he had seen and heard till the expiration of thirty-five years, when times of distress and searchings of heart would come, and then the account of his vision might be of profit. And exactly at the end of the thirty-five years Lazarus Aigner died. There can be little doubt that, if the whole was not a clumsy fabrication, it was the record of a dream he had when sleeping on the mountain outside the chapel of the Unterberg.

Roderic, the last of the Goths, has been laid hold of by legend and by poetry. Southey wrote his poem on the theme, and Scott his "Vision of Don Roderic," an odd blunder in the title, as *don* was not used prior to the ninth century. Roderic ascended the throne of the Goths in Spain in 709. According to the legend he seduced the daughter of Julian, Count of the Gothic possessions in Africa. She complained to her father, and he in revenge invited the Moors, whom he had hitherto valiantly opposed, to aid him in casting Roderic from his throne, the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderic, and the occupation of nearly the whole peninsula by the Moors. At Toledo is a cave with a tower at its entrance formerly dedicated to Hercules, and tradition said that he who entered would learn the future fate of Spain. The cave still exists. The entrance lies near San Ginos; it was opened in 1546 by Archbishop Siliceo, but has never since, according to Forbes, been properly investigated. The story went that in spite of the entreaties of the prelate and some of his great men, Roderic burst open the iron door, and descended into the cave, where he found a bronze

statue with a battle-axe in its hands. With this it struck the floor repeatedly, making the hall reverberate with the sound of the blows. Then Roderic read on the wall the inscription, "Unfortunate king, thou hast entered here in evil hour." On the right side of the wall were the words, "By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed and thy subjects departed." On the shoulders of the statue were written the words, "I summon the Arabs," and on its breast, "I do mine office." The king left the cave sorrowful, and the same night an earthquake wrecked the tower and buried the entrance to the cave.

Evidently Shakespeare had this story in his mind when he wrote the scene of the descent of Macbeth into the cave of Hekate.

Although the oracles had ceased to speak in the pagan temples and caves, yet the desire remained to question the spirits and to inquire into the future, and for this purpose throughout the Middle Ages either wizards were had recourse to that a look might be taken in their magic mirrors, or else the churches were resorted to and the sacred text received as the response of God to some question put by the inquirer. When Chramm revolted against his father Clothair, he approached Dijon, when, says Gregory of Tours, the priests of the cathedral having placed three books on the altar, to wit the Prophets, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Gospels, they prayed God to announce to them what would befall Chramm, and by His power reveal whether he would be successful and come to the throne, and they received the reply as each opened the book.

Gregory also says that Meroveus, flying before the wrath of his father Chilperic, placed three books on the tomb of S. Martin at Tours, the Psalter, the Book of Kings, and the Gospels; he kept vigil all night, and passed three days fasting. But when he opened the books at random,

the responses were so alarming that he despaired, and left the sepulchre in tears.[1]

The councils sought to put an end to this superstition. The sixteenth canon of the Council of Vannes, held in 465, forbade clerks, under pain of excommunication, to consult these *sortes sacræ*, as they were called. This prohibition was extended to the laity by the Council of Agde in 506, and by that of Orleans in 511. It was renewed repeatedly, as, for instance, in the Council of Auxerre in 595, by a capitulary of Charlemagne in 789, and by the Council of Selingstadt in 1022, but always in vain. If inquirers might not seek for answers in the churches, at the tombs of the Saints, they would seek them in the dens of necromancers. In spite of this condemnation, consultation of the divine oracles even formed a portion of the liturgy; and at the consecration of a bishop, at the moment when the Book of the Gospels was placed on his head, the volume was opened, and the first verse at the head of the page was regarded as a prognostication of the character of his episcopate. There are numerous accounts of such presages in the chronicles. Guibert of Nogent relates, for instance, that when Landric, elected Bishop of Noyon, was receiving episcopal unction, the text of the Gospel foreshadowed evil—"A sword shall pierce through thine own soul also." After having committed several crimes, he was assassinated. He had, as his successor, the Dean of Orleans; "the new bishop on being presented for consecration, there was sought, in the Gospel, for a prognostication concerning him, but the page proved a blank. It was as though God had said, "With regard to this man I have nothing to say." And in fact he died a few months later.

The same usage was practised in the Greek Church. At the consecration of Athanasius, nominated to the patriarchate

[1] For many more instances see Lalanne (L.), *Curiosités des Traditions*, Paris, 1847.

of Constantinople by Constantine Porphyrogenetos, "Caracalla, Bishop of Nicomedia, having brought forward the Gospel," says the Byzantine historian Pachymeros, "the people were alert to learn the oracle of the opening of the volume. The Bishop of Nicomedia having perceived that the leading words were 'prepared for the devil and his angels,' groaned in his heart, and covering the passage with his hand, turned the leaves and opened at these words, 'and the birds of the air lodged in the branches of it,' which seemed to have no connection with the ceremony. All that could be was done to conceal the oracles, but it was found impossible to cover up the fact. It was said that these passages condemned the consecration, but they were not the effect of chance, because there is no such thing as chance in the celebration of the divine mysteries." When Clovis was about to attack the Visigoths and drive them out of Aquitaine, he sent to inquire of the oracles of God at the tomb of S. Martin. His envoys arrived bearing rich presents, and on entering the church they heard the chanter recite the words of the psalm, "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle: Thou shalt throw down mine enemies under me. Thou hast made mine enemies also to turn their backs upon me: and I shall destroy them that hate me" (Ps. xviii. 39, 40). They returned with joy to the king, and the event justified the oracle.

I might fill pages with illustrations, but as these have no immediate reference to cave oracles, I will quote no more. It is obvious that recourse to churches and the tombs of the saints had taken the place of inquiries at the temples of the gods, and the grottoes dedicated to Fawns and Nymphs. So also it was by no means uncommon for recourse to be had to churches in which to sleep so as to obtain an oracle as to healing, as it had been customary for the same purpose to seek pagan temples. This was called *Incubation.*

The dreams produced were often the result of inhaling a gas that escaped in some of the caves, or through fissures in the floors of the temples. At Hierapolis in Phrygia was a cavern of Cybele. At the close of the fifth century, when the temple of the goddess had been completely abandoned through the interdiction of paganism, the philosopher Damascius, who had remained faithful to the old beliefs of his country, descended, along with a companion, into the Charonion in spite of the danger attending it, or was supposed to exist. He came forth safe and sound, according to his own account, but hardly had he reached his home before he dreamt that he had become Attys, the lover of Cybele, and that he assisted at a festival held in his honour. There were other such caves. In the visions seen by those sleeping in them, the divinities of healing appeared and prescribed the remedies to be taken by those who consulted them. Pilgrimages to these resorts—temples and caves of Æsculapius, Isis, and Serapis, were common events. Those who desired to consult Serapis slept in his temple at Canope. When Alexander was sick of the malady whereof he died, his friends went thither to learn if any cure were possible. "Those who go to inquire in dream of the goddess Isis," says Diodorus Siculus, "recover their health beyond expectation. Many have been healed of whom the physicians despaired." The temples were hung with ex-votos. At Lebedes, in Lydia, the sick went to pass the night in the temple of the Soteri, who appeared to them in dreams. It was the same in a temple in Sardinia. So also in one of Ino in Laconia. In the Cheronese, the goddess Hemithæa worked the same miracles as did Isis. She appeared in dream to the infirm and prescribed the manner in which they might be healed. In the Charonion of Nyssa it was the priest who consulted the gods in dream. In the temple of Æsculapius near Citheræa, a bed was always ready for incubation. Christianity could

not uproot so deeply founded superstitious convictions and practices.

The Emperor Constantine consecrated to the archangel Michael two churches near Byzantium, one was at Anaplous, on the Bosphorus, the other on the opposite shore at Brochoi. This second church replaced a temple that had, according to tradition, been founded by the Argonauts, and was called the Sosthenion. According to John Malala, Constantine slept in the temple and asked that he might be instructed in dream to whom the church which was to replace it should be dedicated. Great numbers from Byzantium and the country round had resort to these churches to seek the guidance of the archangel in their difficulties and a cure when sick. Sozomen, the ecclesiastical historian, relates an instance of a cure effected in one of the churches of S. Michael. Aquilinus, a celebrated lawyer, was ill with jaundice. "Being half dead, he ordered his servants to carry him to the church, in hopes of being cured there or dying there. When in it, God appeared to him in the night and bade him drink a mixture of honey, wine and pepper. He was cured, although the doctors thought the potion too hot for a malady of the bile. I heard also that Probian, physician of the Court, was also cured at the Michaelon by an extraordinary vision, of pains he endured in his feet." "Not being able to record all the miracles in this church, I have selected only these two out of many."[1]

That which took place at the Michaelons on the Bosphorus occurred elsewhere, in churches dedicated to SS. Cosmas and Damian. At Ægæ in Cilicia was a shrine of Æsculapius, and incubation was practised in his temple. It afterwards became a church of Cosmas and Damian, and the same practices continued after the rededication. The chain of

[1] *Hist. Eccles.*, ii. 3; see for many illustrations Maury (A.), *La Magie*, Paris, 1860. Part II., chap. i.

superstitious practices continued after the change in religion without any alteration. In the church of S. Hilaire in France is to be seen the saint's bed, "to which they carry insane persons, and after certain prayers and religious rites, they lay them to sleep in the bed, and they recover." [1]

In my "Book of South Wales" I have shown that the same usage continued as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century in the church of Christchurch near Caerleon, on the gravestone of one John Colmer, and have reproduced a print of 1805, representing a man lying there to get cured.

We have accordingly a series of customs beginning in caves dedicated to heathen deities, transferred to their temples, then to churches under the invocation of Christian saints and of angels.

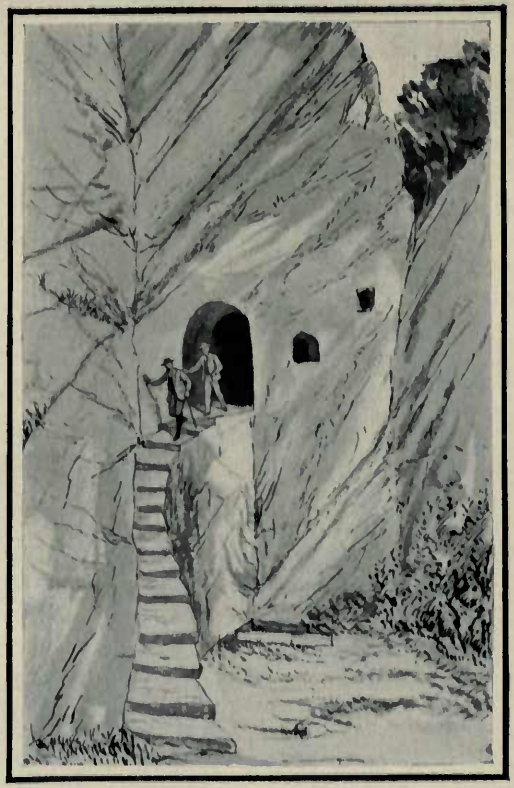
One might well have supposed that with the advance of education, there would have been an end to all cave oracles and grotto apparitions. But not so—there is a special mystery in a cave that stimulates the imagination, and the final phase of this tendency is the apparition at Lourdes, and the consecration of the grotto. The vision at Le Salette has not retained its hold on the superstitious, because it was on an alp, but that of Lourdes being in a cave, roused religious enthusiasm to the highest pitch. That the supposed apparition talked nonsense made the whole the more delightfully mysterious.

"Yonder, beneath the ivy which drapes the rock, the grotto opens," writes Zola, "with its eternally flaming candles. From a distance it looks rather squat and misshapen, a very narrow and humble aperture for the breath of the Infinite which issued from it. The statue of the Virgin has become a mere speck, which seems to move in the quiver of the atmosphere heated by the little yellow flames. To see anything it is necessary to raise oneself;

[1] *Jodocus Sincerus, Itin. Galliae*, 1617.

for the silver altar, the harmonium, the heaps of bouquets thrown there, the votive offerings streaking the smoky walls, are scarcely distinguishable from behind the railing."

The floor of the grotto is scarcely raised above the level of the river Gave, which has had to be thrust back to make room for a passage to the mouth of the cavern. The whole story of the apparition of the Virgin there rests on the unsupported assertion of an hysterical scrofulous peasant girl. But who can say that the cult of sacred grottoes is a thing of the past when tens of thousands of pilgrims visit Lourdes annually, and believe in the story that confers sanctity on it!



S. B.G.

NESS CLIFF

Cave occupied by Humphrey Kynaston the outlaw, with his horse. In the interior is the stable as well as Kynaston's own cell.

S. B G

KYNASTON'S CAVE

Interior. On the right is Kynaston's chamber, on the left is the stable of his horse. The lettering and date cut in the pier were made subsequent to his death.

CHAPTER XI

ROBBERS' DENS

THE name of the outlaw, Humphrey Kynaston, who, with his horse, lived in the face of a precipice, is not likely speedily to be forgotten in Shropshire; his exploits are still matter of tradition, and the scenes of his adventures are yet pointed out.

Humphrey was the son of Sir Roger Kynaston, of Hordley, near Ellesmere. The family derived from Wales and from the princes of Powys. Their arms were argent, a lion rampant sable.

Sir Roger Kynaston had zealously embraced the side of the York faction. King Henry VI. had attempted to make peace by holding a conference in London, when the Lord Mayor at the head of five thousand armed citizens kept peace between the rival parties. Henry proposed an agreement, which was accepted, and then the King, with representatives of both sides, went in solemn procession to S. Paul's. To the great joy of the spectators, the Yorkist and Lancastrian leaders walked before him arm in arm, Richard, Duke of York, leading by the hand the queen, the real head of her husband's party.

But the pacification had been superficial. The Yorkists were determined to win the crown from the feeble head of Henry. At their head was the Earl of Warwick, and the King had hoped to get him out of the way by making him Governor of Calais. But strife broke out again six months after the apparent reconciliation at S. Paul's. The Earl of Salisbury was the first to move; but he had no sooner put

himself in march from Yorkshire to join the Duke of York at Ludlow, than Lord Audley, with 7000 men, attempted to intercept him. They met at Blore Heath, in Staffordshire. Audley was drawn into a snare, and slain by Sir Roger Kynaston with his own hand; along with him fell 2000 of his followers. Thenceforth the Kynastons assumed, not only the Audley arms and the motto, "Blore Heath," but the rising sun of York as their crest.

Wild Humphrey was the son of Sir Roger Kynaston, by his wife the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Gray, Earl of Tankerville, and Lord of Powys. He was the second son, and not expecting to succeed to the family estates, was given the constableship of the castle of Middle, which had at one time belonged to the Lords le Strange, but which had lapsed to the Crown.

He sadly neglected his duties, and allowed the castle to fall into disrepair, almost into ruin. This was not altogether his own fault. The castle was of importance as guarding the marches against the Welsh, always ready, at the least provocation, to make raids into England. The office of constable was honorary rather than remunerative, a poor recompense for the services rendered by Sir Roger to the Yorkist cause. Humphrey was expected to keep up the castle out of his own resources, and he was without private means. It was true that with the accession of the House of Tudor, danger from the Welsh was less imminent: but Henry VII. was a parsimonious monarch, careful mainly to recover for the exchequer the sums of which it had been depleted in the Wars of the Roses.

As Humphrey was short of money, he took to robbery. The Wars of the Roses had produced anarchy in the land, and every man's hand was against his fellow, if that fellow had something of which he might be despoiled.

The story is told that one day Wild Humphrey rode to the manor-house of the Lloyds of Aston, and requested a

draught of wine. With ready hospitality a silver beaker was brought forth swimming with the juice of the grape. Humphrey, who was mounted, drained it to the last drop, then, striking spurs into his horse, galloped away, carrying the silver vessel with him. As has been said of Robin Hood, so it was told of the Shropshire freebooter, that he robbed the rich and befriended the poor. On one occasion he stopped the steward of a gentleman and plundered him of the rents just received. The Lord of the Manor sent him a message that he had been a forbearing landlord, but now he absolutely must put the screw upon his tenants to make up for his loss. Kynaston at once waylaid another gentleman's steward, and paid the first back to the last penny with the proceeds of the second robbery.

His depredations at length became so intolerable that he was outlawed in the eighth year of Henry VII. As this year began on the 22nd August 1490, and did not end till the 21st of August 1491, it is not quite certain in which year of our reckoning he was placed under ban.

He was now obliged to fly from the dilapidated castle of Middle, and seek himself out a place of refuge. This he found or made for himself in the face of the cliff of Ness.

This is a hill of new red sandstone, near Bass Church, that forms an abrupt scarp towards the south. The top commands a superb view of the Shropshire plain, with the Breiden Hills rising out of them, and the Long Mynd to the south. The western horizon is walled up by the Welsh mountains. Formerly the head and slopes of Ness Cliff were open down, but have been enclosed and planted of late years by Earl Brownlow, so that it is not easy to realise what the appearance was when Wild Humphrey took up his abode in the rock.

In the cliff, that is reached by a rapid ascent, and which rises above the slope some 70 feet, he cut a flight of steps in the side of a buttress that projects, till he reached the

main face of the crag, about half-way up. Then he scooped out a doorway, next excavated two chambers, one to serve as a stable for his horse, the other for a habitation for himself. In the latter he formed a hearth, and bored a hole upwards in a slanting direction, till he reached daylight, and this served as chimney. Beside his door he cut a circular orifice to act as window. The doorway was closed by a stout door sustained in place by a massive bar, the socket holes to receive which remain.

In the pier between the stable and his own apartment, he cut two recesses, probably to receive a lamp. Between these a later hand has engraved the initials H.K., and the date 1564. As Humphrey died in 1534, this was, of course, none of his doing.

At the foot of the cliff near the first step is a trough or manger cut in the living rock, apparently to receive water, but as no water exudes from the rock, it must have served for the oats or other corn given to his horse. It is traditionally said that Wild Humphrey's horse pastured in proximity to the Ness. When Humphrey saw danger, and when the shades of evening fell, he whistled; whereupon the beast ran like a cat up the narrow steps in the face of the rock, and entered its stable. Once there, Kynaston was master of the situation, for only one man at a time could mount the stair, and this was commanded by his window, through which with a pike he could transfix or throw down an intruder.

Where now stands the National School at the foot of the hill was at that time a meadow, to the grass of which his horse was partial.

The farmer to whom the meadow belonged naturally enough objected, and collected a number of men who linked themselves together with ropes and surrounded the field. The horse took no notice but continued browsing. The ring gradually contracted on him. Kynaston saw the pro-

ceeding from his eyrie, and uttered a shrill whistle. At once the gallant steed pricked up his ears, snorted, ran, leaped clean over the head of a man, and scrambled up the stair in the cliff, to his master's shelter. On another occasion a thief, thinking it no harm to rob a felon, succeeded in leaping on the horse's back. But the beast, feeling that some one was astride of him other than Wild Humphrey, ran to the cliff, and the rider, frightened at the prospect of being carried up the rock side and into the power of the desperate outlaw, was but too thankful to throw himself off and get away with a broken arm.

Humphrey had two wives, both Welsh girls, whom he carried off, but married. Gough, in his history of Middle, says: "Humphrey Kynaston had two wives, but both of soe mean birth that they could not claim to any coat of arms." By the first he had a son, Edward, who died young. By the second he had three sons, Edward, Robert, and Roger. If tradition may be trusted he proved so brutal and so bad a husband that his second wife left and returned to her kinsfolk in Wales. His son Edward was heir to the last Lord Powys, and continued the succession. Humphrey's elder brother died without lawful issue, and the honours and estates of the family devolved on Edward, upon his father's death in 1534.

Now the laws relating to the marriage of Englishmen with Welsh women were still in force. The English Parliament, in 1401, had passed a series of the most oppressive and cruel ordinances ever enacted against any people; prohibiting marriage between English and Welsh, and disfranchising and disqualifying any Englishman from holding or inheriting property, if he had married a Welsh woman, and closing all schools and learned professions to the Welsh. These infamous laws had been reenforced by Parliament in 1413, and were not repealed when Henry VII. came to the throne, as might have been

anticipated. But Henry granted the Welsh a charter, which rendered the administration less rigorous. These tyrannous laws were not repealed till 1536. Now, the fact that Humphrey's marriage with Welsh women stood against him in no way justified his treatment of his wives.

Deserted by his second wife, Wild Humphrey was assisted by his mother, who came to Ruyton, in the neighbourhood, and carried him food on Sunday, a day of civil freedom.

On one occasion when he had been committing his usual depredations, on the further side of the Severn, the Under Sheriff at the head of a posse rode to arrest him, and for this purpose removed several planks of Montford Bridge, by which he was expected to return, and then laid in wait till he arrived. In due course Humphrey Kynaston rode to the Severn Bridge and prepared to cross. Thereupon the *posse comitatus* rose and took possession of the bridge end believing that they had him entrapped. But the outlaw spurred his horse, which leaped the gap, and he escaped. A farmer, who had been looking on, so the legend tells, called out, "Kynaston, I will give thee ten cows and a bull for thy horse." "Get thee first the bull and cows that can do such a feat," shouted the outlaw in reply, "and then we will effect the exchange."

The leap of Kynaston's horse was measured and marked out on Knockin Heath, and cut in the turf, with the letters H. K. at each end.

The accession of a Welsh prince to the crown was in reality a fortunate thing for the Kynastons, especially for Wild Humphrey; for ever since the rising of Owen Glendower, an Englishman who had married a Welsh woman was, as already said, legally disqualified from holding any office of trust, and from acquiring or inheriting land in England. Consequently Humphrey's issue by his Welsh wife might have been debarred from representing the family but for the accession of Henry VII. As it turned out,

since his elder brother left no issue, the son of Humphrey eventually inherited the family estates of the Kynastons.

Two and a half or three years after his outlawry, Humphrey was pardoned, 30th May 1493. The pardon is still extant, and is in the possession of Mr. Kynaston, of Hardwick Hall and Hordley, the present representative of the family. The direct line from Wild Humphrey expired in 1740.

It is somewhat noticeable that in all the successive generations there was no further outbreak of the wild blood. The Kynastons descending from the outlaw, who was the terror of the countryside, were orderly country gentlemen, who did their duty and pursued harmless pleasures. Perhaps Wild Humphrey was rather a product of his lawless times, of the terrible disorders of the Wars of the Roses, and of the cruel law that blasted him and his issue, on account of his Welsh marriages, than a free-booter out of sporting propensities.

Tradition says that his continued misconduct and ill-treatment of his wife kept her estranged from him. But on his deathbed he had one single desire, and that was to see her and obtain her pardon. He stoutly refused to be visited by any leech; and only reluctantly agreed to allow a "wise woman," who lived at Welsh Felton, near the scene of his old exploits at Ness Cliff, to visit him and prescribe herbs.

On her arrival, however, his humour had changed, and he impatiently turned away, saying, "I'll have none of your medicines. I want naught but my Elizabeth, my poor wronged wife."

"And she is here," answered the wise woman, throwing off her hood.

Humphrey turned and laid his head on her bosom, and without another word, but with his eyes on her face, breathed his last.

Is the story true or *ben trovato?* Who can say! It reposes on tradition.

Ness Cliff, the rock, in the face of which Humphrey Kynaston lived four hundred years ago, remains, with his cave, his flight of steps, up which ran his faithful horse, his stable, and the feeding trough, and the hearth on which burned Wild Humphrey's fire, very much as he left it. Only one feature is changed. There, from his rock, his eye ranged over the rolling woodland and open champagne country for miles so that he could see and prepare against the enemy who ventured to approach his stronghold; now it is buried in larch and Austrian pine plantations, so that nothing is visible from the cave, save their green boughs. It seems strange that for so many years he can have been suffered to continue his depredations without an attempt being made to surround his rock and keep him imprisoned therein till he was starved into surrender. But the explanation is probably this. He had made friends among the peasantry of the neighbourhood, whom he never molested, and to whom he showed many kindnesses; and they rewarded him by giving him timely warning of the approach of those bent on his capture, and thus enabled him to mount his horse, gallop away, and conceal himself elsewhere. Yet this only partly explains the mystery. If the cave were deserted, why did not the sheriff and his *posse comitatus* destroy the steps leading up into it, and thus render a retreat into it impossible? The only conclusion at which one can arrive is that the custodians of the law in the fifteenth century were half-hearted in the discharge of their duty, that there was a secret admiration for the wild outlaw in their hearts, and that they were reluctant to see the scion of a brave and ancient house brought to the gallows.

Some men have become predatory animals, and as such seek out lairs as would the beasts of prey.

The Chinaman possesses an instinctive reversion to old

subterranean life. Wherever he goes, wherever he succeeds in forming a "China-town," he begins to burrow and undermine the houses in which he and his fellow-countrymen live, and a labyrinth of passages and chambers is constructed, communicating with the several dwellings, so that a criminal Chinaman can rarely be trapped in the native quarter by the police. When San Francisco was burnt, the ground under the Chinese town was found to be honeycombed with runs and lurking-holes to an astounding extent.

When David had to escape from the pursuit of Saul, he fled first of all to Gath, but being recognised there, he made his way to the cave of Adullam. "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men."[1] In a word, he became the head of a party of freebooters, who laid the neighbourhood under contribution.

The Palestine surveyors have identified the cave of Adullam with one now called by the peasants Aid-el-Ma. It lies in a round hill about 500 feet high, pierced with a number of caverns; the hill itself being isolated by several valleys and marked by ancient ruins, tombs, and quarryings. "A cave which completes the identification exists in the hill. It is not necessary to suppose that the one used by David was of great size, for such spacious recesses are avoided by the peasantry even now, from their dampness and tendency to cause fever. Their darkness, moreover, needs many lights, and they are disliked from the numbers of scorpions and bats frequenting them. The caves used as human habitations, at least in summer, are generally about twenty or thirty paces across, lighted by the sun, and comparatively dry. I have often seen such places with their roofs blackened by smoke: families lodging in one, goats,

[1] 1 Sam. xxii. 1-2.

cattle, and sheep, stabled in another, and grain or straw stored in a third. At Adullam are two such caves in the northern slope of the hill, and another further south, while the opposite sides of the tributary valley are lined with rows of caves, all smoke-blackened, and mostly inhabited, or used as pens for flocks and herds.

"The cave on the south of the hill itself was tenanted by a single family when the surveyors visited it, just as it might have been by David and his immediate friends, while his followers housed themselves in those near at hand."[1]

The haunts of the bandits in the times of Herod must have been very much like those in Dordogne. They were high up in the face of precipices in Galilee, and he was able only to subdue these gangs of freebooters by letting his soldiers down in baskets from the top of the cliffs, with machines for forcing entrance.[2]

Stanley says[3]: "Like all limestone formations, the hills of Palestine abound in caves. In these innumerable rents, and cavities, and holes, we see the shelter of the people of the land in those terrible visitations, as when 'Lot went up out of Zoar, and dwelt in a cave.' Or as when 'in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah, they fled before the earthquake to the ravine of the mountains;' to the rocky fissures, safer, even though themselves rent by the convulsions, than the habitations of man. We see in them, also, the hiding-places which served sometimes for the defence of robbers and insurgents, sometimes for the refuge of those of whom 'the world was not worthy;' the prototypes of the catacombs of the early Christians, of the caverns of the Vaudois and the Covenanters. The cave of the five kings at Makkedah; the 'caves, and dens, and strongholds,

[1] Geikie (C.), "The Holy Land and the Bible," Lond. 1887, i. p. 108.
[2] Josephus, "Antiq.," xiv. 6.
[3] "Sinai and Palestine," 1856, pp. 148–149.

and 'rocks,' and 'pits,' and 'holes' in which the Israelites took shelter from the Midianites in the time of Gideon, from the Philistines in the time of Saul; the cleft of the cliff Etam, into which Samson went down to escape the vengeance of his enemies; the caves of David at Adullam and at Maon, and of Saul at Engedi; the cave in which Obadiah hid the prophets of the Lord; the caves of the robber hordes above the plain of Gennesareth; the sepulchral caves of the Gadarene demoniacs; the cave of Jotopata, where Josephus and his countrymen concealed themselves in their last struggle, continue from first to last what has been called the cave-life of the Israelite nation."

The vast grotto of Lombrive in Ariège has been already mentioned. It became a den of a band of murderous brigands at the beginning of the nineteenth century. A detachment of soldiers was sent to dislodge them in 1802; to reach the great hall access is had by crawling through a narrow passage, and here the robbers murdered as many as 146 of the soldiers, taking them one after another as they emerged from the passage, and cutting their throats.[1] The passage now bears the name of that of *Du Crime*.

The Surtshellir in Iceland has attracted a great deal of attention, perhaps because it is so different from other caves, being formed in the lava. Its origin is very easily explained. At a great eruption of lava from a neighbouring crater, the crust hardened rapidly whilst the viscid current below continued to flow, and this latter flowed on till it also became rigid, and left a great gap between it and the original crust. I visited it in 1860. It has several branches, and in it lie pools perpetually frozen. There are gaps here and there in the roof through which rays of light penetrate, and also snow that heaps itself on the floor. In one side-chamber is a great accumulation of sheep-bones. In the thirteenth century a band of twenty-four robbers took up

[1] "Spelunca," Paris, 1905, t. vi. p. 169.

their abode in this cavern, and made excursions in all directions around, robbing farmhouses, and driving away sheep. When this had gone on for some time the bonders united and succeeded in surrounding the gang, and killing eighteen of them. The six who escaped fled to the snow mountains, and were never heard of again. Now the strange thing is, how could the men live through a winter in this horrible cavern with a floor of ice in many places, and with a temperature below freezing even in summer? Fuel they could not procure, as there are but black sandy moors around that grow nothing but dwarf willow, and that is so scarce as to be inefficient for their purpose. They must have supplied themselves with light and heat by the tallow of the sheep they killed, run into a lamp. This is the only heating fuel used at present by the Icelanders, apart from the animal heat they give out in the closely sealed common room they occupy as sleeping quarters as well as dining-room and workshop. It may be vastly pleasant in theory to live at other people's expense, but it has its drawbacks, and in this instance *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle.*

In Pitscottie's "Chronicles of Scotland," and in Holinshed's "Scottish Chronicle," at the end of the reign of James II. there is a story of a brigand who is said to have lived in a den called Feruiden, or Ferride's Den, in Angus, who was burnt along with his wife and family for cannibalism, the youngest daughter alone was spared as she was but a twelvemonth old. But when she grew up she was convicted of the same crime, and was condemned to be burnt or buried alive.

I have given elsewhere a very full account of the cave—a den of robbers beside which that to which Gil Blas was carried was a paradise—La Crouzate on the Causse de Gramat in the Department of Lot. I will therefore here mention it but superficially. At the entrance are notches in the rock, showing that at one time it was closed by a door. A rapid descent is suddenly brought to a standstill

by an opening in the floor of a veritable *oubliette*, and this opening is crossed only by a bridge of poles, the hand helping to maintain the balance by pressing against the wall of rock on the right hand. Then comes a second hollow, but not so serious, and then a third that can only be descended by a ladder. This opens into a hall in the midst of which yawns a horrible chasm, across which lies a rough bridge of poles that give access to some small chambers beyond, which had formerly been tenanted by the brigands who had their lair in this cavern. Notches in the walls of the well show that across it were laid poles that sustained a pulley, by means of which a bucket could be let down to the well 265 feet, for water. My cousin, Mr. George Young, actually found remains of the crane employed for the purpose at the bottom of the well. About the year 1864, M. Delpons, prefect of the Department of Lot, observing a huge block of limestone lying in a field near La Crouzate, had it raised, and discovered beneath it twelve skeletons ranged in a circle, their feet inwards, and an iron chain linking them together; probably the remains of the bandits who made of La Crouzate their den, whence they issued to rob in the neighbourhood. According to the local tradition, the peasants of the surrounding country paid a poll-tax for every sheep and ox they possessed so as to raise a levée which should sweep the Causse of these marauders, and it was due to this effort that the band was captured and every member of it hung to the branches of the walnut tree beneath which lies the broad stone.

At Gargas, near Montzéjeau, in Hautes Pyrenées, is a prehistoric cavern of considerable extent. In it have been found sealed up in stalagmite the remains of primitive man. Now the significant fact exists that just ten years before the outbreak of the French Revolution this cave was inhabited by Blaise Ferrage, a stone-mason, who at the age of twenty-two deliberately threw aside his trade

and retired into the grotto, whence he sallied forth to seize, murder, and eat children and young girls. Men also he shot, strangled, or stabbed, and dragged to his lair, there to devour their carcases.

For three years this monster terrorized the countryside. The number of his victims was innumerable. As last he was caught and broken on the wheel in December 1782. There is no evidence that the naked prehistoric men who had inhabited the cave of Gargas were cannibals.

That the outlaw and he who has dropped out of the ranks of ordered social life, and he who seeks to prey on civilised society should naturally, instinctively, make the cave his home, is what we might expect. He is reverting to the habits of early man whose hand was against every man.

In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the outlaws are presented as living in a cave. The robbers in "Gil Blas" had their lair also in one.

One of the finest and most pathetic of Icelandic Sagas is the history of Grettir the Outlaw, who was born in 997, and killed by his enemies in 1031. He spent nineteen years in outlawry in Iceland, and outlawry there in that terrible climate, with no house to cover his head, would seem an ordeal impossible for human endurance. Between the autumn of 1022 and the spring of 1024, that is to say during two winters, he lived in a cave in the west of the island. A steep shale slide was below a cliff, and above this a hollow in the rock. He built up the mouth of the cave, and hung grey wadmal before the entrance, so that none below could notice anything peculiar, or any one living there. Whatever fuel he wanted, all he had to eat, everything he needed, had to be carried up this slippery ascent by him. Down the shale slide he went when short of provisions, and over the marshes to this or that farm and demanded or carried off, sometimes a sheep, sometimes curds, dried fish—in a word what he required.

In the summer of 1862 a very similar lair which Grettir inhabited a little later in the east of Iceland was explored by a farmer living near. This is his description of it: "The lair stands in the upper part of a slip of stones beneath some sheer rocks. It is built up of stones, straight as a line, four and three-quarter ells long and ten inches wide, and is within the walls seven-eighths of an ell deep. Half of it is roofed over with flat stones; small splinters of stone are wedged in between these to fill up the joints, and these are so firmly fixed that they could not be removed without tools. One stone in the south wall is so large that it would require six men to move it. The north wall is beginning to give way. On the outside the walls are overgrown with black lichen and grey moss."

A chapman spending the winter in a farm hard by, named Gisli the Dandy, heard that a price of nine marks of silver was placed on the head of Grettir. "Let me but catch him," said he, "and I will dress his skin for him."

The outlaw heard of this threat, and one day looking down from his rock he saw a man with two attendants riding along the highway. His kirtle was scarlet, and his helmet and shield flashed in the sun. It occurred to Grettir that this must be the dandy, and he at once ran down the slide of stones, clapped his hand on a bundle of clothes behind the saddle, and said, "This I am going to take." Gisli, for it was he, got off his horse, and called on his men to attack Grettir. But the latter soon perceived that the chapman kept behind his servants, and never risked himself where the blows fell; so he put the two thralls aside and went direct upon the merchant, who turned and took to his heels. Grettir pursued him, and Gisli, in his fear, threw aside his shield, then away went his helmet, and lastly a heavy purse of silver attached to his girdle. Presently the flying man came to a bed of old lava full of cracks. He leaped the fissures and reached a river that flowed beyond. There he

halted, unable to make up his mind to risk a plunge into it, and that allowed Grettir to run in on him and throw him down.

"Keep my saddle-bags and what I have thrown away," pleaded the fallen man, "only spare my life." "There must be a little skin-dressing done first," answered Grettir. Then he took a good handful of birch rods from the wood, pulled Gisli's clothes up over his head, and laid the twigs against his back in none of the gentlest fashion. Gisli danced and skipped about, but Grettir had him by his garments twisted about his head, and contrived to flog till the fellow threw himself down on the ground screaming. Then Grettir let go, and went quietly back to his lair, picking up as he went the purse and the belt, the shield, casque, and whatsoever else Gisli had thrown away. Also he retained the contents of his saddle-bags.[1]

At Dunterton, on the Devon side of the Tamar, is a headland of rock and wood projecting above the river, and in this is a cave. In or about 1780 there was a man, the terror of the neighbourhood, who lived in this cave, but that he was there was unknown. He was wont to "burgle" the houses of the gentry round, and his favourite method of proceeding was to get on the roof and descend the chimneys, which in those days were wide. In my hall chimney was, till I removed it, an apparatus fitted with sharp spikes upward to impale the burglar should he attempt to get into the house that way. In the house of a neighbouring squire a funnel was made into which he might drop, and from which he could not escape. He was finally discovered by Colonel Kelly, when drawing the wood with his hounds; as the cave was held to be the den of the ogre, it was looked upon with fear, and was also long the lair of smugglers.

Perhaps the latest cave-dwelling criminal was Carl

[1] "Grettir Saga," Copenh. 1859. "Grettir the Outlaw," Lond. 1890.

Friedrich Masch, who before his execution confessed to having committed twelve murders and to having attempted several more. This man carried on this warfare against society from 1856 to 1864, that is to say for eight years, in Prussia. His presence in the district was always suspected rather than ascertained, by the numerous cases of arson, burglary, and robbery, as well as by murders and murderous attacks. One of his worst crimes was the butchery of a whole family, a miller, his wife, three children, aged respectively twelve, ten, and five, and a young servant-maid in 1861. In vain were large rewards offered for the capture of Masch; if he had confederates they were not bribed to betray him, and the police were powerless to trace him. Even soldiers were called out to search the forests, but all in vain, and he was not captured till 1864 when he was arrested when tipsy in the street of Frankfurt on the Oder, and then it was not till some hours later that it was discovered he had but just committed a fresh murder.

In March 1858 a miller named Ebel went into the Pyritz forest near Soldin, along with his servant-man to fetch away firewood he had purchased. After having laden his wagon he sent it home under the conduct of his man, and remained behind among the trees. He looked about among the bushes to find a suitable branch that he could cut to serve as a walking-stick. Whilst thus engaged he came on some rising ground overgrown with young birch, and on the slope of the hill not more than 200 paces from the much-frequented highroad he noticed a spot where the snow was beaten hard, as if it had been the lair of a wild beast. To get a better sight of this, Ebel parted the bushes and came closer. Then he was aware of a patch of dried leaves uncovered by snow. Unable to account for this, he stirred the leaves with his recently cut stick, and to his surprise saw them slide down into the earth as into

a funnel. More puzzled than ever he began to examine the locality, when he noticed that the ground under his feet sounded hollow, and that there was hard by a second and larger hole. As he stood staring at this, suddenly a cudgel appeared followed by the white face of a man with black hair and beard and dark piercing eyes, rising out of the ground. For a moment Ebel stood paralysed with terror, and then, as the man was heaving himself to the surface, he beat a hasty retreat.

When he reported what he had seen to the forester and some wood-cutters, he was at first not believed, but he insisted that they should accompany him to the spot. They did so, and this is what they found: a board, covered with earth, but with a hole in the midst, through which a couple of fingers could be thrust so as to bring it from below into position, had been used to cover the entrance to an underground habitation. Jumping into a pit, a passage was seen about five feet high, in which a stove had been placed, and the hole the miller had seen, into which the leaves had fallen, was the chimney. Further on was a chamber seven feet long by seven feet broad, and five feet high, that had clearly served as a dwelling for some considerable time. It was full of clothing, linen, an axe, a hammer, a bunch of keys, and an assortment of burglar's tools. The roof was supported by posts and transverse beams, and from them hung legs of pork, bacon, and sausages. There was also a cellar well stocked with wine and brandy, and even champagne. A bed was fashioned of birch boughs and fir branches and hay. The boughs protected from the damp of the soil. Great quantities of bones of pigs, sheep, geese, and other poultry were found buried in the sides of the passage and about on the surface.

The forester reported to the police what he had seen. A good many of the articles found were reclaimed by peasants

who had been robbed; but the denizen of the cave-dwelling had vanished, and returned no more. At the same time, attacks on persons and property ceased in that neighbourhood, but began in the neighbourhood of Berlin. But in the spring of 1859 they were renewed in the district of Soldin. The military were ordered to manœuvre, surround, and traverse the woods, and search every moor. All was in vain, not a trace of the perpetrator of these crimes could be found, and no sooner were the soldiers withdrawn than a taverner and his young wife were discovered in their little inn, with their heads beaten in, and their throats cut, and the man's watch and his money taken. This was followed by the murder of a peasant girl, on the highroad, as she was returning from saying farewell to her lover who had to leave his village for military service. Next came the slaughter of the miller and his family. Renewed efforts to trace the murderer were made and were equally fruitless.

A toll-keeper was fired at in his bed and severely wounded. The would-be assassin had drawn a cart into position, placed boards on it, raised an erection on the boards to support himself so as to be able to take aim at the sleeping man through the window. He could see where he was, as a light burned in the room. He was prevented breaking into the house and murdering the wife and child by the approach of passengers. A farmer was shot at and also badly hurt when returning from market, and only saved from being killed and robbed by his horse taking fright and galloping out of reach.

A further hiding-place of Masch was discovered by accident, as was the first, in May 1861, in the neighbourhood of Warsin. It was more roomy than the first, constructed with more art, was also underground, and contained innumerable objects that had been stolen; amongst others a little library of books that Masch could read in the long winter evenings to pass away the time.

When after eight years of this sort of life, he was finally arrested, he was brought to confess his crimes. And one portion of his narrative concerned his place of concealment in the winter of 1858–59, before he had dug out his subterranean abode at Warsin, and after the discovery of his den at Pyritz.

That was also spent underground, but not in a cave of his construction. I will give the account in his own words.

"The winter came on and I had no money and no place of refuge against the cold. It was only when a hard frost set in that I found an asylum in the culvert constructed to carry off the water from the Bermling lake. The canal consists of a stone-built tunnel, the entrance to which is closed by closely-set iron stancheons. But accustomed as I was, like a cat, to contract and wriggle through narrow spaces, I succeeded in forcing my way in and I formed my lair on the solid ice. Before a fall of snow I provided myself with food, wine, brandy, clothing, and bedding, but I was constrained to spend many weeks in my hiding-place lest I should betray it by my footprints in the snow. My abode there was terribly irksome, for the culvert was not lofty enough to allow one to stand upright in it, and I was constrained to wriggle about in it, crawling or thrusting myself along with hands and feet. I had indeed covered my legs with leather wound about them, but my limbs became stiff. Sitting on the ice was almost as uncomfortable as lying on it. An upright position when seated became unendurable with my legs stretched out straight before me. Accordingly I hacked a hole through the ice into the frozen mud, and thrust my legs down into it. But my blood chilled in them, and my legs would have been frozen in, had I not withdrawn them and stretched them out as before, well enveloped. Moreover I could not sit with my back leaning against the ice-cold stone walls, and the

air in the tunnel was dense and foggy. As soon as the ground was clear of snow I escaped from my horrible prison, and enjoyed myself in the open, but for safety had to retreat to it again. On one occasion I narrowly escaped discovery. The owner of the estate hard by and his son were out one day with their hounds. These latter rushed to the entrance of the culvert and began snuffing about at it. Their masters observed this, and made the brutes enter the tunnel. I crouched, my loaded gun in my hand, and peered betwixt the iron bars. If one of the hounds had come near me, I would have shot it. Happily the beasts did not venture far in, probably on account of the heavy vapour they had lost the scent. They withdrew, and I remained in my cellar-dwelling till the spring. When the ice melted and the mud became soft, I had to quit my winter quarters. I had suffered so unspeakably that I resolved without more ado to excavate for myself a new habitation underground which in comparison with the culvert seemed a paradise to me."[1]

Masch was executed on 18th July 1864.

A picturesque walk through the woods near Wiesbaden on the Taunus road leads to the Leichtweishöhle, a cave under a mass of fallen rock, in the Nerothal. The cave measures 100 feet in length, and at its entrance and exit are now set up portraits of the former occupant of this retreat and his mistress. Within, in a side chamber, is the bedroom of the robber, and his bed, that was covered with dry moss. In the midst of the cave is a round, massive stone table, and under its foot is a pit excavated to receive his money and other valuables. The cave, now accessible, is an object of many a pleasant excursion from Wiesbaden; over a century ago it was in a dense and pathless forest, the intricacies of which were unknown.

Henry Antony Leichtweiss was born in 1730 at Ohrn, and

[1] *Der neue Pitaval*, Leipzig; neue Serie, ii. 1867, pp. 104–105.

was the son of a forester in the service of the Duke of Nassau. He was put apprentice to a man who was at once a baker and a besom-maker, and he learned both professions with readiness. Being a well-built, handsome youth, he managed to get engaged as courier in a noble family, and in the situation made many journeys and learned to know the world, and also to lay by some money. In September 1757 he married the daughter of the magistrate (Schultheiss) of Dotzheim, and he obtained appointment under him as scrivener. By his wife he had seven children. On the death of his father-in-law, and the appointment of a new magistrate, the aspect of his affairs changed. He was detected in attempts to appropriate trust-money to his own use, and was dismissed his office. He sank deeper and deeper, and was arrested and imprisoned at last for theft. On leaving Wiesbaden, where he had been confined, he returned to Dotzheim, but there no one would have anything to say to him, and his own wife refused to receive him into her house.

Leichtweiss now gave himself up to a vagabond life, and as he had of old been associated with the chase, he turned to poaching as a resource. The wide stretch of forests of the Taunus, well stocked with game, and the proximity to such markets as Frankfort and Mainz, offered him a prospect of doing a good business in this line. He managed to induce a wench to associate herself with him, and he dug out a cave of which the description has already been given, in which he made his headquarters, and where he lived and carried on his depredations unmolested for seven years. The spot was so secret and the confusion of rocks there was so great, that he trusted never to be discovered. The main danger lay in smoke betraying him when his fire was lighted, or of his track bring followed in the snow during the winter. But, as already said, for seven years he remained undiscovered, although the keepers of the Duke were well

aware that the game in the forests was being shot down and disposed of in the town, and although villagers declared that he had stayed and robbed them. These allegations were, however, never proved. When he was at last captured, he was tried and sentenced to be placed in the stocks at Wiesbaden in the market. Two days after he hung himself in prison.

In the chapter on Souterrains I have spoken of the Adersbach and Wickelsdorf rock labyrinths, without mentioning that they have served as a haunt for robbers. I will now deal with them from this point of view. Take a piece of veined marble, and suppose all the white veins of felspar washed clear, leaving the block cleft in every direction from top to bottom, and all the cleavages converging to one point and through that one point only, on the Wickelsdorf side, is access to be had to the labyrinth. But then conceive of the block thus fissured towering three hundred feet or more sheer up, and having narrow rifts as the passages by which the interior may be penetrated. In the eleventh century sixty knights of the army of Boleslas III., when the latter was driven back by the Emperor Henry II., took refuge in the neighbourhood of Trauterau, and built there a castle, and subsisted on robbery. The captain was a Pole named Nislaf. As they prospered and multiplied, Nislaf divided his company, and placed one portion under Hans Breslauer, who said to his men, "We have a treasure-house in these rocks, only unhappily it is empty. We must pillage the merchants and travellers, and fill it." Nislaf's party fell out with one another, and one, named Alt, led off the discontented and built a fortress, the remains of which may be traced at the highest point above the Adersbach labyrinth. One day the crowing of a cock betrayed where Nislaf had his abode, and troops were sent from Prague to clear the country. Most of the bandits were captured and executed.

In the early part of the nineteenth century a notorious ruffian at the head of a gang lurked in this neighbourhood. His name was Babinsky.

One evening, in the autumn of 1839, a carriage drew up at the outskirts of the Dobrusch forest. A couple of ladies descended from it at the door of a tavern, and asked the Jewish landlady if they could be accommodated with supper and a bed. "We are afraid to proceed," said one of the ladies, "for fear of Babinsky." "Babinsky," answered the hostess, "has never shown his face here."

The ladies were shown into a plain apartment, but were made uneasy by seeing a number of ferocious looking men in the passage and bar. "Who are these?" asked the lady. "Only packmen," replied the landlady. After supper the two ladies were shown into a large bedroom in which at one side was an old-fashioned wardrobe. When left alone they examined this article of furniture, and perceived an unpleasant odour issuing from it. By some means or other they succeeded in forcing open the door, when they perceived that at the bottom of the wardrobe was a trap-door. This they raised, and to their dismay discovered a well or vault, out of which the unpleasant odour issued. They now set fire to some newspaper, and threw it down the hole, and to their unspeakable horror saw by the flames a half-naked corpse. The ladies closed the trap and considered. It was clear that they were in a murderous den, probably controlled by Babinsky. The youngest lady, who had most presence of mind and courage, descended the stairs, opened the guest-room, and said to her coachman, "Hans, it is now half-past nine. This is the hour at which Captain Feldegg, my brother-in-law, promised to start at the head of a military escort to conduct us through the forest. We will leave as soon as you can harness the horses to save him the trouble of coming on so far as this."

Hans finished his glass of wine and rose. The men in

the guest-room looked at one another. Before half-an-hour had elapsed the carriage rolled away, and next morning the police were communicated with. It need hardly be said the ladies met with no escort.

A few days later a middle-aged, ragged fellow, with a grinding organ, arrived at the inn, and called for a glass. In the guest-room were the "packmen," and some equally wild-looking girls. The grinding organ was put in requisition, and to its strains they danced till past midnight, when Babinsky himself entered and the dancing ceased. The organ-grinder had so ingratiated himself into the favour of the robbers, that they resolved on retaining him as the musician of the band. He was conveyed across country till they reached some such a rocky retreat as that of Wickelsdorf or Adersbach, and there spent three weeks, only allowed to accompany the band when they were going to have a frolic. On these occasions they betook themselves to the resort agreed on, by twos and threes. One day as some of them passed along a road, they saw a blind beggar in the hedge, asking for alms. Some cast him coppers, and the organ-grinder slipped into his hand a kreutzer, wrapped in a bit of paper.

That night the tavern was surrounded by the military, and the whole gang, along with Babinsky, was captured. This was on 15th October 1839. The organ-grinder was the Prague detective Hoche.

The trial dragged on for several years; some of the robbers were executed, some sentenced to ten, others to twenty years of imprisonment. No evidence was produced that actually convicted Babinsky of having committed, or been privy to the murders, and he was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

I was rambling in Bohemia and tracing the Riesen Gebirge in 1886. On reaching home I read what follows from the Vienna Correspondent of the *Standard*. "At the

little market town of Leitomischl in Bohemia," at the foot of the continuation of the Giant Mountains I had been exploring, "an innkeeper and his wife and son have just been arrested by the police on a charge of having, during the last twenty-five years, murdered no fewer than eleven persons. The victims were all travellers who had put up for a night at his house, and who had shown that they were in possession of ready cash. For a considerable time the suspicions of the police had been aroused by the sudden disappearance of various visitors staying at this inn. Among the latest cases was a cattle dealer who, after visiting the market, was returning home with the proceeds of the sale of a herd of cattle, and a young baron who had won a large sum in a public lottery. After putting up at the inn in question, these men, like others before them, were never heard of again. The very last case was that of the sudden disappearance of a lady, who was undoubtedly murdered and robbed by the arrested persons."

I did in fact find the inns in Bohemia, in certain places infested, but not with bandits and cut-throats.

CHAPTER XII

ROCK SEPULCHRES

A NOTEWORTHY distinction exists between the countless rock-tombs in Palestine and those equally countless in Egypt. In the former there has not been found a single inscription to record the name of the occupant, whereas among the latter not one was unnamed.

The reason probably was that the Jew had no expectation of existing in a state after death, and those of his family he put away in their holes in the rocks had ceased to be to him anything more than a recollection. All his hopes, his ambition, were limited to this life and to the glorification of his nation. The highest blessing he could personally reckon on was that his days might be long in the land which the Lord his God would give him.

The horizon of the Egyptian, on the other hand, was full of anticipation of a life of the spirit when parted from the body. "Instead of the acres of inscriptions which cover the tombs of Egypt," says Dean Stanley, "not a single letter has been found in any ancient sepulchre of Palestine."

When the Israelites escaped from the iron furnace of Egypt, they carried with them so intense an abhorrence of all that savoured of Misraim that they put away from them polytheism and repudiated idolatry; they swept away as well the doctrine of life after death, such as dominated the Egyptian mind, that they might focus all their desires on this present life.

"Let me bury my dead out of my sight," expressed the feeling of the Israelite before and after the Exodus.

The patriarchs had no conception of the resurrection of the body. The idea was unknown to them. Their faith did not even embrace a belief in the immortality of the soul. A passage in Job (xix. 25-27) has been adduced to prove the contrary, but it does so only because it is a mistranslation, and was manipulated by the translators according to their own preconceptions. Even the word rendered Redeemer has no such signification, it means "the Avenger of Blood." It was probably through contact with other nations that had a wider hope, that slowly and haltingly the conception of a prolonged existence after death made its way among the Jews.

Christianity invested the body with a sacredness undreamt of under the Old Covenant, and gave assurance, not of a continued existence after death alone, but of a resuscitation of the body. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

The Jews entertained a strong aversion towards incineration, because the latter was a pagan usage, and they gloried in their singularity. In Rome they had their catacombs hewn out of the rock, and the Christians followed their example.

A short time before the Christian era, Judea had been made tributary to Rome by the victories of Pompey, and many thousands of Jews were transferred to Rome, where a particular district was assigned to them on the right bank of the Tiber. We know how tenaciously Jews clung to their religion and to their traditional practices, and they sought to lay their departed members in rocky sepulchres, such as those of their distant country. And, in fact, outside the Porta Portese, the gate nearest to their quarter of the town, a Jewish catacomb exists, discovered in 1602, excavated in Monte Verde, that contains the tombs of the Hebrews. From this all emblems exclusively Christian

are absent. There are representations of the Ark of the Covenant, of the seven-branched candlestick. The lamps also were impressed with the same symbols; and in a fragment of a Greek inscription is traced the word "Synagogue."

The catacombs of the Christians resembled those of the Jews in every other particular.

Three different kinds of stone compose the basis of the Roman Campagna; the *tufa litoide*, as hard and durable as granite, used extensively for building purposes; the *tufa granolare*, which is consistent enough to retain the form given to it by excavators, but it is useless as building material, and lastly the *Pozzuolana*, largely employed in the making of Roman cement. Neither the *arenaria* or sand quarries, nor those for the building stone were ever employed for excavation to make catacombs, whereas the *granular tufa* has been so largely excavated for this purpose that if the galleries were continued in one line, it has been reckoned that they would stretch the entire length of the Italian peninsula. They form a labyrinth of passages and cross-passages, and are moreover in several stages called *piani*. But they do not extend far from the Eternal City, not beyond the third milestone. The galleries have a breadth of from two to four feet, and their height is governed by the nature of the rock in which they are hewn. The walls on both sides are lined with graves dug out of the rock, in a horizontal position, one above the other, like bunks in a cabin. In each of these reposed one or more bodies. Here and there the sequence is broken by a cross-passage that leads to a small chamber, and in these chambers the sides, like those of the galleries, are perforated with graves. All these graves were originally closed by slabs of marble or tiles. This is about the only distinction between the graves of the rich and those of the poor, of the slave from his master. Those who desired to set some

mark on the resting-place of a relative, to distinguish it from those around, either had the name engraved upon the slab, or rudely scratched with the sharp end of a trowel in the mortar by which the slab was secured, or else a bit of ornamented glass or a ring or coin was impressed in the mortar while it was still wet.

The martyrs in many cases were accorded a more elaborate grave. They were laid in a sarcophagus in an *arcossolium*, and on the covering slab the Holy Mysteries were celebrated on the anniversary of their martyrdom. But sometimes a wealthy family had its own chamber, *cubiculum*, reserved for its members.

The puticoli, of which mention has already been made as ash and refuse pits, were of a totally different description. They were funnel-shaped shafts sunk in the rocks, the narrow orifice being on the level of the ground. Into this were precipitated the carcases of slaves and of the poor. Indeed, they are still in use at Naples, when a cart with a lantern may be followed till it reaches the place of interment, where a hole gapes. The corpse that is enveloped in a shroud only, is shot down into the hole, without its winding sheet, that is reserved for further use.

But to return to the catacombs. There are not only over thirteen in the neighbourhood of Rome, but they are found also at Otricoli, Soriano, Spoleto, Vindena, Chiusi, Lucca, Castellamare, Prata by Avellino, Aquila, Puzzuoli, Baiæ, Nola, Canesa, Tropea, Manfredonia, Venisa—this last perhaps Jewish. There are five sets of them at Naples. Others in Malta. In Spain at Ancona, Siviglia, and Elvira. In France is the hypogee opening out of the early church of S. Victor at Marseilles. In Germany is one at Trèves. In Hungary at Fünfkirchen. One in the Greek island of Melos, at Alexandria also, and at Cyrene. One at Salamis in Cyprus. The catacombs of Syracuse are like those of Rome, of vast extent. They have lofty vaults very superior to the narrow

gangways of the cemeteries of Rome. A broad gallery runs athwart the whole labyrinth, and from this branch out innumerable passages. One large circular hall is lighted from above. Along the sides are niches that served as sepulchres. Paintings as at Rome decorate the walls and vaults, all of an early Christian character, representing men and women in the attitude of prayer, the peacock, and the sacred monogram.

Numerous inscriptions from the tombs are collected in the museum of Syracuse.

The catacombs of Paris are not of ancient date as catacombs. They were originally, like those of Syracuse, quarries for the construction of the *calcaire grossier* for building the city, down to the seventeenth century. They extend under the communes of Vauregard, Montrouge, and Gentilly on the left bank of the Seine, and it is said that a tenth part of Paris is thus undermined. In 1774, and again in 1777, accidents occurred through the giving way of the crowns of the caverns, bringing down with them the houses built above. In the Boulevard Neuf a building near the Barrière d'Enfer suddenly sank into a hole 80 feet deep, and this drew public attention to the danger.

Until the end of the reign of Louis XVI. the principal burying-ground of Paris had been the Cemetery of the Innocents. Originally situated beyond the walls of the town, it had in due course been so surrounded by the growing metropolis as to render it impossible to continue its use as a cemetery, and in 1784 the practice of burying therein was discontinued, the accumulated bones of Parisians were removed thence with great precaution, on account of the insalubrity of the operation, and they were deposited in the old quarries, and the catacombs were solemnly consecrated for their reception by the Archbishop of Paris on 7th April 1787. A public market-place was then established on the site of the former cemetery.

To protect the town from settling down into this necropolis, vast sums were expended in substructures, so as to remove all danger of future collapse.

Gradually many other cemeteries that had been encroached upon, or surrounded, were required to yield up their dead, so that it was estimated that the catacomb contained the remains of three million persons. The bodies of some victims of the Revolution were placed here as well.

For many years the bones remained as they were thrown down on their removal, in heaps, but after 1812 they were gradually arranged in a fantastic manner, and turned into an exhibition for the curious. Sixty-three staircases lead from the different parts of the town into the catacombs, and are used by workmen and agents appointed to take care of the necropolis. Twice in the year tours of inspection are made by the surveyors, but visitors are no longer allowed access to the catacomb. There have occurred cases of men having been lost in the intricate labyrinth.

The crypts in which were laid the bodies of saints gave occasion to kings, princes, and great men employing like mausoleums.

The poor and mean might lie in the earth, but men of consequence must have vaults in which the members of their families might be laid. What hideous profanation of sepulchres would have been spared had the kings of France been laid in the earth! They elected to repose in the crypt of the splendid minster of S. Denis. When the Revolution broke out, the Convention resolved that the tombs should be destroyed in accordance with the motion of Barrère, 31st July 1793, "La main puissante de la République doit éffacer impitoyablement ces épitaphes superbes, et demolir ces mausolées qui rappeleraient des rois l'effrayant souvenir;" and "of the coffins of our old tyrants let us make bullets to hurl at our enemies." The

decree for the destruction was sacrilegiously executed; the coffins were opened—Henri II. and his queen in their robes, Henri IV. in a perfect state of preservation, Louis XIV. still recognisable. The body of Turenne, with the fatal bullet visible in it, was preserved as a peep-show. The rest were thrown into "fosses communes" dug in the neighbourhood. By a singular coincidence, the work of desecration was begun on 12th October 1793, the anniversary of the day on which, one hundred years before, Louis XIV. had caused the demolition of the tombs of the German Emperors at Spires. Not only so, but the agent employed by the Convention was Hentz, a namesake of the superintendent of the work of destruction carried out at Spires.

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges—Louis XI. escaped. He had been buried in a crypt at Cléry, and had been forgotten. In 1889 the abbé Saget, curé of Cléry, opened the vault and found the body intact. Louis XI. had this sepulchre made for himself during his lifetime. Now the visitor can take in his hand the head, and muse over it on the treachery, cunning, and cruelty that once lodged in that little brain-pan. Scott may have been incorrect in his history in "Quentin Durward," but he was accurate in his characterisation of the king.

The instinct of immortality is implanted in the human breast. The reverential care with which primeval man treated his dead, showed a confusion of ideas between soul and body. His senses told him, and told men in the historic period, that the body dissolved to dust, yet as a temple of the spirit it was treated with respect. The soul to the Egyptians was in some manner always related to the body. The "ka" must have something to which to return, if not to the mummy, then to its model.

The dead in the first ages were given the caves in which they had lived, but they began to press out the living, to monopolise all caves, and afterwards artificial dwellings

were reared to receive them, stone structures, dolmens, that were heaped over with earth, to make them resemble their former subterranean habitations. Sometimes these structural caves consist of a series of chambers connected by a passage, the so-called *allées couvertes* of France, but of which we have fine examples in Scotland and Ireland.

Where huge slabs of granite, limestone, or sandstone were not available, the living scooped out underground cemeteries, closely resembling their own underground dwellings.

In the Petit Morin are many of these that have been explored and described by the Baron de Baye. I have already spoken of the habitable caves there found. But there were sepulchral chambers excavated in the chalk as well. These differ from the others in that the entrances are blocked by a large slab, and in some instances have sculptured figures in them of the goddess of Death, or of a stone hammer.

The Norsemen buried their sea-kings in the ships in which they had sailed on their piratical expeditions. King Ring, when he slew Harold Hilditön, buried him in his chariot and with his horses. In Gaulish tombs such chariots have been found. The Scandinavians seem to have had but a confused idea of what death was; the dead were but in a condition of suspended animation. Hervör went to the isle of Samsey where, under a huge cairn, lay her father Angantyr and his eleven brothers who had fallen in single combat. Angantyr had been buried along with his sword Tyrfing.

When she reached the grave mound she sang:—

"Wake thou up, Angantyr!
Wakens thee Hervör
Thy only daughter.
Give from the grave mound
Freely thy good sword.

"Wake thou up Hervard!
Wake thou, Hjorvard!
Hrani, Angantyr!
Shake off your slumbers
Under the tree-roots."

From his grave Angantyr replies:—

"Hervör, my daughter,
Wherefore disturb me?
Full of temerity
Madly thou seekest
Dead men to waken."

But she persists. She will have the sword. Whereupon the cairn gapes, and she sees fire therein, and from out of the mound and flame the sword is hurled forth and falls at her feet.[1]

Grettir the Strong broke into the tomb of Karr the Old, an ancient Viking, to obtain his sword, and had to wrestle with the dead man before he could wrench it from him.[2] I will quote another case of cairn-breaking that exhibits the same conception of suspended life in the grave, and that in Christian times. I shall slightly condense the story. "Gest started breaking into the mound in the day. At evening, with the help of the priest, he had got down to make a hole in the vault, but next morning it was all closed up again." To obviate this the priest watched all night by the cairn furnished with holy water. Next morning when Gest returned, the mound was as he had left it, and the two continued their operations. Gest was let down into the cavity, and the priest and other men held the rope. It was fifty fathoms down to the floor. Gest had a candle in his hand, and he now lighted it and looked about him. He

[1] "Hervarar Saga," Copenh. 1785.
[2] "Grettir Saga," Copenh. 1859, chap. xviii.

saw a big ship with five hundred men in it, and they were all preparing to start up, but as the light of the (consecrated) candle fell on them none stirred, but they stared blankly and snorted. Gest smote at them to cut off their heads, but it was as though his sword passed through water. He cleared the dragon-ship of all its valuables and sent them up by the rope. Then he searched for Raknar (the Seaking whose tomb it was). He found a descent still further underground, and there he discovered Raknar seated on a throne. He was frightful to look upon, and the vault was both cold and stinking. A cauldron was under his feet full of treasure, and he had a torque about his neck, very resplendent, and a gold ring on his arm. He was in breastplate and helmet, and had a sword in his hand. Gest went up to Raknar and saluted him courteously in a song, and Raknar bowed in acknowledgment. Gest said to him: "I cannot commend your appearance at present though I can praise your achievements. I have come a long way in quest of you, and I am not going away unrewarded for my trouble. Give me some of what you have, and I will sing your renown far and wide." Raknar bowed his head to him, and allowed him to remove his helmet and breastplate. But when Gest attempted to deprive him of his sword, Raknar sprang up and attacked Gest. He found him neither old nor stiff. And now the consecrated candle went out. Raknar became so strong that Gest could hardly bear up against him; and all the men in the ship now rose up. Then Gest invoked his father Bard who appeared, but availed naught, then he called upon Him who had created heaven and earth, and vowed to accept the faith which King Olaf was preaching. Thereupon Olaf appeared in a blaze of light, and Raknar collapsed, with all his men. His power was gone from him. Whereupon Gest cut off his head and laid it at his thigh. At the apparition of King Olaf all the dead men who had stood up reseated

themselves on their benches. After that Gest removed all the treasures out of the tomb.[1]

The cairn of the outlaw Gunnar was seen open occasionally. "Sharphedin and Hogni were out of doors one evening by Gunnar's cairn on the south side. The moon and stars were shining clear and bright, but every now and then the clouds drove over them. Then all at once they thought they saw the cairn standing open, and lo! Gunnar had turned himself in the grave-mound and was looking at the moon. They thought they saw four lights burning within, and none of them threw a shadow. They saw Gunnar, that he was merry, and wore a right joyful face. He sang a song, and that so loud it might have been heard though they had been further off." The song of the dead man is given, and then it is added: "After that the cairn was shut up again."[2]

Helgi Hundingsbane was visited in his grave-mound by his wife Sigrun, who spent a night there with him. He informed her that all her tears fell on and moistened him. "Here Helgi have I prepared for thee in thy mound a peaceful bed. On thy breast, chieftain, I will repose as I was wont in thy lifetime." To which the dead Helgi replies: "Nothing is to be regarded as unexpected, since thou, living, a king's daughter, sleepest in a grave-mound, in the arms of a corpse." Next morning Sigrun departs.[3]

Saxo Grammaticus tells us a grimly tale. Asmund and Asvid, brothers in arms, had vowed not to be separated in death. It fell out that Asvid died, and was buried along with his horse and dog in a cairn. And Asmund, because of his oath of friendship, had courage to be buried with him, food being put in for him to eat. Now just at this

[1] "Bartða Saga," Copenh. 1860, chap. xx.
[2] "Nials Saga," chap. lxxix., trans. by Dasent, Edin. 1861, chap. lxxvii.
[3] "Helgi Kv. Hundingsbana," ii. 45–47.

time, Eric (King of Sweden) happened to pass nigh the barrow of Asvid, and the Swedes thinking it might contain treasure, broke into it with mattocks, and saw disclosed a cave deeper than they had anticipated. To explore this, a youth, chosen by lot, was let down in a basket. But Asmund, when he saw the boy descend, cast him out, and got into it himself. Then he gave the signal to draw up. Those above drew in the basket, thinking by the weight that it contained much treasure. But when they saw the unknown figure of a man emerge, scared by his strange appearance, and thinking that the dead had come to life again, they flung down the rope and fled. For Asmund looked ghastly, covered with the corruption of the charnel-house. He tried to recall them, and assured them that they were needlessly alarmed. And when Eric saw him, he marvelled at the aspect of his bloody face, the blood flowing freely and spurting out. Then Asmund told his story. He had been buried with his friend Asvid, but Asvid came to life again every night, and being ravenously hungry, fell on and devoured his horse. That eaten, he had treated his dog in the same manner, and having consumed that he turned on his friend, and with his sharp nails tore his cheek and ripped off one of his ears. Asmund, who had no ambition to be eaten, made a desperate resistance, and finally succeeded in driving a stake through the body of the vampire. Out of delicacy due to old friendship, Asmund did not have recourse to the usual means of quelling the posthumous vivacity and vitality of a corpse, which was to cut off the head and make the dead man sit on it.[1]

The notion of suspended animation after death by no means expired with paganism. When Severus, Bishop of Ravenna, was about to die, he went in full pontificals to the tomb of his wife and daughter, had the stone removed,

[1] "Saxo Gramm.," V., chap. clxii–iii.

and bade the dead ones make room for him between them, and they obeyed. When S. Meven died, and his faithful friend Austell followed him shortly after, the dead body moved on one side in the sarcophagus to accommodate his companion. When an irreverent man struck the coffin of S. Cadoc with a staff, the incensed Saint "roared like a bull." In the Life of S. Germanus of Auxerre is a curious episode. A pagan named Mamertinus being overtaken by night and a storm, took refuge in a solitary building in which was a sarcophagus. He put his knapsack under his head on the upper slab of the tomb, and lying down there went to sleep. At midnight he was roused by a young man at the door of the cell, who called out, "Corcodemus, Corcodemus, levite of Christ, arise!" whereupon a voice answered from the tomb, "What do you want?" The youth replied, "Bishop Perigrinus and Bishop Amator want you at the church, where they are holding vigil." "I can't go," replied the dead man, "I have a visitor here and I must show him hospitality." After an interval the young man returned with two others and again summoned Corcodemus, who now got out of his grave and said to one of those who was at the door, "I will go with you, but you must abide here and protect my visitor, for there is a bitch with her young, to the number of seven, ready to tear him to pieces."

So late as 1680 a book appeared, *De Miraculis Mortuorum*, by L. C. F. Garmann, published at Leipzig, opposing opinions not merely of the ignorant but of the learned as to a kind of prolongation of physical life in the dead—their issuing from the graves to suck the blood of the living, their continuing their wonted avocations underground, as a shoemaker being heard cobbling in his coffin, of infants shedding their milk teeth and growing second teeth, of gnawing their grave clothes, and many other horrible superstitions—showing how persistent the

belief was that the dead did continue to live in their sepulchres.[1]

The idea that by symbolic burial a man became regenerate, that he put off the old condition and entered into another that was new, by passing through the earth or a hole in the rocks, was very general, and it has continued to the present day in the modified form of enabling a sufferer by this means to leave behind his infirmities and pass into a condition of robust health, or of one charged with a crime clearing himself by this ordeal.

The passing of a child through the earth was forbidden by the Canons of Edgar (A.D. 969).[2] Women who had crying children dug a hole in the earth and thrust the child through, drawing it out at a further hole. Men were forbidden also to pass cattle through a hollow tree or *per terram foratam transire.* In France weak children were passed through a hollow stone of S. Tessé. In the crypt of Ripon Minster is a hole in the rock through which young women crept to establish their innocence when charged with incontinence. In Iceland a long turf was cut attached to the soil at both ends, and such as would pass out of a condition of hostility into one of brotherhood crawled through the gap. At Ilefeld, in the Harz, is a holed stone called the Nadelöhr. Any one coming to settle in the Harz for the first time is required to creep twice through the perforation. In a good many places in Germany a similar process is gone through to cure lumbago. Indra, the god

[1] The confusion between the ghost and the corpse is exemplified in "Hamlet."

> "Tell
> Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
> Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
> Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
> Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
> To cast thee up again."
>
> Act i. sc. 5.

[2] Thorpe, "Ancient Laws and Institutes," Lond. 1840.

of Thunder among the Hindoos, drew a sick man thrice through a hole, and thereby gave him health and new birth. The many Helfensteins that are found in Germany were in like manner stones of Help, by traversing which the old man was put off and the new man put on.[1] Creeping through a holed stone, or under one suspended over another, is still practised in Ireland as a cure for disorders. From passing under the earth the custom passed to going through a split tree, the tree representing the coffin. An interesting account of this usage will be found in White's "Selborne."

And now let us turn to something else.

A religion of the worship of ancestors formed the ground-work of many religions that in process of time have totally changed their character. It lies at the root of the creeds and practices of most peoples in east and west. It was in Greece before its religion passed into the stage of the deification of natural forces. The Assyrians and Chaldeans clung to it in Western Asia. The Egyptians in the valley of the Nile, the Etruscans in Italy. At the other extremity of the world, the Chinese and Anamites perform its rites to this day from Saghalien to Cambodia.

But in Western Asia and in Europe the primitive religion became modified little by little. On the borders of the Tigris and the Euphrates, as well as on the banks of the Nile, appeared the beginnings of a different eschatology and a vague expectation of a resurrection of the dead. The Hellenes and Romans, under the influence of philosophy, acquired another conception of immortality, and their institutions, issuing from collectivism, broke up into individualism.

In the extreme East, on the other hand, the ancient beliefs and institutions remained stationary, and Buddhism was unable materially to disturb them. It introduced its doctrine of Metampsichosis, its Nirvana, and its hell; but

[1] Sepp, *Altbayerischer Sagenschatz*, Munich, 1876, p. 87 *et seq.*

these notions did not modify, they got mixed up with the old conceptions in a jumble of heterogeneous and contradictory beliefs. To the present day the family remains the unit in the State; it is under the patriarchal despotism of the head of the line, the priest of the domestic hearth, the proprietor for the time being of the family estate. Every household has its particular gods and protectors—the ancestors thus sublimated, and the master of the family, the prospective god. The condition beyond the grave in no way depends on conduct during life, it is determined by the descendants. If the defunct be honoured, enriched with sacrifices, he becomes a beneficent protector and is happy; neglected and abandoned, he avenges his unfortunate condition on his forgetful posterity. To transmit the family cult and the patrimonial field to an heir is the first duty of man. We inherit unconsciously, not the physical character of our ancestors only, but also their ideas and prejudices. Our practices are often dictated by custom of very ancient date, not at all by reason or by conviction. Expense and trouble are incurred to convey a corpse from one end of Europe to England, that it may repose in the family vault. We decorate our graves with flowers as though the dead appreciated them; they are but the representatives of the ancient sacrifice to the dead. We drink to the memory of the deceased as though pouring out libations to them. Our tombstones are direct descendants of the menhir and the obelisk, our altar-tombs of the dolmen, our family vault of the primeval cave ossuary.

But in one point we have diverged very far from the path of old beliefs. We have lost touch with the invisible world; we put our dead out of sight and remember them no more, as though no part of the community to which we belong, nor links in a chain of which every link is living.

It was one of the sayings of Swedenborg, that the Aryan West had something to learn from the Turanian East. It

is so—the reverend thought of the dead as still forming a part of the organism of the family. With the revolt at the Reformation at the trade made out of the feelings of the bereaved, the coining of their tears into cash to line the pockets of the priests, came an unwarranted oblivion of the dead, a dissociation from them. The thought that the departed had still a claim on our sympathy and on our prayers was banished as smacking of the discarded abuse. Prayer for the dying was legitimate and obligatory at ten minutes to three, but prohibited at five minutes to three when the breath had passed away. We have gone too far in this direction. We live in an immaterial as well as in a material world. We are planted at the overlap of two spheres, that which is spiritual and that which is physical, and we gravitate so sensibly and so rapidly to the latter as to lose touch with the former, and finally to disbelieve in the existence of such a sphere.

The earth can radiate its heat, and receive and be steeped in the falling dew only when the sky is not overcast; but our heavens are so thick with clouds that our spirits can exhale no warmth into the Infinite, nor drink in any balm descending from the Unseen. It is only by detachment from the routine of vulgar life that we can enter into any relation with the spiritual world. Political interests, social obligations, financial concerns, choke the spiracles of our inner being, and we lose all concern about what is supersensible, and hold no communication with it. There are stars and planets overhead, Orion with his spangled belt, Cassiopeia in her glittering chair, and Pleiades in their web of silver, but we cannot see them because of the fog that envelops us.

According to an Indian legend, the first men were bred like maggots in the heart of the earth, but laying hold of some depending fibres drew themselves up into the light of day. We reverse the order, and from the bright spiritual

sphere crawl underground by the thousand tendrils of daily life.

The early Methodists and the Quakers broke away from the low material conception of life common in their day, and asserted the reality of the spiritual world, and the duty of living for it, as also the certainty of holding intercommunion with the spirits. The 'Other worldliness' of the mediæval monastic mysticism had produced a revolt against a conception of life that was false, its passive hostility to civilisation, the hollowness of its ideal existence, its exaggerated asceticism, its disparagement of the family life, and the result was the swing of the pendulum in the opposite direction. The recoil came with the Methodists. But we cannot live wholly in the world of spirit, any more than we ought to live wholly in the world of matter, for our nature is double, and no portion of it should be atrophied. Extreme mysticism is as falsifying of our nature as is extreme worldliness. The stupidity and charlatanism of modern spiritualism is the rebellion of men and women against the materialism of present conception of life. Where natural expression of a need is checked, it breaks out in a disordered form, just as arrested perspiration and circulation of the blood produce fever. If all recognition of supersensible existence be denied, the assertion that it does, has its place, and makes its demands on us, will call forth, if not a wholesome, then a diseased expression.

We are intended to rise at times and breathe the atmosphere above us, and then to descend again to the lower region. It is only the dab and the common plaice that are content to lie ever on the bottom, and they are but one-sided fish. They see with one eye only, the other has been absorbed and become dead. Every creature has in it a promise of something better than what it is. The slow-worm has rudimentary legs, but they are never developed;

the oyster has rudimentary eyes, but they come to nothing. The larva has in it the promise of wings, and it grows into a butterfly or dies a grub. The soul of man has its wings so battered by its cage and is so enamoured of its groundsel and bit of sugar, that even if the door be left open it will not look forth, certainly not break away. Yet there is a world beyond the bars, and a world peopled by happy spirits, and if it cannot at once join them, it can call to them and unite with them in rapturous song. The old turnspit was bred in the kitchen, and its daily task was to run in the revolving drum that helped to roast the meat. Its legs became deformed like those of the dachshund. It cared not to romp in the green meadows, to run with the hounds, it waddled about the kitchen floor looking out for the bones and scraps of fat cast to it, as payment for its toil. And that is what we are becoming through unremitting neglect of our spiritual avocation.

More than fifty years ago I was walking at night through lanes near Dartmoor, and caught up a trudging postman who daily, nightly, measured long distances. I soon found that he was a man who had his spiritual eye open.

"Do you not feel lonely in these long walks in the dark?" I inquired.

"I am never alone," he replied, "the spirits are always with me."

"Your thoughts," I suggested.

"My thoughts are indeed within me, humming in my head. I must go forth to meet the spirits. Look here," he went on, "the soul of man is like a fly in a cobweb. It can't spread its wings till it breaks loose, and then it very often carries away some of the threads with it."

Mr. Jacks gives us, in his "Human Studies," one of a shepherd on the Wolds, the counterpart of my postman. There be more of these men than is generally supposed. But he who would deal with this subject would be con-

strained to say with the knight in the "Canterbury Pilgrims"—

> "I have, God wot, a large field to ere
> And wayke ben the oxen in the plough."

I have broken away from my caves, and have rambled—I know not whither.

> Vive, vale: si quid novisti rectius istis,
> Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.
>
> —HORACE, *Epist.* i. 6.

APPENDIX

Owing to the great kindness of Mr. Wm. Stevenson, author of "Bygone Nottinghamshire," I am able to give some additional matter that must be of interest, with which he has supplied me.

(p. 32.) "Your account reminds me of a rock excavation of great extent with turns and windings on the old time 'Way to the Gallows,' in Nottingham, where a number of cave-dwellings existed down to a century ago. The last tenant was a sandman who stabled his ass in the cave behind. He passed the greater part of his life in selling sand about the town, carrying it in a sack across the back of his ass. Time wore him out, and he had to enter the workhouse. His cave was then explored, and it was found of enormous extent, in two storeys. It is supposed to have been mainly wrought day after day and year after year by this sandman. It is still to be seen, but dangerous to explore. One party of investigators a few years ago carried a string with them as a clue by means of which to find their way out again. There is a story of it becoming a lurking place of robbers after the sandman's day. A number of the excavations under the town are held to have been made or extended by the tenants above, obtaining their supply of sand from below. Formerly floors were sanded."

(p. 35.) Puticoli. Slave pits have been found in South Africa. "When the old town hall and town prison at Nottingham was demolished a few years ago, and the site was excavated for the advance of the Great Central Railway, seven or more pits were found, one with a rusty chain in it. They were about four feet in diameter at the top, and seven feet at the bottom, with dished floors. They varied from about twelve to eighteen feet in depth. We had no knowledge of anything of the kind in local history. Two others were found a distance away that could have had no connection with the prison site."

Formerly at Monte Carlo the bodies of suicides were thrust into the holes that riddle the limestone rock and gave it the name of Les Spelunges. But the conditions became insanitary, and Italian workmen were employed to get them out, and carry them away to sea and there sink them.

(p. 50.) "Formerly it was the way in which wells were ascended and descended in Nottingham, by means of notches cut in the side for the insertion of toes and fingers. I have had to do with the exploration of the base of Edward IV.'s Tower at Nottingham Castle, destroyed with gunpowder during the Civil War. In one corner of the basement we found a well filled with rubbish. This the workmen cleared out for over fifty feet, and all the way down were notches in the wall, and the men went up and down like monkeys, using no other means for ascending and descending."

(p. 83.) Ventholes for smoke were common in Nottingham, Sneinton, and Mansfield.

(p. 82.) Souterrains. Mr. Stevenson writes relative to the pits before the entrance doors of refuges: "Some years ago I had a part in exploring the Norman Keep of Scarborough Castle, erected early in the reign of Henry II.; we worked under the entrance staircase, and found a pit arched over at a later period and covered with a stone landing, but originally it must have been a pit or well in front of the only entrance door. It was partly cleared out of fallen masonry and rubbish, but not properly explored. Overhead was a shoot for stones or molten lead. It would appear that the pit system was abandoned about the close of the Middle Ages."

(p. 98.) "It is fairly well determined in the 'History of Nottingham' that the Roman Catholics in Elizabeth's and James I.'s reign met secretly in the caves in the rock of the town. They were also refuges of the Dissenters in the days of Charles II."

(p. 153.) Nottingham. "There have been several falls of the rock, both at Nottingham itself and at Sneinton. Mortimer's Hole, under the Castle, is only one of four that are known to exist, three of which can be traversed, one wholly and two in part; one of these latter is by many regarded as the true

historical passage. It started at the meadow level, and was partially closed by a wall; the rock wasted with time, and the thin wall gave way, bringing down a vast amount of rock above, and leaving the cavern in this part an open alley. The cave was then converted into malt offices, which yet remain in the higher and perfect part. The rock-caverns in the park, the old cell of S. Mary-le-rocke, formed possibly the parent of Lènton priory, just as those at Ligugé were the parent of the abbey on the further side of the river. The rock monastery, the 'Papists' Holes,' has long ago lost most of its front by falls of rock and the destruction wrought by the Roundheads. A huge artificial pillar has of recent years been erected to prevent further falls. A fall in 1829 brought down from 1000 to 1400 tons, a mass some seven or eight feet thick. On 10th May in the same year, evidently due to an earth tremor, a like great fall occurred at the rock habitations at Sneinton. The inhabitants escaped as by a miracle. A dog barked furiously in the night, and the inhabitants of the cave dwellings rushed forth, fancying that robbers were at work there. In 1830 a portion of the town cliff fell, as did also some of that in the park.

"The county or sheriff prison for Notts and Derby was, as far as can be traced back by records, half-way up the over ninety feet cliff of the town of Nottingham, and was entered from the King's hall at the top. Light holes were made in the face of the rock to the south. In these vaults, now closed, men and women were confined like wild beasts, on straw. The prior and monks were enclosed here in the time of Henry VIII., and were marched thence to the gallows. The inhabitants of the lower part of the town under the prison complained of the ordure exuding from the prison and trickling down the rock. There are records of marvellous escapes of prisoners, both male and female, down the face of the rock, till comparatively recently. As may well be supposed, gaol-fever raged in these horrible dens. One vault is still shown under the castle. Leland and Camden both speak of an underground dungeon in which tradition (this time falsely) says that King David of Scotland was confined, and on the walls of which with a nail he

carved a crucifix. These travellers do not say that they actually saw it; but Thomas Bailey, in publishing his 'Annals of Notts,' employed a local artist to depict the scene. After the erection in the seventeenth century of the Italian castle, the vault was converted into a wine-cellar. Leland says that there had been three chapels in the castle, but he does not say where.

"In the town of Nottingham are two rock-hewn stairs. The most important is called the 'Long Stairs,' they begin, cut out of the perpendicular face of the rock, at its highest point, landing opposite the old mother church. The steps are now faced with harder material than the local sandstone. On the side there are houses, and indeed houses on the tops of houses, a tenant at a lower level, another at a higher, each obtaining entry from the stairs. The 'Short Stairs' are not wrought in the face of the cliff, and have houses on both sides. These are clearly in a prehistoric quarter of the town, where was once a hill-fort."

(p. 159.) Ford Castles. The ancient ford at Retford, Notts, was more north than the present, and beside it is a red cliff largely cut into with joist-holes, &c., for floors and roofs, and give indications of former habitations.

Radford, a name borrowed by the priory, *alias* Worksop, is a hill of red sandstone that dominated the ford. On the hill is an entrenchment.

(p. 160.) Mr. Stevenson remarks on the holes in the floor at Rochebrune; "This is what I should expect to find in a maltery, which must be of two floors, the lower one for steeping and sprouting the corn, and holding the fire-crates, the higher one for drying and storing the malt. The higher floors are now made of perforated tiles, the holes too small for the grains to pass through, but in old times I think the malt was dried in braziers something like large frying-pans. Drying rooms for wheat were attached to corn-mills to dry the corn before grinding. In some seasons corn is difficult to dry; perhaps in France they did not make malt, but they may have dried grapes." Malt was not made in Perigord, I believe; and the indications at Rochebrune are strongly those of defence against assailants. Grapes would hardly be dried in a cavern, but in the sun, and there is plenty of sun in the South of France.

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