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## **Excursions along the banks of the Rhine**

**Hugo, Victor**

**London, 1843**

Letter XXII.

[urn:nbn:de:bsz:31-125010](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:bsz:31-125010)

## LETTER XXII.

LEGEND OF THE HANDSOME PECOPIN AND THE BEAUTIFUL  
BAULDOUR.*Bingen, August.*

I PROMISED you some of the famous legends of the Falkenberg, perhaps the most interesting, that of Guntram and Liba. But why relate a tale you may find in any guide-book, and probably better told than I could narrate it? Since you exact a wonderful story to amuse your children, here is one which you will find in no collection extant.

I send it in the state I wrote it down under the very walls of the old manor, with the fantastic forest of Sonn before my eyes, and as it were under the magic influence of the birds, trees, and winds of the ruins. I had been conversing with the veteran, now turned goatherd on the mountain side, grown wild and almost witch-like,—a singular destiny for a drum-major of the thirty-seventh light infantry; and this brave soldier of the republic seemed to have acquired as much faith in the fairies, sprites, and hobgoblins, as formerly in the emperor. Such is the influence of solitude upon the mind, developing the poetry innate in the soul of man. Shepherds are usually an imaginative race. As I said before, I wrote this wonderful tale concealed in the very

ravine, seated upon a fragment which was once a rock, though in the twelfth century a tower, and now a rock again!—gathering from time to time some wild flower to refresh my spirit by inhaling its own—one of those ground-ivies that smell so sweet, and die so quickly—gazing by turns at the wild flowers and the glorious heavens, while the sweeping clouds, sailing gloriously past, seemed to tear their skirts against the jagged ruins of Falkenberg. And now to my story!

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## A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

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### PART I.

THE handsome Pecopin was enamoured of the fair Bauldour, and the fair Bauldour was enamoured of the handsome Pecopin. He was the son of the Burgrave of Sonneck, and Bauldour daughter to the Lord of Falkenberg: one ruled the forest, the other the mountain, and what could be more natural than to unite the two dominions?

The fathers consequently agreed, and Bauldour and Pecopin were affianced: it was on an April day. The elders and hawthorns opened their blossoms to the sun in the forest; thousands of rippling cascades arose from the snows and rains, converted into streams; the asperities of winter became the graces of the spring, and bounded harmoniously along the mountains; and love, the April of life, rejoiced the throbbing hearts of the betrothed.

Pecopin's father, an old and valiant knight, the pride of the Nâhegau, died soon after the betrothing, giving his blessing to his son, and commending Bauldour to his love. Pecopin wept a little, but by degrees he raised his eye from his father's tomb, and gazing upon the soft and radiant face of his

bride, became consoled. The moon once risen, who thinks of the sun that has set?

Pecopin possessed all the essential qualities of a man and a nobleman. Bauldour was a queen in her castle, a holy virgin in her chapel, in the forest a nymph, with her needle the adroitest of fairies.

Pecopin loved the chace, Bauldour her distaff, and there is affinity betwixt the spindle and the hunting horn. The hunter a-field, his lady-fair spins assiduously, the better to support his absence. The hounds cry, the spindle whirls. The distant blast of the horn, with the far-off cry of the pack, faintly issuing from the thickets, breathe a gentle warning of "Think of thy lover!" The wheel, which compels the fair spinster to cast down her eyes, seems to murmur with its meek soft voice, "Think of thy husband!" and when the husband and lover are one, all is well! Unite, therefore, the spinster with the hunter, and it will be union indeed!

I must admit, however, that Pecopin was somewhat over-fond of the chace. When he was once mounted, his falcon on his wrist, or followed his greyhound with his eye, or heard the cry of his crooked legged beagles, all else on earth was forgotten. Avoid excess, oh! man, for happiness consists in moderation! Weigh well your tastes, and restrain your appetites. He, who loves horse and dogs too well, affronts the gentle sex; and he, who devotes himself too much to the gentler sex, provokes the jealousy of heaven.

When Bauldour saw Pecopin about to mount his impatient steed, which stood snorting with pride, as if about to bear the weight of Alexander the Great—

when she beheld Pecopin caress its neck, and, sparing of his spur, indulge the animal with a handful of fresh grass—Bauldour became jealous of the horse. When this haughty and high-born damsel, this star of love, youth, and beauty, saw Pecopin caress his favourite hound and bring his fine bewitching face in contact with the flap-eared, broad-nosed favourite, Bauldour was jealous. Shut up in her chamber, sad and dejected, she wept, scolding her waiting women, and her dwarf; for woman's anger is like the shower in the forest, which hath a double fall, *bis pluit*.

In the evening Pecopin used to return dusty and way worn. Bauldour still resentful, had a tear in the corner of her bright blue eye. But when Pecopin kissed her tiny hand, she was appeased; when he kissed her ivory forehead, she smiled; for lo! the forehead of Bauldour was of ivory, glossy, and beautiful as that of Charlemagne's horn.

Each then retired to their respective towers. She did not permit the valiant knight to approach her waist. One evening indeed he happened to touch her elbow, and she was covered with blushes; for Bauldour was betrothed, not wedded; and modesty in woman is essential, as chivalry in man.

## PART II.

## THE BIRD PHENIX, AND THE PLANET VENUS.

THE happy couple so adored each other that it was a pleasure to see them. Pecopin had in his armoury at Sonneck a picture painted on a golden ground, representing the nine heavens, every planet with its peculiar colour and name inscribed beside it in vermilion; Saturn in lead, white; Jupiter, clear, but inflamed and sanguine; Venus oriental, radiant with fire; Mercury sparkling; the Moon, with her silver ice; the Sun, with its dazzling rays. Pecopin effaced the name of Venus, and substituted that of Bauldour.

So also had Bauldour, in her perfumed chamber, hangings of real tapestry, upon which was a bird the size of an eagle, with a golden neck, the body purple, the tail blue, interspersed with carnation plumes, and its head surmounted with a noble crest. Above this marvellous bird was inscribed the Greek word "Phœnix." Bauldour erased that word and substituted "Pecopin!"

Meanwhile the wedding day approached. Pecopin rejoiced at the thought, and Bauldour's heart was content. Among the huntsmen of Sonneck, there was a pricker, free of tongue and evil counsel, named Erilangus. This man, once a renowned

bowman, had been an object of ambition to several rural heiresses of the country round Lorch. But he heeded them not, preferring the joys of the chace. Pecopin one day asked him the reason, when Eri- langus replied, "My good lord, hounds have seven kinds of madness, women have a thousand." Another time on learning the approaching wedding of his master, he came to him boldly, and said, "My lord, my lord, what tempts you to marry?" Whereupon Pecopin dismissed him his service.

This might have afforded cause of uneasiness to the knight, for Eri- langus was of a subtile mind and good memory. But, unknown to Pecopin, the pricker had already installed himself master of the hounds at the court of the Marquis of Luzace, and nothing more was heard of him at Sonneck.

The week preceding the marriage, as Bauldour was spinning in the recess of the window, her dwarf came to announce to her the visit of Pecopin; and she was about to fly to meet him, when, in rising from her chair, her foot became entangled in the thread of her spindle. She fell, but rose again unhurt. Remembering, however, that just such an accident had befallen the lady Liba, her heart sunk within her.

But lo! when Pecopin entered and spake of their marriage and prospects, the clouds hovering over her soul dispersed, and all was joy.



## PART III.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT THE EAR OF AN OLD MAN AND THE  
EAR OF A YOUNG ONE.

NEXT day, Bauldour was again spinning in her chamber, and Pecopin hunting in the forest. He was alone, and accompanied by a single hound; and in the course of the chase he accidentally found himself close by a farm, at the beginning of the forest of Sonn, which marks the limit of the domains of Sonneck and Falkenberg.

This farm was sheltered towards the east by four great trees, a beech, an elm, a pine, and an oak, known in the country as the four Evangelists. It appears that these trees were enchanted, for at the moment Pecopin passed four birds were perched upon their branches, a jay on the beech, a black-bird on the elm, a magpie on the larch, and a crow upon the oak. The chattering of these four birds seemed fancifully intermingled, as if questioning and answering. But above them all, was audible a pigeon cooing in the thick of the wood, and a hen cackling unseen in the farmyard of the farm.

Further on, an aged man was stacking roots against the coming winter. On seeing Pecopin approach, he rose and said, "Dost thou hear, sir knight, the discourse of yonder birds?"

"The discourse of birds?" retorted Pecopin;  
"What matters their noise to me?"

"Sir," resumed the old man, "to the ear of youth the blackbird whistles, the jay chatters, the magpie gabbles, the crow croaks, the pigeon coos, the hen cackles. But, for the ear of age, birds have voices."

The knight laughed aloud.

"You are dreaming, old man!"

"It is rather you who dream, Sir Pecopin!" retorted the old man.

"How came you to know my name?" cried the knight.

"The birds told it to me;" quoth the old man.

"You are a greater goose than them all!" cried the knight; and, half jesting and half angry, he went his way.

About an hour afterwards, as he was crossing a glade, he heard the sound of horns, and suddenly there appeared a troop of knights, being the chase of the count palatine, comprising the Burgraves who are lords of the castles, and the Ländgraves who are lords of the forest, and the Rhinegraves who are lords of the Rhine, and the Raugraves who are lords by the right of the strong-arm.

A knight-banneret of the Palsgrave, named Garfred, perceiving Pecopin, exclaimed—"Ho, there! sir knight! why hunt you not with us?"

"Whither are ye bound?" inquired Pecopin.

"We are going to attack a kite at Heimberg, which has committed havoc among our pheasants; a vulture at Vaugtsberg, which attacks our falcons; an eagle at Rheinstein, which destroys our sparrow-hawks. Come with us, and be of our company."

"When do you return?" inquired Pecopin.

"To-morrow."

"Then I am of your party!" was his stout reply.

Nevertheless the chace lasted three days. On the first, Pecopin killed the kite; on the second, the vulture; on the third, the eagle. The count palatine was amazed at his skill.

"Sir knight," said he, "I present you with the fief of Rheineck, a dependence of my castle of Gutefels. Follow me to Stähleck to receive the investiture, and to proffer the oath of allegiance, in public mall and in presence of the pursuivants—" *in mallo publico et coram scabinis*," according to the forms of our holy emperor Charlemagne."

There was no choice but to comply. Pecopin made known to Bauldour that the gracious will of the Palsgrave compelled him to proceed to Stähleck for a serious and important affair.—"Be not alarmed, my dear love," added he, "I shall return for sure next month."

The messenger despatched, Pecopin followed the palatine, and went to repose, with the other knights in the suite of the prince, in the guard-rooms of the Castle of Bacharach.

That night he dreamed a dream. He beheld anew the entrance to the forest of Sonneck, the farm, the four trees, and the four birds. But this time, the birds neither whistled, croaked, nor sung, but spoke. Their jabber, still accompanied by the cackle of the fowl, and the cooing of the pigeon, became a strange dialogue, which Pecopin heard distinctly in his sleep. The jay, after distinctly pronouncing the name of Pecopin, asserted him to be a

captive at Fez, among the Moors! The pigeon meanwhile mournfully repeated the name of "Baldour—Baldour!"

Pecopin awoke in an indescribable panic. The first thing he thought of was the strange old man, and his soul quaked within him, though he knew not why. When trying to recall and interpret his dream, he fell asleep again; and when again he woke, the sun was high in the heavens—the sun which drives away spectres, annihilates dreams, and gilds the mists of the sky. He thought no more, therefore, of the four trees and four birds, but prepared himself for the toils and pleasures of the day.

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## PART IV.

OF THE DIVERS QUALITIES ESSENTIAL TO DIVERS EMBASSIES.

PECOPIN was a gentleman of fame, degree, wit, and accomplishments. Once installed at the court of the Palsgrave, and established in his new possessions, he pleased the palatine so well, that one day the worthy prince said to him, "Being about, my dear friend, to send a mission to my cousin of Burgundy, I have selected you, on account of your prepossessing appearance, to be my messenger."

Pecopin was forced to obey. Arrived at Dijon, he made so favourable an impression, that the duke said to him one evening, after swallowing three large goblets of Rhine wine, "Sir Pecopin, you are our friend! I am at variance with our Lord the King of France, and the count palatine has granted me permission to send you to him. For know that I have selected you, on account of your lofty lineage, to represent me." Pecopin accordingly proceeded to Paris. The king, who was also charmed with him, one morning took him aside, in a most condescending mood, "By the Holy Rood, sir knight," said he, "since the count palatine lent you to the Burgundian, for the service of Burgundy, he cannot refuse to lend you to France, for the service of Christen-

dom. I want some noble lord to remonstrate stoutly with the Moorish viceroy in Spain, and hereby name you my ambassador."

Now a man may refuse his vote to the emperor, or his wife to the pope, but nothing is to be refused to the King of France.

Away he sped therefore; and at Granada he was invited to the Alhambra, and courteously welcomed by the viceroy. Day after day, fêtes were given in his honour; tilts with the djereed, and hawking parties, in which Pecopin took a prominent part. Like most of the Moors, the chief had most excellent falcons, and finer sport could scarcely be seen.

Still Pecopin was not unmindful of the affairs of the King of France, and having terminated his business with the Miramolin, the knight had his farewell audience.

"I accept your adieus," said the Viceroy; "for I find you must instantly set off for Bagdad."

"For Bagdad?" exclaimed Pecopin.

"Even so, sir knight," replied the Moorish prince, "for I cannot sign the treaty of alliance with the King of France, without the assent of the Caliph, the Commander of the Faithful; I require some person of consideration to send to that mighty sovereign, and cannot lay my hand on a more presentable man than yourself.

Among the Moors, the Moorish will is law. Among the Moors, Christians are infidels and dogs. Pecopin accordingly proceeded to Bagdad. There he had a new adventure!

One day, as he was passing under the walls of the seraglio, the favourite sultana saw him, and

being of a fierce and haughty disposition, became enamoured of his noble deportment, and sent a black slave to him, who communicated with him in a garden of the town, under a fine linden tree, which exists to this very day; making over to him a talisman, and saying, "Lo, and behold, this amulet comes from a princess who adores you, but on whose face you will never look. Keep it as the apple of your eye; for so long as you retain it, will you enjoy perpetual youth. When in peril of your life, touch it, and you have nothing to fear."

Pecopin accepted the talisman, which was a beautiful turquoise, inscribed with hieroglyphics. He attached it at once to his neck-chain.

"And now, my lord," added the slave, on quitting him, "attend to my last words. So long as you wear this turquoise, time will have no power over your frame; but if you lose it, in a single moment you will add to your life all the years you have left behind you. Farewell, beautiful giaour!"

Thus having said, the negress went her way.

The sultan, meanwhile, had seen the slave of his sultana address the knight; and being both jealous and a magician, he invited Pecopin to a feast, after which, night having set in, he conducted him to a high tower.

Pecopin inadvertently advanced towards the parapet, which was low, when the caliph addressed him thus, "Sir knight! the count palatine sent you to the Duke of Burgundy on account of your great fame; the Duke of Burgundy sent you to the King of France, on account of your high descent; the King of France sent you to the Miramolin, on

account of your unheard-of talents; the Miramolin sent you to the Caliph of Bagdad, on account of your prepossessing appearance; and I, on account of your looks, fame, race, and talents, will send you head foremost to the devil!"

As he pronounced the last word, the caliph pushed Pecopin over the battlements, and he was precipitated to the earth.

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## PART V.

## FIDELITY REWARDED.

WHEN a man falls in an abyss, it is, as it were, a flash of lightning, shewing him at once the life he is leaving, and the death that awaits him. In that critical moment, Pecopin, bestowing his last thoughts on Bauldour, placed his hand upon his heart, in so doing accidentally touched the talisman! Scarcely had his fingers approached the precious jewel, when he felt as if borne upon wings. All night he flew, and flew; and, at the dawn of day, the invisible hand which supported him laid him softly on a solitary spot upon the sea-shore.

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## PART VI.

THE DEVIL HIMSELF MAY SIN IN BEING A GLUTTON.

ABOUT that time a singular and disagreeable adventure had befallen the devil. The devil is in the habit of carrying off the souls belonging to him in a hod, as you may convince yourself by examining the portal of the cathedral at Fribourg; where he is represented with a swine's head upon his shoulders, a crook in his hand, and a ragman's hod upon his back, as though the devil picked up the souls of the wicked in the heaps of dirt, wherewith the human race defile the corners of divine truth.

Now the devil having a bad habit of neglecting to fasten his hod, thanks to the celestial aid of the angels, many souls escaped. But the devil, having found this out, secured the lid of the hod with numerous padlocks. Still the souls, little heeding such paltry precautions, found means to make their way by the interstices of the wicker-work; seeing which, the devil slew a dromedary, and with the skin of the hump, assisted by the demon *Hermès*, managed to make it soul-tight. When his new hod was full to the brim, he was merrier than a school-boy with a bag of golden sequins. It is generally in Upper Egypt, upon the shores of the Red Sea, that the devil, after beating for game the

country of the pagans and heathens, manages to fill his hod.

The spot is quite deserted, being a sandy shore near a palm-grove, situated between Coma, the birthplace of St. Antony, and Clisma, where St. Sisoës gave up the ghost.

One day the devil, having made a more successful hunt than usual, was joyously filling his hod, when lo! at a few paces distance from him, stood an angel, smiling. The devil shrugged his shoulders, and went on packing his souls, taking them as they came, great and small; all being fish that came to his net. Having finished his task, he was about to throw the hod over his shoulder, when alas! he finds it impossible to raise his souls with a single pull; so many there were, and so overcharged with crimes. Having seized the fatal wallet with both hands, his efforts were still of no avail. He could no more move his burthen than if it had been a rock! "A curse upon ye, oh souls of lead!" exclaimed Beelzebub; and he began to swear like a trooper; when, on turning round, he saw the beautiful angel laughing in his face.

"What are you at, pray?" inquired the evil one, in an indignant tone. "Amusing myself at your expense, as you may perceive," replied the good angel. "I may make you laugh on the other side of your mouth," cried Beelzebub, in a passion. But the angel now assumed a severe countenance. "Listen, oh serpent! and give ear!" said he, "in the name of Him who is above both thee and me. Never shall thou carry off the prey thou holdest in thy hand, until a saint fallen from Paradise, or a

Christian fallen from the sky, aid thee to lift the burthen upon thy shoulders." And as he spoke, the angel spread forth his wings, and was no more seen.

The devil was beside himself. "What the deuce is the meaning of all this?" mumbled he between his teeth. A saint fallen from Paradise, or a Christian from the skies! I may wait long enough for such assistance! What could tempt me so to overfill this wallet?"

During this monologue, the inhabitants of Coma and Clisma began to hear the thunder groan frightfully towards the horizon, which was neither more nor less than the grumbling of the devil.

For a carter, sticking in the mud, to swear, is natural enough, though to struggle his way out be a wiser measure. The devil was at his wits' end. All-cunning, as when he deluded the weak mind of Eve, penetrating everywhere, and gliding into love, or into Paradise, as the case may be, he retains an acquaintance with St. Cyprian the magician, and knows how to ingratiate himself with other saints; sometimes by rendering them little services, at others by saying agreeable things to them, knowing well how to suit his conversation to his company, and attacking every one on his weak side. To St. Robert of York he conveys buttered oat-cakes; with St. Elias he discusses jewelry, and culinary affairs with St. Theodotus. He talks to the holy Bishop Germain of his friend King Childebert; to the holy Abbot Wandrille of his friend King Dagobert, and to St. Ustarade of King Sapor; to St. Paul

the Simple of St. Anthony, and to St. Anthony of his pig.

He talks to St. Loup of his wife Piméniole, and does *not* talk to St. Gomer of *his* wife Gwinmarie. For the devil, if the prince of darkness, is the prince of flatterers; his heart all gall, but his lips, in good sooth, a very honeycomb.

Meanwhile four saints, renowned for their reciprocal friendship, St. Nile the Solitary, St. Antre-  
maine, St. John the Dwarf, and St. Medard, hap-  
pened to be taking a walk that very day on the  
borders of the Red Sea. As they advanced towards  
the palm grove, the devil perceived them without  
being seen. Having hastily assumed the appear-  
ance of a decrepit old man, he began to utter moans  
of despair. "What is the matter?" inquired St.  
Nile, approaching him. "Alas! alas! my good  
gentleman!" exclaimed the devil, "Come, I pray  
ye, to my aid. I am a poor slave, and my wicked  
master is a merchant of the country of Fez; nor  
need I tell you that the men of Fez, the Moors,  
Numidians, Garamantuans, and all the tribes of  
Barbary, Nubia, and Egypt, are worthless, perverse,  
corrupt, bold, and pitiless, from the influence of the  
planet Mars. Moreover my master is a victim to  
black bile, and the loose cough of Cicero; hence, a  
deep melancholy, which renders him timid and  
reserved. Still his inventions are cruel towards his  
slaves, and"—"Will you be so obliging as to come to  
the point, my good friend," interrupted St. Antre-  
maine.

"Let me tell you, my good sir," replied the devil,

“that my master is a great traveller, and has strong manias. He has a fancy for raising in his garden a hill composed of the sand of the sea-shore of all the countries he visits. In Zealand, he heaped up a mound of filthy mud and sand; Friesland afforded him sand mixed with red shells, among which you find the striped cone; and in the Cimbrian Chersonesus, now called Jutland, a heap of fine white sand, in which you find occasionally the beautiful shell of—”

“The deuce take all this rigmarole,” cried St. Nile, “To the point! to the point! For the last quarter of an hour, at least, you have been making fools of us. I counted the minutes.”

“The minutes, sir?” replied the devil; “You must be from the south, then. The southerners are apt to deal in horology, being nearer than others to the equator:” and he now began sobbing and beating his breast, crying aloud, “Alack, alack! good princes. To complete his mountain of sand, my tyrannical master compels me, aged man as I am, to fill this sack on the sea-shore, and I must bear it on my shoulders from morning till night, and ever commencing and re-commencing. Though tired and exhausted, I dare not rest myself, or I should be severely flagellated. I am sinking under infirmities and ill usage! Yesterday I made six trips, and in the evening was so exhausted that I could not raise the sack to my shoulder. I have tarried here all night in fear of the resentment of my master. Therefore my good, good lords, in pity and for mercy’s sake, help me to raise my burthen, that I may return home to my cruel master.”

After listening to this pathetic appeal, St. Nile, St. Antremaine, and St. John the Dwarf looked full of sympathy, and St. Medard wept, which caused it of course to rain for forty days.

St. Nile, however, said to the demon, "I cannot help you, my friend; it is against my articles of faith to touch a dead substance such as yonder skin. 'Touch not the unclean thing,' said Moses, and St. Paul confirmed the interdiction." St. Antremaine, on the other hand, observed, "To assist you, friend, might be a good action. But good actions lead to vain-glory, and I therefore abstain, for the better security of my humility."

St. John the dwarf added, "It is out of my power to come to your aid. I reach only to your waist, and could not possibly lift the sack upon your shoulders."

St. Medard, still in tears, exclaimed, "My feelings are too much unhinged, old gentleman, to be of the least assistance." And away went the four saints to pursue their walk. Beelzebub might as well have wished them at the devil, for he was now beside himself. But this charitable wish, so frequent among Christians, was in his case out of the question; and he had consequently only to chew the cud of his own ill-humour. As his fiendish eyes were glaring out malignantly towards the sky, he descried a small black speck in the heavens, increasing as it approached, till at length he saw that it was a man—a knight armed and helmed—a Christian with the red cross on his breast, and literally falling from the clouds.

"I am safe!" cries the demon exultingly, "Here

is my Christian, in the nick of time. I failed with the four saints, but the devil is in it if I cannot prevail over a man." Pecopin now set foot on earth and perceiving the old man reposing beside his burthen, went up to him, saying, "Who art thou, friend, and, prythee, where am I?"

The devil, recommencing his piteous moan, replied, "You are by the Red Sea, sir knight, and you behold the most wretched of beings!" He then implored him, as he had done the saints, to lift the burthen upon his back.

Pecopin shook his head, saying, "Old man, this story of yours is I fear stranger than true."

"My good sir," replied the devil, "who would believe yours, were you to tell them you had fallen from the sky?"

"This time you certainly say true," quoth Pecopin.

"It is not my fault," quoth the devil, "if truth be strange, stranger than fiction. I am forced to tell my story in its own way."

"You may let it have its own way if you will, but permit me to go mine," replied Pecopin sharply.

"And yet," remonstrated the demon, "it would do you no great harm to give a lift to a poor devil!"

This was unanswerable, and Pecopin, quietly stooping, raised up the sack without difficulty, and placed it upon the back of the old man, who was waiting for his burthen.

Beelzebub is apt to indulge in his evil propensities, and play the devil; one of his favourite vices being that of gluttony. At that moment, he hungered ravenously after the soul of Pecopin. The



first step towards obtaining it was to part it from his body, to achieve which, he summoned to his aid, by certain mutterings, an invisible spirit, to whom he issued his commands.

Everybody knows that the language spoken by the devil in his private life is half Spanish, half Italian, intermixed with a little dog Latin; a fact clearly established on the trial of Dr. Eugenio Torralva, begun at Valladolid Jan. 10th, 1528, and terminated the 6th of May by the *auto da fe* of the doctor.

Now Pecopin was far from an ignoramus, on the contrary, he was a knight fully entitled to benefit of clergy. Among other branches of polite letters, he was a proficient in diabolical dialect.

As he was placing the camel-skin on the old man's shoulder, he distinctly heard him utter the following words:—" *Bamos, non chierra occhi verbera, frappa, y echa la piedra.*" A flash of lightning seemed to strike Pecopin; and a luminous idea instantly suggested itself. On raising his eyes, he beheld an immense rock, suspended by some giant over his head.

To throw himself back, touch his talisman with his left hand, and seize hold of his poinard with his right, so as to stab the camel-skin sack with impetuous violence, was the work of a second!

The devil uttered a cry of despair. The imprisoned souls were escaping in all directions, leaving behind them in the sack their crimes and wickedness, a hideous heap, which, by natural sympathy and attraction, attached itself like a wart to the devil, struck root in his back, and remained

there, fixed to all eternity, between his shoulders. It is to this singular incident we are to attribute the humpback of the evil one.

At the moment Pecopin threw himself back, the invisible giant let fall his rock upon the devil's cloven feet, and ever since he has gone lame.

There is a thunder which emanates from the regions below, as well as a thunder from above; but the former roots up trees, and reverses the order of nature. Pecopin trembled when a black smoke seemed to envelope him, and an astounding noise overpowered his senses; a moment afterwards he seemed to be skimming the surface of the earth like a dead leaf driven by the winds. He had fallen into a deep swoon!

## PART VII.

A PLEASING PROPOSITION FROM AN OLD SCHOLAR LIVING IN  
A HUT OF LEAVES.

ON coming to himself, he heard a gentle voice exclaim "*Phi sma*," which means in the Arab tongue, "he is in heaven!" A hand was softly laid upon his bosom, and he now heard a graver voice reply: "*Ló! ló! machi mouth*," meaning "no, no, he is not dead!" and on opening his eyes, he beheld an old man and a young maiden kneeling by his side.

The old man was black as night, with a long white beard plaited in small tresses, in the fashion of the ancient magi, and was dressed in a tight-fitting wrapper of green silk. The young maiden was of a copper complexion, with large eyes of porcelain, and lips of coral. She had also rings of gold at her nose and ears, and was exceeding fair to look on.

Pecopin was no longer upon the borders of the sea. The breeze of hell had accidentally borne him into a valley of rocks and strange-looking trees. He rose: the old man and young maiden gazed calmly into his face. When he approached the trees, the leaves curled up, the branches withdrew, the flowers, which were of a delicate white, became red. The trees seemed to retire as he advanced!

By this sign, Pecopin recognised the mimosa, or tree of shame, and knew that he had quitted India, and was in the famous country of Pudiferan.

The old man now made him a sign, Pecopin followed him, and some minutes afterwards, all three were seated upon a mat in a cabin covered with palm-leaves, the interior of which glittered with precious stones. The old man, turning towards Pecopin, addressed him in German.

"My son," said he, "I am the man of universal knowledge, the great Ethiopian lapidary, the Taleb of the Arabs. Mankind call me Zin Eddin; the genii know me by the name of Evilmerodach. I am the first man who ever penetrated into this valley, you the second. I have devoted my life to the study of nature, the science of things, to the endowment of things with the science of the soul. Thanks to me, thanks to my lessons, to the rays which have fallen from my eyes during a century, here the stones live, and the plants think, and the animals are endowed with intellect. It is I who have taught a system of true medicine to the animals, such as is still unknown to man. I taught the pelican to bleed itself, and cure its young of the bite of the viper; the blind worm to eat fennel for the recovery of its sight; the bear suffering from cataract to incite the bees to sting his eyes; I furnished the eagle with the bezoar stone, which facilitates the laying of their eggs. If the jay purge himself with the laurel leaf, the tortoise with hemlock, the stag with dittany, the wolf with mandragora, the boar with ivy, the dove with helxine; if the horses, too full of blood, open the

vein of their thigh; if the lizard, at the period of changing its skin, swallow it to cure its epilepsy; if the swallow cure the ophthalmia of its young with the calidoine, which it seeks beyond the seas; if the weasel make a weapon of rue in its struggles with the snake—it is I, my son, I who taught them these lessons of wisdom.

“Till now, my instructions have been turned to animals. Long have I waited for a human scholar; you are come, and I am content. I am old and will bequeath you my hut, my jewels, my valley, and my learning. You shall also marry my daughter Aissab, who is passing beautiful; I will teach you to distinguish the ruby from the chrysolampis; to steep the mother-of-pearl in the salt-pot; and revive the fire of the ruby by steeping it in vinegar. Every day in vinegar adds a twelvemonth to their beauty. We will pass our lives together in picking up diamonds, and digging for roots. Be my son, and I will be to thee as a father.” “Thanks, venerable man, I accept your offer,” said Pecopin. But when darkness came over the land, he fled from the dwelling of Zin Eddin.

## PART VIII.

## THE WANDERING CHRISTIAN.

PECOPIN wandered long in various countries; to relate his travels in detail, would be too much. He journeyed sometimes with naked feet, sometimes in sandals, sometimes upon an ass, a zebra, mule, camel, or elephant. He sailed everywhere, in all kinds of ships; the round vessels of the ocean, and the long ones of the Mediterranean; *oneraria et remigia*; galley, frigate, felucca, polacca, and canoe, bark, and yacht. He ventured into the Indian galleys of Bantam, and the hide-covered craft of the Euphrates, mentioned by Herodotus. He was rocked by every wind—the Levant, sirocco, and the sirocco mezzogiorno, the tramontano, and the monsoon. He journeyed through Persia, Peru, Bramaz, Tagatai, Transiana, Sagistan, and the Hasubi. He saw Monomotapa, like Vincent le Blanc; Sofala, like Pedro Ordonez; Ormus, like Fines; the savages, like Acosta; and the giants, like Malherbe de Vitre. He lost four of his toes in the desert, like Jerome Costilla. Like Mendez Pinto, he was sold seventeen times; was a galley-slave like Texeus, and had nearly shared the fate of Parisol. He suffered the plague of the scurvy, so fatal to the negroes; and sea-sickness, to which Cicero declared death was preferable. He clambered mountains so

high, that upon reaching their summits he vomited blood. He made the island, which, when sought, is never found, and pronounced its inhabitants to be good christians. In Midelpalia, which is northward, he remarked an isolated castle in a place where there could be none; still the illusions of the northern regions are so miraculous, that travellers should never be astonished. He dwelt several months with the King of Mogor Ekebas, made much of that prince, of whose court he related all which has since been written by the Dutch, English, and the holy Jesuits. He became learned, thanks to the great agents, adversity and travel. He studied the butterflies, and flowers of all climates, observed the winds by the migrations of birds, and the currents by the migrations of the cephalopodes. In the submarine regions, he saw the passage of the ommastrephes sagittatus, going towards the north pole, and the ommastrephes giganteus going towards the south. He saw monstrous men and monstrous monsters, like Ulysses of old. He made acquaintance with all the wonderful brutes, the sea-cow, the royl, the solan goose, the sea-vulture, the adjutant, the emu, the albatross, the capercailzie of Scotland, the fish manares which has the head of an ox, the bird chaki, which grows out of decayed wood; and the boranet, or animal plant of Tâtary, which has a root in the earth, and browses on the grass round its own feet.

He killed a sea triton of the yapiara sort, and inspired with a tender passion a triton of the genus Baëpapina. One day, being in the island of Manar, about two hundred leagues from Goa, he

was hailed by fishermen, who shewed him seven men-bishops, and nine sirens taken in their nets. He heard the anvil of the sea forge, and partook of the hundred and fifty-two kinds of fish which are in the sea, and which were seen in the miraculous draught of the apostles.

In Scythia, he killed a griffin, against whom the Arimaspes waged war to lay hold of the gold he guarded. This tribe would fain have made him their king, but he fled in disgust. Lastly, he was all but wrecked near Cape Gardafû, called by the ancients *Promontorium aromatorum*; and amidst so many adventures, dangers, fatigues, feats, and miseries, our knight Pecopin had but a single object, to make his way to Germany—one hope, to return to Falkenberg—one desire, that of once more beholding his beloved Bauldour.

Thanks to his talisman, he could neither grow old nor die; which was a great comfort. Yet he counted the years, for, at the time he reached the frontier of France, five years had elapsed since he had seen Bauldour. Sometimes, towards evening, his spirits would fail; when, having journeyed since morning, he used to sit down by the wayside and melt into tears.

After all this, however, he cheered up again, saying, "What are five years? I shall soon see her again! She was then fifteen, and is now only twenty."

Though in tatters, and his naked feet bleeding and wayworn, he gaily summoned up his strength, and journeyed on till he reached the mountains of the Vosges—the threshold of his native land.



## PART IX.

## HOW A DWARF MANAGES TO AMUSE HIMSELF IN A FOREST.

ONE evening, having journeyed all day among the rocks, seeking a path that might lead him towards the Rhine, Pecopin approached a forest of fir, beech, and maple, which he did not hesitate to enter. He had proceeded more than an hour, when he struck into a thicket of holly, juniper, and wild raspberry, close beside which was a marsh. Exhausted by thirst, and attenuated by hunger, he looked out eagerly for a cottage, a charcoal furnace, or shepherd's cabin; when suddenly a flock of sheldrakes passed near him, flapping their wings. Pecopin trembled upon seeing these strange birds, who build their nests under ground, and which are called by the peasants of the Vosges the rabbit-ducks.

Putting aside the hollies, he discovered stonicroft, angelica, hellebore, and the larger gentian. As he was stooping to gather some, a muscle shell, falling at his feet, arrested his attention. He picked it up, and found it to be one of those muscles of the Valogne which contain pearls.

Pecopin began to be ill at ease; on raising his eyes, a bustard was hovering over his head.

These hollies, raspberry bushes, sheldrakes, magical herbs, the muscles,—all these produced

some emotion in his mind, and he was beginning to marvel where he was, when a distant strain struck his ear. He listened: it was a hoarse, gruff, angry voice, at once subdued and shrill. The following was the purport of the song:

Mon petit lac engendre, en l'ombre qui l'abrite,  
 La riante Amphitrite et le noir Neptunus ;  
 Mon humble étang nourrit, sur des monts inconnus,  
 L'empereur Neptunus et la reine Amphitrite.  
 Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants,  
 Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Je verse de mes rocs, que n'effleure aucune aile,  
 Un fleuve bleu pour elle, un fleuve vert pour lui ;  
 J'épanche de ma grotte, où jamais feu n'a lui,  
 Le fleuve vert pour lui, le fleuve bleu pour elle.  
 Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants,  
 Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Une fine émeraude est dans mon sable jaune,  
 Un pur saphir se cache en mon humide érin ;  
 Mon émeraude fond et devient le beau Rhin,  
 Mon saphir se dissout, ruisselle et fait le Rhône.  
 Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants,  
 Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Pecopin could no longer doubt, poor exhausted traveller as he was, that he had attained the fatal forest of the lost footsteps, full of labyrinths and mazes, and inhabited by the dwarf Rollo, a native of a lake of the Vosges country, situated on the summit of a mountain; and because he thence dispatches one brook to the Rhône, and another to the Rhine, this boastful dwarf conceives himself to be father of the Mediterranean sea, nay of the ocean itself! His delight is to wander in the forest, and

mislead travellers. The man who enters the wood of the lost footsteps is rarely known to escape.

The voice and song were clearly those of the mischievous dwarf; and Pecopin, sorely distressed, threw himself upon the ground.

“Woe is me!” exclaimed he; “never again shall I behold my beloved Bauldour.”

“*Nil desperandum!*” said a mysterious voice beside him. “Such true lovers will meet again.”

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## PART X.

## EQUIS CANIBUSQUE.

UP he started, and saw an old gentleman in a superb hunting dress, standing a few steps off, completely equipped for the chase. A gold handled cutlass hung upon his thigh, while at his waist-belt was slung a horn composed of buffalo horn inlaid with pewter.

There was something strange and vague, though luminous, in his pale countenance, something resembling the last gleam of twilight. This old hunter, appearing alone in the forest at such an hour, must, under any circumstances, have excited surprise; but in the Wood of the Lost Footsteps he inspired awe. But this old man not being a dwarf, Pecopin felt satisfied that, for the present, he was safe from the acquaintance of Rollo.

The old hunter possessed a courteous and prepossessing countenance, and, though evidently an inveterate lover of the chase, and well accoutred, his hands were so wrinkled, and his legs so shrunk, that it would have been absurd to entertain alarm. His smile, when closely scrutinized, appeared like the superficial and official smile of a foolish old king.

"What do you want with me?" inquired Pecopin.

"To restore you to Bauldour," replied the old gentleman smiling.

"When, oh when!" was the instant rejoinder of the young lover.

"Pass a single night hunting with me in the forest, and on the morrow you shall be at her feet. Our chase finished, I will leave you in the morning at the gate of Falkenberg."

"Hunt at night?" retorted Pecopin.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because it is too absurd, and too fatiguing."

"How do you know, *you*, who have never tried?"

"Why do *you* try,—you, who are too old for such exploits?"

"Make yourself easy—you will find me young enough!"—replied the old sportsman.

"At all events, being tired, hungry, and thirsty, after a long day's walk, it is out of my power to mount my horse."

"The old lord unbuckled from his side a silver mounted gourd, and presented it to Pecopin.—"Drink this!" said he. Pecopin raised the gourd to his lips, and scarcely had he tasted a few drops, when he felt quite revived. He was strong and alert, as if he had slept, eaten, and drunk. He was almost of opinion that he had drunk a drop too much.

"Come," cried he, "let us start and hunt the livelong night. I desire no better. But I am sure, you say, of seeing Bauldour in the morning?"

"After spending the night with me, you shall see her at dawn of day."

"But what guarantee do you give me for the fulfilment of your promise?"

"My presence, and the succour I have given you. I might have left you to die of hunger, exhaustion, and wretchedness, in the power of the dwarf Rollo; but I took pity on your case."

"Let us away, then!" replied Pecopin. "And at sunrise, I am to find myself at Falkenberg."

"Ho! there! Come on there!" cried the old Nimrod loudly to his suite. And having turned round while he was thus spouting, Pecopin discovered that he had a hump on his back; and no sooner did he attempt to move, than he proved to be lame as Vulcan.

At the summons of the old man, a troop of splendidly attired knights and princes rushed from the thick of the wood, and stationed themselves at a respectful distance round the aged hunter, all armed with boar knives, he alone having a horn. Night was set in, but two hundred attendants with flaming torches were in waiting.

"*Ebbene!*" said the master of the hunt, "*ubi sunt los perros?*"

This ominous admixture of Latin and Italian was displeasing to Pecopin.

But the old man called out impatiently, "The hounds! the hounds!"

Immediately a diabolical barking re-echoed through the wood, and a pack of hounds appeared, such as was fit for an emperor; the pricklers in yellow liveries and red hose, the kennelmen with ferocious faces, and aided by naked negroes, holding the hounds in leash. Such a marvellous pack perhaps was never before assembled, comprehending every known breed, divided into sets, according to their race and

instinct. The first was from England, together with one hundred brace of greyhounds, twelve couple of striped mastiffs, and the same number of stag hounds. The second set were Barbary mastiffs, white and red, of undaunted courage, and fit for the chase of beasts of prey. The third group was of Norwegian blood, yellow and wire-haired, verging upon red, with a white spot upon the neck and head—staunch of scent, bold and forward for the stag—grey dogs, with spotted backs, and legs furred like the feet of a hare, or streaked with red and black, being all of the most undeniable breed.

Pecopin, well versed in such matters, could not detect a blemish among them. The fourth pack was formidable indeed, consisting of the large black powerful dog of the abbey of St. Hubert, in the Ardennes, short-legged and slow, but which produces such excellent hounds for the chace of the wild boar, fox, and game of evil scent. Like those of Norway, they were all well born gentlemen, and had evidently been nurtured near the heart. Their head was of a moderate size, rather long than flat, the mouth black, the ears wide, the loins curved, the shoulders broad, the legs thick, the thighs well set, the tail well hung, and taper towards the end, the coat rough under the belly, the feet hard and sure as those of a fox.

The fifth pack was of oriental origin, and must have been of exceeding value, being derived from Palimbotra—a race trained to attack wild bulls, as the dogs of Cintiqui to hunt the lions; besides the dogs of Monomotapa, which figure in the royal guard of the Emperors of the East. All these dogs,

whether Indian, English, or Norwegian, howled together in accordant discordance, like certain parliamentary assemblages of the present time. Pecopin, enraptured by this display of venery, could scarce suppress his ardour for the field.

He could scarcely, however, account for their sudden presence, as he certainly ought to have heard their cry previous to their appearance. The head pricker stood with his back turned a few steps from Pecopin, who went up to him, and put his hand upon his shoulder: when, lo! as he turned round, his face was masked! Pecopin was struck dumb! He hesitated whether to join a chace so mysterious; when the old man came up and accosted him.

"Well, sir knight," said he, "what think you of our hounds?"

"That it requires good steeds, sir, to follow such dogs!" was the reply.

Without answering, the old man applied a silver whistle, fixed upon his little finger, to his mouth; on blowing which, a rush was heard among the trees, the attendants drew up, and four grooms in scarlet came forth, leading two magnificent steeds. One was a beautiful Spanish jennet, jet black, and of exquisite carriage and shape; the other, a Tartar barb, with a slightly arched neck, from which streamed down a thick and frizzled mane. The tail, also, swept the ground; his eyes were large and fiery, his mouth wide, his ears restless, his forehead starred; in the full force and vigour of seven years old. The first had a head and breast piece, and was equipped for feats of arms. The second was less formidably, but more splendidly caparisoned,



with a silver bit, a gold embroidered bridle, with royal saddle, and brocaded housings. The one snorted, plunged, champed, and pawed, as if impatient for the fight. The other gazed around, as if eager only for admiration, slightly neighing, scarcely deigning to touch the earth, and assuming all the airs of royalty. Both were black as ebony, and Pecopin fixed his eyes with admiration of two such wondrous animals.

“And which do you choose, pray?” inquired the old gentleman, still smiling. Pecopin instantly vaulted into the saddle of the jennet.

“Are you well in your saddle?” inquired the old man; and Pecopin having answered in the affirmative, his aged companion, laughing heartily, began to tear away the trappings and housings of the Tartar, and seizing his mane, sprang up like a tiger, and bestrode the magnificent animal, which trembled under him in every limb; then, grasping his horn, he sounded such a blast, that Pecopin, almost stunned, could have fancied that his decrepit chest contained claps of thunder!

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## PART XI.

## WHAT ONE MAY RISK BY MOUNTING A STRANGE HORSE."

AT the sound of the horn, thousands of strange lights flickered through the forests, shadows danced among the bushes, and shouts echoed in the distance. When the horses neighed, the trees shook as with a storm. At that moment a cracked bell struck twelve, and lo! at the twelfth stroke, the old man gave another blast from his ivory horn, and away went the dogs like shot, the yells redoubling, and the whole troop, including Pecopin and his patron, were off at a gallop!

The rapid, startling, and supernatural pace which bore off Pecopin so fiercely that every stroke of the horse's hoof told upon his brain as if it were upon the pavement, inebriated him as if with wine, and excited him as if on the field of battle. It was a gallop which began like the wind, but ended in a whirlwind!

The forest was immense, the hunters innumerable. Glade succeeded glade. The wind was howling, the hounds were in full cry, when the colossal black outline of a huge sixteen-horned stag was seen bounding here and there. The knight's horse was terribly blown. The trees bent down to witness the mysterious chace, and bent back again after having

seen it. Supernatural blasts of horns were heard at intervals, and louder than all, the clarion of the old hunter. Pecopin knew not where he was, but on galloping near some ruins standing amidst a clump of firs, he perceived a cascade tumbling from a wall of porphyry, which induced him to suppose that he was near the castle of Nideck. To his left he saw mountains resembling the lower Vosges, and at last recognized the four summits of the Ban de la Roche, the Champ du Feu, the Climont, and Ungensberg. A moment afterwards he was in the higher Vosges. In less than a quarter of an hour, his horse had traversed Giromagny, the Rotobac, the Sultz, the Barenkopf, the Graisson, the Bressoir, the Haut de Honce, the Mont de Lure, the Tête de l'Ours, Donon, and the great Ventron; these high peaks appeared confusedly and without order, as they might to some giant overlooking at a glance the great chain of Alsace.

At times he fancied he could discern the lakes these mountains bear on their summits, as if his horse were above them; and in this guise he saw himself reflected in the Pagan's Bath, the White and the Black Lakes. But he beheld himself as transiently as a swallow skimming over a stream. Still, strange and hopeless as this chace appeared, he felt secure on touching his talisman, and knowing he could not be far from the Rhine. Suddenly he was enveloped in a mist, the darkness became darker, and his Spanish jennet set off more furiously than before. Barely could he distinguish the ears of his horse. At such a moment, great must be the effort and great the merit to turn your thoughts towards

Heaven and your heart towards its liege lady. Our valiant knight, however, thought of both, but most of Bauldour perhaps, for he almost fancied that the moving winds murmured the name of "Heimberg."

Just then, a pricker bearing a torch flew through the mist, and by its light, Pecopin beheld a hawk flying above his head, transpierced by an arrow, yet still it flew on. As he paused to look at this bird, his horse plunged violently, the bird disappeared, and the torch vanished in the wood; Pecopin was again in darkness!

Presently the wind moaned anew, pronouncing "Vaugtsberg," and another light appearing in the mist showed a vulture, whose wing was pierced by a javelin, but which still flew on.

Pecopin would fain have opened his eyes to see, and his mouth to cry aloud, but in a glimpse both torch, vulture, and javelin vanished from his sight. His steed had not slackened its pace for all these phantoms, more than though it were the blind horse of the demon Paphos, or the deaf steed of King Sisymordachus.

The wind moaned a third time, and Pecopin clearly distinguished in its murmurs the name of "Rheinstein," while a third light illumined the trees in the mist, and another bird flew past; this was an eagle, with a shaft through its heart, but still firm upon the wing.

Pecopin now recalled to mind the chace of the Palsgrave, in which he had performed such prodigies: but the pace of the jennet now became so rapid, the trees and other objects in the nocturnal

landscape flew past him so rapidly, that, amid the awful velocity, he could scarcely fix his thoughts. The furious clamour of the horns was undiminished, and now and then the monstrous stag brushed past through the wilderness of thickets. By degrees, the fog cleared away; the air became warm, the ilexes, cork trees, Aleppo pines, and pistachio trees re-appeared among the rocks. A broad moon, with a splendid halo, lit up the trees. But the calendar marked no moonlight, for that night of mystery. While rushing through a hollow, Pecopin stooped to snatch up a handful of herbs; and on looking at them, found with despair that they were the vulnerary an-thylla of the Cévennes, the filiform veronica and common ferula, of which the hideous leaves terminate with claws. Half an hour afterwards, the wind became warmer, marine mirages glimmered through the openings of the forest; and lo! he stooped again and plucked more herbs. This time it was the silver cytissus of Cette, the starred anemomy of Nice, the marine lavatera of Toulon, the blood red geranium of the Pyrenees, with its cinq-palmed leaf; and the *astrantia major*, the flower of which shines sunlike through a ring, like the planet Saturn.

Pecopin now perceived that he was leaving the Rhine behind him; having progressed two hundred leagues betwixt the gatherings of the flowers. Having traversed the Vosges and Cévennes, he was now on the Pyrenees!

“Rather let me die!” thought he; and he was about to fling himself from his horse, when he felt his legs confined as if by a grasp of iron; and

found that his stirrups held him prisoner. They were a pair of gaolers endowed with instinct of life!

Still did the distant cries, neighing, and yells continue as loud as ever! The old man's horn preceded the chace afar off, sounding mournful blasts; and in the openings of the forest, Pecopin beheld the hounds swimming through lakes abounding in magical reflections.

The knight closed his eyes and proceeded, resigned to his fate. Once, indeed, he opened them, when a heat almost tropical flushed his face, and on looking up, he beheld ruins of pagodas, upon the summits of which were seated rows of vultures, philosophers, and storks. The trees were of the strangest forms. He recognised the banyan and baobab, and saw that he was in an Indian forest. And once more, he closed his eyes in despair. A quarter of an hour afterwards, to the scorching breath of the equator had succeeded an icy chill. The cold was intense. The horse's hoofs crushed the rime, and bears and satyrs passed like shadows through the fog. The aspect of the scenery was forlorn and savage; and towards the horizon were stupendous rocks, round which hovered flocks of penguins and sea-gulls; and through the black vegetation, white waves spouted up their clouds of foam to heaven, which showered down flakes of snow in return. They had reached the eternal pine-forest of Biarmia, adjoining the icy region of Cape North.

Darkness came over the land, and Pecopin saw no further; but a fearful roar convinced him he was

near the Maelstrom, the *Tartarus* of the ancients, the navel of Oceanus the immortal! What could be the meaning of this never ending forest, which seemed to encircle the globe? The huge stag appeared now and then, ever flying—ever pursued; while the horn of the old man prevailed over all, even over the uproar of the Maelstrom!

Suddenly the jennet halted. The noise ceased. Pecopin opened his eyes once more, and beheld a gloomy and colossal edifice, whose windows seemed to contemplate him, like living eyes. The façade was black as a mask, but animated as a human face.

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## PART XII.

## DESCRIPTION OF AN UNPLEASANT LODGING.

THE nature of this edifice it would be difficult to define. It was a house strong as a citadel, splendid as a palace, yet having the sinister look of a cavern, and the silence of the grave.

Not a voice was heard, nor a shadow seen amid its precincts. This mysterious castle was surrounded by a boundless forest. The moon had vanished, and in the sky there were only a few stars, as red as blood.

The horse stopped short before a flight of steps leading to a wide but closed door. Pecopin looked to the right and left, and seemed to distinguish along the whole range of this immense edifice other knights standing silent and motionless as himself, at the foot of other flights of steps leading to other doors. He now drew his dagger, and struck the marble balustrade; when instantly he heard the blast of the old man's horn, powerful and astounding, like the stormy trumpet of an angel of darkness. This horn, the blast of which bent the trees, echoed like an infernal howl amid the universal darkness.

On the sounds ceasing, the double doors of the castle flew open as if forced by an internal gust of



wind, and a flood of light burst forth. The jennet dashed up the flight of steps, carrying the knight into a splendidly illuminated hall, of which the tapestry represented subjects taken from the Roman history, the intervening frame-work being of cypress-wood and ivory. Above, was a gallery full of flowers and shrubs, and in an angle, a rotunda paved with agate, devoted to the women. The remaining parts of the pavement represented in mosaic the siege of Troy. The hall, however, was deserted. Nothing could be more depressing than all this blaze of magnificence combined with such profound solitude.

The jennet proceeded unurged, his hoofs resounding solemnly on the pavement, till he entered another hall, as splendid as the first, but equally lonely. Immense pannels of cedar, richly carved, covered the walls; in which an ingenious artist had inserted some marvellous pictures, glittering with mother-of-pearl and gold. The subjects were battles, hunts, castles, and fêtes, representing castles full of fireworks, besieged by fauns and wild men; tourneys and marine fights, with all kinds of vessels sailing upon a sea of turquoise, emeralds and sapphire, which imitated the swell and colour of the ocean.

Above these pictures was an admirably executed frieze, representing the three species of terrestrial beings endowed with intelligence, *viz.*, giants, men, and dwarfs; in which the giants and dwarfs were made to humiliate man, who is inferior in size to the giants, and in intellect to the dwarfs.

The fresco on the ceilings seemed to affect a

malicious homage to human genius. It was composed entirely of medallions, in which, by the lustre of a gloomy light, and crowned with infernal crowns, were represented the portraits of all the authors of useful discoveries, for that reason called "benefactors of humanity." Every man figured there in virtue of his particular invention; Arabus for the science of medicine, Dædalus for labyrinths, Pisis-tratus for books, Aristotle for libraries, Tubal-cain for the forge, Architas for engines of war, Noah for navigation, Abraham for geometry, Moses for the trumpet, Amphictyon for the expounding of dreams, Frederick Barbarossa for falconry, and one Bachou of Lyons for the squaring of the circle. In the angles and encoignures figured, like the principal constellations of heaven, many illustrious faces; Flavius, who invented the sea-compass; Christopher Columbus, who discovered America; Bortargus, who invented sauces; Mars, who invented war; Faustus, who invented printing; Schwartz, who invented gunpowder; and Pope Pontian, who invented cardinals. Many of these illustrious personages were unknown to Pecopin, owing perhaps to the startling fact of their non-existence till after the date of this history!

Following the guidance of his steed, the knight passed on through successive galleries; in one of which he remarked, on the eastern side, an inscription in letters of gold:—"The caoué of the Arabs, sometimes called 'cavé,' is an herb which abounds in Turkey, and in India is called miraculous. It should be prepared in the following manner:—Take an ounce of this herb, pulverize it, and steep it for

four hours in spring water. Then boil it until reduced to a third. Drink it leisurely, by degrees. Those who can afford it, add sugar or ambergris."

Opposite to this, on the western side, another inscription bore as follows:—"The Greek fire is made of charcoal of willow, salt, spirit, sulphur, pitch, incense, and camphor. It burns even in water, and consumes all it touches."

In another hall there was nothing but a portrait of the lackey who, at the feast of Trimalcion, went round the table singing the praises of sauce made with gum benjamin.

In all directions lustres, candelabra, and girandoles, reflected by enormous mirrors of steel and copper, lit up these rich apartments; in which Pecopin could not discern one living soul, though he wandered with haggard eyes and troubled mind, overcome by those depressing ideas which agitate our reveries in the sombre recesses of the woods.

At length he found himself in face of a door of metal, in which was set, encircled by a wreath of jewels, a huge apple. On this was written—

"ADAM FOUND THE MEAL;  
EVE MET WITH THE DESSERT."

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## PART XIII.

SUCH AS THE INN IS, SO IS THE DINNER.

As he was attempting to decipher the ironically hidden sense of this inscription, the door gently flew open, and the horse entered.

Pecopin felt like one who passes from the mid-day sun into a cellar! On his first entrance he thought himself suddenly gone blind; but still he perceived at a distance a faint bluish light. By degrees, as his eyes, dazzled by the surpassing light of the splendid halls he had quitted, modified their powers to this obscurity, he began to distinguish, as if through a vapour, thousands of monstrous columns in a Babylonian hall. A blue light in the centre served to define the outlines; and the knight soon perceived, amid a multitude of twisted columns, a long table lit by a seven branched candlestick, in the holders of which glimmered seven blue trembling flames.

At the head of this table sat a brazen giant, Nimrod the Great. At his right and left sat upon iron stools, pale and silent, guests, some wearing the Moorish turban, and others headgear more covered with pearls than the King of Bisnagar.

Pecopin here recognized all the famous hunters who have left a name in history:—The King Mithrobuzane; the tyrant Machanidas; the Roman consul, Æmilius Barbula II.; Rollo, king of the sea; Zuentibold, the unworthy son of the great Arnulphus, King of Lorraine; Haganon, the favourite of Charles of France; Herbert, Count of Vermandois; William the Flaxen Headed, Count of Poitiers, founder of the illustrious house of Rechignevoisin; the Pope Vitalianus; Fandulphus, Abbot of St. Denis; Athelstan, King of England; and Aigrold, King of Denmark.

By the side of Nimrod sat Cyrus the Great, who founded the great Persian empire, two thousand years before the Christian era, bearing his escutcheon upon his bosom, which, as every one knows, represents a silver lion, crowned with a laurel, *or*, on a ground of *or* and *gules*, surmounted by eight trefoils with the stem *argent*.

This table was served according to the rules of imperial etiquette; and at the four angles sat four distinguished huntresses: Queen Emma, Queen Ogive, mother of Louis d'Outremer, Queen Gerberga, and Diana, who, in her quality of a goddess, had a canopy and saltcellar of gold, like the three queens.

Neither of the guests ate, spoke, or even looked at each other. A large space in the middle of the cloth seemed to await the repast; but there were numerous bottles on the table, sparkling with the palm-wine of India, the rice-wine of Bengal, the distilled water of Sumatra, the arrack of Japan, the

pampelis of the Chinese, and the pechmez of the Turks.

Here and there, in richly enamelled pitchers, foamed the beverage called by the Norwegians *wel*, by the Goths *buska*, by the Corinthians *bo*, by the Esclavonians *oll*, by the Dalmatians *bieu*, by the Hungarians *ser*, by the Bohemians *piva*, by the Poles *pwo*, by the French *bière*, and by the Great British *beer*.

Negroes resembling devils, or devils resembling negroes, it is all one, served at table, with napkins on their arm, and a ewer in their hand. Every guest had a dwarf by his side, except Diana, who had her greyhound. The eye of Pecopin, gradually penetrating the mysterious and vaporous atmosphere of this hall, discovered among the forest of columns a multitude of spectators, all, like himself, mounted and equipped for the chace. Shadows, from their mistiness; statues, from their immobility; spectres, from their silence. Among the nearest, he thought he recognized some of the knights who had accompanied the old man in the forest of lost footsteps. As I have already stated, the most awful silence prevailed; you might as well have expected a voice from the very stones of which it was composed, as from the grisly assemblage.

It was icy cold in this utter darkness. Pecopin was frozen to the marrow, yet a cold dew started from all his pores. Suddenly the yells of the chace were renewed, distant, but violent as ever; amid which the horn of the old man sounded in triumphal splendour a call or *hallali*, which, some centuries afterwards, was recovered by Roland de Latre, in a

nocturnal inspiration; and which procured to that great musician, the 6th of April, 1574, the honor of being created by Gregory XIII. knight of the golden spur, *de numero participantium!*

At the sound the mighty Nimrod rose from table; the Abbot Fandulphus half turned round; and Cyrus, who was leaning upon his right arm, suddenly transferred his attitude to the left.

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## PART XIV.

## A NEW MODE OF FALLING FROM A HORSE.

THE cry of the hounds and horn approached. A double door, opposite to that by which Pecopin had entered, was thrown open; and he saw two hundred varlets bearing upon an immense gold trencher the sixteen-horned stag, smoking in a sea of gravy.

In front of the varlets, bearing their flaming torches, came the old man, horn in hand, mounted upon his Tartar steed, white with foam. He no longer blew his horn, but smiled courteously in the midst of the bellowing hounds, still led on by the pricker in the black mask.

The moment the procession entered the hall, the torches turned blue, and the dogs became mute. These hideous animals, with their lion jowls and tiger roar, followed at the heels of their master, their heads depressed, and tails betwixt their legs, their bodies shivering, and eyes supplicating, towards the table, at which, in statue-like immobility, presided the silent and mysterious guests.

On approaching the table, and surveying his joyless companions, the old man shouted with laughter.

"*Hombres y mugeres,*" said he, "*or çà, vosotros*

Y



*belle signore, domini et dominæ, amigos mios, comment va la besogne ?*"

"You are late," said the brazen guest, in a brazen voice.

"I had a friend with me, to whom I wanted to show something of hunting," replied the old man.

"It is time, however, that you came!" replied Nimrod; and at the same moment he pointed with his thumb over his brazen shoulder, towards the further extremity of the hall.

Pecopin's eye followed the indication of the giant; and he saw, vaguely defined upon the black walls, luminous arches, like windows, which seemed to receive the first light of the dawning day.

"Well, well!" resumed the hunter, "we must fall to in better earnest." And lo! the varlets bearing the stag, assisted by the negroes, prepared to set the dish upon the table, at the foot of the seven-branched candlestick.

Pecopin now put spurs to his jennet, which, strange to say, obeyed the hint: no doubt on account of the approach of day, which is not favorable to the interests of magic. Passing betwixt the varlets and the table, he stood up, sword in hand, in the stirrups, looking sternly and straight into the sinister faces of the guests and the aged hunter, exclaiming, with a voice of thunder: "Whoever you be,—demons, ghosts, spectres, or emperors,—I charge ye, move not a step; or, by the saints! I will teach you all, even you, oh! man of bronze, the weight of the iron heel of a living knight, upon the pale visage of a phantom. I am perhaps in a cavern of shadows; but I will do real and terrible

deeds! As for you, old man, you can doubtless draw your weapon, who so bravely wind a horn. Defend yourself, then! for were you Pluto, the lord of hell, I would cleave you from head to heel."

"Softly, softly, my noisy friend!" replied the old man. "We will talk over business after supper."

This insolence exasperated the knight. "Defend yourself, old man," cried he. "Promise-breaker, I say, defend yourself!"

"*Hijo!* a little patience, if you please," retorted the old gentleman.

"Draw, I say!" persisted Pecopin.

"Pho, pho! my excellent friend, you are over-hasty."

"Give me back Bauldour, then!" said the knight, "give me back Bauldour, as you promised."

"How know you that I mean to disappoint you? But what will you do with her, pray, when you see her again?"

"She is my betrothed, and must become my bride!" answered Pecopin.

"A fine couple you would make, truly," said the old man, shaking his head. "After all, what matters it to me? All is decreed. A bad example is offered to man and womankind by the sun and moon above, who live separate, and are a most dis-united couple!"

"A truce to jesting, I say, or I exterminate both devils and goddesses!" cried Pecopin. "Another moment, and your cavern shall be unpeopled."

The old man chuckled in reply; and the infuriated Pecopin rushed upon him, sword in hand. But suddenly his horse trembled and crouched: the

cold rays of daylight had penetrated the cavern, and, excepting the old man, all began to vanish. The lights and torches became gradually extinguished. The pupils of the spectres' eyes, for a moment vivified by the threats of Pecopin, became dim as ever; and he began to see through the brazen mass of the giant, as through a veil, the columns at the extremity of the hall.

His horse became impalpable under him, and sinking to the earth, the feet of Pecopin nearly touched the ground. And lo! a cock crew, with a shrill metallic sound, which penetrated the ear of Pecopin like a blade of steel.

At the same instant a chilling gust blew through the hall, and his horse fell under him. He tottered and fell. When he rose up again, the whole scene was changed! All had disappeared. He found himself alone, with a drawn sword in his hand, in a ravine overgrown with briars, close beside a bubbling spring. The door of an old castle was close at hand! Day was dawning around him; and, on raising his eyes, he shouted for joy.

That castle was the Castle of Falkenberg!

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## PART XV.

THE FIGURE OF RHETORIC MOST IN FAVOUR AMONG THE POWERS  
THAT BE.

THE cock crowed again, and this time the sound proceeded from the barnyard of the castle. The bird, whose voice had dissolved the enchanted palace with its nocturnal hunters, had perhaps pecked crumbs from the blessed hands of the beautiful Bauldour.

Oh! power of love! generous energy of the heart! glorious expansion of sentiment and passion! Scarcely had Pecopin beheld his beloved home, when the fresh and dazzling image of his bride seemed to shine out before him. The woes of the past, the illusions, the mysterious and diabolical abyss of visions through which he had passed, vanished in a moment from his remembrance.

Of a surety it was not thus, with a haughty mien and flashing eye, that the crowned priest, alluded to by the *speculum historiale*, emerged from among the phantoms, after having visited the splendid interior of the brazen dragon. And since this redoubtable spectre has just appeared to the writer of this story, he must needs vent his imprecations on, as well as stigmatise, this double-faced impostor,

whose eyes were directed at once toward light and darkness; and who divided his allegiance between God and Sylvan II., and the devil, in combination with Gerbert the magician. Towards traitors and hypocrites, hatred becomes a virtue. Every well-thinking Parisian owes a stone to Perinet Leclerq, a Spaniard to Count Julian, a Christian to Judas, all men living to Lucifer. Let us not forget that God places day by the side of night, good near evil, the angels of light confronting the power of darkness. The austere teaching of providence results from this sublime and eternal antithesis. The Eternal Voice cries aloud eternally, "Choose!"

In the eleventh century, he opposed to the cabalistic priest Gerbert the pure and erudite Emuldu. The magician became Pope, the holy sage a physician, so that men were enabled to examine, by the self-same light, the fair science attired in robes of black, the black art in robes of honour. Meanwhile, Pecopin had sheathed his sword, and was proceeding towards the castle, the windows of which, glittering in the sunshine, seemed to exchange smiles with the dawning day.

As he neared the bridge, a voice behind him whispered, "Sir knight of Sonneck! say, have I kept my promise?"

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## PART XVI.

DEBATING WHETHER A MAN CAN RECOGNISE A MAN HE HATH  
NEVER SEEN.

PECOPIN turned round, and saw two men among the bushes; one being the masked pricker, Pecopin trembled. He carried under his arm a large red portfolio. The other was a little old man, humped, lame, and hideous. It was he who was so familiar to Pecopin. But Pecopin vainly attempted to recall his face.

"Sir knight!" inquired the humpback, "have you forgotten me?"

"You are surely the slave from the Red Sea?" said Pecopin.

"Say rather the hunter of the wood of Lost Footsteps," replied the man. He seemed reluctant to announce himself as the devil!

"Be what you will, since you have kept your word, and I am at Falkenberg, and about to see Bauldour again," replied the knight, "I am your humble servant, and thank you in all sincerity."

"What did I answer last night, when you took me to task?"

"You bad me take patience."

"So say I again! You were too hasty in reproving me; perhaps you are as much so in thanking me."

So speaking, the devil assumed an inexpressibly cunning look. Irony is the favourite cast of countenance of the devil!

"What means all this?" said Pecopin, beginning to quake.

The devil pointed to the masked pricker. "Dost thou remember that man?"

"I do!" said he.

"Dost know him?"

"I do not!"

The pricker unmasked, and discovered the face of Erilangus. Pecopin stood confounded!

"Pecopin!" resumed the devil, "You were my creditor; I owed you two things—this hump and this club foot. I am fond of paying my debts like a gentleman, and sought out Erilangus in order to ascertain your tastes. He told me you were passionately fond of hunting. On learning this, I said that it were a pity but you should see the famous Black Hunt. At sunset I met you in the thicket, and in the wood of Lost Footsteps. I arrived in the nick of time. The dwarf Rollo was about to take you for himself; and I therefore made free with you.

Pecopin was now trembling in every limb.

"Had you not possessed your talisman," added the devil, "I should have kept you for my own. But I am well satisfied that things should be as they are. To be palatable, vengeance ought to be dressed with a variety of sauces."

"To the point, demon!" cried Pecopin, scarcely able to speak.

"To reward Erilangus for his revelations," re-

sumed the fiend, "I have made him my secretary of state. The plan is worth something!"

"Trifler!" exclaimed Pecopin, in utter despair.

"I promised you," gravely resumed the devil, "that after this night's chace, at sunrise I would take you back to Falkenberg. Here you are!"

"One word more! Is Bauldour still among the living?"

The devil nodded affirmatively.

"Is she married?"

"No!"

"Has she taken the veil?"

"No!"

"Does she still love me?"

"As much as ever!"

"In that case," cried Pecopin, "whoever you be, and whatever happens, I repeat my thanks!"

"So much the better!" exclaimed the devil. "We are both satisfied with our bargain."

So saying, he seized Erilangus in his arms, though bigger than himself, and twisting his deformed leg round the other, raised himself on the point of his toes, spun rapidly round, and penetrated the earth with the action of a screw.

As the ground closed over the devil, a little bluish flame issued forth, mingled with green sparks, which flew gaily off towards the forest; flickering about the trees, and sending forth thousands of luminous hues, much like a rainbow, gradually losing itself among the thick foliage.



## PART XVII.

PECOPIN shrugged his shoulders.

"Baldour is alive, Baldour is free," thought he, "Baldour adores me! What have I to fear? It was exactly five years last night since I saw her last; and it is now five years and one day more. I shall find her lovelier than ever.

Twenty is the crowning age of female beauty! In those days of universal good faith, five years were a trifle, scarcely worth speaking of, in the separation of lovers.

Thus soliloquising, he approached the castle, and joyfully recognized every ornament of sculpture, every spike of the portcullis, every nail of the draw-bridge. He felt elated in knowing himself to be welcome. The threshold of the door on which we played as children, seems to welcome us as men, with the loving smile of a mother!

As he crossed the bridge, he noticed near the third arch, a superb oak, whose summit towered above the parapet.

"It is odd enough," thought he. "No oak used to stand there of old!"

He then remembered that previous to the day he had met the hunt of the Palatine, in playing with Baldour, he had scattered some acorns on the spot.

“Wonderful,” thought he. “In five years the acorn has become oak. The ground must be excellent!”

Four birds were chattering in this tree, a jay, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow. Pecopin scarcely remarked them, any more than he did a pigeon and a fowl in the farmyard hard at hand. He only thought of Bauldour, and hastened on his way. The sun was on the horizon, and varlets had just lowered the drawbridge.

As Pecopin passed over, he heard in his rear a shout of laughter, distant, but distinct. He could not discover any one. It was the devil, laughing a chuckle in his caverns below.

Under the arch was a reservoir of the most mirror-like smoothness: the knight leaned over it as over a glass. After the toils of such a journey he expected to find himself in rags; and after the emotions of that supernatural night, feared to behold his own disturbed countenance. But either by virtue of the talisman, or through the effect of the elixir administered by the devil, he found himself looking handsomer and younger than ever!

What astonished him most, was the magnificence of his dress. In the confusion of his ideas he could not make out how he came to be so splendidly equipped; he looked like a Prince or Genius.

While thus contemplating himself, he heard a still louder and more joyous laugh than before, but still he saw no one. The devil was laughing in his sleeve. Pecopin traversed the courtyard of state, and the men-at-arms leaned over the walls to look at him, but he recognized none of them, nor they him.

The maidens wringing out the linen also turned round to gaze, but there was not a familiar face in the group. He was so good-looking, however, that no one interrupted his progress; good looks are the credentials of good birth and breeding.

Knowing his way, he turned straight towards the winding staircase leading to Bauldour's chamber. In passing through the court, the walls had struck him as unusually time-worn, and he fancied that the ivy growing upon the northern tower had thickened beyond all measure, as well as the vines on the southern side. But a true and loving heart does not pause at such a moment, to ruminate on trifles!

Arrived at the turret, he with difficulty recognised the door. The vaulting of these stairs was screw-cut, and geometrically suspended, and at the departure of Pecopin, Bauldour's father had reconstructed the entrance with the beautiful white stone of Heidelberg. This entrance, though only built five years, was now dark and moss grown, while under the archway several swallows had established their homes. But was it a time for a man in love to ponder upon the construction of swallows' nests?

Could flashes of lightning ascend a staircase, I should compare them to the movements of Pecopin. In the twinkling of an eye he was on the fifth story, near the chamber of Bauldour, the door of which was still the same, neither black nor changed, but gay, neat, and spotless; the brass work brilliant as silver; and the knots of the wood sparkling as a maiden's eye. All was evidently carefully looked to by the waiting-women of Bauldour.

The key was in the door, as if Pecopin had been

expected. He had only to turn it and enter. Nevertheless, he paused, for he was breathless with joy and happiness, to say nothing of having mounted five stories! Rosy flames flashed across his brow, while his head throbbed violently, and his heart heaved high within him. All these emotions having gradually subsided, and silence being restored in his soul, he listened.

In what words are we to describe the condition of the poor heart so intoxicated with delight?

Nevertheless, all he heard within was the monotonous humming of a wheel!

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## PART XVIII.

WHERE SERIOUS MINDS MAY FIND OUT WHICH IS THE MOST  
IMPERTINENT OF METAPHORS.

THE wheel was probably the wheel of Bauldour ; still it was possibly that of one of her attendants ; for Bauldour's oratory was close to her chamber, and there she often passed the day, and though she span much, she prayed more.

Thus cogitated Pecopin, yet still he listened to the whirl of the wheel with delight. Such is the weakness of a man in love, above all, when possessed of an expansive heart and a great mind.

The state of mind of Pecopin was composed of the ecstasy which dwelt upon its joy, and the eagerness which would bring it to an issue.

Pecopin, finally summoning courage, placed his hand upon the key, the door yielded, he opened and entered the chamber. "Alas !" he exclaimed, " I was mistaken, it was not Bauldour I heard, it was an old woman, nay, an old fairy, for fairies alone attain such fabulous age and centenarian decrepitude."

The duenna appeared to be in her hundredth year. Imagine, if you can, a human being bent, broken, tanned, freckled, wrinkled, and withered ; with white hair and eyebrows, black lips and teeth, yellow palsied, and hideous. Even such a venerable and

horrible creature as this was seated crouched beside the window, her eyes fixed upon her wheel, and holding her spindle like one of the destinies. She was doubtless deaf, for, on Pecopin's opening the door, she seemed not to heed him. Still, the knight made her an obeisance, as is due to such prodigious age. "Good mother," said he, approaching her, "where, I pray you, is Bauldour?"

The centenarian raised her eyes, let fall her thread, trembled in all her members, uttered a feeble shriek, half raised herself upon her chair, extended her skinny hand to the knight, and said with a weak and reedy voice, as if proceeding from a tomb, "Sir Pecopin! what are you in need of? Masses for the repose of your poor soul? Oh holy saints! what has brought you up from the dead?"

"My good woman," replied Pecopin, laughing and talking loud in order that, if at hand, Bauldour might hear him, "I am not dead. It is not my ghost you see, but Pecopin himself, in his own flesh and blood. I want no masses, but a kiss from my beloved Bauldour, whom I love more tenderly than ever. Do you hear, old lady?"

As he pronounced these words, she threw her withered arms round his neck. It was Bauldour herself! The devil's hunt had lasted one hundred years!

Bauldour was alive, thanks to God or the devil; but, at the moment Pecopin saw her again, the poor girl had just attained one hundred and twenty years and a day!

## PART XIX.

## DIVINE PHILOSOPHY OF FOUR SAGES ON TWO LEGS.

HORROR-STRUCK and afraid, Pecopin fled down stairs, crossed the court and bridge, scaled the precipice, leaped the torrent, rushed through the bushes, and took refuge in the forest of Sonneck.

He ran all day like a madman escaped from durance. He still adored Bauldour, but abhorred her spectral representative, and could not disentangle the perplexities of his mind, memory, and heart. Evening approached, and seeing before him the towers of his ancestral castle, he tore off the rich garments given him by the devil, and threw them into the torrent of Sonneck. He then tore his hair, and found that he held a handful which was grey.

Suddenly his knees gave way under him, and he was forced to support himself against a tree. But lo! his hands were completely wrinkled. In his impatience, he had unfortunately torn off his talisman, and thrown it into the torrent with his clothes! The menaces of the slave of the sultana were instantly accomplished. He had aged by a hundred years in the space of a moment! And thus, in the morning he had lost his love, and in the evening

his youth. Again the hideous laugh resounded in his ears; yet he saw no one. The devil was enjoying his solitary fun.

How was he to act in this utter extremity? Having picked up a stick to support himself, he proceeded to the castle, which was happily not far off. As he arrived, he saw by the last gleam of twilight a jay, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow, perched upon the roof among the weathercocks, as if waiting for him. The hen cried "Pecopin! Pecopin!" the pigeon "Bauldour! Bauldour!" and instantly he recalled to mind his dream at Bacharach, and the warning addressed to him by the old man, the other day, five hundred years ago. "For the young man, the blackbird whistles, the jay chatters, the magpie yelps, the crow croaks, the pigeon coos, the hen chuckles. But for the old man, birds have a number of instructive things to say."

He listened, and heard the four birds jesting merrily together, over the inconsistency of a certain young gentleman who goes out to enjoy a day's hunting, and cannot find his way back again till the close of a hundred years!

Lest he should entertain any doubt concerning the personality of their allusions, throughout the whole dialogue the hen kept cackling the name of "Pecopin!" while the pigeon replied, by gently cooing that of "Bauldour!"