

Chapelle to marry the Count Palatine, the king's lady  
could not restrain her indignation and she was obli-  
ged to return to her father's house for she would  
not consent to the removal of the Princess, and still de-  
fied to persuade her to take herself. Madam was stand-  
ing with down-cast eyes, side by side of her lover, who  
heard nobody with the silence and calm in his  
of her remarks, he then took the letter from the hands  
of the Princess, and having read it, he said, "I shall  
consent that, and perhaps God's spirit, the AB-  
best and no longer by impediment to draw in the  
way of the marriage. The therefore submitted to  
without delay, consulting always with his private  
and one of the other of the Imperial Princess would  
embrace that happiness, which stands thus dis-  
ciple. And so it truly happened, ever beyond

THE

GOBLINS OF EMMABURG.

In a part of Limburg, where the castle of Emma-  
burg stands high on a mass of rocks, there were many  
subterranean passages in the cliffs, now mostly filled  
up. In these dwelt a race of spirits, whom the  
people called goblins. They never showed them-  
selves in the day-time, but they made up for that at  
night. For no sooner had it struck twelve, than they  
sallied forth into the neighbouring villages making such  
a noise at all the house-doors, that the inhabitants  
concluded that Satan in person, with an army of infe-  
rior demons, was going his rounds. This would last  
a good while till, as it struck one, the noisy band by  
degrees retired to the caverns in the rock and people  
naturally supposed that the goblins had returned

home. Then arose the sounds of feasting and revelry and the subterranean passages were suddenly illuminated. Many a herdsman and traveller, attracted by the brilliant light, had viewed with astonishment the pigmy race gaily and cheerfully seated round long tables and feasting upon the most exquisite viands and rarest wines. Nay once, a bold young forester, having penetrated farther than others into the intricate cavern, heard the following song which echoed softly and sweetly through the subterranean passage :

In a rock at midnight,  
By the lamp's brilliant light,  
While lazy men lie sleeping,  
We sit jovially feasting,  
But ere the clock strikes four,  
Our pleasant banquet is o'er.

Huzza, huzza!  
It is broad day!

Afterwards the hardy adventurer saw the gay revellers striking their tiny golden goblets together, while the tale went round, till at last when the first rays of the sun began to illumine the east, they put an end to the feast by singing in chorus this bacchanalian song :

Send the bowl around  
Kling, klang, kling!  
Let us not be found,  
Ting, tang, ting!  
For it is day light;  
Part—klang, kling!  
We must wait till night,  
Drink—tang, ting!

And as the last sound was heard, all disappeared.

The listener, however, paid dear for his curiosity, for from the instant he related to the astonished neighbours the story of this night, he rapidly declined in health and spirits. The song of the goblins was for ever in his mouth and some time afterwards humming the concluding verses, he madly rushed into the cavern and never did the eye of man again behold him.

Tired of being constantly annoyed, the neighbours assembled to deliberate on the best means of preventing these little goblins from making such a noise. The exorcisms of the clergy had never been of much avail, for though these creatures then remained quiet for some time, yet, in spite of the holy ministers of God, they soon returned and made more noise than ever. Finally the inhabitants of the adjacent country resolved to build, at their joint expense, a chapel on the summit of the rock near the castle of Emma; so they instantly set about putting their plan in execution.—The holy cross soon decorated the sacred edifice, and, from the moment its consecrated bell called the faithful to mass, the troublesome goblins for ever disappeared from the rock and the neighbourhood.

Scarce had the country people informed the first magistrate of the free and imperial city of Aix-la-Chapelle, that the goblins had vanished from the cliffs near the castle of Emma, than the devil began to play his pranks at Aix-la-Chapelle.

On that part of the rampart between the Sandkaul gate and that of Cologne, there formerly stood a high tower, from whence subterranean passages reached a long way into the country. Nobody had, as yet, dared to explore them, for fearful tales were told of them. Here the goblins now took up their abode, and lived as gaily as formerly in their rocky palace.

The inhabitants of the Cologne street were chiefly tormented by them. At certain periods of the year, they held their noisy feasts, of which the inhabitants were always forewarned by different signs, such, for example, as a gentle taps at the house door, noises in the hearth or among the coppers. The inmates of every house were then obliged to get ready a well scoured saucepan, in order to have peace at night.

For in the house, before the door of which such a utensil was not placed by ten o' clock, or where any one dared to evince incredulity, it was certain no christian would sleep a wink.

Noises of every description, such as walking backwards and forwards, whistling and yelling in the corridors and chimnies, in short, a row like unto one in the infernal regions banished sleep far from its walls. Scoffers were served still worse, for they were pulled about and tormented in their beds to such a degree by invisible hands that next morning they were half dead. Nay, it once happened that two courageous soldiers, quartered in Wildenmann's house, dissuaded the land-

lord from placing a kettle at the door, promising that instead of polished copper the goblins should find their bright swords. They kept their word, and when the clock struck ten, they placed themselves before the door of the house with drawn swords and gaily singing. In a short time, however, instead of their jovial song they were heard quarrelling, and at last like a couple of bloodthirsty scoundrels, they rushed on one another, calling out : “Goblin ! goblin !” And kept up a running fight through the goblin’s lane, till they reached the tower on the wall, where the next morning they were found dead, pierced with each other’s swords.

Such frightful examples were not lost on the citizens; so they afterwards paid implicit obedience to the commands of the goblins, and before every door was placed a copper or earthen vessel for their use. At midnight a loud noise was heard in the lane, which to this day bears their name; thence the goblins debouched into the Cologne street opposite Wiedemann’s; there they separated, some going to the right others to the left. After they had dispersed themselves through the divers quarters of the town, every goblin took up his kettle, and away he went to the tower. There they caroused till sunrise, and the next morning every house-keeper saw his saucepan, standing nice and clean at his door, with the exception of those who had not left their vessel perfectly scoured, for they not only found it but likewise their whole house, covered with dirt and filth.

Thus the wanton goblins continued their practises for many ages and became denizens, as it were, of the town, when suddenly the establishment and consecration of a new convent, frightened them from their abode.

Since that epoch nothing further has ever been heard of their freaks; yet though centuries have elapsed since their departure and though the old tower has long been a heap of ruins, the name of "goblin lane" still recalls to mind their former existence.