

river under it in front, a plain and grand mountains all around. The night air was perfectly delightful, with a beautiful starlight. We had gone there to see the family of Mr. Brock, our dear old Vice-Consul. We then went to Römerbad. The Pension Sophien Schloss was beautifully situated, and we were well lodged. The baths there are like a gentle electric battery for nerves—the water turns a magnet a hundred and thirty-five degrees; the woods are lovely; the forest-full of squirrels come and play about you. We had delightful walks, and visits from several friends in the neighbourhood, Prince and Princess Wrede and others.

We had a most charming family of neighbours, who were some of our best friends in Trieste; they had a lovely property, an old castle called Weixelstein, near Steinbrück (Monsieur and Madame Gutmansthal de Benvenuti). He was a Trieste-Italian gentleman, and she was the daughter of a Russian, by an American wife, and is far away the most charming woman I know, and so clever. Their place is to be got at through a mountain gorge, and a river which you cross by ferry-boats. It is an old-fashioned-monastery-like-looking house in a gorge, with the river Save running through its park, and here we paid frequent visits. We had a pleasant excursion also to Mark Tüffer; a delightful moonlight drive back.

After we had been there about a fortnight, the *avant courier* of the Crown Princess of Germany, now Empress Frederick, came to engage rooms. Seeing that her Imperial Highness wished to be *incog.*, that I was the only Englishwoman there, and had been presented to her, that I had got the only rooms in the place that were very nice, that I had the only bath, we thought it would be good taste to vanish, which we did next morning, and we went to our friends at Weixelstein. They received us perfectly, making us at home, like part of the family, and they let us do exactly what we liked without any effort at entertaining. Here Madame Gutmansthal, who is a first-rate artist amongst many other talents, began to paint Richard's picture, which was a great success, and which is now on view at the Grosvenor Gallery, in the little room to the left, with a pretty bronze medallion by Henry Page. Meantime he translated the Weixelstein ghost story from Old German to English, as he was very much taken with it. He writes—

“VERITABLE AND SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION, AND THE SAVING OF A SOUL, IN CASTLE WEIXELSTEIN, IN KRAIN.”

“I send you one of the best ghost-stories, and one which your readers have certainly never seen. We were lately paying a visit to the Castle of Weixelstein, near Steinbrück, Krain (Carniola), the

country-house of our hospitable friends Monsieur and Madame Gutmansthal de Benvenuti. My attention was drawn to two old and portly folios, entitled 'Die Ehre des Herzogthum's Krain' ('The Honour of the Dutchy of Carniola'). An awful title-page of forty-six lines declares that it was written by Johann Weichard, Freiherr (Baron) Valvátor, or Walvátor, Lord of Wazemberg, and printed at Laibach in M.DC.LXXXIX.



"The author, a Fellow R. Soc. London, who was Governor of the Duchy and Captain of the Frontier, then an important post, is portrayed with long hair, *à la Milton*, shaven face, and laced cravat (Croatian) falling over his breastplate. The book is full of curious episodes, and above I give you the 'tune' it recommends for catching crabs. Amongst other things it gives a valuable disquisition on the bell (lib. xi.), which it dates from the days of Saint Jerome (A.D. 400). Volume I., which is historical, contains 836 pages (lib. i.-viii.); Volume II., 1007 (lib. ix.-xv.), besides the register (appendix, index, etc.). It is profusely illustrated by the author's hand with maps and plans, genealogies and coats of arms, scenery and castles, costumes and portraits; and, lastly, with representations of battles, sieges, hangings, roastings, and hurlings headlong from rocks. The tailpiece is a duello between a Christian man-at-arms and a 'turban'd Turk.' The plates are on metal, and remarkably good. A new edition of this notable old historic-topographical monograph is now being issued from Laibach (Labacus). 'Carniola antiqua et nova,' is happy in her 'Memoirs;' Valvátor has a rival in Johann Ludovicus Schönleben, whose folio appeared Labaci M.DC.LXXXI., *Cemoniæ Labaci Conditæ*, MM.DCCC.IV. Of the latter, however, only the *Tomus Primus*, ending about A.D. 1000, appeared: the *Secundus* was not printed, and the fate of the manuscript is unknown.

"Valvátor gives a view of Castle Weixelstein, 'Cherry-tree Rock,' which the Slavs call *Novi Dvor* (New Court). There is some change in the building since 1689. The square towers at the angles appear lower, from the body of the house having been raised. The *hof*, or hollow court to the south, has been surrounded by a second story; and the fine linden-tree in the centre is a stump, bearing a large flower-pot. The scene of the apparition is a low room with barred windows and single-arched ceiling, which is entered by the kitchen, the first door to the right of the main gate. The old families mentioned in the story have mostly disappeared. Enough of preliminary.

“The following is a literal translation of Válvasor’s Old German :

“*Veritable and Singular Account of an Apparition, and the Saving of a Soul, in Castle Weixelstein, in Krain.*

“At the castle above-named, strange noises (*rumor*) were heard during the night for several years ; but the origin of the same was a subject of (vain) research and speculation. After a time a new servant-wench (*mensch*), engaged in the house, whose name was Anka (i.e. *Anna*) Wnikhlauka, had the courage, on hearing these mysterious sounds, to address the ghost in the following manner :—

“The 15th of January, A.D. 1684.—Firstly, at night a noise arose in the servant-wenches’ room, as though some one were walking about clad in iron armour and clanking chains. The women being sorely frightened, some stable-hands were brought to sleep with them. They were struck upon the head, and one was like to die of terror.

“The 16th January.—In the evening, as the lights still burnt, a rapping was heard at the room door, but when they went to see what caused it, nothing was found. Presently those inside put out the lamps, and lay down to rest. Thereupon began a loud clatter ; the two servant-wenches, Marinka (Marian) Samanoukha and Miza (Mitza, Mary) Sayeschankha, were seized by the head, but they could distinguish no one near them.’

“The whole account is strictly ‘spiritualistic.’ Anka is the chosen medium, and nothing is done till she appears on the scene. The ghost will hardly answer the officious and garrulous steward ; and has apparently scant respect for the reverend men who were called in. One of the latter somewhat justified the ghost’s disdain by telling a decided ‘fib.’ The steps by which the apparition changes from hot to cold, from weariness to energy, from dark to white robes, and from loud noises to mild, are decidedly artistic.

“*On the 17th of January nothing happened.*

“On the 18th, the servant-wenches being in great fear, five others joined them. One, Hansche Juritschkno Suppan, put out the light when all lay down, locked the door, and endeavoured to sleep. Thereupon arose a dreadful noise. After it had ended, Anka, by the advice of those present, thus bespake the ghost :

““All good spirits, praise the Lord.”

“(This is the recognized formula throughout Germany for addressing apparitions.)

“The ghost answered, “I also ; so help me God, and Our Blessed Lady, and the holy Saint Anthony of Padua !”

“Anna resumed, “What wantest thou, O good spirit ?”

“The ghost replied, “I want thirty *Masses*.” It added, “This castle was once mine,” and it disappeared.

“*On the 19th of January the ghost was present, but nothing unusual occurred.*

“*On the evening of the 20th, the servant-wenches being still*

affrighted, the steward (Schreiber), one Antoni Glanitschinigg, and the man Hansche, before mentioned, with six other persons, were in the chamber. When all lay down to rest, the steward locked the door and put out the lamp. The ghost at once came and violently dragged a chair backwards. Whereupon quoth Antoni : " I confess that I am a great sinner ; nevertheless, I dare address thee, and ask thee, in God's name, what more dost thou want ? "

" To this question no answer was vouchsafed by the ghost, although the steward repeated it a second time and a third time. He then rose up and advanced towards the apparition, which was seen standing near the window, thinking to discover whether it was a true ghost, or some person playing a trick. It vanished, however, before he could lay hand upon it. The steward went out with one of the servant-wenches to fetch a light ; and, whilst so doing, he heard the ghost speaking in the room he had left. When the lamp came nothing was found. Then all those present knelt down and prayed. After their devotions the light was extinguished, and the ghost reappeared, crying out, with weeping and wailing, " Ankha ! Ankha ! Ankha ! help me. " The wench asked, " How can I help thee, O good spirit ? " Whereupon the ghost rejoined, " With thirty Masses, which must be said at the altar of St. Anthony, in the church of Jagnenz, " which church is in the parish of Schöffenberg. '

" Jagnenz is a church in the valley of the Sapotka, a small stream which falls into the Save river, about half a mile west of Weixelstein. Schöffenberg is the hereditary castle of the well-known county of that name. Wrunikh is another little church, remarkably pretty, near Weixelstein. Apparently the ghost served to ' run ' Jagnenz against all its rivals.

" Hearing these words from the ghost, the steward again inquired, " O thou good spirit, would it not be better to get the Masses said sooner by dividing them, part at Jagnenz, the other at the altar of Saint Anthony in Wrunikh ? " Whereto the ghost made an answer, " No ! Ankha ! Ankha ! only at Jagnenz, and not at Wrunikh ! " The steward continued, " As this ghost refuseth to answer me, do thou, Ankha, ask it what and why it suffers, etc. " Then Ankha addressed it : " My good spirit ! tell me wherefore dost thou suffer ? " It replied, " For that I unrighteously used sixty gulden (florins) ; so I, a poor widow body, must endure this penalty. " Ankha further said, " Who shall pay for these thirty Masses ? " The ghost rejoined, " The noble master " (of the castle), and continued, " Ankha ! Ankha ! I am so weary, and dead-beat, and martyred, that I can hardly speak. "

" Then cried the steward, " My good spirit ! when the thirty Masses shall have been said, come back and give us a sign that they have helped thee. " The ghost rejoined, " Ankha, to thee I will give a sign upon thy head. " Ankha replied, " God have mercy upon me, that must endure such fright and pain ! " But the ghost thus comforted her : " Fear not, Ankha. The sign which I will show to thee shall not be visible upon thy head, nor shall it be painful. " It added, " Ankha ! Ankha ! I pray thee, when thou enterest into any house,

tell the inmates that one unjust kreutzer (farthing) eats up twenty just kreutzers." Then the ghost began to scratch the wench's cap, or coif; and she, in her terror, took to praying for help. The ghost comforted her, bade her feel no fear or anxiety, took leave (*sic*), and was seen no more that night.

"*Late on the 21st of January* the ghost reappeared, and made a terrible noise with a chair in presence of the lord of the castle, Sigmund Wilhelm Freiherr, (Baron) von Zetschekher, and of two ecclesiastics, Georg André Schlebnikh and Lorenz Tsichitsch. Several others, men and women, were present, and nothing took place till the candles were put out. Whereupon the said Schlebnikh began to exorcise the apparition, beginning with the usual formula, "All good spirits, praise the Lord." The ghost replied, "I also." It would not, however, answer any questions put by the ghostly man, but began to speak with Ankha, saying, "Ankha, help me!" She rejoined, "My dear good spirit, all that lies in my power will I do for thee; only tell me, my spirit, if the two Masses already said have in any way lessened thy pain." The ghost answered, "Yea, verily" (*freilich*). Ankha continued, "How many more Masses must thou still have?" and the reply was, "Thirty, less two." Then Ankha resumed, "Oh, my good spirit, tell me thy family name." Quoth the ghost, "My name is Gallenbergerinn." The wench further asked for a sign of salvation when all the thirty Masses should have been said; the ghost promised to do so, and disappeared.

"*On the night of the 22nd of January*, when the lights were put out, the ghost reappeared, passing through the shut and tied door. This was in presence of Wolff Engelbrecht, Baron Gallen, of the lord of the castle, and of three priests, namely, Georg Schiffrer, curate of Laagkh, Georg André Schlebnikh, and Lorenz. There were several others. This time the ghost did not make a frightful noise as before, the reason being that eight Masses had been said. So at least it appeared from its address, "Ankha, Ankha, I thank thee; I shall soon be released." The wench rejoined, "O my good spirit, dost thou feel any comfort after the eight Masses?" The apparition replied, "Yea, verily, my Ankha;" and, when asked how many were wanted, answered, "Twenty-two." As it had declared its family name, it was now prayed to disclose its Christian name, in order that the latter might be introduced into the Masses by the four reverends. It said, "My name is Mary Elizabeth Gallenbergerinn." Further it was asked whether, being a Gallenberg, the thirty Masses should be paid by the Lord of Gallenberg or by "Zetschkher" of Weixelstein. It ejaculated, "Zetschkher" (without giving the title); and added, "A thousand, thousand, and a thousand thanks to thee, dear Ankha." The latter said, "O my good spirit, tell me what wrong didst thou do with the sixty gulden, that we may make restoration to the rightful owner." The ghost replied, "Ankha, this must I tell thee in secret." The wench begged that the matter might be disclosed in public, so that men might believe it; but the ghost answered, "No, Ankha; in private." It then took leave and disappeared, promising to come back for three more evenings.

“ On the 23rd of January the lord of the castle, with three priests, prayed at the altar of Saint Anthony of Jagnenz, and five more Masses were said. They all lodged that night with Georg André, of Altenhoff, not far from the church. When the lamps were put out Ankha was placed sitting upon a chest, or box, between two ecclesiastics, Georg Schifferer, of Laagkh, and André Navadnikh. Then after three raps, the ghost came in, and pulled the hair of one of these reverends. He stood up from the chest, whereupon it struck Ankha so violent a box on the ear (*ohrfeige*) that it sounded like a sharp clapping of hands, and could be heard over all the dwelling-place (*Läben*). Lights were brought, and showed the print of a left hand burnt in the coil on the right side of the wench's head; she was not hurt, but the cap remained heated for some time. Nothing else occurred that night.

“ On the evening of the 24th of January, after prayers by the priests, and the lamps being extinguished, the ghost rapped once and came in. As the wench again sat on the same chest between the priests, the curate of Laagkh felt his hair tugged, and he rose up. Ankha at the same time exclaimed, “ Oh dear! oh dear! whose cold hand is that?” The priest, who was sitting near, said, “ Don't be afraid, the hand is mine;” but this was not true. He wished to do away with her fright, and with the impression caused by the touch.

“ On the 25th of January, when all the required Masses had been said at the altar of Saint Anthony of Jagnenz, the Lord of Weixelstein and the priests engaged in the ceremony returned to pass the night at the castle, and to receive the thanksgiving of the Saved Soul. While they were supping the housemaid, carrying the children's food, was crossing the hall to the dining-room, when the ghost seized her arm. She started back, and saw behind her the form of a woman robed in white. As the family were retiring to rest, the lord of the castle ordered two of his dependents, Christop Wolf and Mathew Wreschek, to pass the night with the servant-wenches in the haunted room. As the lamps were put out the ghost entered and struck a loud rap upon the table, and said, “ Ankha, now I am saved, and I am going to heaven.” The wench rejoined, “ O blessed soul, pray to Heaven for me, for the noble master, the noble mistress, and all the noble family, and for all those who helped thee to (attain) thine eternal salvation,” whereto the ghost answered, “ Amen, amen, amen.” It then went towards Ankha, and privily told her the promised secret, strictly forbidding her to divulge it.

“ Finally, it should be noted that before all these events Ankha had confessed and communicated.”

“ Trieste, September 8, 1879.”

The walks in the woods were delightful, and when the picture was sufficiently advanced we went to Trieste to meet Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Evans. We also went with a large party to meet the Prince of Montenegro, who arrived at Trieste, who was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, of the dark mountaineer type. This Sep-