

**THE TRUE LEGEND
OF ST. DUNSTAN
AND THE DEVIL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649320875

The true legend of St. Dunstan and the Devil by Edward G. Flight

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWARD G. FLIGHT

**THE TRUE LEGEND
OF ST. DUNSTAN
AND THE DEVIL**



TRUE LEGEND OF
ST. DUNSTAN AND THE
DEVIL.

THE TRUE LEGEND OF
ST. DUNSTAN AND THE DEVIL;

SHOWING HOW THE HORSE-SHOE CAME TO BE A

CHARM AGAINST WITCHCRAFT.

BY EDWARD G. FLIGHT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

ENGRAVED BY JOHN THOMPSON.



THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
BELL AND DALDY, YORK ST., COVENT GARDEN.
1871.

280. j. 296.



PREFACE TO THE SECOND
EDITION.

THE success of the first edition of this little work, compels its author to say a few words on the issue of a second. "Expressive silence" would now be in him the excessive impudence of not acknowledging, as he respectfully does acknowledge, that

success to be greatly ascribable to the eminent artists who have drawn and engraved the illustrations.

“A man's worst wish for his enemy is that he might write a book,” is a generally-received notion, of whose accuracy it is hoped there is no impertinence in suggesting a doubt. To reflect on having contributed, however slightly, to the innocent amusement of others, without giving pain to any, is alone an enjoyment well worth writing for. But when even so unpretending a trifle as this is, can,

besides, bring around its obscure author fresh and valuable friendships, the hackneyed exclamation would appear more intelligible if rendered thus: "Oh, that my *friend* would write a book!"

In former days, possibly, things may have been very different from what they now are. Haply, the literary highway may, heretofore, have been not particularly clean, choked with rubbish, badly drained, ill lighted, not always well paved even with good intentions, and beset with dangerous characters, bilious-looking

Thugs, prowling about, ready to pounce upon, hocus, strangle, and pillage any new arrival. But all that is now changed. Now, the path of literature is all velvet and roses. The race of quacks and impostors has become as extinct, as are the saurian and the dodo; and every honest flourisher of the pen, instead of being tarred and feathered, is hailed as a welcome addition to "the united happy family"—of letters.

Much of this agreeable change is owing to the improvement of the literary police, which is become a respectable, sober, well-

"

conducted body of men, who seldom go on duty as critics, without a horse-shoe. Much is owing to the propagation of the doctrines of the Peace Society, even among that species of the *genus irritabile*, authors themselves, who have at last learned

“ That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other ;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent.”

Chiefly, however, is the happy change attributable to the discriminating and im-